

At each MP we would ask the way and each one kept us going up. Finally an MP told us that up ahead was the Infantry. We walked through the taped off paths through the minefields. An MP stopped a duck and we climbed aboard. Headed for 7th Corps headquarters. There at headquarters we contacted *Capt. Rennie*. He would come immediately for us. While waiting we were told that there were a crew of German dead soldiers down the road. *Watt* passed in a jeep. It sure was good to see him. He had been hit by a piece of shrapnel but was O. K.

Arrived just at supper time at Ste. Mere Eglise on 14 July.

11 June 1944 just after the walking part of Headquarters left to embark for the Invasion the riding part of headquarters went to the port. The attached platoons under *Lt. Sherwood* and *Lt. Foreman* also left to embark. It was Sunday in the early afternoon. Thought we would be kept waiting on the beach but as soon as we finished the Red Cross doughnuts and coffee they kept us moving to the boat. They were bringing casualties in as we were going out. It gave us a funny feeling. This was it.

We loaded on LST 369 and pushed to join the convoy. There were boats as far as the eye could see. As we neared the French shore we could see the debris of the wrecked ships. There were dead bodies floating in the water. A big rhino came alongside and we loaded. Later went back on the ship for coffee but we spent the night sitting in the vehicles on the Rhino (A floating dock). The German planes kept dropping flares all the time. The Rhino pulled into shore the following morning. Drove off into water up to the seats. *Capt. Rennie* was not too happy over the situation. He kept talking to the driver, but the driver was more interested in what was happening than in what he was saying. Just as we hit the shore the ack-ack tore loose at a jerry plane and shot it down.

We moved off Utah beach for the de-waterproofing area. We saw a lot of German dead and a lot of Actung Minen sign. We found it after running around over a lot of country roads just outside of St. Marie De Mont. The first thing was to camouflage the vehicles: *Capt. Rennie* went to Jayhawk Forward to find the location of the cemeteries. He came back and we moved to Ste. Mere Eglise.

The First Platoon Assaults with Empty Rifles

The first platoon loaded into LST 499 in Brixham Bay. Sat in the harbor for nearly two weeks. On June 5th we sailed into the channel where the convoy formed. We had been told that our boat would be the thirteenth boat in the convoy. There were endless lines of boats as far as the eye could see. About 2300 the convoy turned East from the Isle of Wight. The Naval task force caught and passed us. There was the Nevada, the Texas, the British Battleship, Rodney, and numerous destroyers and cruisers. Mine sweepers were continually passing. The naval escort fired on what they said was an E boat station on one of the channel islands. In the early morning I heard the transports and gliders going over. The battleships opened fire on the French coast. All hell it seemed had broken loose. This kept up all night and at dawn we could see the first waves of troops going ashore in the assault boats. It was D-Day.

Our platoon was supposed to hit the beach at H plus 12 hours and contact *Lt. Raker's* platoon of the 607 GR. Our ship pulled in to land us but the ramp broke and we were unable to get off. We waited. There was a machine gun company of the 101 Airborne and the 20 Field Battalion . . . due to ramp breaking the 101 and 20 F. A. were taken in on assault boats. Only one of the guns got ashore. The rest of the boats hit mines. The wounded were being brought back to our ship. Helped carry some of them to the hospital part of the ship. There were a lot of rumors about what was going on on shore. None of them made us feel any better.

The harbor looked like a busy intersection of a town. Planes were over all day. *Allshouse* was sitting on top of a ventilator when he saw one of the planes drop an empty gas tank. He thought it was a bomb and jumped for cover, dropped his helmet down the ventilator.

An E-boat sank a destroyer and it blew up. We were ready to get off the LST when a plane dove in and dropped a bomb between two of the LST's. *Lt. Dubrov* told us to go in with our rifles empty. "If there is any danger I will fire three times into the air." There wasn't much talking going on. A sailor in the front of LCT looking for mines. He would have the skipper back up whenever he spotted anything. I know I could not get out of my mind that the markers leading to the mines were not mines. It took about an hour to get to shore. A 1,000 yards from shore, dropped the ramp and *Lt. Dubrov* said to hit the water. Jumped into the water. It went up to my armpit, and ice cold but I didn't mind. I was interested in getting ashore.

We all assembled on the beach and found that *Allshouse* was missing. Some of the men had seen him sucked under the LCT as it backed from the shore. They had gone back but could not find him. There was not time to be wasted. We loaded on the trucks. We had been told that in case we were separated from the group to go to the predesignated town five miles inland where we would start a cemetery. We asked the MP the way and he said, "You can't go there, the Germans still have it."

