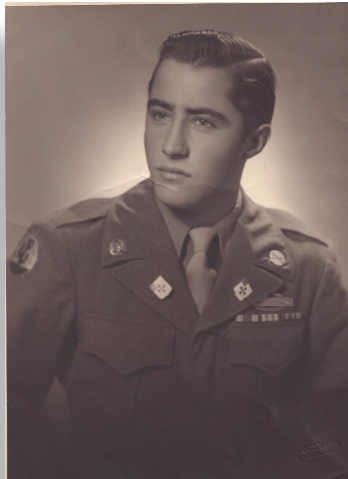




Jacobs, Harry, 103<sup>rd</sup> Division, 409<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Company L



I was born in Petersburg, Michigan on the twenty-fifth of September, 1924. On Sunday December 7, 1941, the attack on Pearl Harbor was announced over the radio as I was sitting in my car with a high school friend. My first reaction was, “Uh-oh! I am going to have to go.” I was a senior in high school. Having enjoyed math and science in school, my plan was to go to college and study engineering.

I had just completed a semester and a half at the University of Toledo when I got my notice from the Draft Board. I probably could have received a deferment until the end of the semester. However, I did not want to be considered a slacker, so I did not request a deferment and reported immediately. My father had received a deferment from participating in WWI so he could take care of his mother. I think he always regretted not participating in the action of WWI. I



have two brothers. My older brother was deferred because of a heart murmur. My twin brother was called up at the same time and was inducted into the Marines. My father was proud that my brother and I were going to serve in WWII. We, as kids, did not really know what war was all about, but we were about to learn.

I was inducted into the U.S. Army on February 22, 1943 in Monroe, Michigan. I was sent to the “staging area” at Fort Custer in Battle Creek, Michigan. From there, I was transferred into an anti-aircraft battery at Camp Hulen in Palacios, Texas – located in the lower tip of Texas. I trained to be a director operator of a device (manufactured by the Singer Sewing Machine Co.) which was used to remotely aim the 40 mm anti-aircraft cannon.

The gun director required three operators. The guy in back adjusted the elevation of the gun. The men on either side maneuvered scopes (one vertical and one horizontal) to follow the target. All of this information was then fed to the director, so the device could properly aim the cannon. The bullets were 40 mm tracer bullets. Planes towing a target (sleeve) would fly by us, and we shot at the sleeve. We could watch where the tracer bullets were going and then adjust the trajectory.



After finishing basic training, while we were on field maneuvers, I was informed that I had been selected to go to Officers Candidates School (OCS) at Texas A&M College. Taking prep courses, I had spent only about a month there when the U.S. Army decided that it needed no more officers and closed the OCS. Many of us with high entrance scores for OCS were reassigned to ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program). I was sent to Oklahoma A & M College - which is now called Oklahoma State - in Stillwater, Oklahoma. We called ourselves cadets,

but we were paid as  
semesters of  
March of 1944, the



privates. I completed three  
engineering studies when, in  
army decided to end the

program. Apparently, there was a greater need for infantrymen than for engineers.

I was reassigned to 103<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division at Camp Howze near Gainesville, Texas. Gainesville had grown from a small country town to one that was overwhelmed with the occupation of the 103<sup>rd</sup>, several other units, and some German POW's from the African Campaign. I packed my army uniform and personal effects into a barracks bag and traveled on a "smoky" train to Camp Howze in March of 1944. As we approached the camp, I was startled by the appearance of my new environment in contrast to the college dorms I had left.



Black tarpaper barracks, heated by potbelly coal stoves, dotted the landscape. Black smoke curled from both ends of each barracks. It was rather depressing.

I was assigned to the 409<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, Company L as an infantry scout. I was issued a rifle, and began infantry training. During inspection, everything had to be “just so”. We learned how to “roll our socks” and properly display our gear. Basically, we just trained and marched. Coming in as replacements, we “college boys” were not very respected by the regular soldiers who had just completed war maneuvers (marching in the hot sun, digging foxholes, and sleeping on the ground) in Louisiana. Eventually, we all accepted each other. I was not too fond of my sergeant, Sergeant Emmons, and likewise he was not too fond of me. Therefore, I ended up getting a lot of extra duty – like painting rocks white.

We were trained on the M-1 rifle and had bayonet training. Having grown up on the farm, I was used to firing a rifle. We had instruction in gliders and took twenty-five mile forced marches. We would trot for a length of time, and then we would walk for a while.

