Come to War with Me in 1943

John Paul Bailey

DEDICATION

Colonel Sheehan,

It has taken me many years to realize you rescued me from a horrible experience or perhaps death, when you had me transferred from the 116th Infantry to your command.

I was too young to thank you then, but surely thank you now.

John Paul Bailey

PROLOGUE

The Bailey Family

I was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, on July 25th, 1924. I had a brother named Ralph who was four years older, and a sister named Dorothy who was seven years older. Ralph was a scholarship student at Regis – a Jesuit, scholarship-only high school in New York City. He drowned at the age of sixteen trying to save the life of another boy who could not swim and fell out of a rowboat about 35 feet from shore. My sister, Dorothy, was an honors graduate from Saint Aloysius high school, which was taught by the Sisters of Charity. Dorothy was one of the first girls who learned how to wire the control boards that ran the original IBM punch-card-operated business machines. They were the forerunners of today's computers.

My father, your grandfather, Joseph Bailey, was born in Jersey City on August 7th, 1888.

Father Joseph Bailey in 1958

He was an engraver by trade and used to engrave by cutting letters and punctuation marks into lead plates. He would decorate the first letter of a story with flowers and vines and such. He did that from 1903 until 1936 and was very talented. He used to amuse me by writing whole lines of text backwards and with his left hand. Then, in the Great Depression of the 1930s, the print shop closed. At that time there was not a great demand for that type of printing, and fancy books were not selling. He went to work in a federal government program called the Works Progress Administration, or WPA for short. It was a work program where they built sport stadiums, hospital buildings, roads, reservoirs, and the like. He was in the WPA for a couple of years. Then he got a job with the welfare department in Jersey City. He held that job until he died on his lunch hour at age

73. He had several brothers: Charles, David, Howard, Richard, and two others whose names, unfortunately, I cannot remember. He also had four or five sisters: I can remember Katie, Mary, Anna. His mother and father were determined to have a son named Joseph. My father was their third baby named Joseph. The first two died shortly after birth. Infant deaths were common then.

Joseph Bailey's father, Frank, your great-grandfather, was born in Utica, New York, about 1850. He and his father, your great-great-grandfather, joined the Union Army as brothers so they would be allowed to stay together. Your great-great-grandfather had half his leg blown off at the Battle of Vicksburg and died soon afterwards. Frank survived the war and left Utica for Jersey City. Three generations of your "great" grandfathers, including the one killed at Vickburg, were born in Utica in the 1800s. One of them was born in Utica in the 1700s. But Frank moved to Jersey City and married Katie Kelly. There are Kellys all throughout the Bailey clan. They had 12 children that lived to adulthood.

The original "Bailey" was born in Germany. He was a Hessian teenager brought over to America by the British to fight against the colonials during the Revolution. When Britain lost the war, the British did not return these youngsters back to Germany. He was in the area of Utica, New York. There were large groups of Irish living there. He met and married a Kelly. Since the German name "Heiberlie" was not popular, he changed his name to Bailey.

<u>The Cutler Family</u>

Your grandmother Josephine Cutler Bailey was born in Hoboken, New Jersey. We called your grandmother 'Tumpy'. Her father was a cop in Hoboken in the 1800s and early 1900s. He died at an early age. He was about 30. It was before World War One. Tumpy was born about 1890 on August 12th.

Sister Dorothy and Mother Tumpy in 1943

Tumpy had a sister named May. I think her name was actually Mary, but she felt May was more uppity. Aunt May married Charles McAlpine from Long Island, New York. The McAlpine family had money. May had three daughters: Ann, Mary, and "Doodie" Josephine. She also had two brothers. One of them, Harold, was a professional pitcher with a Philadelphia baseball team for a couple of years. He then switched to being a professional golfer for a while, and later got managing professional horseracing jockeys. That entailed a lot of traveling. Great grandmother Sadie used to travel around with him a great deal of the time. The racetracks every day or two, would race a fixed race so the track personnel could cash in on some winnings. The secret was to have someone there to place your bet for you. That was my grandmother Sadie's job. She would bet for Harold and any jockeys he was managing at the time. All the track personnel had to have someone there to place their bets. They were forbidden to place them themselves, of course.

May's other brother, Carleton, was a policeman in Irvington, New Jersey. Sadie, in the late 1930s, married the retired police chief of Irvington. There was an amusement park in Irvington. I always entered and rode all the rides for free with my uncle and step-grandfather. One was a cop and the other an ex-police chief.

Sadie's brother was chief of police in Hoboken. Then he became a city commissioner, all before 1930. Her sister, Marion, was a school principal and was later on the city's board of education.

Sadie's brother, Sonny, owned a bar in Hoboken on Washington Avenue near the corner of 12th. They were big time in Hoboken. And it was one of the most important port cities in the U.S

<u>The Agnew Family</u>

On your Mother's side, your Grandmother's last name was Agnew. She was born in Hoboken. Your mother, Peggy, and I copied her baptism and wedding records in a Catholic church near 4th and Garden. It is close to a small park and only about two streets west of the docks. She had two sisters and one brother.

Her brother "Sonny" was in the dock union early on and in the late 1930s, one of the union's chiefs murdered another. Sonny took the rap even though he didn't do it, and saved the union chief from going to trial. He served three years and was released. He never worked again in his life. The union gave him a no-show job. He even kept a horse. It stayed in Lincoln Park in Jersey City. He had a house down at the Jersey shore too, to go with his apartment in Jersey City. When he was at the shore, his horse was moved there. He and his wife went on cruises. So those three years paid dividends.

Agnew's two sisters were really nice to me and I got accustomed to them. The first time I met Aunt Sadie, she wore a monkey-fur coat. I never saw anything like it before or since. She also wore a small, red, patent leather hat. I still remember the outfit, it impressed me so much. When I went to visit her home near the New Jersey beaches, I was rather impressed that she had a fake fireplace under a picture window in the living room. No attempt was made to have a chimney. Her husband was the captain of a tugboat on the Hudson River. Quite a job. One time, Sadie made little curtains for the windows and installed them while he was off the ship. By the time he returned, the whole port was laughing at his boat.

The other Aunt was married to a very nice German man named Otto. They lived in a nice house in North Bergen, New Jersey. It was on the palisades, and the back of the house overlooked the Hudson River, and the Manhattan skyline formed the background. Instead of a living room with a picture window in the back of the house, the architect put the kitchen and bedrooms with regular small windows there. Still, I always liked to sit at the kitchen table and watch the river and the New York City traffic.

Teddy the Dog

I was born at home, not in a hospital. My mother and her brother John Murphy were very close. He came to visit when I was one day old. With him came a puppy as a gift for me.

My dog was named Teddy. He grew up with me. Ray, the boy next door, also had a dog. Ken, another boy on the street had one too. In all, four of the six

boys that were growing up and playing together on our block had dogs with them continuously. When we ran, the dogs ran. We sat under the tree, and they sat under the tree.

We used to block off Claremont Avenue at each end with garbage cans so cars couldn't come through. Then we played stickball. One sewer plate was second base, another was the pitcher's mound, and the third was home plate. As we ran the bases or chased the balls, our dogs ran with us.

We all went to Catholic School so we would all get home at the same time to our waiting, four-legged friends.

The neighborhood policeman would tell people how he was amazed and would watch Teddy stand at the corner of Ocean Avenue and wait until the red light box clicked before he crossed the street.

When I was young, a German woman named Anna helped look after me. She would dress like a nurse to mind me. Anna and Teddy would walk me in my carriage. Anna had an upholstered chair in my room, which Teddy thought should be his. She would always chase him from it when she was with me. When she went home, she would turn the cushion up to keep him off. Of course, she would just be out the door and my brother would turn the cushion down.

Teddy lived until both he and I were 18 years old. He died shortly after I had gone into the Army. I was only in three months when Teddy bid farewell.

Brother Ralph, Teddy, and Me

INTRODUCTION

I had my 19th birthday during my basic training in South Carolina. On my 20th birthday, I was laying on the ground at St. Lô, France, trying to count the hundreds of bombers blowing an opening in the German defenses that were about two or three miles to the east. My 21st birthday was outside Potsdam in a town we called Wondertown. It was where President Truman was staying during the Potsdam Conference.

THE WAR YEARS

Shipping Out to England

I first met Colonel Sheehan on the *Île de France*. It had been a large luxury passenger ship in peacetime. During the war, it was transformed into a troop transport ship, carrying thousands of troops from New York to Britain.

My infantry company had received special training in South Carolina and at Fort Mead in Maryland, from two British commando officers. We were supposedly going to be Ranger replacements.

My company left Fort Mead by train for an assembly point in New York that was about 30 miles north of the New Jersey state line. We arrived in the New York camp a few days before Christmas. I enjoyed Christmas and New Year's at home. Audrey Jewkes' family had a New Year's party, so I spent New Year's Eve with them. My sister still had to have me back at camp by 2 AM each of those nights.

I was able to get passes to New York City every evening. From Manhattan, I took the subway under the Hudson River and was home before 6 PM. I had dinner with my mother and sister. Then, I would go out with one of the local girls, including your mother, the beautiful Peggy Murphy. At about midnight, Dorothy would drive me back to camp. It was not until years later that I realized what an inconvenience I was to Dorothy. She was wonderful about staying up all night driving me. How or where she got the gasoline is still a mystery.

On the third or fourth of January, 1944, my company marched to the train station in camp and was transported from there to Hoboken, New Jersey. There, we boarded ferries and were taken across the Hudson River to the *Île de France*. It was the largest passenger ship of its day. All of the luxury items had been removed. The carpet, all deck chairs, china, and crystal chandeliers were removed. The sleeping quarters were crowded and called racks. Each rack was five bunks high, with eighteen inches between them. It was not a luxury cruise.

When we went onboard the ship, my company was assigned "on board guard duty." One of the benefits of guard duty was that we had more freedom of movement than the rest of the troops. We could usually go on deck at any time.

The other troops would be brought on deck as units, run around the ship for a short period of exercise, and then be returned below decks for hours.

I was seasick most of the time. I attempted to get relief by going as high as I could on the ship. The highest I could get was two decks below the bridge. I met Colonel Sheehan up there. We spent many nights talking. He asked where I was from, what schools I had attended, and other things. All these years later, I realize he was probably seasick, too.

The water was very rough. Whitecaps were smashing against the ship from all sides. At that time, many ships traveled in groups called convoys. But the *Île de France* could travel faster than German submarines, so it crossed alone. For most of the trip, we had large seaplanes making circles in the sky above us. Supposedly, they could protect us from the U-Boats. For one day, we were in the middle of the ocean. Our position put the *Île de France* out of range of the planes, which flew out of Labrador, Greenland, and Scotland. That one small section of ocean was beyond their range. The ship seemed to go at top speed that afternoon.

It was a beautiful clear morning when we landed in Scotland. There were green hills on three sides. The night before landing, I was above deck, on duty until about 2 AM. I did not see Colonel Sheehan that night, and there were several ships on either side of the *Île de France*. The ship seemed to be moving very slowly. Not being able to go above deck after sunrise, I did not know we had entered the huge bay until we packed up our equipment and disembarked. We boarded trains for England. The civilians waved to us as we traveled through the rolling countryside on our way to southern England.

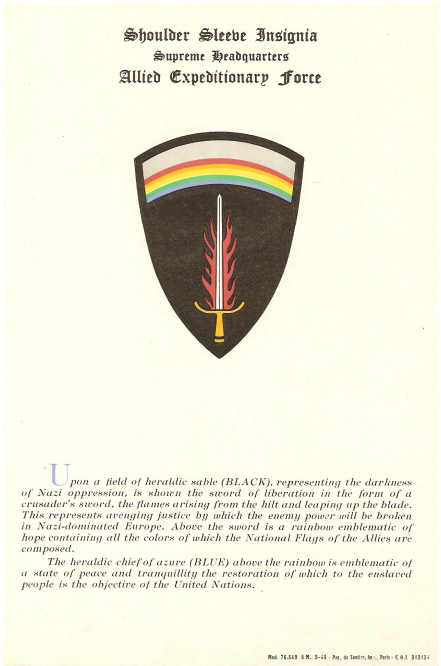
In southern England, we resumed training. Most mornings, the troops in the camp were divided into two groups: red and blue. The red group would board landing craft, go out into the channel, turn toward the beach, and attempt to invade it. The blue group had the job of defending the beach. It was a wet, cold way to start the day. We would then go to our huts. If we had any dry clothes, we'd change into them and hang our wet ones to dry. We'd then report for drills, shooting practice, etc. It was a busy way to spend a day. It seemed to me that

during those first days in England, the sun was rationed.

Bodyguard Group

One morning, orders came for me to report to London. I left camp with all of my belongings, including my rifle. A lieutenant accompanied me. I do not think he had any idea who I was to report to or why. I was surprised that my orders had me to report to Colonel Sheehan. Now, years later, I think Colonel Sheehan wanted to save me from some very difficult times. After I left, my company didn't join any Ranger group, but got split up instead. Each platoon was assigned to a different company of the 116th regiment of the 29th Infantry Division. They were among the lead troops to invade Normandy on June 6th, 1944. The casualty rate was 70% on that one day. The older I get, the more I appreciate what Colonel Sheehan did for me.

Colonel Sheehan had been assigned to the intelligence section of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF). One of the first tasks assigned to him was to form a group to be personal guards for general officers. The British Army had guards of this type and the U.S. Army decided to follow the custom.



SHAEF Shoulder Sleeve Insignia

The men in the group he formed were from diverse backgrounds and were much older than me. My life experiences were quite different from theirs. For starters, I was the youngster. I was 19. Six months earlier, I graduated from a Jesuit prep school. Graduation was a Sunday. On the following Wednesday, I was in Fort Dix.

Fort Dix 1943

One member of the group was from the New York transit police. Another came from a sheriff's department in the South. George Schultz was a gambling bookie in Camden, New Jersey. Steve Wolfranski had been in an Illinois prison for driving a getaway car after some kind of robbery and had to get his parole board's permission to enlist. He became my partner and was a wonderful associate for a year and a half – from London to Berlin.

After some training, the group got pared down and partners were paired. We were given the choice of several different pistols to carry as concealed weapons. Steve, like several of the others, sent home for a shoulder holster. A package arrived that looked like it contained cookies. Actually, it contained a very soft leather holster. I used a bulky, stiff leather holster issued by the Army for some time. Then, one day, I was in a tailor shop on Saville Row in London. Senior officers, on arriving in London, wanted Saville Row uniforms and material was available for them to purchase. One of the tailors, to show his appreciation that I brought in several generals to that particular shop, altered the inner pocket

in my dress jacket to carry a pistol without it showing. This shop also later made my uniform. By then, I had taken several colonels and generals there for custom-made uniforms. I was most likely the only enlisted soldier in the Army with a Saville Row uniform.

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Steve and I made a very good team. We never disagreed. Steve was always very aware of the circumstances we were in, and I was smart enough to follow his lead. One night, shortly before the Normandy invasion, we received a call to go to a home where a visiting general was staying.

When we arrived, we were told that there were strange sounds out on the grounds. We began to search the area. It covered several square acres. We both heard a noise at the same time. I tried to extract my pistol from my bulky shoulder holster. In doing so, I caught the flap over the pocket on my shirt. It was firmly sewn on, but I succeeded in tearing it and eventually got the gun - plus a piece of my shirt - in my hand. Wolf, in the meantime, could have held off the intruders. We decided that, in the future, he would fire first, and I would try to more calmly retrieve my gun.

We were called out several times. There was some fear that an attempt may be made on a general's life by German infiltrators. As it turned out, the British had very effectively eliminated the spies early in the war. We were assigned several different times to escort a civilian from Washington, D.C. One I was assigned to was frequently received with quite a bit of distinction. After a few days, he told me that his name was the same as one of the members of Roosevelt's cabinet, and the fuss made was in error, but he liked receiving it.

We drove a number of high-ranking American officers, and also a few British. One day, we picked up a Frenchman. He turned out to be Charles de Gaulle. We had a seven-passenger Buick for that assignment. Wolfranski was driving while I sat "shotgun." We had only driven a short distance when we heard what sounded like a pig snorting in the back. After a few moments of snorting, De

Gaulle's aide leaned forward and said: "The general wishes for the driver to sit at attention as he drives." Later that day, I told Colonel Sheehan this story. He told the story to others. It soon was the story around London. Actually, that was not the best for Wolf and me since we were never supposed to repeat what we heard.

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One day, Wolf and I were sent to a railroad station on the outskirts of London. A captain met us. There were several military police patrolling on both sides of the train. The captain told Wolf and I to accompany him as he went through each compartment of the four cars making up the train. We went through and found no one. Shortly after that, General Eisenhower and several other senior officers boarded.

The train started, went only a short way, and stopped. It probably only traveled a distance of two or three miles. Prime Minister Churchill came aboard. When Churchill boarded, he sat just inside the car. The aide who was with him carried an attaché case. Inside were a pair of dry shoes and socks. Churchill changed out of his wet shoes and socks right in front of me.