Started for the 4th QM. It was getting light. We were riding through a minefield with tape on both sides of the road. An ME-109 came hedge-hopping over soon after we got to the QM area, near Bouganville. We ate and changed clothes. *Lt. Dubrov* took part of the platoon and started out to pick up bodies. There were some bodies on the road that the Infantry was using. One of the bodies marked booby trapped. Tied a rope to it and stopped the infantry while we pulled the body. The rope broke but we got the body loaded into the truck. Our first body had been a sailor. PW's were marching down the road all day. We cleaned out some crashed gliders. It was a mess.

Back to the Bivouac area where we stacked the bodies in the next field. Asked *Lt. Dubrov* if we might see the maps and find out where we were. He said lay the blanket on the ground and he would get the maps. He was just about to unroll the maps as some planes went over and he said not now they might see us looking.

It became apparent that it was no use to try and contact *Lt. Raker*, so we set out to look for a cemetery site. We found a place right out of St.

Martin but it was decided not to start the cemetery until the next morning as things were still hot in that area. We returned to the beach to pick up some ammunition. We went to the dump but did not feel very comfortable and were glad to leave for the beach to pick up *McIntosh*. We hadn't been there long when he came in along with *Allshouse*. *Allshouse* told about the skipper starting the LCT too fast, it had sucked him under. He grabbed a rope and called for help. A sailor pulled him back on the LCT. Back to the 4th QM area for the night. Had just gotten into bed when *Lt. Falis*, *Tamborini* and *Cragle* came looking for us. They had just come in. Talked to them for awhile. They left and we went to bed.

The next morning, 8th June, we moved to St. Martin to open the cemetery. Thought that we were further from the front than we were even though there were fresh killed Heinies in the field. *Lt. Dubrov* put up signs pointing to the cemetery and *Jennings* started laying out the cemetery. Had no sooner arrived than bodies started coming in. The division QM had notified the units where we were to set up.

June 9th we were able to get Frenchmen and some men from the 90th Division who had lost their equipment to dig graves. Bodies were piling up and somebody got the idea that a bulldozer was just the thing. Got one and started to dig a plot with it. It did not work. Had to cover it up and start digging the separate holes again.

Two guys pulled guard together. *Lt. Dubrov* told them to lay down. One laid on one side of the trailer and one on the other. We did not fire at the shadows for fear they would fire back. On the way back from pulling a shift the Germans started shelling. *Householder* jumped into a hole with *Long* and said as he shook *Long*, "Long, this is *Herbie*." *Long* said, "*Herbie*, this is *Long*."

We had just finished working when the German planes came over. Everyone edged towards their holes in the hedgerows. The ack-ack opened up on them. They hit one plane. He circled and it looked like he was going to crash right where we were but he crashed in the next field. I had just gotten into my hole when I heard the other plane come diving in. I could hear it screaming. It hit in the middle of the cemetery. Dirt and shrapnel was thrown all over the place. *Watt* was hurt. Someone hollered gas. There was a scramble for masks. *Shinn* and *Allshouse* ran out to the line of dead to try and find one. It wasn't gas but the smell from the exploding bomb.

Westlake found out that his mask did not have a cannister on it. *Supel* went and told *Lt. Dubrov* that *Watt* was hurt. He told *Supel* to take *Watt* to the nearest hospital. *McIntosh* and *Schrock* went along. They rode around inquiring from the MP's for a hospital but the MP's did not know where one was. They ended up at an Aid Station located in part of a sea wall fortification. The medics fixed *Watt's* head and told him to report to the hospital the next morning. On the way back to the cemetery a 50 cal. machine gun opened up on them but they managed to make it OK. The next day *Watt* talked the doctor out of evacuating him.

The 3rd Platoon opened a cemetery in St. Mere Eglise. Since it was to be a Corps cemetery we had to close ours and join the company at St. Mere Eglise. It took a couple of days to clean up St. Martin.

Second Platoon Storms Normandy—on Foot

An advance detail of the 2nd Platoon left Winchester with the advance detail of the 9th QM. *Lt. Wells, S/Sgt. Kidney, Sgt. Grealis, Sgt. Krupp, T/5 Jack Paul, and Pfc. Laker*, moved to Camp Hurley for briefing. *Grealis and Laker* left the next morning for South Hampton. They went right down to the docks and loaded. The rest of the advance element loaded the next day at South Hampton. They came over on a liberty ship operated by the "Limies." Went over the side of the ship into a Higgins landing craft on a rope ladder after throwing our barracks bags into the boat. Stopped off shore when the boat hit bottom. Walked off into water—, chest high on everybody but *Lt. Wells and Sgt. Krupp*; it was up to their necks. *Kidney* disappeared under the water in a shell hole watching them and got drenched all over.

