

## Patrols in Normandy

When we got done talking, me and the other guy who bailed out of the plane, we decided he was lost, I was lost, everybody was lost. So we decided to go look for where we were supposed to be. We said, "Goodbye" and left each other. I went up to Saint Marie du Mont where I ran into some of my men from our brigade. They ask me to go back to the beach and get some ammunition. So I did, and another fellow went with me. When I got back to the beach there came an American airplane. He dove down over that beach and did a barrel roll and flew back up in the sky really high. Everyone thought he was a German and they shot him down. There were so many bullets around that plane he looked like he was in the middle of a bee hive. That plane started coming down and coming down. I could see it coming right towards me, and thought it was going to hit me right in my watch pocket. Then a wing tore off and blasted over there, and hit maybe 20 or 30 feet away. When he hit the ground I bounced clean out of my foxhole. I scooted on my hands and knees and crawled into another hole. There were already a couple of guys in there. We just laid in there and waited until the explosions stopped from the ammunition. It was a close call. That's where I smoked my first cigarette!

So I went to get some ammunition for the guys in Saint Marie Du Mont. By that time the boats were starting to come in with supplies. They called those boats "ducks" and they unloaded the ammunition in the ammunition dump. There was a guy in charge of the dump there. We told him what we wanted and he told us where it was. But he wouldn't go inside the dump to get it. He said, "I'm not going in there as long as those Germans are still shooting an 88." So we went in ourselves and came out with big cases of ammunition. They all had handles on the cases so you could carry them. A guy came up to us in a jeep and said, "Hey, I'll run you back up there buddy." So we got in the jeep and he took us back to Saint Marie du Mont. We gave them the ammunition and everybody was gathering around taking bandeliers, and hand grenades.

We continued our battle all the way into Cherbourg. They made me a scout. I would go out to enemy lines and find out where their guns were and mark it down on a map, mark it here and there. I went on patrols to find out

where machine gun nests were. That was one of my jobs. Once we got caught on a German patrol. There was a hand grenade fight there. They threw hand grenades and we threw them back. I laid by a log. We went back and we could hear the Germans talking and they could hear us too. We disappeared. Two girls ran out of a farm house nearby and they said, "Come, come, come!" They took us into the barn to hide us. They were young ladies, maybe 12 or 13 years old. They said, "The Bosch will not find you!" We stayed in the barn all that day and night. The next day, late in the morning, one of the girls came back and said, "The Bosch are gone. Now you can go!" So we went back to our outfit. And I turned in my report. I got heck for being late. They wanted to know what took us so long!

From there we continued on to Cherbourg. We took Cherbourg. The third bunker, an objective we were told to take in England, was up on a hill on the peninsula by Cherbourg. It was a huge three story high bunker. We were supposed to take it but they decided to by-pass it. When we got to Cherbourg the fight was over. I laid up on the hill above Cherbourg and watched the planes fly over dropping their bombs, then circling back and dropping a second load. I thought boy, I'd like to have that job! I could go back to England and get something to eat and a bath! We got into Cherbourg and it wasn't too bad because the 4<sup>th</sup> Division almost had it captured.