

CAJUN CHRONICLE

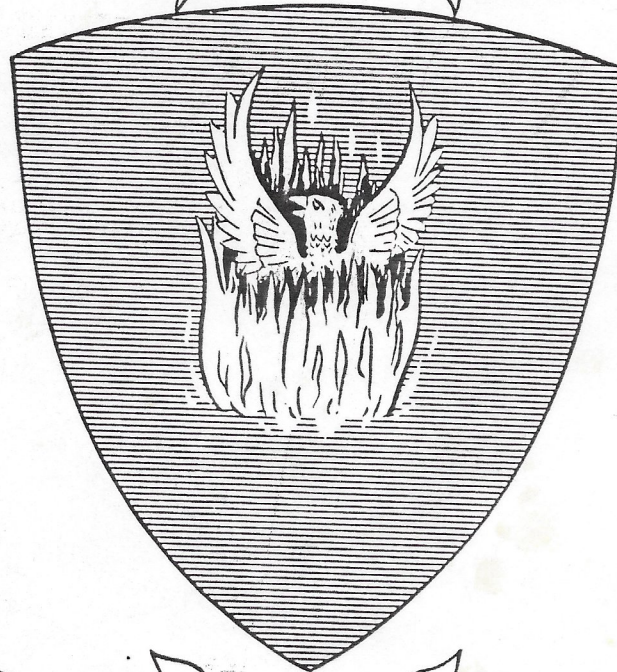
DECEMBER 1984

Insignia

I 5 6 T H I N F A N T R Y

HONNEUR

PATRIE



DISCIPLINE

VALEUR

BLAZONRY

SHIELD: Infantry (light) blue, with the Phoenix (golden) arising from the flames (red) of a blazing fire in the center.

MOTTO: Honneur Patrie Discipline Valeur.

by
Alton H. Detiveaux

Volume 1
Edition 3

"In centuries past, being a displaced people, the Cajuns have had great cause to defend their freedoms and other God given rights. Now as citizens of the United States of America, it is the responsibility of their descendants to protect and maintain those freedoms and principals our ancestors fought and died to secure.

As Americans, we must always be vigilant and remain strong enough to resist and repel all enemies of our country. We must also be knowledgable in the different ways in which subversionaries attempt to over-throw our government.

Yet we must never lose sight of the fact, that only when the peoples of the world can gather together in friendship, can there ever be peace."

PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

BEST WISHES FOR A

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

from

ALTON H. DETIVEAUX

and

FAMILY

Typing, printing and copying
by: Ledora Hernandez
109 Marie Drive
Houma, La. 70364

Published by Alton Dativeaux
Cajun Chronicle
P.O. Box 3329
Houma, La. 70361

December 1984

COLONEL (BUSTER)

CHRISTIAN L. OLIVIER JR.

This writer first met Colonel Christian Olivier in 1940 when the Louisiana National Guard, Company "C" 156th Infantry was drilling at the old Armory on Legion Ave. in Houma, Louisiana. Two of my older brothers were in the company under the command of then Captain Olivier. I was awed by those soldiers in their uniforms.

Captain Olivier's quiet commanding manner so impressed me, that I have never forgotten that first encounter. Ever since that day, I have had much respect and admiration for Colonel Olivier.

I had assumed then that with the name of Olivier, he was a bayou Cajun. It wasn't until recently that I learned that he was not born in Cajun-land.

When I contacted him to obtain his military and life history, he proved to be the kind of man I had always known he was. The Colonel not only typed his life history for this publication, he also volunteered to obtain much of the history of Company "C" 156th Infantry of Houma.

The Colonel's story begins on September 3, 1911 when he was born in Bogalusa, Louisiana in Washington Parish.

His parents, Christian Louis Olivier and Ida Druschke could never have visualized the heights their son would achieve in his lifetime.

The Colonel or (Buster) as he is known to his friends attended grade school at Saint Peter and Paul Parochial School in New Orleans, Louisiana. He then went on to Saint Aloysius College where he served as Associate Editor on the high school newspaper, "The Aloysian."

Christian enlisted as a private in Company "C" 156th Inf. in Houma on Feb. 18, 1930. He was inducted into the Army of the United States as a Commander of Company "C" on November 25, 1940. He had been in active service one year when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. His induction was extended indefinitely.

Colonel Olivier thought then that it would be a long war. As it turned out, it was much longer than he had dared think about.