Moved off the beach and started the march inland in those wet clothes to the 9th Division assembly area. Looking for Notorious Forward. Each MP told us it was a few miles further. Arrived that morning wet and dirty. We were tired from that long walk in the sand and laid down to sleep. *Paul* was wanted to pull guard but when he said he was not supposed to pull guard the Sergeant kicked the next figure the Colonel. The next morning we found *Jack Paul* asleep with his feet in his dufflebag.

That morning we met *Grealis and Laker*. They had been put off on a sandbar. The truck had been in the water overnight and a landing craft had run into it before they got it out of the water. *Grealis* had his stuff spread out in the sun drying. *Grealis* said "Oh hello," when he saw us. "I've got bad news for you." *Lt. Wells* said he knew for he had seen *Col. Buchannon*. *Lt. Wells* looked at the equipment and asked what was missing. He mentioned item after item and each time *Grealis* said, "That's gone."

He asked about his bedroll. "That's gone too," *Wells* said. "My God. My wife paid \$50.00 for that and I've only slept in it once. Where's my dufflebag?" "That's gone too," he said. "Jesus Christ! I walked twelve miles last night and I haven't even got a change of socks." Then he said, "You know, *Grealis*, I'm going to have to bust you. It is not me but *Col. Buchannon*. You should have stayed with the truck."

Picked up bodies. The first body was a GI lying on his face. He had been shot in the back of the head. The next body was a German killed sitting in his foxhole. The third one we could not pick up. He had been killed by a mine. Took the bodies to Ste. Mere Eglise, where we saw those bodies lying in rows all over the place. They said they could use us and we moved up to join them.

The rear element of the Second Platoon moved out of Winchester with the QM about 1400. Half of the women were crying in the town. Arrived at assembly area at 2000. Parked and camouflaged the vehicles. Ten men were assigned to each tent.

The next night slept until 0230 when the guard rolled us out. We policed the area and turned in our beds. Told those to go in the vehicles to fall out with them and the rest fall out in the Assembly area.

The truck group pulled out first around 0400 and drove the six miles to

the beach. Arrived around 0600. There were enemy planes overhead but the fog was so thick that they could not locate us. There was no firing to give away our position. The Red Cross served eggs and cereal for breakfast.

There must have been fifty gravelled roads about twenty yards apart running to the beach. We were on one of these with all of the heavy equipment in front and just jeeps behind. Drove up the ramp onto the elevators which raised vehicles up on deck. After the vehicles were all loaded the walking detail arrived in trucks and started loading. We were told to go down and see if we could find a bunk. The hold was sweltering hot and the bunks were 5 high. I decided to sleep in the truck on deck. The LST 265 was English.

Sat around in the harbor all day. Sailed that night around 2300. Crossed the channel at night. Stayed on the water all day and unloaded that night. The harbor had battleships firing at shore installations. Ships with barrage balloons for protection against planes. Came in to land around 2300. It was a dry landing. The walking detail got off after the vehicles. Walking off in single file.

Captain McCormick had told the drivers that it would be too late to form a convoy. They were to turn left and go up to road 5 which wasn't far. Had just hit the beach when Jerry came and started working the beach and harbor over. A big curtain of tracers lit up the beach like day. We hit the ditches. Dials pulled Packy by the leg and asked him what he thought of the war.

We started walking to find the 9th QM. In single file. The Sgt. kept swearing at us for not keeping our interval. One guy lit a cigarette and the sergeant crawled him. We couldn't get off the road because of the mines. We were all wet. The German bombers were over. Ack-ack was going up after them. Jump for cover, rise and commence hiking. We were looking for Nugget. There was a "Jig" in a duck on a narrow road taking most of the road for himself. Each MP told us that our destination was just five miles down the road. Around 0300 we pulled into a field for the night. We were so tired that we just lay down in the field and slept.