The glider training was on the parade grounds. The gliders had ropes attached to them. About 12 guys were put into each glider. A plane would fly



over, pick up the glider by the rope, circle around the area, and then land the glider. This may have been training for an invasion. A friend of mine, who trained in the gliders, went over to France. Once when his glider attempted to land, it unfortunately crashed. The men all tumbled out of it but survived. Due to the assignments that were given and the crashes, glider duty was not good duty at all.

I was first scout in a squad; this was not an enviable position. My squad leader, Emmons, was a problem. Each squad consisted of twelve men. As the unit advanced, the first scout was in the lead, and the second scout stayed about fifty or so feet behind him. About fifty feet behind the second scout, the remainder of the squad was scattered at about ten feet apart. There were three squads in a platoon and four platoons in a company with a lieutenant in charge of each platoon. The officers were privileged characters, and, because of their ranks, we did not have them as friends. The officers were not too bad except for our company commander. Battlin' Gatlin was a regular army man who had been promoted to captain of the company. He was not very bright or respectable, and he was foul-mouthed. That was our environment at basic training.

I had been eligible for PFC when I was transferred to Oklahoma. Although we were called cadets in school, soldiers were just privates and received private



pay. When we were transferred to the infantry at Camp Howze, most of the other guys were already PFC's because they had finished the training. I did not get my PFC stripe until about September, just before we went overseas.

We trained at Camp Howze for six months (from March until September of '44) before we were ordered overseas. We left Camp Howze on a troop train with "special" troop cars just for us. The army owned them, I guess. The canvas bunks were stacked one above the other, like on a ship. During the trip, most of us just sat and watched the trees go by. The train was pulled by a steam locomotive and had drive rods to the wheels. The engine threw a rod which dug up the tracks when it came loose. Somewhere between Camp Howze and New York, we were stalled for over a day while track and engine repairs were made.

We arrived at Camp Shanks in New York and eventually boarded the troop ship, Monticello, headed for Marseille, France. Each of us slept with his barracks bag in his bunk. The bunks were stacked high, similar to the train bunks; my bunk was three decks down. We were in a convoy and the rough weather caused many of the men to get sick. I felt nauseous most of the voyage, but I do not think I ever vomited. The crossing took about two weeks.



Arriving in Marseille in October of '44, we left the ship and marched to a staging area where we set up pup tents on the hillside and awaited combat orders. The staging area was approximately seven or eight miles outside of Marseille. Some of us, including myself, were assigned to help unload the division equipment from the ship, so we were transported back to the city.

Supposedly, we were restricted to our staging area. Three buddies and I decided it would be interesting to go into the city of Marseille, which had been liberated by the Third Division approximately two weeks earlier. The front line was about thirty miles north of the city at the time. We hitched a ride into Marseille for an unauthorized "night on the town". That turned into an experience!

In those days in France, there were things called "pissers" on the sidewalk. They were toilets that were used by both men and women. A man going into a toilet might find a woman in there! Things were different in those days.

While in the city, we got some drinks and roamed the town. Finding a 6X6 truck returning to the staging area, we decided to hitch a ride back to where we were supposed to be. Italy had surrendered by that time, and we had an Italian driver in the army truck. The terrain was mountainous, and on the way we met a



jeep with its bright lights on coming from the other direction. The lights blinded the driver of our 6X6 truck, and he rolled the vehicle over the side of the mountain with us in the back of it! The guys on either side of me were killed. I was knocked out when I hit the ground, and when I came to, the truck was on top of me. I was pinned under a truck that was across my behind and I could not get out! Eventually, someone came along and jacked the truck up enough so that I could get out from under it. I was sore, but my three buddies were injured. Martin landed outside of the truck on his hands and knees, spraining both of his wrists. Craven, another guy, was hit across the head – knocking him out. He had a headache for a while! Broadbeck was hit across the chest and I never saw him again. He was injured so badly that he was not able to return to the unit. Of course, the MPs came, so I was considered AWOL. I lost my PFC stripes, which I had only had about six weeks, and got the opportunity to dig two 6X6 garbage pits – myself. I fought the war as a buck private as a first scout.

After being in the staging area about two weeks, we were ordered to the front lines to relieve the Third Division near St. Die, France. We rode in the back of a truck. Of course, riding in the back of truck did not thrill me anymore! It was rainy and cold in late October; it was a mess. Finally, in the darkness, we got to where the 103<sup>rd</sup> was located, and our company was assigned to the top of a





mountain. The trucks parked down below in a very muddy area. We had to personally carry all of our belongings with us up the mountain.