See related story. **MEMOIRS OF COLONEL OLIVIER.**

Christian Olivier was first employed as an office worker at South Coast Corporation's Houma office in the plantation stores division. He was later promoted to bookkeeper and then went on as manager of the stores division. In April of 1950, he took employment as manager of A.M.&J.C. Dupont Department Store until his retirement on September 1, 1978.

Colonel Olivier was President of the Community Homestead Association from 1947 to 1983. He later became Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Homestead, a position he still holds at this writing.

Buster is past president of the Young Men's Business Club; the Houma Rotary Club; Chapter Chairman of the Terrebonne Parish Chapter, American Red Cross; Member of the 4th Degree Knights of Columbus; Saint Francis de Sales



Usher Society; American Legion; Veterans of Foreign Wars; Reserve Officers Association and President of the Terrebonne Historical & Cultural Society.

In 1948, Colonel Olivier was elected Alderman at Large for the City of Houma and served six continuous terms under Mayors Leon Gary, Conrad Picou, G. Leslie Broussard and Charles Davidson. He served as Mayor Pro-Tem for the City of Houma for twenty-three years. He is presently Vice Chairman of the Houma Parking Authority.

On Jan. 23, 1936, Christian Louis Olivier, Jr. married Lynette Hebert. They had five children: Mrs. Donald (Rochelle) Dumez, Christian Louis Olivier III, Mrs. Norval (Marie Lynette) Rhodes, Jacque Claude Olivier and Richard Pierre Olivier.

Although he was not born in Terrebonne Parish, Buster is a native son by right. We the citizens of this parish proudly proclaim him a bayou Cajun. He has certainly enhanced our community with his presence. His service to his country and to his community has made him a distinguished figure in our midst.

**MEMOIRS OF
COL. CHRISTIAN L. OLIVIER JR.
After inductment**

My reassignment orders from Camp Bowie took me back to Fort Benning, Georgia from a thirty day refresher course during which time I would report to the 95th Infantry Division. I was assigned to Company "A", 378th Infantry Regiment as Company Commander. As the school was completed, the Division was ordered to Camp Swift, Texas near Austin to organize and train.

We reported to Camp Swift in the early summer of 1942 and within a few weeks received our enlisted cadres consisting of a First Sergeant, Mess Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, Company Clerk and three cooks, First Class. With these men we began to draw Company supplies of all kinds to be ready to receive Selective Service men to fill us up to strength. The men arrived about six weeks after we reported to camp. They were somewhat older men, raw recruits drawn from the mid-western states across the country to the mid Atlantic states.

While Basic Training was under way, I was transferred to the Third Battalion 378th Infantry to serve under the then Major Simon Castille of Breaux Bridge, Louisiana who was in Command of this Battalion. My assignment was as Battalion Executive Officer.

Training continued and in the early fall, we got orders transferring the Division to Fort Sam Houston at San Antonio, Texas. Basic training and small unit training were carried on simultaneously as we spent one week in Fort Sam Houston and two weeks in the field at Camp Bullis (about twenty miles away) and at Camp Cibolo (another five miles out). Camp Cibolo was the more rugged camp with practically no facilities. At Camp Cibolo the Division Engineers set up a water point and purified our drinking water.

It was at Camp Bullis and Camp Cibolo, where both areas had a large population of small deer, that we found the area infested with ticks that harrassed officers and men alike. The ticks were dormant during the winter months, but as spring weather showed up, so did the ticks.

I was in Camp Bullis with the Third Battalion one bright morning when Colonel Castille looked me up to present me with a pair of Oak Leaves and advised that my promotion to the rank of Major had come through. This surely

made my day.

Our training now emphasized the ability to march longer distances and units were put through training to develop the ability to cover five miles in one hour and nine miles in two hours. This came about because it was said the German elite troops had such abilities as noted in the fighting taking place in North Africa.

As the summer of 1943 approached, the 95th Division was assigned to the Louisiana Maneuver area for Division maneuvers. At the completion of these maneuvers our Division was assigned to Camp Polk, near DeRidder, Louisiana. This had been a tank division camp and it took some improvisation to use it for an infantry division.

While at Camp Polk, I was transferred to the First Battalion, 378th Infantry as commanding Officer and promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel.

We continued small unit training until October when we were assigned to the Desert Training Center, Desert Center, California. This was a rail movement and the Desert Training Center was operated as a theater of war.