The next morning we found three crashed gliders in the field with us. Some officer came down and directed us to the 9th QM. Found out then that we had been just a few miles from our destination. Found that we had been walking in circles all night. We met *Blagg* and *Straley* at the QM area. *Straley* had driven into Ste. Mere Eglise where he had met *Capt. McCormick*. He had parked on the square in Ste. Mere Eglise. *Halderman* slept on the hood and *Straley* on the camouflage net on top of the truck. Jerry planes strafed and bombed the town. About 0300 *Capt. McCormick* found the area and came back and got them.

We ate German rations that morning. *Sgt. Kidney* came and told us we would go to the company at St. Mere Eglise.

Third Platoon Hits the Graves

The 3rd platoon was in the Marshalling Area ready to pull out. The 3rd of June we left the Marshalling Area on the 5 mile walk through Cardiff to the boat. It was hot and we were carrying all we owned. The trucks were already loaded. There were thousands of men marching and the street was lined with weeping women. There were guards along the road to prevent us from talking to any of the civilians. We loaded on a liberty ship named Bienville. The 357 Regiment of the 90 QM were on the same boat. The truck drivers sailed on another ship with *Capt. O'Hara*. Pulled out into the harbor where we sat for a few days. Heard over the ship's radio that the invasion had started. We sailed along the coast of England and out into the channel for France.

A T/5 threw away a picture of his girl so that it would not go home in case he was killed. Some of the men were kidding *Swick* about the time he came into the Army. They swore that he came to the train with a ticket tied on him, saying, "Take care of him for his Mother." They even swore he had on short pants.

Briefed on the boat and told we would land on Utah Beach. All of the NCO's had a map of the beach. If we got lost we were supposed to go up a mile from the beach, hit a main road and turn right, follow that road for two miles and there would be the assembly area. The news on the radio said we were a mile inland. Our assembly area was four miles inland. Sailed into the harbor. The battleships were firing. The beaches were smoking and the water was full of boats. A spitfire rolled over and the pilot bailed out. That afternoon we went over the side of the ship on a rope ladder. *Freed* stepped on *Pop's* hand and *Pop* thought the Lord was calling him.

The LCI pulled into the shore and lowered the front ramp some 200 yards off shore. Jumped into water waist deep, for a moment I thought we had lost *Swick*, for *Freed* was holding onto him when he got off into the water. We threw off our lifebelts and started off the beach. Saw the wounded being brought back. There was a line of PW's coming down the road. Dead Germans were lying in the water by the side of the road.

We found the bivouac area near Revannaville, France. The shells were coming in and going out. We learned from the 90 QM boys that our ship had received a direct hit just after we got off. A number of wrecked gliders were in the area, and the men were dug in.

Some sniper fire and the guard was doubled. Guards were trigger happy. One of our own machine guns opened fire on us. Had just settled down when an order came to pick up some dead GI's along the various roads in our locality. Went to Regimental Headquarters to obtain a truck and a litter. We were sniped at on the way. Borrowed the truck and picked up ten or twelve bodies. Drove past an Infantry outpost but got back in a hurry when the machine gun opened up.

We did not have a cemetery started but figured the 1st Platoon had one so we were to take the bodies to them. Found them around 2200 near St. Martin. They were just starting the cemetery. They were sleeping on

top of the ground. Returned to our area. *Cragle* said he laid in a small hole all night thinking about what a little protection those guards at either end of the field were. He said he wished he had remained a 4F back in the states.

Half of the platoon went down to St. Martin to help the 1st platoon, and the rest of the men started out for Ste. Mere Eglise, to find a site for a cemetery. Had to wait for Ste. Mere Eglise to be taken. There were just a few paratroopers and some civilians in Ste. Mere Eglise. The paratroopers told us there were some German soldiers hiding out down by the road. Went down to see if we could find them. Did not find them but we did find their equipment. Told some MP's nearby and that night they caught them coming back to the farmhouse.

We picked a site just back of the civilian cemetery. It would be large enough for the division cemetery the officer said. Bodies were lying every place. The body of one GI who had been killed by one of his own guards while camouflaging his vehicle was brought in. Picked up some Heinies lying in the road that the traffic had mashed beyond recognition. Got a glider pilot out of a crashed glider. He was the only one killed in the landing. The crew came back from the first platoon and told us that *Supel* and *Kitcko* were happy. They had been stripping Heinie bodies all day to identify them.

On 10 June 1944, we moved up to Ste. Mere Eglise to open the cemetery. Bodies started coming in fast. The first night a bomb hit in the next field killing two cows. *Kline* and I were on guard when it hit. I was standing beside the slit trench and had to choose between the trench and the ground. I chose the ground. Could feel the dirt flying when he strafed. I started to rise. *Kline* said to keep down. Another plane was gliding in to strafe.