One of the railroad cars had a conference table in it. Churchill, Eisenhower, and the other officers, American and British, gathered around it. My guard position was to stand at the end of the car, between it and the next car. The trip was to southern England. There, they all went and watched the U.S. Army perform practice amphibious assault on an English beach. Wolf and I stayed with the train to keep anyone from boarding it.

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Steve Wolfranski and I were living in a beautiful manor house called Coombe Manor. It was a great place to be quartered. Coombe Manor was the mansion house of the area. The United States Army requisitioned it in 1943 to

have living quarters for general officers. As things turned out, Steve and I lived there most of the time between January 1944 and June 1944, quartered with the generals. Coombe Manor was just two homes up from Telegraph Cottage, which was where General Eisenhower stayed. Wolf and I often had to spend time guarding Telegraph Cottage.

Mr. Nichols, the actual owner of the manor, would come to the kitchen door some mornings after he saw the general's car leave. He would ask if it would be all right if he and his wife entered the garden to work on the plants. I always felt ill at ease that they were in a position where they had to ask permission to go to their own garden. The former gardener had left to work in a munitions plant. He did stop by once or twice, but the best he was good for was a cup of tea.

Living at Coombe Manor, we received our orders from Colonel Sheehan or from General Brown's office. General Brown was the personnel commander of Supreme Headquarters. We spent most of our time driving, but we were on call at all times. Everyone was on the alert. As the time for the invasion approached, there were reports from G2 (Intelligence) that German spies might try to kidnap a general officer and force him to give information. Wolf and I spent several nights patrolling around homes. We were also kept very busy in the daytime. We would usually get to bed at about six or six-thirty in the morning. By three-thirty in the afternoon, we would receive our instructions about where we were to report next and be given times and places to patrol.

Sometimes we would follow a senior officer from his office while he was driven to his residence. Then we'd report to a different place to patrol the grounds. In some areas there would be two or more homes side by side and we patrolled all of them. If it was a lot of ground, we would be joined be another team.

I learned a lot from Steve Wolfranski during this time. He was an excellent driver and taught me how to handle a car at high speeds. He also taught me how to hotwire a car and how to strip four tires off car in minutes. He showed me several illegal things, but he was completely honest and honorable for the

eighteen months that we were together. He also impressed on me that the smart thing to do was to keep quiet when we were in the company of officers.

Wolf was determined to change his lifestyle. While he was in Europe, his wife moved out of the Chicago area to a different state and set up a new apartment. She got a job and never contacted any old acquaintances. When he was in prison, Wolf learned about photography and photo development. Their plan was for him to get an honorable discharge from the Army and come meet her in their new town. Then they would start a new life. He did not want to ever have any contact with anyone he or his wife knew before the day he received his discharge from the Army. We were the best of friends, but he never gave me a hint as to where his new life was to start. I hope it worked out.

The *Apollo*

Less than five minutes after being awakened, I was trotting to my command tent. The rain was so light that it felt like being enclosed in a cloud. Soldiers and sailors, both American and British, were in cars, trucks, and jeeps. There was motion everywhere.

It was before dawn on June 8th, 1944, two days after the invasion of Normandy. I was told to have breakfast and report to a British ship that was docked in Portsmouth. It was called the *Apollo*. By the end of the day, we were calling it the *Abandon*.

The *Apollo* was only about fifteen minutes' drive away. The ship seemed almost as wide as long. It had all the insignia of a navy ship, but none of the glamour. I went to the gangplank and identified myself to the British marines. They told me to report to Captain Grindel. They would not allow me to carry my Thompson submachine gun aboard. I had to turn it over to the British marines for the trip. I reluctantly did so.

My instructions had been to protect General Eisenhower. He and several other generals and admirals were to come aboard. As I looked about at the ranks of the other passengers, and being aboard a ship after all, I wondered what I was supposed to protect him from. Before the ship left port, three aides, me, and one

other guard were told how and where to assemble easel tripods for presentations and a small movie-type screen. Several large valises arrived with officers guarding them.

First, General Bradley, and then General Montgomery came aboard, bringing several of their staff. While they chatted on the deck for a few minutes, I believe Eisenhower's aides and some of the other officers put maps and other papers on the tripods that we erected earlier. The generals all went below deck to confer. A few minutes before seven that morning, General Eisenhower arrived with his aides, Colonel Lee and Captain Butcher. Several other senior officers, including British and American admirals arrived. Air Marshall Tedder was the last one I saw come aboard, and we were heading for France before seven-thirty.

The *Apollo* proceeded across the English Channel. As usual, the water was very rough and the boat bounced about. This time, though, I was not seasick. I think that on my Channel crossings, I was kept so busy that the idea that I *could* get seasick never entered my mind. There were all sizes of ships coming and going from France. I was amazed with how much higher most of the other ships were than the *Apollo*. When we were quite close to shore, we began to run parallel to the French coast.

As usual, Montgomery brought a photographer. The photographer was prohibited from taking pictures. He was sent to the very stern of the ship, where I had been stationed.

The senior officers were assembled in the compartment with the tripods, charts, and so on. The ship continued to travel parallel to the coast when there was a sudden shudder and a loud screeching noise coming from the hull. The first thought was that a German E-Boat had attacked us with a torpedo. There was a lot of commotion and the crew ran everywhere. Aides were busy packing maps and charts into the cases. Then calm took over. It was learned that the captain had run the *Apollo* over a sandbar. Suddenly, ships appeared from every direction. General Eisenhower was taken aboard an American destroyer and all of the senior officers were dispatched to other ships for safety's sake.

My orders were to stay aboard ship with an Army captain, two lieutenants,

and two other sergeants to protect the charts, maps, cases, and documents. When we docked at Portsmouth, there were two trucks and several MPs to take possession of the materials.

I retrieved my Thompson and saw a very sad looking Royal Navy commander. I understood that the ship was severely damaged. I often wondered what became of the *Apollo*'s captain after that bungle with all those British admirals aboard.

D Day Plus Six

On Sunday, June 11th, 1944, I went to a large Catholic church in Southampton. It seemed there was a great renewal of faith in the armed forces. The invasion of Normandy on June 6th appeared to bring everyone closer to God. The masses were all at capacity for the first time in World War Two.

Wolf and I were still receiving our orders from General Brown's office. His aide, Major Carlson, gave me orders to report to Portsmouth. There, I received orders to proceed to France and meet General Dunn, an engineer general from SHAEF who had previously been stationed in New York, at just about the time I was passing through there.

At Portsmouth, I was issued a specially equipped jeep. Over the rear right wheel was a box. When you installed a map and set your coordinates, it would trace where you traveled. There was a gun mount platform welded to the floor, in front of the back seat. It had a thirty-caliber machine gun attached.

My jeep and I were loaded onto an LST (Landing Ship Transport) on Sunday evening. We left port during the night. I tried to sleep, but was glad I had a steering wheel to hold on to. The walls of the ship were so high that I could not see the water in the channel. But I knew there were waves. They seemed determined to turn the ship in circles.

Before dawn, the Navy lieutenant commanding the ship said we had to proceed very slowly. The Navy was hauling over large cement tubs. They were approximately 300 feet long, 70 feet wide and 30 feet high above the water. The operation was called Mulberry. The "Mulberry's" were to be sunk off the beach to

make an artificial harbor to help get more materiel ashore. Visibility was poor and the lieutenant had no desire to collide with one. I was okay with that.

We landed on Omaha Beach at approximately six in the morning. I had to run the jeep off a ramp and into water about two or three feet deep. Since I was not the first vehicle off, I gained as much speed as possible, raced down the ramp, and succeeded in getting stuck at the end of the ramp in water up to the wheel wells. It took a few minutes to pull me and the jeep to shore. There were so many vehicles getting stuck that the Navy had several large trucks and half-tracks cruising the beach to haul out the disabled with chains.

Infantrymen were unloading from LCI's, "landing craft infantry," into water two to three feet deep. They started their visit to France soaked to the hips. Once on land, they assembled in company-sized groups and then started up and over the very steep hills that faced Omaha Beach. The German troops were only between about five and fifteen miles inland at that time.

The beach was covered with all sorts of destroyed and abandoned equipment. There were bulldozers pushing equipment into huge heaps. It was such a mess that you could not identify a lot of the contents.

It was D Day-plus-six. The front was referred to as "fluid," which meant that no one was sure where the Germans were or where the Americans were. Going was slower than planned.

One sector of the beach was set up to receive the wounded and dead. I had to drive up a path to find the 29th Division and passed row after row of wounded soldiers on stretchers who were waiting to be carried aboard landing craft and taken back to England. The ships they were waiting for were unloading hundreds of fresh soldiers and tons of equipment.

If the front was "fluid," the headquarters was Jell-O. Everyone was engrossed in what they were doing. To locate a particular general was very difficult. It took me two hours to locate General Dunn and his aide, Major Groves.

General Dunn had been sent over to correct a supply problem. It seems that the troops were calling for the wrong types of materiel. Some of what was being destroyed by American bulldozers on the beach was equipment that was

requested and delivered but was wrong for the job it was sent over for. It was cluttering up the landing area.

As troops would come upon a ditch or stream, they would order a bridge. Sometimes the stream needed a small 15- or 30-foot pontoon bridge. A 100-foot Bailey bridge would mistakenly be ordered. The supply depots in England were eager to keep the invasion going and filled requests as quickly as possible. The result was unneeded equipment being dumped on the beach. There were other types of materiel other than bridges, like armament, repair equipment, and so on, that were being needlessly ordered. It was General Dunn's job to straighten out the routing of orders and see that the personnel knew what to order.

We spent the first two days working at division level, but they were so engrossed with combat problems that General Dunn and his supply problems were not given much attention. They were not upset with what was collecting on the beach. So General Dunn went around locating various companies and battalions. At those levels, generals' instructions are followed. Going to company command levels made the traveling slower and more dangerous.

Traveling from place to place was very difficult. What passed for roads were mostly deep, muddy tracks. Paved roads in France were very rarely found. The weather was wet. Normandy had had its rainiest summer in twenty-five years. Most times, when I was not too scared to sleep, I curled up in the jeep and dozed. However, tanks roared constantly, aircraft bombed and strafed, and artillery fired from both sides. Twenty-four hours every day. None of this - plus yells and shouts – was conducive to sleep.

Inland from the beach, the Americans encountered hedgerows that enclosed the roads. The hedgerows dated back centuries. They were huge mounds of earth where trees, bushes, and hedges have rooted for ages. The French used them to mark borders and keep cattle from straying. They were everywhere. These hedgerows rose several feet above the road. Often, the trees met above the road, making you feel like you were driving in a tunnel.

The German Army had been in this area for almost four years and had all the hedgerow intersections zeroed in for their artillery. The combination made

driving most uncomfortable and dangerous. During all of this rough and tumble riding, Major Groves hung on to the gun platform like it was Mae West.

We logged only 167 miles on a brand new jeep and never used the fancy mapping equipment housed over the right wheel, or fired the machine gun. We were the only unwounded to board the landing craft on our return to Britain.

Our return trip was at night and did not take as long as the trip over. But it was just as uncomfortable. The nurses aboard went from one soldier to another, treated them, talked, and did their best to boost their morale. They were wonderful. The wounded were cheerful no matter how bad their injuries were.

General Dunn spent the night going from one to another talking, asking where in the United States they were from or what company they came from. Just small talk, but they were all impressed to speak with a general and it helped keep their mind off their injuries during the bouncy Channel trip.

It was not the type of trip a travel agency would advertise.

<u>V-Bomb at Coombe Manor</u>

Shortly after dawn, I arrived back in dear old jolly Great Britain from France. I returned to Coombe Manor, anticipating a good sleep.

While I was in bed, I remembered an incident that had occurred two months earlier. One evening in April 1944, we had an English gentleman and his rather pregnant young daughter ring the front door of Coombe Manor. He asked to speak to the general. Major Groves and General Dunn were staying at Coombe Manor at that time. Major Groves came to the entry foyer to speak with the Englishman. The Englishman said his daughter was obviously six months pregnant and that, according to his daughter, *I* was the father.

Wolfranski and I were standing with them at the time. I was outraged and said I had no idea what they were taking about. Major Groves told me to be quiet and go stay in the kitchen. Wolf took me to the kitchen. I told Wolf I knew her but did not have anything to do with her.

Meanwhile, Major Groves took the father and daughter into the study. There, he sat them down and wrote everything they claimed. He recorded things

like how far into her term she was, where Wolf and I were when she became pregnant, and whether any other friends that may have witnessed the affair. He then had Wolf go to the gardener's cottage and ask Mr. Nichols, the owner of Coombe Manor, to come to the study. Then, Major Groves had the daughter, who had been crying the whole time, sign the document he had written out. Then her father signed it, and Mr. Nichols signed it as a witness.

After folding up the paper, Major Groves announced that it was impossible for me to have gotten the girl pregnant because I was still in America when it happened. I was grateful to have had Major Groves represent me that evening.

I certainly would not have been about to lie down for a restful nap at Coombe Manor if I had had to be a "daddy."

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While I was in France, the Germans began sending unmanned flying bombs over Britain. Each one carried 1,000 pounds of explosives. I was alone and sleeping in Coombe Manor by nine in the morning. At nine-forty I awakened, hearing the motor of one of the V-1 flying bombs. The motor noise stopped. Then it was impossible to know where the bomb would land. It could glide for miles or drop immediately. I jumped out of bed and was stood in the second story hall. There were so many sensations at one time. It was hard to distinguish one from another. The building shook and began to disintegrate. A great rush of air carried thunderous noise. Ceilings fell, glass shattered, and the staircase collapsed.

The floor beneath my feet collapsed and threw me down to the ground floor. I was still able to stand. Parts of the home kept falling. I went to open the front door and exit the building, but the door had already been blown out by the force of the explosion. Once out of the building, I could hear shouts for help coming from the home next door.

I went over and saw that the neighboring building was still collapsing. It was damaged more extensively than Coombe Manor. The roof was still falling in. The shouts were coming from two different areas. I found two elderly men in the

library. Of course, everyone seemed elderly; I was all of nineteen years of age. I carried them out and went back in and found the third person in the kitchen with some cabinets over her. The glass doors in the cabinets had shattered and badly cut her on the arms and chest. I got her outside with the other two.

I knew they needed aid, so I put them in the back of my jeep. I took the belts off of the two men and looped them to the jeep's roll bar. That gave the wounded something to hold on to. Not having any idea where there was a British hospital, I started for the American hospital located at SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Forces Europe) in Bushy Park, Kingston. On the way, two American MPs on motorcycles pulled alongside, saw my problem, and gave me an escort. We raced to Kingston on the Thames and on up to Bushy Park. As I recall, we went into a large room with several operating-type medical beds. It seemed to me that the medical personnel were pleased to have some patients to gain experience. The civilians received aid immediately; there was no confusion. I was fascinated with the speed and efficient work of the doctors and nurses.

I was just standing and watching when a doctor came to me and told me to remove my trousers and shirt. It seems my back and buttocks had gotten cut up. The doctor said I was in shock and did not realize the extent of my injuries.

Well, here I was. Nineteen years old and straight from a Jesuit school. I had never removed my trousers in the company of females, and the room was full of nurses. My expression was such that the whole room chuckled.

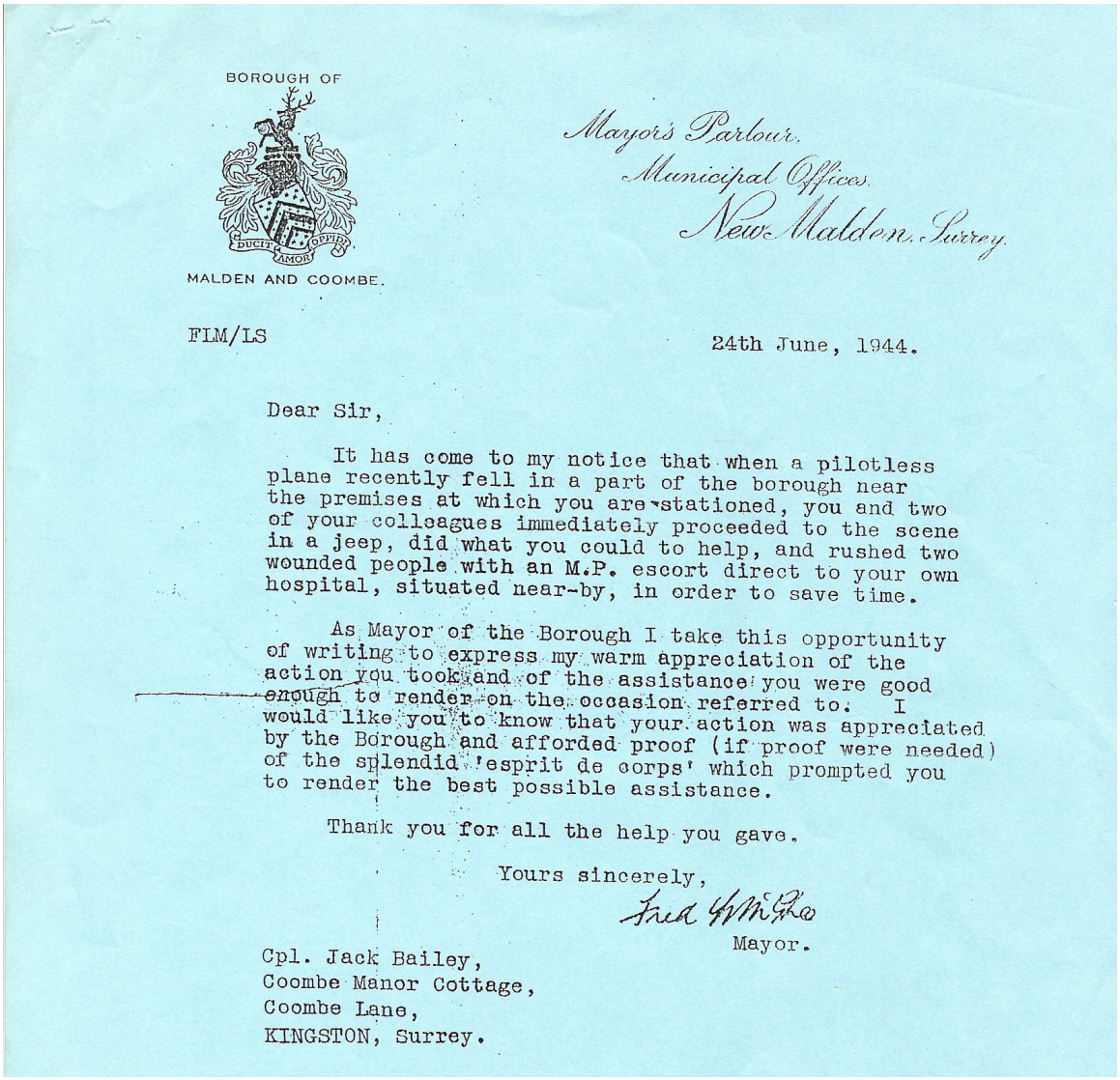
It took over two hundred stitches to put me back in one piece. While I was getting stitched up, Wolfranski, who had arrived a few minutes after me, went and came back with a new pair of trousers and a shirt.