We were following a dry creek bed that was about four feet wide. There was a jeep coming down that creek bed, so we were told to get off to the side. I saw a spot that looked like a good place to sit down, but Tillama and Pat Kennedy got there before me. I moved down the riverbank about another six feet and sat down. Just as I felt the ground beneath me, there was a loud, BOOM! The soldiers, who had taken my original spot, tripped a mine called a “Bouncing Betty”. Those particular mines bounced up about four feet high and then exploded at shoulder height. That is what happened to those two soldiers; all that was left were their bodies with no heads on them. A third guy, who was in the area between us, was also wounded. He was covered with what looked like the other soldiers’ brains. He never made it back to the outfit until after the war was over. That mine killed two of our guys and wounded Sclarous, who was seated beside me. Our assistant squad leader was also wounded. Other soldiers who were across the bank from the bomb were also killed and wounded. I think there were about twelve injured altogether. I did not get hurt, but the horror shocked me pretty badly.



After shaking that off, we were ordered to continue up the mountain and relieve the Third Division. We finally made it. I am sure we were up there for over a week, living in the holes we dug. Sometimes we used our shelter half to cover the hole, or we layered branches over the top to keep the snow out. The holes were just deep enough to keep us from being shot. We were in an area where a shell might come in once in a while, but we did not have any direct combat.

One day on the mountain, a soldier in the company was cleaning his rifle and did not have the safety on. Another soldier, Tommy Green, walked by and grabbed the rifle by the muzzle. The safety was not on – Tommy was killed. We lost three guys from the company plus the wounded in two or three days. That was my unnerving introduction to combat!

K Company was at the bottom of the mountain. One night Sergeant Emmons said, “Jake, you have to go down and help carry up some wounded men from K Company.” So, that night, about twelve of us had to descend the steep, slippery side of the mountain and bring two wounded soldiers back to our position. The injured soldiers’ location was surrounded by German soldiers and the only way to get them help was to transport them up the mountain on



stretchers and then send them down the opposite side to get medical attention.

The task took up most of one night. That was another of the “extra duties”

Emmons gave to me.

We would send flares up during the night in case there were German soldiers close to our site. The flares would go off, but even if they did not expose the enemy, we still did not feel safe. We received an order to advance, so we went down the mountainside. I was the first scout for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, the first man out in front. We were moving through thick woods, following a tiny path covered with brush, grass, and weeds. I came upon a small house near the edge of the woods. Remember, I was just twenty years old with no combat experience. I stayed low in the brush, looked at that house, and saw a Frenchman chopping wood as German soldiers carried it into the house. So, I signaled back that I had observed the enemy. I received a reply that said, “The enemy is not in the area.” Well, they sure looked like the enemy to me! Sergeant Emmons came up to my location, but by that time the Germans were inside the house. The sergeant looked around, said that I must be seeing things, and told me to go up to the house. I followed his orders. I walked out into the open, up the lawn with grass up to my waist, and toward the house. Seeing me, one of the Germans jumped out the backdoor and started running across the grass at me. My job was to kill



Germans, so I lifted my rifle and shot at him. He seemed to slip in the mud. The next thing I knew, he was struggling to get up again. I felt I had to finish him off, so I emptied my rifle on him. I think I fired about eight shots at him. He got up and ran into the woods. I was the first one in our company to fire a rifle! The shots alerted the platoon behind me. As they came running in, I just stood in the front yard reloading my rifle. Our men surrounded the house. Becker, a soldier in our company from Wisconsin, could speak German. He started yelling to the Germans to surrender. Then, that same soldier continued talking back and forth with the Germans. I still just stood there in that open lawn and watched what was going on. It was not long before the remnants of a company, fifty-three Krauts, came out of that house with their hands on top of their heads. We took fifty-three German soldiers as prisoners! Our higher ranking sergeants and officers went into the house. It was full of automatic weapons, pistols, rifles and guns of all kinds. They also collected Lugers and P-38's. I received nothing for my feat.

Farther down the trail, we came upon another house. This time we were ordered to attack with full force. An old man, his wife, his daughter, and a cow were all that occupied that house! They were terrified but survived. We spent the remainder of the night in the forest.