That night *Tamborini* and *Cragle* were on guard. Standing near the end of the cemetery around 2400. One came whistling in. *Cragle* fell off the ledge he was on and managed to squeeze himself into a very small hole. *Tamborini* took off, tripping over the tentrope and slid into his foxhole. Things quieted down until in the early morning hours. Were walking in the cemetery when the first 88 came over. Took to the open graves. *Cragle* landed in one with a permanent occupant but he did not mind. The whistling was what worried him.

Company headquarters came in to join the 3rd Platoon. It was decided to make the Cemetery a Corps cemetery. All of the platoons were called back in to Ste. Mere Eglise but the fourth which was to run Orglandes. This was the period when Jerry came over just after our planes pulled out at night. You could set your watch by bed-check Charlie. The theme song during this period was "Every Night About This Time."

Legg Glides In

Legg volunteered to go in by glider and start the cemetery for the 82nd Airborne. They went to the airport in the morning. One of the first planes off the ground, they kept circling the airport for two hours until the others got off the ground and the flight was formed. It took an hour to fly over the channel. Everybody was quiet. They started shooting flak at the ships

soon after they passed the coast. *Legg* looked out the window, saw one of the gliders crash into a clump of trees. The Major sitting next to *Legg* was hit with shrapnel. They were coming in for a crash-landing. *Legg* turned to help the Major. That turn probably saved him from losing a leg for the glider snapped in two right where *Legg* was sitting.

They landed near a hedgerow. Some of the men dug in right there by the glider and the others dug in by the hedgerow. A man from one of the other gliders came over and said that a fair landing had been made. The meeting place was a nearby farmyard. Got the jeep out of the glider and started for it. The burp guns opened up as the jeep passed the road. The Germans attacked all night. Some of the men started shooting at the strafing planes but the Colonel stopped them. Gave them hell for giving away their position and getting themselves killed for nothing. *Legg* said he curled up in his hole and wished it was deeper. Slept in a silk parachute that night. He did not have any blankets. There were crashed gliders and parachutes lying all over the place. The paratroopers were all gathering souvenirs. The glider pilots who a few hours before were bragging about how many Germans they would kill were now interested only in getting back to the beach.

The next morning they took *Legg* to a field and said, "There it is, now get to it." There were bodies already in the field. He did not know what to do, but since he did not want to look like a rookie he grabbed hold of one and went to work as though he had been doing it all his life.

The first couple of days they gave him prisoners to dig the graves. Then he got French civilians to do the digging. Some of the QM were helping him. One night a Captain got *Legg* to go with him to capture some Germans. He posted *Legg* and a few other men about the field and walked into the field to talk 200 Germans into surrendering.

The 4th Platoon came in and took over the cemetery at Blossville.

Fourth Platoon Comes Fast—Five Days Late

The fourth platoon moved to Bridge-End. Took the trucks down to be loaded on the boats at 0330. The British showed up to load the trucks at 0800. It was drizzling rain and they would not work until it stopped but sat in the shelter. Around 1100 we saw them moving around and thought they were finally going to load the trucks but no they were just getting ready for tea. They finally loaded them around 1630.

When we came down to load on the boat the guy walked us around the harbor two or three times before he decided which was our boat. Pulled out into the harbor that afternoon. Were delayed twice from sailing. Once when a storm blew up and again when we locked anchors with another boat. Sailed 5 June around No Lands End and met another convoy sailing from South Hampton. As far as you could see were boats, tugs, battleships, LST's. Sailed along the coast of England and swung out towards France. We had to wear our Mae Wests all the time for we did not know when we might need them. Our ship got out of line one night but our Captain insisted that the convoy was out of line. We slept on the hatch covers, for there were no sleeping accommodations on the ship.

Lt. Miller was the official cook. We ate 10 in 1 rations. We bartered with the cook to heat the rations and make coffee for us. The water supply was tight and I felt dirty, all the more because of the impregnated clothing.

One night we were really scared. The big flashes from the guns of the battleships. The ack-ack and the flames, the jerry planes dropped. One of the bombs just missed our ship. It blew water in *Conley's* face. The concussion from the bomb knocked some of the men down. We could not sleep that night. The destroyers were having a battle with the E-boats. The sailors said that two torpedoes just missed our ship. We watched one of our ships go down in flames.