This was not a real hospital. It was more of an aid station. So they decided I would receive better care at one of the other mansions the Army had occupied. Wolfranski had a seven-passenger Buick limousine to transport me. I was unable to sit, so Wolf had me lay face down on the back seat with my knees on the floor. I was in a praying position. The jeep was taken to a repair garage. It was given new seat pads.

Wolf took me to a beautiful country house on the Thames River. It was

named Chesterfield. Colonel Sheehan was living there. I was a lucky guy. While I was recuperating, everyone treated me well. Every other day, one or two of the nurses came to Chesterfield. They would tend to me, have lunch, and walk me down to the river's edge. They were enjoyable afternoons, but Wolfranski always said never to fool around with any of the American women.

After two days, the Lord Mayor sent me a letter thanking me for caring for British civilians. The incident was mentioned in the London papers as an example of good relations between American soldiers and the British public.



BOROUGH OF

MALDEN AND COOMBE.

Mayor's Parlour,
Municipal Offices,
New Malden, Surrey.

FLM/LS

24th June, 1944.

Dear Sir,

It has come to my notice that when a pilotless plane recently fell in a part of the borough near the premises at which you are stationed, you and two of your colleagues immediately proceeded to the scene in a jeep, did what you could to help, and rushed two wounded people with an M.P. escort direct to your own hospital, situated near-by, in order to save time.

As Mayor of the Borough I take this opportunity of writing to express my warm appreciation of the action you took and of the assistance you were good enough to render on the occasion referred to. I would like you to know that your action was appreciated by the Borough and afforded proof (if proof were needed) of the splendid 'esprit de corps' which prompted you to render the best possible assistance.

Thank you for all the help you gave.

Yours sincerely,

Fred W McGee

Mayor.

Cpl. Jack Bailey,
Coombe Manor Cottage,
Coombe Lane,
KINGSTON, Surrey.

We Almost Killed Him

Then there was the time that I might have killed General Eisenhower. One wet, windy day in the second week of July 1944, I was driving a jeep. My partner, Wolfranski, was in the passenger seat. Our duty was to go to General Eisenhower's office trailer and guard it for the night.

The headquarters consisted of a small group of tents and trailers on the outskirts of Granville, located on the French coast.

As we drove along, we saw two U.S. Army officers standing in the road. They'd just come off the beach and looked very wet and bedraggled. They flagged us down.

All during the war, we were on alert for the possibility of German special forces donning American uniforms and trying to assassinate high-ranking American officers. Especially General Eisenhower. So, as we approached the two suspicious men ahead of us, I held my .45 caliber pistol in my hand, and Wolfranski cradled a Thompson sub-machine gun.

When we were 40 or 50 feet away, we recognized General Eisenhower.

It turns out that he had been visiting Generals Patton and Bradley. The Third and First Armies were moving very rapidly out of Normandy, up the Brest Peninsula, and back down to head out north and try to capture Germans by the thousands as they retreated toward Falise, at the base of the Normandy region. General Montgomery still had not advanced past the city of Caan.

The weather was not good. Now, the general was too close to the German lines to travel in one of the large carrier airplanes, so he had commandeered a P-3 – also known as a Piper Cub. It was a very light aircraft.

The plane did not have a gas-gauge, and the tank was placed in the front, between the pilot and the engine. You could determine the consumption of fuel by watching a wire that floated through the gas cap and into the tank. As the wire sank, the amount of fuel lessened.

The pilot of the plane had, just that morning, been sent to spot German artillery positions. He then picked up the general and tried to fly back to Granville.

He ran out of gas while looking for the local landing strip and was forced to ditch on the beach. Then, having achieved a survivable landing, the general and the pilot got soaked while pushing and pulling the plane out of the surf to higher ground.

We picked up the general and the pilot. General Eisenhower ordered us to take him to his quarters – a medium-sized farmhouse. He seemed surprised that I knew exactly where it was located.

We dropped the general off and his orderly, Mickey McHugh, took him upstairs to a hot bath and a load of blankets on his bed.

Moaney, the cook, who knew both Wolfranski and me from England, gave us coffee and cake, and off to work we went.

No one ever knew how close we came to killing General Eisenhower.

Lucky They Didn't Kill Me!

Colonel Sheehan arrived at our camp in Reims, France, at the end of September. He conferred with General Bedell Smith and several officers from the Office of Service and Supply (G-3). General Kenneth Strong, head of the Intelligence section of Supreme Headquarters, sent him.

There were many confusing reports regarding the 19th Infantry and 9th Armored Divisions. They were engaged with the German Army in the Hurtgen Forest. The battle was going badly.

Colonel Sheehan was sent to find out what was wrong. General Bedell Smith was General Eisenhower's chief of staff. The other officers were from General "Courthouse" Lee's office. His command was known as G-3. It gave reports on supplies and deliveries. The weather was cold and rainy and the roads were muddy and slippery, but, according to G-3, supplies were getting to the depots.

The name of the trucking system was the Red Ball Express. It was set up and managed by G-3. The highway system was called Red Ball and the trucks that traversed it were the Express. Who knows why. I traveled it frequently and found the kitchen food depots set up along the road behind the advance troops to

always be terrific.

Trucks picked up equipment from the beaches in Normandy. After November, two other small ports were opened. However, Antwerp, the largest port, was not operational until January. The trucks drove in ever increasing circuits, further and further east towards Germany. It was a great system.

The biggest problem was that some drivers stole and sold a lot of the cargo on the black market. The Express set up depots at areas several miles behind the actual fighting. The combat company and battalion groups would pick up the equipment at the depots and bring it forward to the battle lines.

After a day of meetings, Colonel Sheehan's job was to go to the forward areas to check if the supplies were actually getting there. He knew I was in Reims and asked for me to be his driver. So off we went. I was hoping we were going to Luxembourg. I'd heard it was a great city.

We headed east, but into the strangest forest imaginable. Fir trees were 50 feet or higher. They were so dense that the sun was blocked. There were no bushes or grass, just dense layers of fir-tree needles. The lower limbs all intertwined about five or six feet from the ground. Everything was wet. There was a constant drizzle and snow. The temperatures hovered at freezing. It was like driving in a large green and white tunnel.

I knew we were near the Belgian-German border, but keeping a sense of direction was almost impossible. There were no roads; just narrow trails. And the Germans had them all mapped and would fire artillery shells that exploded in the trees, scattering shell fragments and tree parts over a wide area.

One night, I was in a small, two-room farm home. This cottage was so old that it probably had passed through several generations of family that worked the farm through several wars. However, that night there were no civilians anywhere in sight.

There were, however, eight other soldiers with me in the farmhouse. They had been wet and cold on the front lines for weeks. I knew that I would only be uncomfortable for a few days and then be gone again with the colonel. I volunteered to get a fire going in a small wood-burning stove. I felt that I could be

the cook and heat up our “C” rations. It was a very old stove with a pile of broken twigs behind it to be used for kindling. In my enthusiastic effort to get a hot fire, I pushed in a medium-sized limb. It broke through the back wall of the firebox and fell out onto the kindling in back. Everything quickly started burning. In seconds, the whole cottage was afire. The Germans saw the blaze and started to fire their artillery at it.

Everyone ran into foxholes and ditches except me. I kept running, for I feared that if that squad found me, they would kill me. What started out as a warm, dry spot to spend a night turned into a nightmare. Luckily, we never met again.

Colonel Sheehan spent eight days gathering information. It took longer than necessary at times because we were often in areas where we could not move for long periods of time due to the ungracious welcome the Germans were giving us. We departed on October 9th. We stayed the night at First Army headquarters. I washed, got new socks, new boots, a new field jacket, a new shirt, and new trousers. When we met the next morning, Colonel Sheehan said he was surprised I didn’t have someone sew my stripes on. He was envious I had acquired a new uniform. He had dried his uniform, but it was still a mess.

Colonel Sheehan and I were supposed to report back to Reims. On the return trip, he told me some of the things that had him so upset. The battle had been going on for about three weeks. The casualties were over 4,000. Hot food was not being delivered, even at times when it was possible to bring it forward. The terrain was so difficult to traverse that it was hard to set up medical aid stations. We returned to Reims on the 10th. On the 12th, Colonel Sheehan had me pick him up at a castle. That is where General Eisenhower’s living trailer was, as well as most of the offices. The colonel had me assigned to drive him back to Paris.

<u>One Shot</u>

We arrived in Paris in the evening. Colonel Sheehan had to report in to the George the Fifth hotel. While he was inside, I waited outside. If I stayed standing

immediately at the front door, I would have had to salute everyone entering the hotel. The front of the hotel has some depressed niches every 15 or 20 feet. I moved into one of these where I could see the front of the building but not be required to salute.

While I was watching, a French sedan pulled up to the door. It had those rear doors that open from the front, just opposite of American cars.

The general inside had a French cab driver who did not get out and come around to open the door. The general opened the door himself and was stepping out of the cab and a civilian ran toward him with a large knife. I saw him rushing forward and, by training, I fired a shot. It hit him in the 5th vertebrae. The bullet ran along his backbone and exited through the top of his head. The general pulled back into the car and closed the door, all in one motion. The driver raced away.

This happened in fractions of a second as I stood there. A crowd soon collected. While I was being asked what happened, the general returned.

He was Lieutenant General Crawford of the American Corps of Engineers. I was taken inside the hotel. There were a few questions. Then Colonel Sheehan told me to go out to a home the Army had in a suburb of Paris called Saint Cloud, get some sleep, and return to Reims first thing in the morning. I was not involved in any further investigation. However, a few weeks later, I was told the civilian was a farmer from Normandy. When we invaded, we bombed and overran his home, killing his wife and children. He wished to kill a high-ranking American in revenge. Luckily, I was an excellent shot and hit him instead of the general.

The shooting had several fortunate results for me. One happened when I was in Spa, Belgium, on December 16th, in the path of the massive German offensive that became known to the Americans as the Battle of the Bulge. Everyone – cooks, mechanics, drivers, everyone – was given rifles and grouped as infantrymen. A brigadier general from the Corps of Engineers had to be evacuated. He was working for General Crawford and was two years his junior in graduating from West Point. He knew I was in the area and he asked for me to be assigned to drive him back to Reims. We both left in a Packard.

My action was also influential in having me assigned to General Eisenhower's office when the war ended.

Operation Cobra

I was traveling through northern France. All the American troops were moving rapidly. During the first three weeks of the invasion, they liberated more than 1,000 square miles of France, captured the port of Cherbourg, took over 20,000 prisoners, and were approaching Saint Lô, where, on July 25, my 20th birthday, they broke through the German lines.

I spent most of my birthday lying in a field about three miles west of Saint Lô, watching hundreds upon hundreds of bombers fly overhead to blast a hole in the German defense lines. Unfortunately, some flights of the bombers went off course and dropped bombs on the American troops. This was the now infamous Operation Cobra. There were 1,800 B-17s and 550 fighter-bombers. 111 U.S. soldiers were killed by "friendly-fire".

Lieutenant General Lesley McNair was killed in that bombing. I was told by the member of my group that had the duty of protecting him that the bombs were dropping all over and the general was running about looking for a field radio to call back to headquarters to make them aware of the error. When the bombs were falling directly on them, he said he warned the general to protect himself. The general told him to take cover while he headed for a communication group. The corporal jumped under a tank, and the general got blown up. The corporal was demoted to private and sent up to the front in an infantry company.

Accommodations in Paris and Luxembourg

In September 1944, I went along with the First Army and entered Luxembourg. I was traveling with a brigadier general and his aide. The German Army was retreating so rapidly that they left the city with very little damage. The civilian residents were lined up along the roadsides, cheering the Americans.

It had the appearance of a big parade, even though the enemy was only a few miles away.

One of the first things the headquarters group of the unit liberating a town or city did was to set up a U.S. Army officer as a “City Major.” The rank varied, but as I remember it, most often it was a major or lieutenant colonel. He took the place of the mayor in the city. One of his duties was to set up living quarters for troops and visiting officers. The city major in Paris put me and the general I was with in the Carillon Hotel, right on the Place de la Concorde. I only stayed for two days before I was kicked out to make room for somebody more important. I can’t remember his name, but he was very overweight and wearing a colonel’s uniform; it’s a terrible thing to say, but he looked a bit like a big, green and brown balloon. Eddie, one member of the group I was with, was assigned as guard and driver to him and stayed with him for years. Eddie’s sister was in the WACs and was in Paris at the time. Eddie managed to get his sister assigned to the colonel. After the war, they both went back to Hollywood with him and were very successful.

When I went to the city major in Luxembourg, he opened a Michelin town directory. In it, he picked the highest rated hotel for the general and his aide. For me, he located another hotel around the corner. The general was conferring with the division and battalion chiefs. I later heard that he was sent to inform them of a new offensive to be launched by British Marshal Montgomery. It would limit the fuel, ammunition, and air cover for all of the American divisions. While they were meeting, I went to the hotel assigned to the general and showed my orders to the management. I picked the two best rooms and put the general’s equipment in it. Then I went and picked him up, took him to the officers’ mess for dinner, had some dinner myself, and then brought the general to his hotel. I then went to locate my hotel. I looked up and down the street and saw a sign with the hotel’s name, but it was just a bar. I went in and showed the bartender my order from the Army. I was to occupy one of their rooms that night.

The problem was, it was a house of ill repute and every room was already occupied by one of the ladies.

Well, the next morning as we were leaving Luxembourg, I told the general where I had spent the night. He said that if we were staying another night, we

could exchange rooms. We went to Nancy, France, and then back to Reims. The general told that story everywhere.

One Wild Auto Ride

General Beverly C. Dunn, U.S. Engineers, was given the task of going to General Patton's headquarters and informing him that it was known that he had commandeered thousands of gallons of gasoline that was headed for troops in the north, that is, First Army and Montgomery's 12th Army Group.

I had a Packard four-door deluxe car for the trip. These were really nice, comfortable cars.

We left and headed east – it was only a few hundred miles and we made stops at three other headquarters before arriving in Nancy, France. The river there was very curvy.

On one side of the river, the west side is Nancy. Just a few miles north and east of Nancy, on the east side of the huge, curved river, is Metz.

At this time, Patton had his headquarters in Nancy. However, the German Army still held Metz and were not giving up one inch.

As we arrived in Nancy, I had to put on my steel combat helmet even though I was in a steel Packard car. Patton was very stern about enforcing these rules.

The meeting did not last long, and General Dunn and Colonel Saville were both quickly back in the car. We were on the east side of the river, almost directly south of Metz.

The general had me cross the river. I found a Bailey bridge with wide, low wheel guards. These bridges were built on pontoon platforms and the roadway consisted of two wide strips of metal attached on the top of the platforms. The metal strips came with different sidewall heights. Some were only four inches, while others were as high as eight inches.

We crossed the river and I found myself driving into the midst of infantry soldiers who were marching up to the front lines.

I do not think the General realized when he gave me the directions that we

would be up in the battle area.

We only drove a short time before the Germans spotted our Packard and 88mm artillery began dropping in the area.

Colonel Saville seemed to get more upset than General Dunn, but they both told me to turn around and get out of the area. I drove back south and west a few miles and came upon a pontoon bridge. The colonel told me to cross it. I told him I could not cross that bridge because the sidewalls, or, as they were called, guard rails, were too high for our Packard.