My position remained as first scout for the whole battalion. We marched into the town of Provenchiers, France as the remaining citizens lined the road, cheered us on, and offered us wine. We could see the Germans leaving by the road about a half mile on the other side of the town. Our commander was not happy to have them get on their way, so we pursued them into an open field. It was raining and we were in the mud and grass. They turned around and opened fire on us. I shot back a few times and then a shell missed me by about an arm's length. That shell cut a groove about the size of my fist into the mud beside me. I stopped firing back and just lay there and played dead until it got dark. Then, I got up and got the hell out of there!

We advanced after that but did not encounter any more Germans. We slept on the snowy ground in the cold woods at night. Approaching a town called Diefenbach, Platoon Sergeant Morris remarked, "We are not sleeping out in the cold tonight. We are going to sleep in a house." We left the woods, crept down the hill with fixed bayonets, and commandeered a house on the edge of town. Sergeant Emmons ordered, "Jake, you get to stand guard duty tonight *outside* the house. We are going to be inside." The house had very thick walls made of masonry and stone that were about two feet thick; it made a good fortress. Outside, the second scout, Hill, and I did not fare as well. It was cold and dark.



Another squad had taken a house across the street. A soldier, a runner, from that platoon saw what he thought was one of our platoons coming down the street in the dark. He was sent up the street to see which American platoon was approaching. It was a German platoon and the Germans shot and killed him on the spot. Two of our guys, Ord and Sergeant LeMire left to bring back the runner's body. The Germans fired on them as well. Sergeant LeMire was shot through the helmet. All soldiers had a ditty cap that was worn under the helmet. That bullet slit Sergeant LeMire's ditty cap right across the top of his head and exited out the back blasting a hole about as big as a hand in his helmet. Sergeant LeMire survived, but his hair had a new part! He and Ord retrieved the soldier who had been killed.



It was black as pitch that night. All of a sudden, our surroundings lit up with gunfire and everyone was awakened. The Germans were throwing hand grenades and firing at the house I was guarding. Our guys were shooting at the Germans out the windows of the house! John Hill, the second scout, said to me, "What'll we do?" I said, "We just do nothing!" I did not want to expose our location as that would have been the end of the war for us. We squatted down beside a woodpile, and German soldiers were running around the outside of the



house. Hearing the screams of “Comrade” from the wounded German soldiers, we could see them, but they could not see us because it was dark.

When the shooting finally stopped, I decided it was time to get inside that house in spite of Sergeant Emmons. I boosted Hill through an open window and crawled in after him. Sergeant Emmons was sitting on the floor in the middle of the house. The next morning, when we could see, there were about a dozen dead German soldiers outside the house. No one else on our side was killed except for the unfortunate runner who met the enemy. Fighting house to house, it took us about a week to clear the Germans out and secure the town.

When we finally made our way to the other side of the town, we saw a Catholic priest carrying a white flag coming toward us. He told us he had five German soldiers who wanted to surrender. Emmons said, “Jake!” So, two other guys and I had to meet the priest and the five German soldiers. We had to go about a mile up the road to get to the surrendering Germans and bring them into town. We did get them into town, and then Emmons wanted to shoot them at that moment. I pushed his rifle down and told him to behave himself. They were taken prisoner and not harmed.



Some time, probably in late November or early December, we were crossing the Meurthe River in France on a temporary rope suspension bridge built by the combat engineers. It was night, and the current was swift. As we walked across loaded with our gear, the bridge stretched, and we were waist-deep in water. Just as I reached the opposite bank, one of the ropes snapped and broke. I was able to scramble onto the river's edge, but those on the bridge were dumped into the rushing water. Two soldiers were swept away by the current, but the rest who were on the bridge were able to hang on to the remaining rope and survive. I was alone on the dark riverbank and needed to find the rest of my outfit. I could see a couple of silhouettes in the distance, so I walked toward them hoping to reconnect. As I neared the group, I came to a rope with a sign hanging on it – it read “Achtung Minen”. I had walked straight through a mine field in the dark!

Once, during combat, my company was relieved of fighting and moved several miles to the rear for a few days of R&R (rest and relaxation). Sergeant Emmons appeared and assigned Johnny Eastman and me to duty. We were to go farther back, load the trucks with the company's barracks bags, and bring the trucks forward behind the company. Shortly after we were transported to the place where the bags were, the company was recommitted to combat because





the fighting had become intense. Johnny and I were stranded in a small town with no other military and no food. We lived in an empty house and ate whatever rations we could scrounge from the bags or beg from the local French people. One item, C-Ration Corn Beef Hash, was not very palatable, to say the least. It was in tin cans, and, because of the dates on the cans, we knew it was left from WWI. We accumulated about a dozen cans, and traded them to a local Frenchman for a couple of bottles of French wine. In about two hours, that Frenchman was back and wanted to reverse the trade! We refused, he left mad, and we drank the wine. Because they were busy and there was no record of where we were, Johnny and I were not recovered for more than a week. The rest of our company had been in some pretty powerful combat with several men injured while we were several miles back having the time of our lives!

