

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 Revannville, 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