Shouting at me, he insisted that I cross that bridge. I first had to have the trucks that were crossing west-to-east stopped. Then I stepped on the gas and was going quite fast when we came to the bridge. The car got stuck on the bridge. I could not reverse. We were hung up.

The colonel got out of the car and called over a group of infantrymen. He gave them the job of pulling and pushing the car off.

When the car came off the bridge, the whole muffler and tail pipe was torn loose. As I drove, it rattled along. It was embarrassing to be in the company of soldiers who were one or two miles from getting to the actual front lines and engaged in battle.

We eventually came back to the bridge I originally crossed. As we crossed it back westerly, the tailpipe and muffler pulled completely off. While the car still made a lot of noise, it was not as bad as the rattle of dragging metal over land and road.

We did not return to Nancy, but headed to a closer town whose name I cannot remember. It was being used as a staging area and there were a lot of American troops there. While we were there, we left the damaged Packard and picked up a jeep. At one point while riding in the jeep – I drove, the general sat up front, and Colonel Saville sat in the rear – the colonel suggested that he drive and I sit in the back. But General Dunn said no. I was the driver.

Later, when we got to Nancy, a couple of very large artillery shells roared in. The Germans had huge cannons mounted on railroad cars. They would have a locomotive pull the artillery car to a point and halt. The cannon would fire two or

three rounds and move to another spot before our artillery could zero in on them.

The Battle of the Bulge

The winter of 1944 was setting record lows in Europe. On December 19th, Adolph Hitler took advantage of the wind and snow and sent two divisions of SS troops and one tank division into the Hurtgen forest in Belgium. German intelligence had discovered that the area was being guarded by newly arrived American troops with no front experience.

By the next day, U.S. Army intelligence realized the action was a major attack. I was in Spa, Belgium, a town that had been quite severely damaged just days before my arrival. General Hodges had his forward headquarters there to help counter the German advance.

That same day, orders came for General Dunn to leave Spa and head for Reims. He was an engineer general and not a command officer. He was in the forward area to supervise the repair of a bridge. General Dunn seemed to get a lot of odd jobs, but I understand he was taken overseas because he had been in command of an Army camp in New York state and there was an investigation into construction and money problems. They pulled him out when the investigation first started. Anyway, Eisenhower's office did not want to take a chance on his being captured and ordered him to return to Reims, France, which was almost 200 miles south – with the expanding German salient in between.

Every soldier in the area was being given a rifle and sent to reinforce the battalions in the Hurtgen forest. Cooks, clerks, truck drivers, and all, found themselves plodding in the snow and, soon, under fire as infantry.

General Dunn knew that I was in the area and he requested me as his driver. So I drove him east to the Meuse River and then south to Reims. In the car, the general told me that he pulled me out because I had killed that would-be assassin before he got to his commending officer, Lieutenant General Crawford.

And so I spent Christmas in Reims instead of in the snowy forest as an infantryman.

Springtime 1945

March was a busy month for all of the armies. The Allies were all advancing in the west. The original plan was for all three Army Groups to reach the Rhine River, and then General Montgomery was to cross the river, leading the British 12th Army Group and the American 9th Army.

During the first week of March, I picked up General Gannon at Shellburst, the command camp near Reims. It was an old castle, complete with a moat. On the grounds were several trailers that were for visiting generals and other personages. They had heaters. On very cold days, Wolfranski and I would hide out in them and warm up. Inside the castle, there were rooms made into planning offices and sleeping quarters. There was very little heat in the castle. Some rooms contained a large tile heater. These were about six feet in circumference and six feet tall. They had a very small firebox. It would hold only six or eight coal briquettes, or about one third of a shovel-full of coal. But after the fire was going for about six hours, all of the tiles got very hot and cast a great deal of heat. I was told that inside there were many tiles that made the heat go up very slowly and as they heated, so did the exterior tiles.

Senior officers who were going to travel anywhere near the battle areas would be driven to Shellburst first. Stationed at Shellburst, there were four or five other drivers besides Wolfranski and myself, who would then drive the officers to whomever they were to confer with. It seemed to me that brigadiers were frequently sent to personally deliver orders to battalion, and at times, even company commanders.

I was assigned to travel with General Gannon. I had a Packard Clipper for this trip. It was the big, four-door luxury car of the times. It was interesting to have a car like that, and be driving on roads crowded with all sizes of trucks from small jeeps to trailers carrying huge tanks. Infantrymen would be walking along, carrying all of their equipment: blankets, backpacks, mortars, water-cooled .30 caliber machine guns, and other equipment on their backs.

As we were traveling toward the northeast battle area, General Gannon

and his aide were discussing why we they were taking this trip. He was being sent to 9th Army to tell General Simpson that he was not to have his Army cross the Rhine until the rest of General Montgomery's 12th and 21st Army Groups had also advanced to the river. General Montgomery had his forces traveling much less rapidly than the American First and Third Armies were.

While we were up at 9th Army Headquarters and General Gannon was at a meeting with General Simpson, word came that 1st Army had crossed the river. Orders were received by General Gannon to proceed south on the west bank of the Rhine, meet up with the First Army's 9th Armored Division, and confirm 14th Tank Battalion's report of capturing the Remagen bridge. We had to leave the Packard and proceed to the 9th Armored Division by jeep. The weather was rainy and cold. Artillery and bombs from both armies had damaged the roads.

We were amazed to find German civilians filling holes in the roads. No one had told them to, and in most areas, heavy battling had only been the day before.

Another traffic obstacle was the large number of German troops that were surrendering. There were not any spare American troops in this area to accommodate prisoners. When a group of *Wehrmacht* soldiers surrendered, they would be disarmed and sent west. Without any Americans going with them, it was strange to see groups of fifty to one hundred Germans marching in the opposite direction to where we were traveling. The leader of each group would be waving a white flag of some sort.

Across the Remagen bridge was a pretty town, with cream-colored cottages rapidly being destroyed by both American and German forces. The German air force made a brief appearance. I saw a railroad tunnel and drove into it while they raced down the river. However, American air coverage was much stronger.

The story General Gannon reported was that A Company infantry came upon the bridge as the tanks and infantry fought the retreating Germans. Company engineers found the explosives that had been placed by the retreating Germans to prevent the bridge from falling into American hands. The engineers very quickly disarmed the preset explosives. This was a dangerous task but they

went about it so fast that they didn't seem to have any fear.

When the German commanders realized their explosives were useless, they concentrated their artillery on the bridge. They blasted a hole in the center of the span but with some repairs, the span was useful. As I remember it now, I am amazed to recall seeing American Army engineers out in the middle of that span working while the German artillery was still active. But for every shell the Germans fired, the Americans fired ten back at them.

The bridge was able to carry traffic for two or three days. During that time, the engineers had built two very sturdy pontoon bridges. I say sturdy. I mean that at least I never saw any collapse. When you drove across them though, you were only a couple of feet above the water and you could feel the pressure of the current.

The German bridge commander had delayed the destruction of the bridge because he had been trying to evacuate the massive amounts of German troops, tanks, and hundreds of horses stranded on the west side of the river. He never expected the Americans to advance as rapidly as they did.

Back in Normandy, I was amazed when I first became aware that the German Army used horses to pull wagons full of wounded soldiers, weapons, food, and all sorts of equipment. At this stage of the war, nine months after the invasion, most of the German trucks and various vehicles had been abandoned or destroyed.

General Gannon had me drive him over the Rhine River. He said we were with the first enemy troops to cross the Rhine River and invade Germany in 100 years.

All this happened in the first two weeks or March. I never saw the Packard Clipper again.

My job was not to shoot Germans. It was to get the general to the 14th Tank Battalion and back safely. I drove more than eighteen hours the first day. That night, even though the noise was horrendous, I fell asleep.

The problem General Gannon had been sent to straighten out existed because General Montgomery was not ordering the advance of the British forces

positioned just north of the 9th Army. The battle line extended longer than projected for the crossing of the Rhine. General Montgomery's Army group was nowhere near the advance area projected for that time. As things turned out, the American Third, First, and Ninth Armies all crossed the Rhine before General Montgomery.

In the last days of March, my partner Wolfranski and I were sent to join a battalion in the Third Army. We met several other soldiers from the SHAEF security group there, but none of us knew why we were there. We soon found out, as the sounds of battle increased.

We traveled with an infantry battalion, entered the city of Frankfurt, Germany, and were delivered to the massive headquarters of I.G. Farben, one of the largest chemical companies in the world at the time. It was our task to capture the building. We were each given different areas to occupy and protect. The building was not seriously damaged. SHAEF had chosen to have that as their Headquarters years before, and never had it bombed. There was only some small arms damage in the office complex that Wolfranski and I had to occupy. It turned out Wolf and I were assigned to occupy and defend the wing which was to be General Eisenhower's office. We had been given a map of the building with the area we were to occupy plotted out. One company of infantry joined our group.

The first thing we all did was to break up into groups of about six and go through different sections of the building. As it turns out, there was very little shooting. Most of the people we came across were office workers purposely left to protect the building until order was restored. Mostly, they shot Polish conscript workers who were setting fires in some sections of the basement and in the shrubbery.

We were there for a few days. Wolf and I had "C" and "D" rations for the first two days. During that time, we had to stay in the office wing. There were three large rooms. The first was a reception room. Next was a large office for several secretaries. Lastly, there was the office formerly occupied by the President of I.G. Farben. It was beautifully furnished. The desk was huge. There

were leather chairs and couches. Off to the side was a large bathroom with a shower with scented soap. Wolf and I showered and shaved in luxury. One of us stayed awake at all times. We did not allow anyone else to enter except for other soldiers who we were acquainted with. They enjoyed showers too.

The Polish conscript workers were constantly attempting to get inside the building to set fires. They were probably the best treated of the conscript workers compared with the others we came in contact with. However, they were still treated badly and wanted to destroy the building out of revenge. This was a very modern building. Most of the windows were unbroken. There were several standard-type elevators. There were also elevators that looked like a dumbwaiter opening that had rotating platforms every eight or nine feet. The idea was to step on the platform as it rose and then stay on until it reached the floor you wished to be on, and then you just stepped off. They worked with great efficiency. The soldiers liked to watch the WACs wearing skirts jump on and off.

The German soldiers who were in the building when we took it over were kept in the building as prisoners. Mostly, that just meant taking away any guns they had. Most of the Germans were just office and maintenance personnel, not combat soldiers. They were afraid that if they went out in the street they would get shot by other Americans who were not aware that they had surrendered. They showed some of the other American soldiers with us where arsonists could get into the building without being seen. Keeping the building from being damaged was a major problem and the German help was appreciated. As a reward for their aid, we kept them in the building with us for several days so they wouldn't get shot.

Wolf and I had very little contact with the Germans but some of the Americans quickly got very chummy with them. The Germans showed where there were dining facilities with some pastries and other food items still left in the cafeteria. However, Wolf and I could not leave the quarters to get any goodies. So some of the other Americans brought us goodies. After a few days, SHAEF personnel arrived to relieve Wolf and me. I never got acquainted with any of those Germans, but later I was told that they were eventually just let loose to find

their way home if they could.

The Camp at Gotha

Wolf and I were ordered to drive to Gotha, Germany. It was not much of a town, and as I remember, it was not as badly damaged as most German towns. Just before Wolf and I arrived, many of the inmates of the adjacent concentration camp had started having convulsions, resulting in severe illness and deaths. The outbreak was caused by the liberating troops from the American 80th division. The soldier's reaction was natural when they saw the condition of the prisoners. They fed the captives large meals. The inmates had not eaten real food for months or even years. The result was deadly. Orders went out not to feed or give candy to any prisoners.

Wolfranski and I were told that General Eisenhower, General Bradley, and General Patton were coming to see the conditions of the population in the first concentration camp freed by American forces. It was named Ohrdruf. It was about twenty miles away from the town of Gotha.

The instructions to Wolf and me were to keep the captives at a distance from the generals. They were not to get close or touch the generals. As I remember, approaching the camp one noticed a distinct chemical odor. The lieutenant in charge of the camp said it was the chemical the SS guards that were stationed here used to help destroy the bodies as they deteriorated. Other than that, it looked as if we were approaching a wired-in prison camp. The buildings themselves were not in bad condition and neither were the grounds, except for the area with the dead bodies. So, physically, we did not expect what we found. We were in the first camp of its kind to be uncovered by American troops. As I remember, it was found on April 9th, although some accounts I have read put the date down as April 4th. Either way, Wolf and I were there on the 11th.

We were told not to touch the inmates. We had no idea what we should do, or how to separate them from the generals. Wolf told the lieutenant in command what our problem was. We had one day to bring some kind of organization in the camp. It was necessary to keep the inmates from rushing the

generals. Command was worried about diseases and making sure the generals would be safe. The lieutenant had seven American soldiers with him, running the camp. He collected a group of the most able of the inmates and told them that it was up to them to have all of the survivors avoid contact with anyone who was visiting. He spoke Polish, Russian, and German. Then the lieutenant and the inmates he had just briefed went over to the other prisoners. There was much babbling but all the heads seemed to shake affirmatively. Wolf and I were assured that there would be order.

The human conditions were unbelievable. There were dead bodies thrown in open graves 30 to 40 feet long. In one area, there were what looked to be a hundred or more dead bodies strewn on the open ground. The sight and odor was so upsetting that both Wolf and I got physically ill.

There was a separate building. It had what looked like showerheads and we were told actually the heads dispensed poison gas. I did not go into that building. My stomach was still rotating when it was pointed out to us. The lieutenant guiding us explained how the procedure worked. Prisoners were put in the room, stripped, and told that they were getting a shower. Actually, poison gas flooded the room. The bodies we saw lying in the field were recent recipients of that that shower.

The living inmates were so thin that all of their bones protruded from their skin. They had their heads shaved, but there was no flesh on their necks or heads. Some had died in the first days after liberation from being fed by the American soldiers that first liberated them.

Going into some of the barracks, we saw that some of the inmates could not rise off the floor or bunks they laid upon. They were so weak that they could not show any emotion. They just stared vacantly. Perhaps it never registered that we were there to help them. Actually, I doubt if many of them survived.

There were others who were quite strong. They were still capable of laboring. This camp was being used to construct a large underground communication and command center for Nazi officials and SS troops who were to work their way into the Alps and become what we now term terrorists. Upon

discovering this, SHAEF feared what they dubbed the “German national redoubt” could function. According to this Nazi plot, after the Third Reich’s fall, a hard core of Nazis were to continue the war from bases in the Alps and would eventually be the rebirth of Germany. Allied intelligence had been receiving reports of this plan since before the Normandy invasion.

There were a lot of rumors that sections of the German Army and government were retreating to the mountains. There were numerous German reports referring to “*Die Alpenfestung*,” supposedly a great network of underground fortress in the Alps where weapons, stores, and even aircraft plants were reportedly stored for a last ditch holdout. Their fears were strengthened with the findings in the concentration camp we were just in. It never amounted to anything, thankfully. But at the time, it was a concern.

The next afternoon, the group arriving was larger than we expected. There were several cars in the group accompanying the generals. They carried several photographers and news correspondents. As I recall, two of the reporters were female.

Most of the visitors went to each of the buildings. They found it as sickening as Wolf and I did just the very day before. Many photos were taken. We were thankful the lieutenant had spoken to the inmates and had gotten such wonderful cooperation, because the affair lasted for some time.

General Eisenhower and General Bradley went into many of the buildings. General Eisenhower did get closer to the inmates than was safe, but we certainly could not tell him not to. I still occasionally recall that day and am glad I was so occupied that I did not get sick again at the sights. Many of the reporters did.

General Eisenhower gave orders that every German in Gotha had to come to the camp and be given a complete tour. That night, after visiting the camp, the Mayor of Gotha and his wife both hung themselves. The people of Gotha claimed that they did not know what was going on at the camp or that it was run as anything except a prison camp. As I look back now, I think that that may have been possible even with the odor. It was in an area where civilians were not allowed to travel. And how many U.S. citizens really know what’s going

on in our military prisons or even in some civilian ones today?

That day was April 12th. After the generals left, what started as a rumor became reality. President Roosevelt died. All the troops were surprised and upset. The reporters in Washington, D.C., never reported that the President was in such terrible health. I do not remember them even reporting that he was in a wheelchair.

***

That night, Wolfranski and I were given orders to go separate ways. I was sent to the Headquarters of the Ninth Army and assigned to a brigadier general. Wolfranski had a similar assignment with a general in the Third Army's area. These generals were to stay with the infantry and tank units as they captured cities, towns, and any German Army, division, battalion, or company headquarters. The generals were there to look for any references to the National Redoubt.

The German Wehrmacht was not fighting as strenuously as it had been. German soldiers were surrendering in large numbers. However, the *Hitler Jugend*, youths aged 12 to 15, along with some SS troops, were still resisting. Determined to die for their Fatherland, they would act as snipers as the Americans entered a town. The orders from headquarters were to keep U.S. casualties as low as possible. So instead of a squad or platoon entering a building to find a sniper, they would call in artillery or an air strike. This resulted in whole buildings being destroyed. I recall one pretty little town not far from Magdeburg. As we approached it, a few tanks went into the center of the town. Then some infantry entered and received sniper fire. The infantry immediately withdrew and called for air cover and artillery fire. I watched from a hill as the whole town was demolished. We found that the only offensive fire came from three Hitler Youths and two SS troopers.