One night, another group was fighting up ahead of us. Because of the fighting, there was a roadblock in front of us, so we crouched down along the side of the road. We were shooting mortars from our location. We found a house and decided to go inside to sleep. In that particular location, the house and barn were the same building. The house was on one end and the barn on the other. Some of us were sleeping in the hay mow up above, while others chose to sleep below. We had dysentery quite often during the war and it was bad. One soldier was



dressed in some civilian clothes because he had soiled his uniform. A guy in the hay mow had to relieve himself and, unfortunately, “went” over the edge onto the guys below.

From then on, we might go down the roads through the Vosges Mountains, march through some woods, or take a town. In late November or early December of '44 we were not pushing the Germans back as much as they were withdrawing. We had encounters with them from a distance.

We continued until we got to the Maginot Line. One night, I remember riding in the back of a 6X6 truck as it was driving without lights down a narrow track road covered with snow. On one side of the road the mountain went straight up and on the other side there was a steep decline. The driver veered off the road, and the truck tilted. He tried to get it back on the road, but the wheels spun and the truck tipped over. Considering my position in the back of the truck, this situation was strangely familiar! The truck got caught in the trees. The truck rack, which contained the barracks bags and equipment of the twelve men, stopped about three feet off the ground. We slid about 100 yards down the mountainside in the snow with equipment and belongings trailing after us. We



crawled back up the mountain, gathered what we could, climbed back to the road, and walked the rest of the way to our destination.

We were in a pillbox for a week or so. A pillbox was a cement building with several stories built underground and a gun turret above. The cannons inside were used to defend the French border. When the Battle of the Bulge happened in December 1944, our division as well as others marched back into France all night, about twenty-five miles. Then, we got on 6X6 trucks and went about 100 miles to Calais, France, to the area of the Battle of the Bulge. We took up defensive positions. Trying to dig in was nearly impossible because the ground was so solidly frozen we could not move the earth. We chiseled a hole in a



defensive line. Later, we moved into a little house in Calais and manned the roadblocks in the area. We slept on some hay on the floor. We manned the roadblocks on a schedule of

two hours on and four hours off until the Battle of the Bulge ended. During that time, we did not have any real combat; the division did but we did not.

After the German offensive was defeated, we were moved into Pfaffenhoffen, France and dug into a place above the town on the side of the



mountain. This was early in January 1945. At night, we would patrol down into the town. The German position was on the other side of town. They also ran patrols into the town at night. The challenge was to not encounter the Germans.

We were relieved of our position at Pfaffenhoffen by members of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division around the first of February and moved back two or three miles into reserve where we trained on tanks. We rode on the outside of the tanks, and jumped off to fight with our rifles when we met enemy opposition. After a couple of weeks of training with the tanks, we returned to combat with the tank battalion for the push back into Germany.

The final push began in March of '45. We got back to the German border where McAuliffe became our division commander. We were in a forest at night and being shelled. I felt like hell, so I approached the medic, Mickey, to see if he had something to help my fever and earache. The medic offered aspirin, but I had taken aspirin all day, and it had not helped me one bit. He sent me to the battalion aid station, and I was given a check-up by the doctor. He sent me back farther in an ambulance. I was put in another ambulance with many wounded soldiers, and then sent to a hospital in Nancy, France for two weeks. My eardrum, which had been aching, finally burst and bled; I then recovered. I was



sent back into Germany. We were loaded into trucks and tried to catch up with our outfits. Our troops were advancing so quickly that it was difficult to catch them. This “catch-up” went on for several days, and I was finally returned to my outfit in Swaz, Austria just a day or two before the war ended. In the meantime, a member of my squad had been killed by sniper fire on April 25.