Changed anchors to move the next day. They pulled up an octopus with the anchor. Moved in closer to the beach expecting to unload but things on the beaches had changed and they needed artillery. They came alongside the ship and asked what type of troops we were. They found out we were QM and they let us sit for awhile. And the captain kept on pacing.

We tried to land on the 6th but they sent us a message. Where we were supposed to land was not cleared. Waited until the next day June 13. Around 1300 an LCI pulled up alongside and asked for us. We unloaded onto the LCI. Went over on a rope ladder into the boat. We got off the beach immediately and started for the dewaterproofing area. There was a house with some kids in front of it. We pulled into the dewaterproofing area. There were some graves here of Americans and Germans. Met a captain who would show us our area. On the way the jeep got ahead of us. Made a wrong turn and ended up in a battalion aid station. We parked in a field and just then some of our 155's opened up in the next field. A Captain told us it was OK, they were ours. We were soon on our way again. Saw the Infantry moving into the line. We drove past our area without knowing it to Ste. Mere Eglise, where we met some of the men from the company.

Back to Blossville just as it was getting dark. There was nobody at the cemetery. It was a big field with four or five wrecked gliders in it. We looked the cemetery over. It was sad. An officer told us that *Legg* would be there in the morning. It was so quiet that we decided to sleep on top of the ground. Started early the next morning. Set up the office in a glider *Legg* came in about nine o'clock. The form 1's were just pieces of scratch paper. The personal effects were tied up in just anything. We were 325 forms behind to start with. *McCullough* started on the P. E.'s, *Korfhage* and *Wasley* started on the GR 1's. None of the rows and graves were in line.

Frenchmen were digging the graves. They drank only wine and cider. No water for them, they did not believe in it. Started going out that first day picking up bodies. An MP reported a dead paratrooper a few fields down from us. Went down to get him the next morning. He was lying in a trench. His dog tags were on top of his body. Somebody had stripped him. We were all afraid to touch him at first having heard so much about bodies being booby trapped. Tied a rope to him and pulled. The rope broke. I was pretty sick and disgusted. Wished I had gotten in the Infantry. That Scotch (labeled Medical Supplies) we had brought from England helped out.

We were supposed to pick up bodies that day in Montebourg. The

Germans retook it that night but we did not know it. We went riding in. An Infantry Joe stopped us and said, "You better not go in there, they are shelling it." We thought he meant the Germans were shelling it. Said we had to go. Got in and found the Germans there. Hell it was the Americans doing the shelling. Got in the ditch in a hurry. *Varner* was under the truck, said we'd run over him if he didn't get out from under it. When he got in he was looking back. The Germans were like we were they were getting the hell out of there.

We heard that we were going back to the company and everybody was very unhappy. Then word came that we were going to run the German cemetery at Orglandes. Just before we left the General Staff of the 82nd Airborne came down to hold a memorial service. *General Ridgeway* told *Lt. Miller* to get all of the platoon together, for he wanted to thank them for the work they had done. He talked to the platoon and said he was glad to see us wearing the 82nd patch and he hoped that we would continue to wear it.

When we got to Orglandes there were some 40 Germans buried and no work had been done on the records. The 607 were still working on the forms from their last cemetery. They had just put the PE's in bags and left them. *Raker's Raiders* were supposed to help us but we got more work done by working by ourselves. We were getting around 400 bodies a day when Cherbourg fell. German PW's were doing the digging, the wrapping of the German bodies and the lowering. The Frenchmen came each day to bring us fresh butter, meat and cognac. Had our own kitchen with *Conley* doing the cooking. We ate good. *Sciarra* learned while here that he was the father of a son.

Out picking up bodies one day when some American soldiers on motorcycles came along. They went into the woods. Our sergeant did not see them and fired into the woods. The GI's came crawling out of the woods. They were pretty pale when they said, "You sure do have it rough up here."

The 4th platoon then rejoined the company at Ste. Mere Eglise No. 2.

Chapter IX

6 JUNE TO 24 JULY 1944

The 3rd Platoon opened Ste. Mere Eglise No. 1 on D5. Started laying out Plot B and started 8 German PW's to digging graves. The first thing that the men did when they got to the cemetery was dig in. The new men were told to take off their stripes for snipers shooting at them. There were parachutes in the trees. Bodies lying in long rows waiting to be buried. The stench was overpowering. Everybody went to work immediately. Lived and worked right in the cemetery. *Mann* and *Knowlton* kept records of burials. The mess hall was just over the hedgerow. We got a negro service company to help dig. *Lt. O'Brien* came with another platoon of service troops. Everybody worked from early morning until night. When it got