These measures would cut down on American casualties but certainly did not end them. American field hospitals were still receiving injured by the

hundreds. Meanwhile, the German population suffered immensely and there was tremendous destruction of property.

Our troops were moving fast and the general I was driving would bind up any papers that a fast perusal might indicate contained a reference to the Redoubt. We would send them back somewhere for further study.

Poisoned

On the night of May 5th, I was in the German city of Magdeburg, spending some time with infantrymen in a home that was not very badly damaged. There were even beds to sleep in. The soldiers came upon some whisky. They were passing the liquor around. They passed me the bottle but I only took a small drink. It was no more than an ounce. For one thing, I was never much of a drinker. Also, I had to meet the general at 6 AM.

I got up not feeling very well and met the general. I drove for about one hour and then I began to vomit. I had to stop the jeep and just roll up in a ball. The general took over driving and his aide held me lying over the spare wheel in the rear. I was a mess.

We were in a forward area. The general drove to a medical aid station. This is where the wounded, burnt, and injured would first be attended to. The doctors, nurses, and medics would stop the bleeding, give out shots to cut down on the pain, patch the wounds, affix large tags on the wounded indicating their diagnoses, and send them back to field hospitals. The field hospitals were large tents where operations and amputations were performed.

Well, if you really want attention, have a general drive you in. They checked me over and put a tag on me diagnosing a burst appendix. I was sent back to a field hospital. There, they diagnosed me as actually having been poisoned. Given the small amount of whiskey that I drank, I often wonder if any of the others who were drinking it died. They did everything possible to drain me. I was quite ill, but on the second day, May 7th, I looked around and realized that the tent was filled with gunshot wounds, shrapnel wounds, and burns. The worst was the fellows from the tanks. They were covered with burns. I hoped then that

they did not know I was there for drinking poisoned liquor.

The War Is Over

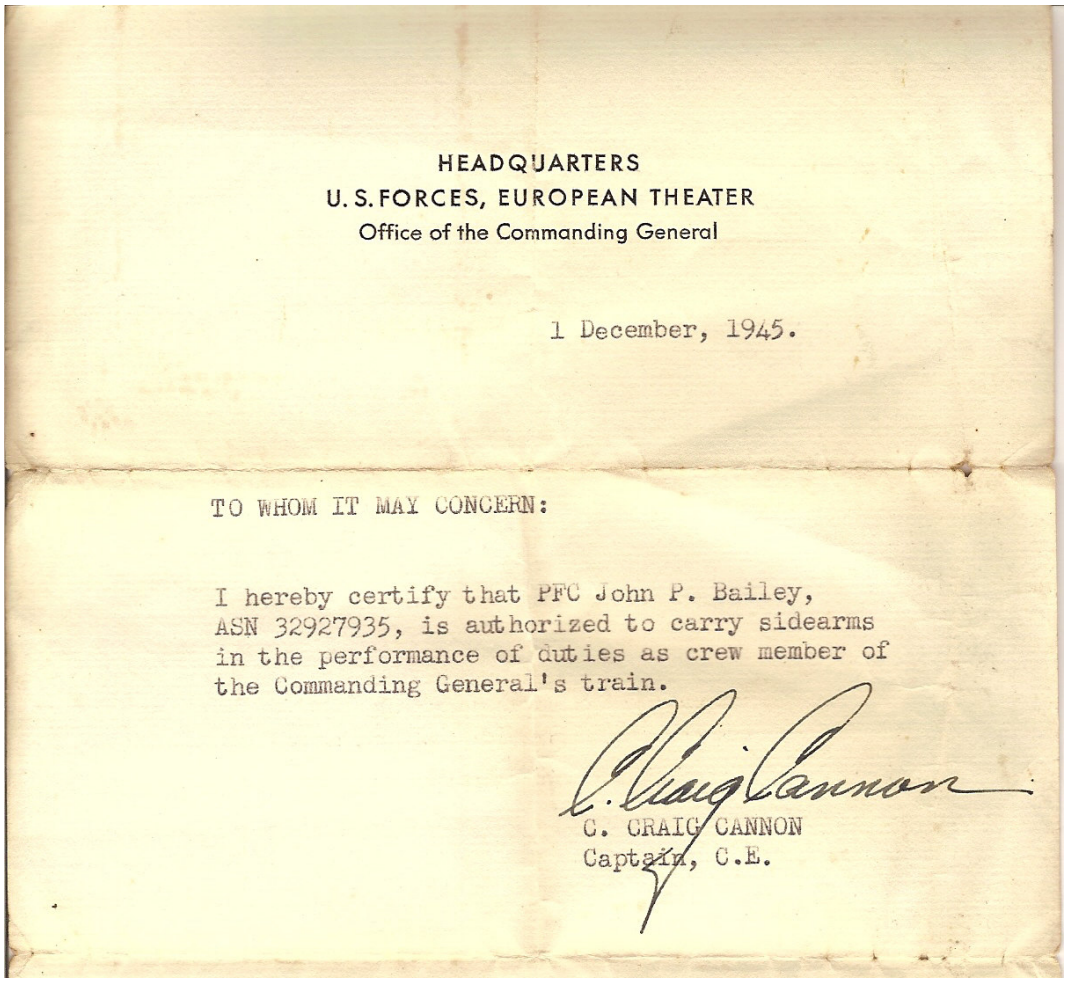
On May 8th, the doctors, nurses, and medics all came running through the tents shouting, "THE WAR IS OVER!" There were shouts mixed with tears from everyone. Immediately, each group started speculating about how long until they would be rotated home.

That morning, we heard the engines of what seemed like every plane in the air force. Row upon row of bombers flew over the tent at only about 100 feet. The force of air from the engines collapsed a couple of tents. Some of the wounded got out of their cots and wanted to go outside and shoot at the planes. The doctors, nurses, and medics stopped all of the happy talk and ran around giving everyone injections to calm them down.

At about 10 AM on May 9th, Wolfranski arrived at the hospital driving a Packard command car. He had orders to return me to SHAEF, in Frankfurt. My orders had me report directly to General Eisenhower's office. I met Major Hank Deanna. He had been Eisenhower's travel officer since England. I had met him a few times in England aboard the train that the general used for travel in that country.

Major Deanna took me to the Suedbahnhof, one of three railroad stations in Frankfurt. There was a magnificent train in the station. It had been Adolph Hitler's train. As the war was coming to a close, the train was parked in a tunnel to protect it from Allied bombardment since it wasn't being used. The train's crew and a few soldiers stayed with it to deter looters. Their orders were to surrender the train intact to the Americans.

I was assigned to protect the train, and especially the general's car. I had a compartment in the general's car to use when we traveled. At other times, I had a double compartment in one of the other cars.



HEADQUARTERS
U. S. FORCES, EUROPEAN THEATER
Office of the Commanding General

1 December, 1945.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby certify that PFC John P. Bailey, ASN 32927935, is authorized to carry sidearms in the performance of duties as crew member of the Commanding General's train.

C. CRAIG CANNON
Captain, C.E.

Every car was in perfect condition and all had beautiful inlaid wood trim, heating, and air conditioners. The general's car, which had once belonged to Adolph Hitler, had bullet-resistant windows. The silverware, dishes, linens, and blankets were all just as they were the last time Hitler was aboard.

I would spend a lot of time on this train.

My Doberman Guard Dog

Wolf drove me to Frankfurt, Germany. It was a long ride. We reminisced over many of the interesting duties we shared the many historically important people we met and historical places we saw.

Wolf explained that he and I had accumulated more than the number of points necessary to put in for rotation back to the United States. He said Colonel Sheehan had arranged for him to be transferred to Paris and it should only be a

few weeks before he would be returned to his wife. Once again, he did not say where his new life was to begin.

Arriving in Frankfurt, I was told to report to General Eisenhower's office. I knew the office well. Wolf and I had had the duty to capture and protect that office when the I.G. Farben building was first taken from the Germans. There, I met a major whose name I cannot remember. He was Eisenhower's transportation officer. He had me go with him to the Suedbahnhof train station where Hitler's old train was waiting. The train was called "The Alive".

I was assigned a double compartment in one of the luxury passenger cars, as my living quarters. Then we went to what had been Hitler's car but was now Eisenhower's. That car had one normal-size compartment that was to be mine when we were in transit. Next were two larger than normal guest compartments. Finally, there was Eisenhower's chamber. There was a sleeping area and a separate bathroom with a black marble tub. The marble was reputed to have come from Italy. There was also an office compartment. The rear third of the car was a conference room. There was a long table made of light and shiny wood, surrounded with comfortable cushioned chairs. The last part of the conference room had a double thick glass wall with a door a little wider than other doors. A guard could sit or stand there. If the volume of the conversation was kept low in the conference room it would for impossible for him to eavesdrop.

The next car had belonged to Hermann Goering. It was almost identical to Hitler's except it had a shower in place of a bathtub.

Then there were two or three luxury guest cars. The last car was interesting. From the exterior, it looked exactly like the other cars. However, the interior was made to transport vehicles. We were able to use it to carry one armored Cadillac and one jeep, or else three jeeps. The vehicles could be driven up a ramp through the back or driven off the platform onto a large rotating disk in the center of the car where there were large sliding side doors.

After touring the train, the major showed me around the station. We were to keep a locomotive attached at all times to provide power and water. We were to have extra infantry patrolling the perimeter of the station, but not close to the

train.

We then went back to the I.G. Farben office. I was acquainted with some of the staff and met the rest. The major told me he was transferring back to New York City. As a civilian, he had been manager of a hotel on Eighth Avenue. I was well acquainted with that hotel. After I got home, as a civilian, I visited him a few times.

I was given directions to a German dog-training camp. I was to go there the next day and get issued a guard dog to work with me in my duties guarding the train.

When I got back to the train, George Schultz was just arriving with Sergeant Fry, General Eisenhower's personal driver. Fry just introduced us and asked me to give George the train tour. He had a compartment number for George, gave it to us, and left. He was my partner from about June 10th 1945 until February 12th 1946, when my military service ended. George and I were never as close as Wolfranksi and I, but we were good friends. We even came back to the United States together to become civilians.

George had an interesting background. As a civilian, he'd been a bookie. Now that the government is in the gambling business with LOTTO, Fantasy, and a number of other betting games, I think civilian bookies are out of business. But back then he would give you odds on horse races, dog races, auto races, or the number that came out every day. That night, Wolfranksi and I met, Schultz was with me. Wolf did not like Schultz. Wolf was leaving for Paris the next day, and I never saw him again.

The next morning, I went out of town to a large kennel. There were several buildings. I found the manager. He spoke English quite well. The manager and a trainer sat and chatted with me for quite a while. Later I was told that that chat was actually an interview. I evidently passed, and we went out to the kennel.

We went down a row of beautiful Dobermans. I was fascinated with them. We took a huge, beautiful dog into a large, grassy, training center. The trainer and I just walked with him. The trainer said they never neutered the males because that had a tendency to make them less "alert." We'd walk him, then let

him loose for a while, and then collar him again, for about fifteen minutes, then let him go for about forty-five minutes. He asked me if I had a name for him. I said the name was to be Blitz. By the end of the day, he would come to me, walk with me on a lead, and sit for me.

They had expected me to stay the night. However, I had to return to the train. I made arrangements to stay the next night. I showed up every day for three or four days, and one night. The training of Blitz was interesting. They had instructors dressed in padded clothes. The training was only to have Blitz attack when I ordered him to, and then to release when I told him to. Most times, when a dog is approaching people to attack them, people raise their arms to chest height and in front of their faces. Blitz was trained if someone did that, to attack the groin. If they then dropped their hands, he was trained to go for their throat or face. He was trained to only accept food from me.

The training went well, and finally we got into the jeep together and off to the train we went. When he was in my jeep, he sat with his rump on the back seat, his front paws and shoulders between the two front seats. That put his head at about the same height as mine. He also loved chocolate and sometimes on the train I would leave him and one of the crew would put a square of a Hershey bar on his nose. He would drool, but wouldn't eat it until I returned and fed it to him. Unless I told him to sit, guard, or lay down, he would stay by my side 24 hours a day.

Truckload of Wine

As soon as the fighting ended in Germany, orders came down from Washington, D.C., that American soldiers were not to associate with German civilians. That rule was widely disobeyed. The Americans seemed to get along well with the Germans. And the girls were pretty.

So I was partners with George Schultz, the former bookie who could run bets on just about anything. He went back to that occupation when he returned to civilian life after the war. I know because I met him a few times in Camden, New Jersey, and I was impressed with his work. One night I was with him – it was a

week before Peggy and I were to get married – he and I were in a tavern celebrating my forthcoming marriage when he took me into a back room. There were several racks of fur coats on hangers – every kind of fur I could imagine. He asked me to pick any one of them and it would be his present to Peggy. These coats were stolen in the Cleveland area and were to be sold in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Trenton, New Jersey.

I refused his offer.

But back in Germany, George and I were both on General Eisenhower's personal staff. George had a good German friend named Tatiana. She had been an actress in German movies. She also did voiceovers, translating American movies into German. Her English was perfect. The German movie industry was closed at this time. However, this lady was popular and knew many of the locals.

Through Tatiana, we made many German contacts. One was a German butcher named Adolph (not Hitler!). Adolph had a brother who owned a vineyard in the Rhineland, which was in the French sector.

Adolph had not been able to visit his brother for several years. He asked George and me to smuggle him and his son across the demarcation zone. For this, his brother would repay us with wine and champagne.

I took a large truck from headquarters. George and I packed up Adolph and his son in the back. We negotiated the checkpoints from the American Zone into the British Zone, and from the British Zone into the French Zone, and reached the brother's home. There was a big party. During this party, Schultz and I were taken into this huge underground chamber filled with barrels and given mugs. We were then taken from barrel to barrel for samples. While we were doing this, I didn't actually partake of much wine. Remember, I had just been poisoned a few months earlier. Not that I was suspicious of our hosts. At the end, they asked us what kind we wanted. We took some still wine but asked for – and got – mostly champagne. They were very generous.

On the drive back, George and I had a couple of cases in the cab and as and as we approached the French and British and American checkpoints, we just reached out of the windows with bottles of wine in our hands and so made our

way safely back. At the time, Schultz and I were living on the train and we didn't know where we could hide so much alcohol. We figured out that in two of the railroad cars, we could take over compartments that had shelves for carrying towels, sheets, blankets, and pillows, and so on. We emptied the bedding materials and replaced them with cases of wine and champagne. We had so much that for a few trips to and from Berlin, the cars were filled with the sound of wine sloshing back and forth as we bounced over the tracks.

The General's Party for His Staff

The war had been over for two months. The office staff had everything flowing fast and without error. The aircrew was making flights ever so much more smoothly than during hostilities. The train was operating on a comfortable and punctual schedule.

The second week of July, General Eisenhower was invited to Brussels. The Belgian government was giving a parade in his honor. The general suggested to Colonel Tex Lee, his closest aide, that it might be a good opportunity for him to show his appreciation to his staff. So he brought all of us with him. The group was made up of his office's staff, his household staff, and the guard group who had all been active with the general during hostilities. Along with my wartime partner, Wolfranski, Major Hanna and a few others had already left for home. Schultz was not part of the party group and was not included at the dinner or in the auto during the parade. He did not join Eisenhower's staff until after the war ended.

Everyone boarded the train before 4 PM, or, as we said back then, sixteen hundred hours. Captain Craig Cannon, the general's transportation aide, made up the compartment assignments. On this trip, I was listed in my own compartment rather than in the compartment I usually occupied in General Eisenhower's car. Like the rest of the staff, I was on vacation on this trip.

The dining car became a cocktail lounge shortly after the train left the station. Everyone was smart enough not to overdo the drinking. Since liquor poisoning was still fresh in my mind, I drank a soft punch. General Eisenhower

came from his car and spent until dinner talking and reminiscing with the group.

We had corned beef and cabbage as our main course. Corporal Toohey, the cook, had been informed that that was a favorite of General Eisenhower's. However, getting fresh cabbage was so difficult that he had not enjoyed that meal since we were in England.