I was glad when I heard about VE Day! The war was not really over yet because some of the German soldiers did not want to give up. After the war ended, we went into the neighboring towns in the Alps and collected prisoners. Some did not want to give up, but they did not want to fight either. Collecting Germans could be dangerous because we did not know if they had their rifles, guns, etc. We took the prisoners to a collection area. Earlier (before the surrender) three Germans came up from the side of the road and had a “free pass”, signed by Eisenhower, saying they would be treated well if they surrendered. They could not speak English, and we could not speak German. Another soldier and I took those three prisoners down to headquarters. Collecting prisoners took several days in May.

Other than frozen toes that were miserable, I was one of the few men who had not been injured somewhere along the line during the war.



John Rier and I were given a pass to London. We rode by boxcar to Paris for a few days, and then went on to LaHavre, France to board a ship headed for Southampton, England, and then on to London. We enjoyed our tour of London and then returned to our outfit by the same route. After that trip, I was loaned to an engineer battalion and ran a road grader for about a month.

At the end of the war, we were part of the Occupation Army in Germany just waiting to be called to Japan. The 103<sup>rd</sup> Division was dispersed, and came back as a unit to the States to prepare to go to Japan, but I did not have enough points to go. A soldier had to have fifty points to go home. I do not know how those points were accumulated. I spent several weeks in the infantry of the First Division. A friend of mine, Johnny Eastman, was transferred as well, but he got a job at battalion headquarters. I was still a buck private. At this point, I was not part of the 103<sup>rd</sup>, but I was in a position to be sent as a replacement. When they dropped the bomb on Japan, I was relieved. I had expected to be transferred to the Pacific Theater at any moment. Eastman was instrumental in gaining me a position in the 71<sup>st</sup> Division in Bavaria where I served most of my time in the Occupation Army until my discharge.



In high school, I worked on the school newspaper which was printed by a mimeograph machine. There was a broken mimeograph machine that needed fixing. I got the job. I don't know how, but I got a title and an office. Battalion clerk was my position with the duties of publishing the orders of the day and managing the Post Exchange for the headquarters. Because of my combat experience, I got my PFC stripe returned and, eventually, became a corporal in June or July. In January '46, I was promoted to a T4 Sergeant. I was in the Army of Occupation from the end of the war until March of '46.

After three years of service, I returned home on a troop ship sailing into New York. I was honorably discharged from Camp Atterbury in Indianapolis, Indiana on March 23, 1946. From Indianapolis, I took a bus home. No one knew I was coming home until I walked through the door. My twin brother had arrived home about two weeks before me. He had survived the Pacific!

I found that most of my local friends had moved from the area. At that time, a person could hardly find a car to buy, but one of my friends had a car. He also found me a date, and the four of us went to a dance. I found my date, Alice



Estes, to be very attractive, and she became my wife about three years later on April 30, 1949. We have been married for sixty-three years!

When I got out of the army, I got a job at Tecumseh Products; a factory that manufactured refrigerator compressors. After about a year, I found I didn't particularly like that job and decided to move on.

I got a job in the financial department of the Toledo Chevrolet Plant. I worked about fifteen years in the accounting department. When the 1400 Series IBM computers came out, I was sent to school to learn to program them. I belonged to a team that wrote programs for the Chevrolet manufacturing plants: payroll, inventory, and so on. We worked as programmers for the plants located in Cleveland, Saginaw, Bay City, Detroit, and Flint. It took us about two years to get that system completely up and running. As the management changed, the name changed from Chevrolet to Hydromatic to Powertrain. (GM Powertrain traces its history to many of the automotive companies that combined to form GM in 1908. Those companies included: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile and Cadillac.) I stayed with GM for thirty-nine plus years, taking many additional computer classes furnished by the corporation. But for all of my training, I do not own a computer to this day!





After working for forty-plus years, I retired in 1986. I enjoy woodworking and have a good collection of woodworking tools. That has been my hobby for the past twenty years.

My wife and I raised our two daughters. One of them, Debbi, came to the reunion with us along with my grandson, Kurt. My younger daughter (by 17 months), Cheryl, passed away from ovarian cancer about four years ago on July 20, 2008. Both of our daughters earned Master's degrees in education. We have six grandchildren – one girl and five boys – Nicole, Derrick, Bradford, Dean, Kurtis, and Dale. All six of our grandchildren have earned Bachelor's degrees. One grandson lives in Tampa, Florida, but all of the other grandchildren reside in or near Toledo. We have two great-grandsons, Preston and Noah. I am eighty-eight years old, and that is about as old as you can be.

SERGEANT LA MIRE  
SHOWING THE HOLE IN  
HIS DUTY CAP CAUSED  
BY A GERMAN BULLET