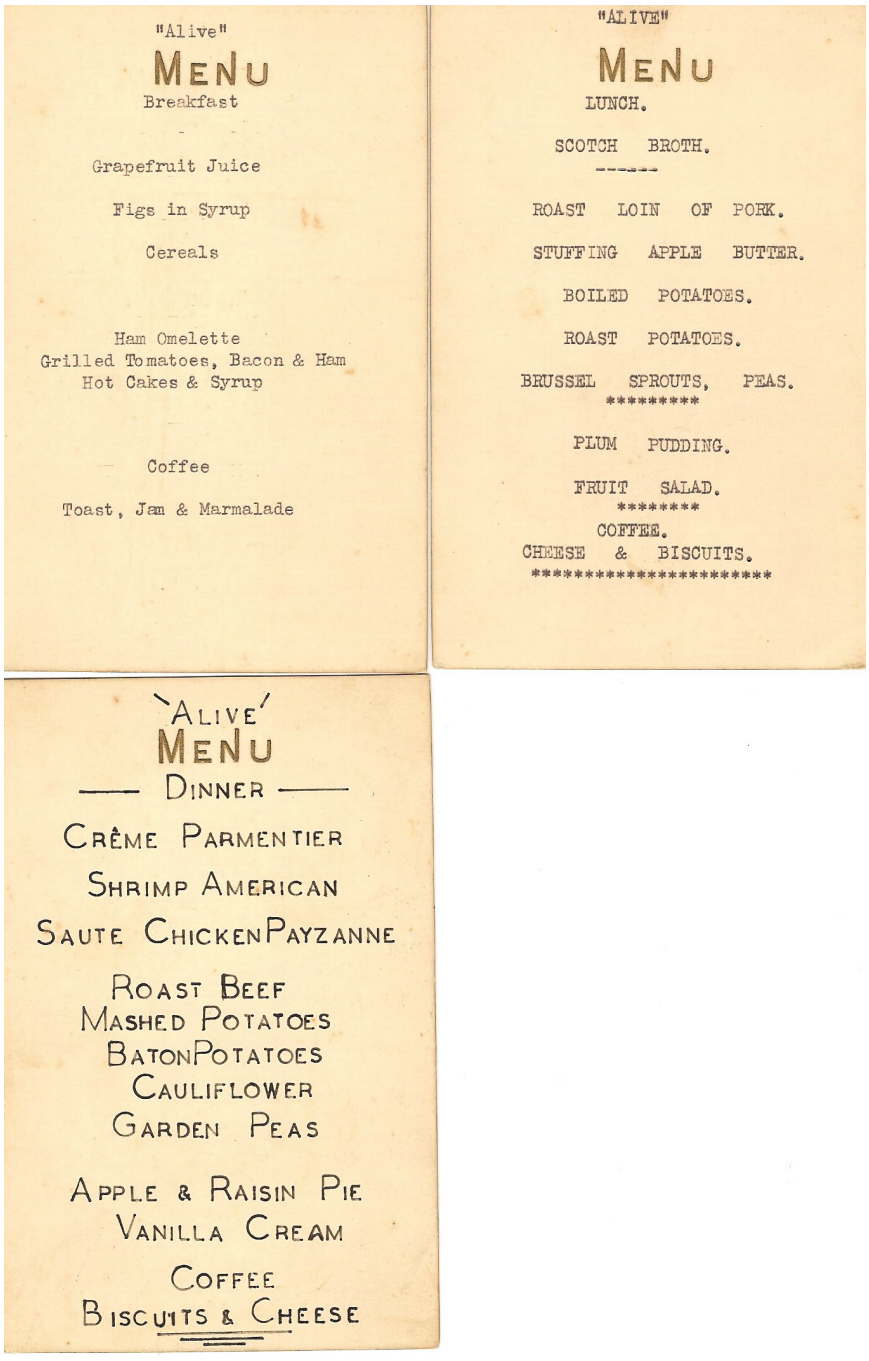
George Schultz and I inherited the job of procuring cabbage. We used Tatiana's connections all the time to obtain many things not usually in the Army supplies. Among other things, I frequently bought flowers from her for the WACs in the office to enjoy. This time, she had us contact a German butcher. There was very little meat or any other food in Germany, but he gave us directions and a note to give to a German widow who was growing vegetables. For this information, we paid him three cigarettes. Not packs, but loose ones.

We had to drive several miles to an area that had been a suburb of Frankfurt. The area was completely devastated. No homes or apartments were standing. When we found her, she was living with a son of approximately four or five years of age. They had built a small shed from scrap lumber. Her door was a piece of board with no hinges. You lifted it out of the way to enter. Schultz and I both felt ashamed that the war had been so severe. Even though I had just four months before been witness to a concentration camp, I felt guilty. The whole community consisted of civilians who cleared part of what had been their back yards and made little farms. She gave us two heads of cabbage. We carried a loaf of bread with us as payment. We tried to make ourselves feel better by giving her a complete pack of cigarettes, a couple of candy bars, and a bar of soap that we had intended to use for bartering later that day.

These items were more valuable than paper money. A German could trade cigarettes or a bar of candy for clothing, shoes, food, or even pay rent.

I realize now that at the time, we soldiers really did not feel the emotions that one would feel as a civilian. We had gone through France, and Belgium, and I even made it to Holland before going to Germany. While there was devastation everywhere, Germany as a nation was more completely destroyed than any other that we had seen. No matter what, it was hard not to feel bad for them.

That evening, the dinner was a great success. The china, the silverware, and the crystal goblets we used had all previously belonged to the Führer of Germany, Adolph Hitler.



"Alive"

MENU

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice

Figs in Syrup

Cereals

Ham Omelette
Grilled Tomatoes, Bacon & Ham
Hot Cakes & Syrup

Coffee

Toast, Jam & Marmalade

"ALIVE"

MENU

LUNCH.

SCOTCH BROTH.

ROAST LOIN OF PORK.

STUFFING APPLE BUTTER.

BOILED POTATOES.

ROAST POTATOES.

BRUSSEL SPROUTS, PEAS.

PLUM PUDDING.

FRUIT SALAD.

COFFEE.

CHEESE & BISCUITS.

'ALIVE'

MENU

DINNER

CRÊME PARMENTIER

SHRIMP AMERICAN

SAUTE CHICKEN PAYZANNE

ROAST BEEF
MASHED POTATOES
BATON POTATOES
CAULIFLOWER
GARDEN PEAS

APPLE & RAISIN PIE
VANILLA CREAM

COFFEE
BISCUITS & CHEESE

Example of Menus from Train "The Alive"

After dinner, the general returned to his car with Tex Lee, General Smith,

Kay Summersby, and Colonel Stack to play cards. The staff in the dining/cocktail car traded stories of strange things that had happened during the war.

The train arrived at Brussels' main station about ten in the morning. There was a huge band and many civilian and military personnel waiting. General Eisenhower and General Smith went together. The rest of us – fifteen in all – were seated in three open U.S. Army personnel carriers. The weather was beautiful. We enjoyed being cheered as we progressed to the center of the city. Brussels had not been as badly damaged as many other cities. I had been to Brussels when the British Army first liberated it. That was in September of 1944.

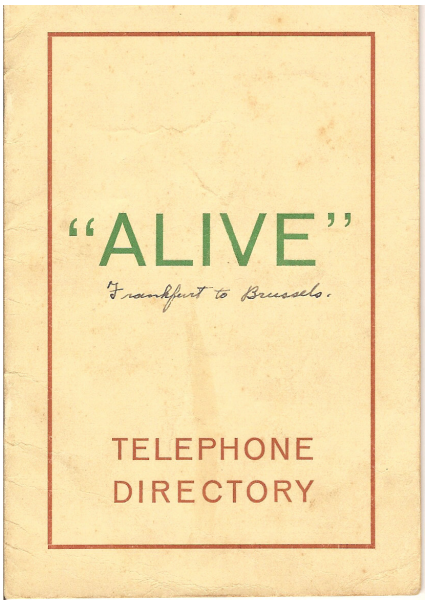
The Queen of Belgium gave General Eisenhower a large jeweled sword. A few days later, I was alone with Schultz guarding the office. The large sword was lying on one of the tables. It had been given to General Eisenhower at the parade. I removed it from the sheath and started to swing it. What I did not realize is that the sword gained a lot of momentum on its own. There was a high-backed chair with wooden pineapple-like knobs on the back. The sword lopped one off with a clean cut. Schultz put that chair out in the waiting room and brought in a similar one to replace it.

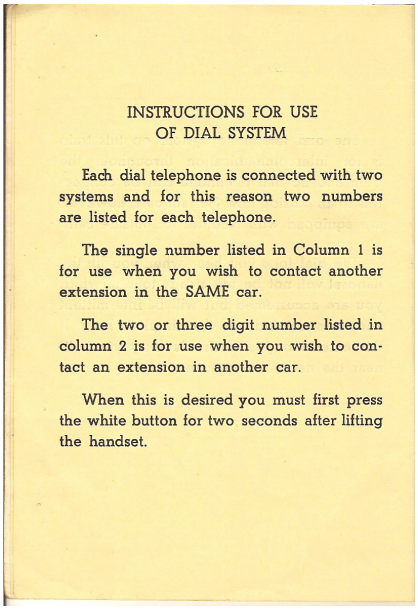
In 1995, Peggy and I visited the Eisenhower museum in Kansas. In one of the cases, we saw the sword. It is possible to see where the blade has been buffed to remove the nick I put in it.

Anyway, when the formal parade was over, the generals went into the capitol building. The rest of us walked about, being greeted by the population. It was a great day. We were all back by four and the train started back about six PM. The trip back was not as boisterous, but was still enjoyable.

***

The train had a telephone system operating within all of the cars. This is a copy of the telephone directory for a trip from Frankfurt to Brussels. You may notice that it lists nine cars. We actually had ten cars; the tenth was constructed to carry automobiles. On this trip, we had three jeeps with us.





INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE
OF DIAL SYSTEM

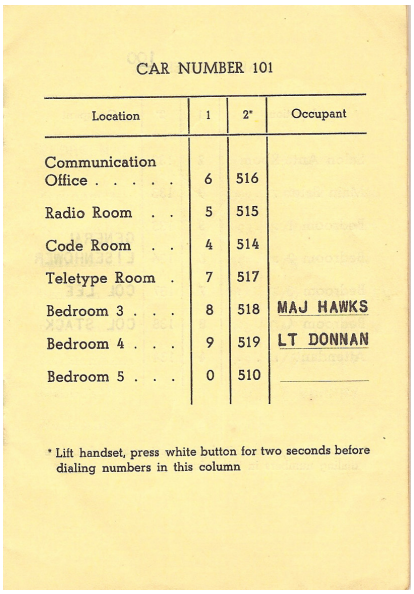
Each dial telephone is connected with two systems and for this reason two numbers are listed for each telephone.

The single number listed in Column 1 is for use when you wish to contact another extension in the SAME car.

The two or three digit number listed in column 2 is for use when you wish to contact an extension in another car.

When this is desired you must first press the white button for two seconds after lifting the handset.

Car 101



CAR NUMBER 101

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Communication Office	6	516	
Radio Room . .	5	515	
Code Room . .	4	514	
Teletype Room .	7	517	
Bedroom 3 . . .	8	518	MAJ HAWKS
Bedroom 4 . . .	9	519	LT DONNAN
Bedroom 5 . . .	0	510	

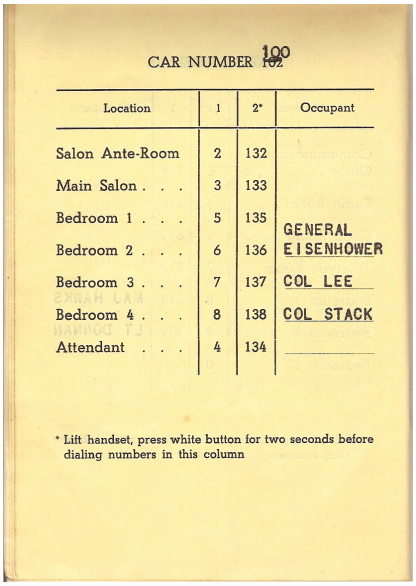
* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

The radio system in this car was so strong that we could contact London while en route. Major Wayne Hawkes was in the communications department of the White House in Washington, D.C. President Roosevelt wished to maintain contact with General Eisenhower at all times. Hawkes was put in the Army and sent over to do that job. He was easy to get along with.

Lieutenant Donnan became part of Eisenhower's group after May 8th. I do not recall where he was during hostilities. He had a really nice personality and

was Warrant Officer Chick's sweetie. They married in 1946 or 1947. When Eisenhower returned to the United States to become Chief of Staff, Donnan became an aide to General Clay in Berlin. He stayed with Clay after he came back to the states and retired. Clay then became President of a huge corporation. I think it was U.S. Steel or Continental Can. Donnan stayed with him and was named an officer of whichever corporation it was. He and Chickie lived in Virginia.

Car 100



CAR NUMBER 100

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Salon Ante-Room	2	132	
Main Salon . . .	3	133	
Bedroom 1 . . .	5	135	GENERAL
Bedroom 2 . . .	6	136	EISENHOWER
Bedroom 3 . . .	7	137	COL LEE
Bedroom 4 . . .	8	138	COL STACK
Attendant . . .	4	134	

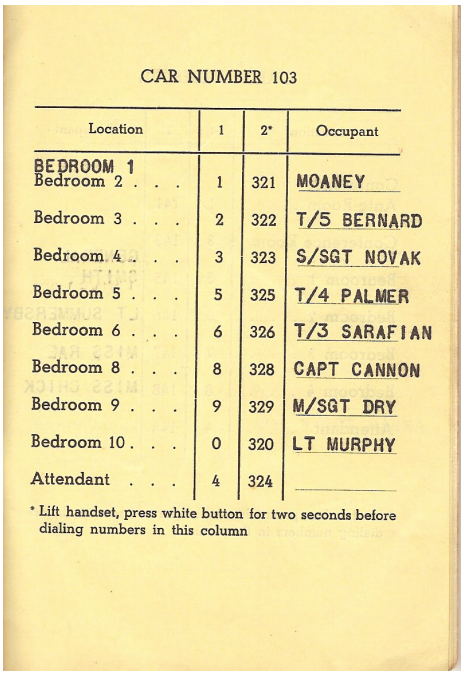
* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

General Eisenhower occupied the plush car that had been once Hitler's private car. The interior was trimmed in a deep-colored wood and there was steel protective plating between the interior and the exterior of the car. The windows were an inch thick and bullet resistant. The living compartments were large. His was a double compartment, complete with a bath with a black marble tub. The marble was said to be very exclusive and from a quarry in Italy. The whole tub was one piece. I frequently washed in it when we were in Frankfurt station.

Colonel Tex Lee was General Eisenhower's closest aide. He made arrangements for security, housing, traveling, office competency, and so on. He was also a personal friend of Eisenhower. During hostilities, Major Hank Dianna was his helper. After the war, Captain (later General) C. Craig Cannon took Tex

Lee's place and no one really took Dianna's place. Dianna returned as a civilian to his old job as manager of a hotel in New York City.

Car 103



CAR NUMBER 103

Location	1	2*	Occupant
BEDROOM 1			
Bedroom 2 . . .	1	321	MOANEY
Bedroom 3 . . .	2	322	T/5 BERNARD
Bedroom 4 . . .	3	323	S/SGT NOVAK
Bedroom 5 . . .	5	325	T/4 PALMER
Bedroom 6 . . .	6	326	T/3 SARAFIAN
Bedroom 8 . . .	8	328	CAPT CANNON
Bedroom 9 . . .	9	329	M/SGT DRY
Bedroom 10 . . .	0	320	LT MURPHY
Attendant . . .	4	324	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

Sergeant Moaney was the cook for over three years. He was with the general in Africa, England, and all of Europe. He was a black soldier and was always very nice to Wolfranski and me. While in England, Wolf and I frequently would have outside guard duty. Come rain, wind, or cold. Moaney always had coffee and sandwiches or snacks for us. He stayed with the general as he become Chief of the Staff and the President.

T/5 Bernard. I believe she was the WAC that acted as receptionist and phone operator, but I do not remember her.

T/4 Palmer. She was also one of the office staff. She worked with newspapers and releasing things given to her for reporters.

T/3 Sue Saraffin. Sue worked very closely with the general. She and Warrant Officer Chick took all of his dictation. They knew all of the secrets of the war and never said a word. They were both with him in Africa, England, and Europe. I was lucky and on occasion was assigned to protect one or both of them when we traveled. They were both great company. Sue and Craig Cannon had a

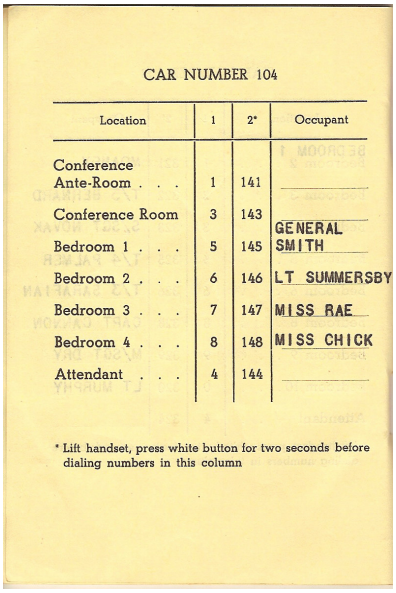
close relationship. They frequently had parties on the train. She was great girl, and my best friend on the staff.

Captain C. Craig Cannon was my best friend in the Army. We stayed friends for over fifty years. He always looked out for me, got me invited on trips with the general, and in later years was like a brother. Originally, he replaced Major Hank Dianna, and then Tex Lee. He stayed with the general while he was chief of staff and all the way through his Presidency. When Eisenhower retired, Craig went back into the engineer corps and was sent to Vietnam during the war there. He made a harbor out of Cam Ran Bay. He told me that it would make a beautiful resort. But the Army needed a harbor.

Craig was close to all of my children and my second son is named after him. He and his wife frequently visited with my family in Florida and they decided to retire to Florida too.

Master Sergeant Fry did 95% of the general's driving. I drove the general a few times when he did not. He stayed with Eisenhower all the way through the Presidency. Eisenhower had him placed in the Secret Service. He retired from there after serving with President Kennedy. He died in 2003. I think he was about four years older than me.

Car 104



CAR NUMBER 104

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Conference Ante-Room	1	141	
Conference Room	3	143	GENERAL SMITH
Bedroom 1	5	145	
Bedroom 2	6	146	LT SUMMERSBY
Bedroom 3	7	147	MISS RAE
Bedroom 4	8	148	MISS CHICK
Attendant	4	144	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

General Walter Bedell Smith. He was Eisenhower's Chief of Staff and played a very important part in conducting the commanding officers from Africa to Berlin. He was part of every important meeting and plan. Shortly after the war ended, he started driving in an automobile of his own. It was a 1941 Mercury convertible sent over to Frankfurt where our headquarters offices were. One day, I showed him a picture that was taken in Jersey City of me with the identical car. My own car, a 1931 Ford, was in the background of the photo. The Mercury was actually my sister's car, but I implied that it was mine. This frustrated him, I think.

Lieutenant Kay Summersby was first assigned to Eisenhower as a driver. At that time, she was in the British armed forces in a section designated as ATS, which I believe stood for Army Transport Service, but the American soldiers called I the Army Tail Service. She was a very good listener, pleasant, a good card player, and pretty. Several nights, I drove her to quarters from Telegraph Cottage after she played cards with the general, Tex Lee, Captain Butcher, and others. She then became part of the office personnel and was very close to the general. She was transferred from British command to American and received the rank of lieutenant. In Frankfurt, she obtained material to make an officer's uniform. I, once again using Tatiana's contacts, located a very good tailor. She and I made two or three trips together and had her uniform made.

Lieutenant Ray was a few years older than Sue or Chick and was in command of the office. She was always pleasant and seemed to enjoy the flowers I procured for the office.

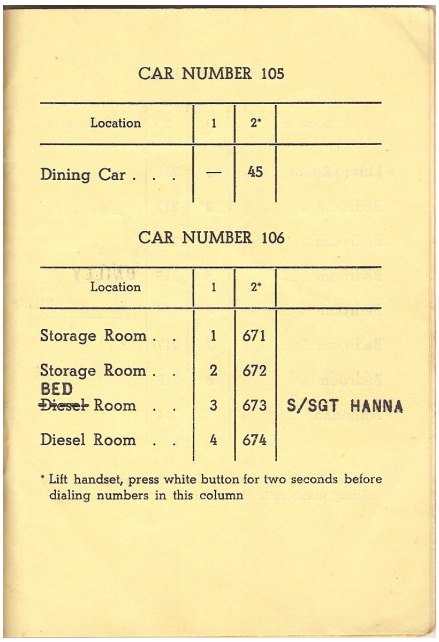
Schulz and I were on our way to the office with some flowers one morning. Schultz had just traded some cigarettes for a bottle of brandy with a civilian. He had just made the transaction when butterfingers Schultz dropped the bottle. He was very upset and took one of the flowers we were bringing back to the office and placed it in amongst the glass and evaporating liquid.

Most mornings when we took flowers to the office, I would stop the jeep at the spot and Schultz would leave a flower there as a joke. After a while, the Germans in the neighborhood came to think that it was a spot where we had a fellow soldier killed during the battle taking Frankfurt. The civilians only

occasionally would walk on that spot. We frequently drove by in the afternoon and the flower would still be on the slab.

It was quite a long time before I learned that Warrant Officer Chick's complete name was Margaret Chick. Everyone referred to her as Chick or Chickie. She and Sue were the two that took the general's dictation. They also attended meetings and kept notes. They were privy to the most secret matters in the war, but they never talked about their secret knowledge. One thing we all had in common was out ability to never chat about information that we thought might be dangerous to spread.

Car 106



CAR NUMBER 105

Location	1	2*	
Dining Car . . .	—	45	

CAR NUMBER 106

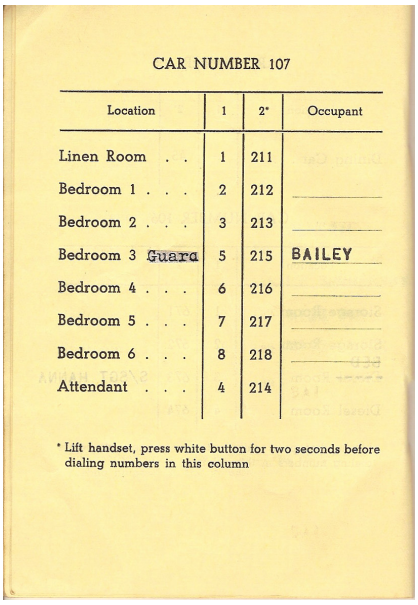
Location	1	2*	
Storage Room . .	1	671	
Storage Room . .	2	672	
BED ~~Diesel~~ Room . .	3	673	S/SGT HANNA
Diesel Room . .	4	674	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

Staff Sergeant Hanna worked with the supply section. He would obtain food, linen, newspapers, and a million other commodities for Eisenhower's group. He also was the person that would ask Schultz if he and I could procure items not in the Army's general supplies. We would use our civilian contacts, with Tatiana acting as negotiator, to buy items or services not available to the Armed Forces. Flowers, fresh vegetables, civilian maids to come and clean our quarters, tailors to alter (or, in Kay Summersby's case, to make) our uniforms, or, on rare occasions, even to get special cuts of meat. We paid with cigarettes or candy

and food. The value of paper money was uncertain.

Car 107



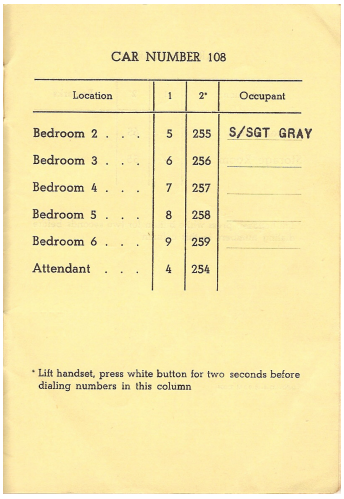
CAR NUMBER 107

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Linen Room . .	1	211	
Bedroom 1 . . .	2	212	
Bedroom 2 . . .	3	213	
Bedroom 3 Guard	5	215	BAILEY
Bedroom 4 . . .	6	216	
Bedroom 5 . . .	7	217	
Bedroom 6 . . .	8	218	
Attendant . . .	4	214	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

Me. All the compartments in this car were occupied. The other travelers were not part of the party group. On this trip, I was not assigned to stay in the general's car where I had been assigned as a guard on every other trip. I was still designated as guard, but I was allowed to be part of the party. It was a double compartment and I found it very comfortable.

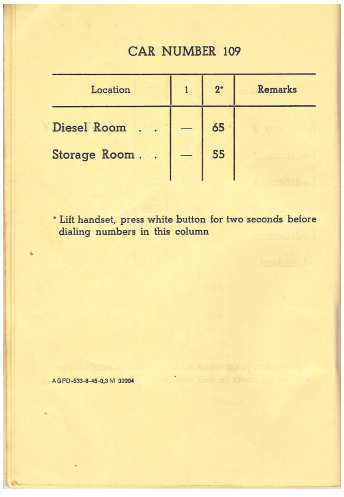
My partner, George Schultz, was aboard, although he was not listed in the telephone directory because he joined Eisenhower's detail after the war ended. I did still miss Wolf.



CAR NUMBER 108

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Bedroom 2 . . .	5	255	S/SGT GRAY
Bedroom 3 . . .	6	256	
Bedroom 4 . . .	7	257	
Bedroom 5 . . .	8	258	
Bedroom 6 . . .	9	259	
Attendant . . .	4	254	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column



CAR NUMBER 109

Location	1	2*	Remarks
Diesel Room . .	—	65	
Storage Room . .	—	55	

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

AGPO-333-8-45-Q,3 M 32504

Did You Know Eisenhower's Entourage Included Cows?

After the liberation of the Channel Island of Jersey, the people of Jersey made a gift of two cows to General Eisenhower.

I believe the general was quartered in Normandy when the cows arrived. So Eisenhower always had fresh milk. The cows traveled with the general's "homestead" all the way through the war and ended up in Frankfurt, Germany. I actually only saw the cows once.

Doberman Blitz is Wounded

One time, the General's train was brought to a railroad repair station. During the war years, the buildings had all been bombed and there was no roof, no glass windows, and even some of the walls were partially down. But all of the machines worked! The employees had had steel covers they put over individual workstations when they were not using them and that protected the machines from bombs and rain that would pour through the ruined roof.

To work on the wheels and undercarriage, the body of the railroad car was lifted about 12-15 feet.

I was not staying in the car while it was being worked on, so I left Blitz to protect the car.

One of the employees was curious as to what Hitler's car looked liked inside. He put a ladder to the car, climbed up, opened the door, and had just started to pull himself in when Blitz went for his throat. To defend himself, the employee hit Blitz over the head with his hammer. By this time, I had rushed over. The worker fell backwards off the ladder and I rushed up the ladder and found Blitz lying down, groggy. I picked him up and put him over my shoulder. We went by jeep to a U.S. Army hospital. By the time we got to the hospital, Blitz was able to walk, but his head was bleeding. I took him in and had him treated like a wounded soldier. For a couple of weeks, he had a large white bandage on his head, wrapped under his chin with two large pointy ears sticking out.

When we were traveling, Blitz would stay in my compartment in General Eisenhower's car. Most days, I would bring him everywhere with me: to the

office, lunch, dinner, and even parties.

When my time came to return to the United States, I had to go back to the kennel and train him to live with another soldier.

Origins of the Cold War

Often, we took General Eisenhower up to Berlin or Potsdam by train at night. The General would arrive rested in the morning, hold his meetings, and fly back to headquarters in Frankfurt in the early afternoon. We would wait until we were sure the plane had taken off. Then we'd start back to Frankfurt ourselves.

To pass the time, I read mail that had left open on the desk. There were interesting letters I read. Some from parents in the United States complaining that their sons had not been sent home yet. No one ever wrote asking for his or her daughter to be sent home.

On one of our trips back from Berlin, I noticed we had a vase full of flowers. Deciding to get rid of them, I opened the window of the moving railway car and threw the contents of the vase out. The train was just crossing a bridge. At the end of the bridge was a Russian soldier standing at attention as the important train passed. He got completely covered with flowers and vase water.

Who knows? Maybe I helped start the Cold War.

Run-Ins with the Military Police

As I mentioned, we were not supposed to talk or communicate in any social way with the German population. But as it turned out, most of the American soldiers found the Germans very attractive and hard working. General Patton did not have this rule diligently enforced in Third Army territory. But the area I was in was not Third Army. It was SHAEF's neighborhood.

I made the acquaintance of a very pretty girl who could speak English very well. Most of our conversation was in English but she tried to teach me German. Most of the Germans I spoke to knew some English. I wanted to learn a bit of German so I could understand what they said to one another.

I lost my sergeant's stripes when I was caught giving food to this German

girl. I got caught carrying a packet of meat and vegetables. One evening, a Military Police lieutenant in a jeep stopped me. He made a big deal of me carrying food. The MPs contacted Craig Cannon, who was then a captain and General Eisenhower's aide in charge of transportation. He later rose through the ranks to become a general. Captain Cannon came to the MP office and took charge of me. Colonel Tex Lee, who at that time was General Eisenhower's chief aide, told me it was a good thing I was part of Eisenhower's crew or I would have been in jail. It still cost me my stripes. If I didn't have the record of having prevented the assassination of Lieutenant General Crawford, I probably would not have been kept on General Eisenhower's staff.

The German girl, whose name was Bobbie, found out about my run-in with the police and could not believe the only punishment was the stripes. After a few days, things were back as they always were. There were wonderful wool blankets aboard the train. As I remember, it was called alpaca wool. As a private, then, I gave Bobbie two light-gray blankets. Her mother made a beautiful coat out of them. During my tour of German cities, I had come upon a small suitcase full of German cash. The money had been hoarded by a Nazi mayor who the Americans deposed. And I happened to be in the right place at the right time, once again. It contained thousands upon thousands of Marks. It was of no use to me, so I gave it to Bobbie. I never did figure out how much it all was actually worth.

***

That wasn't my only run-in with the military police. Germany became so peaceful so quickly; I guess they had nothing better to do.

One day that Lieutenant Donnan was on duty, he and saved me a lot of trouble. It was a Sunday. George Schultz's girlfriend, Tatiana, made contact with a German civilian for us to purchase leather pocketbooks from. We took Craig Cannon and Sue Sarrafin by jeep to where the man lived. He was one of the few lucky ones that still lived in an apartment building that was not badly damaged in

the bombings. Still, this meant that he and his wife had to share their apartment with several other people.

While Craig and Sue were making their choices, I looked out the window and saw an MP jeep with a lieutenant and two sergeants stopped behind my jeep. He was intently looking at the bumpers, which still bore the same identification marks as when Eisenhower's staff had that jeep in Africa. I knew we would be in big trouble if he found us trading cigarettes, meat, and coffee for leather goods.

Thinking on my feet, I told Schultz I would go down to the MPs and tell them that I was looking for him in the building and that he had a girlfriend in there, but I wasn't sure which apartment. I'd tell the MPs that the reason I needed Schultz was that we had received an alert that General Eisenhower's train may leave for Berlin soon. I went down and showed them my special papers. These had been issued from the Eisenhower's office, giving me a lot of freedom of movement. The MP ignored them and Schultz came out and told them the same story I did, but to no avail. We were both taken to a Military Police station. There, the lieutenant called Eisenhower's office. Luckily for us, Donnon answered. He gave them hell over the telephone for detaining us. So The MPs let us loose, but followed us for about five miles back toward Frankfurt. As we entered Frankfurt, we came upon Major Wayne Hawkes being driven by a cute WAC. We stopped him and told him we had had to leave Craig and Sue at the apartment. Schultz got in their jeep and they went and retrieved Craig and Sue. The MPs stayed on my tail. Years later, I saw Mrs. Cannon proudly using one of the handbags.

<u>General Eisenhower Greets an Intruder</u>

Here is one trip I remember with interest.

We were coming back from Berlin. We were traveling all night. At about 2 AM, the train stopped. A major general gave us two freshly caught trout for Eisenhower to have for breakfast. Eisenhower never varied his breakfast. It was always two strips of bacon and two eggs. Well, sometimes only one egg. We continued on through the night. Early in the morning, the train stopped and we

picked up several reporters. It seems they were to have an interview with the general. It had not been announced, but Eisenhower was leaving Germany and becoming Chief of Staff. This is the highest office in the Army. None of us on board the train had been aware of the change.

I was stationed in my compartment, which was in the same car as the general's compartment. Some time before, the crew had adopted a mixed breed dog about the size of a Labrador as a pet. When we were traveling, it always stayed in what we called the diesel car. In this car, electricity was generated for the lights and the radio communications equipment.

I informed the General that the reporters were aboard. He and I were the only ones in the car. The general came out of his compartment, closed the door, and started down towards me. With that, this mutt came past me, ran straight to the General, and put his paws right on his dress uniform trousers. I expected to hear all kinds of complaints and be yelled at. But all that happened was the General looked up and asked where the hound had come from. "Where did this fellow come from?" I told him it was part of the whole crew and was kept in the diesel car when we traveled. Somehow he got loose. The General knew I had a Doberman, so I suppose he assumed it was not my pet. He then went in and changed into regulation trousers. By the time he came back out, I had locked the pet in my compartment with my Doberman guard dog. The General never complained or said anything to me about the dog.

General Patton's Burial

There were only a few times when I was in the presence of General Patton. In September 1945, I traveled with him back to his Bavarian headquarters. It was the day he was relieved of command of the Third Army. We were in Hitler's train. It was customary for the ranking officer on the train to sleep in Hitler's old car. Patton refused to sleep in the same bed Hitler had slept in, so we had him set up in the next car. It was Hermann Goering's old car.

General Patton was scheduled to return to the United States on December 10th, be feted as a hero, and then retired. He was 60 years old. On the 9th, he

decided to go hunting with his longtime friend, General Hap Gay. Patton took his dog, Willie. Driving Patton was not an easy task. He always wanted to travel at the fastest speed.

The story told in history books is that the general's car was stopped, having to wait for a train to pass. When the traffic started again, a car struck the general's car in the rear. The story as I remember it being told at Headquarters at the time differs slightly from what I have read. I was told that an Army truck was traveling on a road almost parallel, and slightly inclined to, the one the General was on. Where the two roads converged, General Patton's car drove into the intersection so rapidly that the truck driver could not stop in time to avoid the car, which I remember was a Cadillac or a La Salle. The impact was to the right rear quarter, but quite high, well over the wheel-well. The senior officer always sat in the right rear seat, so the force was right where the general was sitting.

The impact threw Patton and Gay to the ground. Gay suffered minor injuries, but Patton was seriously hurt and could not move. The first person to the scene was a Red Cross girl. She saw the accident from a donut hut where she had been serving coffee at the time. Realizing that his neck was broken, the local Army doctors had him taken to the big hospital at Heidelberg, about thirty miles away.

Patton remained conscious, stated that he had pain in his neck, and was unable to move his arms and legs. Headquarters in Washington, D.C., was notified immediately. Mrs. Patton, foldly called Bea, and the best doctors in the Army were immediately flown to Heidelberg.

Upon arriving, Bea expressed displeasure that the general was in room number 13. She had a room adjacent to his but she sat with him constantly. Her brother, Fred Ayer, had traveled over to Germany with her. He stayed with the general whenever she rested.

From the 9th to the 21st, everyone did everything possible to ease General Patton's pain. However, on the December 21st, he died. General NcNarney had taken over Eisenhower's old job as commander of all American troops. Eisenhower was now Chief of Staff in the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. With the

job, McNarney inherited Hitler's old train. Orders came for us to take the train to Heidelberg and pick up Patton's body. We always had the train ready to travel.

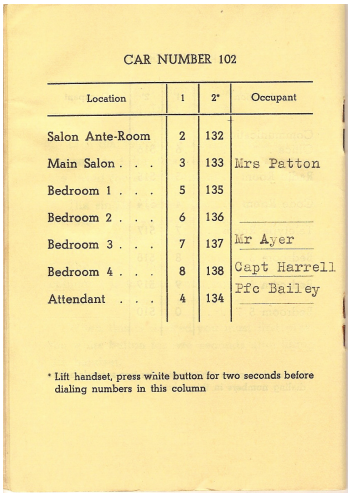
Just before we left Frankfurt, several trucks arrived. They were full of wreaths, and ribbons. Instead of the jeeps we normally had loaded in the auto-car, we departed with flowers.

Schultz and I watched during the night as three WACs and one male sergeant lined the floor and walls with green grass-looking carpet, flowers, potted plants, ribbons, and the flags of the three armies Patton had commanded: the Third, the Seventh, and the Fifteenth.

The afternoon of the 22nd, a procession of Army cars, jeeps, armored vehicles, and a cannon platform carrying Patton's body came to the train. The body was placed aboard. The setting really looked nice.

Traveling that night, we had quite an important group with us. Four lieutenant generals, eight major generals, and a few brigadier generals. The compartments in this train were so plush that they were all carried in comfort. Actually, most of them stayed up a good portion of the night, reminiscing.

Mrs. Patton, her brother, and a female Army doctor shared what had been Eisenhower's car with me. Schultz got himself stationed in the dining car where, for most of the night, the generals congregated. It gave him a chance to swipe some liquor.



CAR NUMBER 102

Location	1	2*	Occupant
Salon Ante-Room	2	132	
Main Salon . . .	3	133	Mrs Patton
Bedroom 1 . . .	5	135	
Bedroom 2 . . .	6	136	
Bedroom 3 . . .	7	137	Mr Ayer
Bedroom 4 . . .	8	138	Capt Harrell
Attendant . . .	4	134	Pfc Bailey

* Lift handset, press white button for two seconds before dialing numbers in this column

Mrs. Patton gave orders that if we came upon a mourning demonstration, the train was to stop and she would review the group. Going through France that

night, we stopped six or seven times. A cold, light, freezing rain was falling. The train was long and the stations were small. The car with the body would be placed in front of the station. Over and over again, Mrs. Patton dismounted onto the stony railroad sidings, walked back to review the groups, and then walked back again through the muck and the slush. She did it all night without the slightest mumble of complaint. We did have a couple of generals complain, but there was not much we could do to alter the situation. It was my job to open the door, each time, and make sure the steps were lowered properly. I was always the first out. Then I would help Mrs. Patton with the last step. Her brother would then descend and help her over the stones. I doubt if she had any sleep that night. I know that I did not.

When we arrived in Luxembourg, we stopped at a siding where there were many people and military of rank. The general's body was removed from the auto-car and carried to an open wagon. Mrs. Patton had Sergeant Meeks, who had been the general's orderly for years, positioned at the front corner of the casket for the parade out of the railroad station. He was in the same position later when they escorted the casket in the cemetery. This was unusual because Sergeant Meeks was black.

I did not see much of the funeral. My duty ended when Mrs. Patton disembarked from the train. We stayed in the station for a short time after the procession and then returned to Frankfurt to celebrate Christmas.

Eisenhower's Aircrew and the Loot from Hitler's Train

After General Eisenhower returned to the United States to become Chief of Staff, an aircrew was still assigned to him. One week, the aircrew knew that Eisenhower would be unable to use their services and checked the plane out to fly it over to Frankfurt. When they arrived, we loaded it up with "souvenirs." Silverware, paintings, cut glass, and other loot from Hitler's train, and home. Then the crew flew the plane back to Washington, D.C.

Presidential Guard in Potsdam

I spent my 21st birthday guarding the President of the United States just outside Potsdam, in a small town with a large home that housed President Truman. Schultz and I were assigned as guards while President Truman, British Prime Minister Atlee, and Joseph Stalin were meeting in Potsdam. The first time Schultz and I went to Potsdam, the British Prime Minister was Winston Churchill. The second trip to Potsdam, Atlee was the Prime Minister. That Churchill was replaced was a great surprise to everyone.

I think the cook was from the White House. He fed Schultz and me dishes the likes of which I had never had. Schultz and I had more than enough points to rotate home, but he kept telling me the living was good and I agreed. So we stayed.

One day, there was a big Russian parade in Berlin. Schultz and I were given a post directly under where Truman, Stalin, and Atlee would be standing and watching the parade. Major Wayne Hawkes, who was part of Eisenhower's office group, came upon Schultz and me selling cigarettes and soap to some Russian soldiers. He told me I could get court-martialed for not staying alert on duty, especially with a President being there. But he was not a rigid officer. He was not an Army officer in the regular Army mold. As a civilian, he worked in the White House as a communications officer. So President Roosevelt had him sent over to Eisenhower's office to maintain communications with the White House. Major Hawkes sort of knew me. He had presented my Purple Heart to me in Paris after I was awarded it for getting blown up by the buzz bomb.

This was the Potsdam Conference. Major Hawkes could have had us court-martialed. But instead, he just broke up the transaction and got us back on duty. It's hard to believe, today.

Russians Welcome Capitalism

The Russians had a lot of money. It was all money backed by the United States. The United States Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morganthau, convinced President Roosevelt to back this money with American capital, just like

the money called “Marks” that the American troops were paid with. The only difference in the bills was that the Russian ones had a small dash in front of the serial number. But these Marks were still legal tender for American soldiers. The Russian government was glad to have all that cash because it owed its soldiers years of back pay and had all kinds of other debts.

While we were in Frankfurt, Schultz and I would collect and hoard things like soap, candy, and jewelry. Schultz even gave up smoking because we could make so much dough off cigarettes. The Russians loved watches too, no matter if they worked or not. We didn’t collect them off Germans by force and intimidation like the Russians normally did. We would get them by trading food, cigarettes, and liquor.

Frequently, the general would take the train up to Berlin or some other city, and then fly back. As the train traveled without the general, it would make short stops. The Russian soldiers would crowd about and we opened our shops.

On one stop, I was selling body powder. That was a high-demand item. I ran out of body powder and opened a can of powdered cleanser. It was called Bon Ami. Now, it is named Comet. I sold it as body powder. We sold candy and chewing tobacco. It was amazing what we dispensed. We didn’t fleece anybody. But the Russians were always glad to have anything, at any price.

Army of the United States

SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

LR 25

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL

BAILEY, JOHN F.

2. ARMY SERIAL No.	3. GRADE	4. SOCIAL SECURITY No.
32 927 935	PFC	none

5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (*Street, City, County, State*)

2277 Boulevard ,
Jersey City, Hudson Co.NJ.

6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. DATE OF BIRTH
30 Jun 43	12 Feb 46	25 Jul 24

9. PLACE OF SEPARATION

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY

MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS

10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
3	Pvt	Basic Tng. Inf. (521)
28	Tec-5	Truck Driver Light (345)

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION

TRUCK DRIVER LIGHT.345. Worked as General Eisenhowers orderly and chauffeur. Drove staff for escorting and chauffeuring the General and members of his staff to places of appointments. Also handled the General's household supervising stocking and serving of food, direction of civilian help and servants. Also acted as body guard, and accompanied him where ever he went. Was always armed with concealed weapon.

WD AGO FORM 100
1 JUL 1945

This form supersedes WD AGO Form 100, 15 July 1944, which will not be used.

EPILOGUE

In 2001, myself; my wife, Peggy; my daughter Merrell; and her husband Ralph, attended a reunion in Britain of both English and American soldiers, many of whom I had served with. Merrell was not very impressed with the original hotel I had booked. There is a hotel in the middle of London, called the Victory Club that is run by the British Army and the Royal Navy. They have had this hotel since the 1800s. Peggy and I had a room with a private bath. For the first night, Merrell did not have a private bath; she had one of the other bedrooms without a bath. She had that changed and did have a private bath for the second night. However, if you want cleanliness, good food, and a great price, the Victory Club is the spot. You just have to be British and survive a war first. I fortunately received membership with the recommendations of British Army associates.

We then went to northern Britain and stayed in a very “posh” hotel in Buxton. It is beautiful country. Peggy, Merrell, and Ralph went to a play on the stage of a lovely theater in town, while I attended a meeting with forty-seven British World War Two veterans. There also were seven Americans. One day, Ralph rented the local cab and driver for the whole day. We toured the whole area. We saw where Robin Hood was supposedly buried, the markets, the churches, and the small farm homes that are over one hundred years old. The driver said that they are no longer occupied but still maintained by the farmers. We had four wonderful days. Then we returned to London to meet with the Lord Mayor of Kingston on the Thames.

The Lord Mayor of Kingston on the Thames heard that I was coming. After the reunion, he invited Peggy, Merrell, Ralph, and I to have afternoon tea at his office. It was a very formal affair. The Lord Mayor presented me with an award for my actions at Coombe Manor on the day that the V-1 struck it. One of the injured that I rescued happened to be his uncle.

Receiving Award from the
Lord Mayor of Kingston on the Thames
From left, Merrell, Peggy, Me, Lord Mayor
September 11, 2001

The Lord Mayor's Rolls Royce was decorated with very official-looking flags flying from the front fenders. Taking my family on a tour of Kingston, I showed them where General Eisenhower had lived. The original Telegraph Cottage building had burned down, but at least I was able to find the original site. We went to the rebuilt Coombe Manor. Most of the building remains. They still use the front façade. The interior had been badly destroyed and has been drastically changed. It is now a hospital. Where the library and huge living room once were, there are now an operating room and a recovery room. The massive oak stairway has been replaced with a practical, curved metal one. We went upstairs. The general's bedroom is divided into two offices: the office of the hospital President and a small, secretary's office. On the third floor, I was able to show Peggy and Merrell my old room. Two typists now use it, and it is filled with filing cabinets. Office personnel also use Wolfranski's old room. We had a very sturdy cabinet built into Wolf's room to hold various weapons. It is still there, but I wonder what it contains now. Looking out my old bedroom window at what had been a very formal rose garden, I now surveyed the roof of the hospital. I hope that the deceased former owners of Coombe Manor, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Nichols, still see their garden and not a rooftop as they gaze down. It definitely wasn't the same old Manor House.

I often think of our trip. We covered a lot of old memories. We were still in England on September 11, 2001. We had the shock of the World Trade Center attack. When we arrived back at our hotel, we were told others now occupied our rooms. We had checked out that morning, intending to spend the night at a hotel adjacent to the airport because our flight was scheduled for the next morning, Wednesday, September 12. All flights were canceled indefinitely.

Peggy and I were lucky to have Ralph and Merrell as we stood about, confused. Ralph and Merrell arranged hotel rooms for an additional six days. We spent those six days touring London. The four of us went on bus tours, took a ride on the London Eye, and had a marvelous view of London. We toured Windsor Castle and Kensington Palace and walked around Piccadilly. As we walked in London, ladies would frequently come over to Peggy and express sorrow for the destruction of the World Trade Center. Finally, Peggy asked Merrell how the English could tell that she was American. Merrell looked at Peggy and said that the English do not wear white sneakers.

On Friday, September 14, we were invited to a Service of Remembrance for the World Trade Center casualties with the Queen and hundreds of British and American dignitaries. The security was very tight. Before we could enter, they went through our pockets and everything. Peggy had three pairs of scissors and a large nail file. They tossed them all into a huge barrel. But the ceremony was impressive and worth the price of three pairs of scissors.

Ralph procured seating for the four of us on the second American plane leaving for the United States. It was a Delta airliner to Cleveland with a transfer flight to Florida. Ralph and Merrell were a blessing to Peggy and me.

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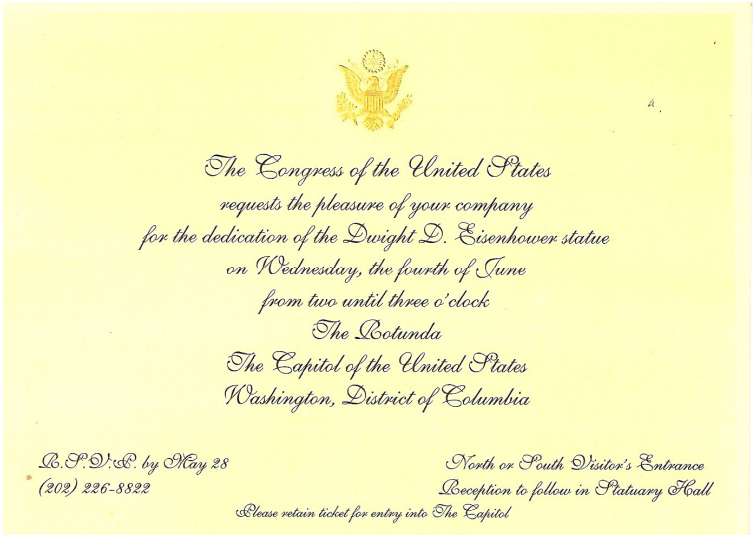
I received a very formal envelope from Washington, D.C. In it was a card from the United States Congress. It was an invitation to the dedication of the Dwight D. Eisenhower statue on June 4, 2003.



The Congress of the United States
requests the pleasure of your company
for the dedication of the Dwight D. Eisenhower statue
on Wednesday, the fourth of June
from two until three o'clock
The Rotunda
The Capitol of the United States
Washington, District of Columbia

R.S.V.P. by May 28
(202) 226-8822

North or South Visitor's Entrance
Reception to follow in Statuary Hall

Please retain ticket for entry into The Capitol

Invitation to Dedication of Eisenhower statue

Several weeks earlier, I had received a phone call from someone in D.C. I forget who, exactly, but he was on the committee for the statue. He asked me if I was the John Bailey on General Eisenhower's staff in Europe and told me about the upcoming ceremony.

I promptly responded that my wife and I would gladly attend. I would have to provide my own transportation, but our hotel room and breakfast would be paid for.

Jack and Peggy Murphy Bailey

Peggy and I drove up in a beautiful new white Lincoln Towncar that had been recently given to me as a gift from my daughter Merrell. Upon arriving, we checked in. There was a note with a name and phone number for me to contact. On calling, we were invited to a dinner given at one of the hotels. A government car picked us up. When we arrived, we met Bob Dole. He had been badly

wounded in World War Two. There were a few members of the House of Congress and the Senate in attendance. There was no formal address. It was more social than formal. Afterwards, we were brought back to our hotel in a government car.

The next day, Peggy and I had breakfast and went walking about for a while. D.C. was so different from when we used to take our children down to visit. Now, you cannot drive or even walk near the White House, a far cry from when we visited when Eisenhower was President. Back then, we would walk to a side entrance. General C. Craig Cannon would meet us or have a staff member meet us and we would be escorted to one of the offices. We have been through the private living quarters of the White House; very few people have been there. The White House and several museums now have guards, to inspect you before you can enter.

We got back to the hotel, and went to meet an office worker from Congress in the lobby. He was to be our escort. We chatted for a while until a government car came and picked us up. This car drove past the main guards and obstacles and deposited us right at a side-entrance to the Capitol building. Our escort took us through a few corridors and into the formal hall of Congress where there are two statues of representatives from each state. This is a very large, circular room. Peggy and I were familiar with this room and knew that if you stood near the wall on one side, you could hear what was being said by people on the other side, even though they are more than 100 feet away.

There were several speakers and the seating was arranged so that Peggy and I sat beside General Eisenhower's granddaughters. I told them a couple of stories about their grandfather that they'd never heard before. When the speeches ended, they had me present the flag emblem of Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces. It is the same as my shoulder patch was during the war.

Congress then had a reception in another room with plenty of sandwiches, cake, and cookies.

A general sat on the dais during the speeches, but as soon as that was

over he came over to Peggy and I. He walked us around, introduced us to several people, and stayed with us for most of the reception. He was very friendly.

We were then driven back to the hotel. Peggy and I stayed for one more night. When we checked out, two of the nights had been paid for. Thursday night was on me. On Friday, we drove to New Jersey and saw several of our friends.

It was really a wonderful three days and I was treated so very well. After all, I had not been one of Ike's important staff members.