Rations, munitions, water and other supplies were drawn from the quartermaster and evacuation of sick and injured was through field hospitals just as in the theatre of war. We remained in the desert training center until March 1944 when the Division was assigned to the Indiantown Gap Military reservation at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

This again was a rail movement across country by way of Chicago, Illinois. D-Day in Europe occurred while we were at Indiantown and the fighting in the hedgerow country around Normandy caused casualties. At Indiantown Gap, we lost all of our officers except one per company. They were sent overseas as replacements. We were shortly assigned new officers from service schools. The training at Indiantown was largely Basic refresher courses and small unit leadership exercises to develop squad and platoon leaders.

In July of 1944 the 95th Division was ordered to Camp Miles Standish near Boston, Massachusetts to prepare for overseas movement and on August 6th, we sailed out of Boston Harbor aboard the SS Mariposa (a Matson Steamship Liner) unescorted for Liverpool, England.

We landed at Liverpool on August 13th, debarking at night, and we were moved by rail across England to New Arlesford, eight miles from Winchester. My headquarters was a country estate house called "Armsworth House". The troops were billeted in Quonset Huts that were on the property and were camouflaged as well as possible.

We were issued new weapons and new transportation and all items of personal equipment carefully inspected for serviceability.

We crossed the English Channel from Southampton in a coastal steamer and were put ashore by landing craft at Omaha Beach, Normandy, France on September 11, 1944. We spent about two weeks in a farmyard at Tesay, France near St. Mere Eglise as a part of the Ninth Army.

We began moving toward General Patton's Third Army reserve area around LeTone, France about October 11, 1944. We were assigned the defensive forward area of the Fifth Division whom we would relieve so that they could go back for rest and refitting. They had been on the front lines over ninety days without a break.

The relief took place at night October 17-18 and we were now on the front lines. The Germans sent out night patrols and we did also to learn what we could about them. One German patrol ran into our position about midnight one night and after a fire fight, we captured at least one prisoner who was wounded.

On October 31, the Fifth Division reoccupied their same positions and we

withdrew to the rear and moved northward to Malancourt where we relieved the 90th Division who had also been on the front lines for ninety days or more. They also went to the rear for rest and refitting.

A general attack on the German positions around Metz was ordered on November 20, 1944. We attacked a ridge overlooking the plain to the Moselle River with the 377th Infantry Regiment on our left leading with their left on the banks of the Moselle River. Our attack on the fortified nose of the ridge jumped off following an artillery barrage thirty minutes later.

At the end of the first day's fighting, our forward Companies "A" and "B" were on the regimental objective and our reserve Company "C" rested on the fortified nose of that forbidding ridge. We had suffered 26 killed and 55 wounded in this single day's fighting.

The next day, November 21, our Reserve Company was ordered to attack along the ridge top and move abreast of the companies. In following the attacking company, as I was moving the Battalion Observation Post forward, I was struck by a fragment of an exploding anti-personnel mine. I was hit in the right hand. My runner, Pfc. Rainsford Winslow was struck in the right thigh by the same mine.

I had to call my Executive Officer, Major Paul Hugens to come forward and replace me while I went for medical attention to the Battalion Aid Station. I waited until Major Hugens and his runner came up, briefed him on the situation and then walked down to the aid station. Litter bearers brought Private First Class Winslow down at the same time.

It was determined that I would have to be evacuated for surgical treatment, so my compass, wrist watch, pistol, and my steel helmet were turned over to the supply section and I was tagged ambulatory wounded and sent back by ambulance with Private First Class Winslow and several wounded others.

I continued moving by ambulance to the rear until I was finally stopped at a school building somewhere east of Paris, that had been converted to a field hospital. Here, I was placed on a stretcher to rest in a long corridor. I was checked promptly by medics who told me I would be taken care of as soon as they could get to me. This corridor had men on stretchers on both sides of the wall.

A Chaplain came by to offer assistance and brought some liquid to drink. He said it would be several hours before they could get to me because there were a number of very seriously wounded men awaiting attention.

At about 6 P.M. two orderlies came to take me to the operating room. Once in there, the preparation nurse came with a pair of scissors to cut my good sweater and army wool shirt off of me. But I asked her not to cut my good sweater, as I could not replace it. She was amused, but agreed to help me take them off until we got down to the woolen undershirt I had been wearing a week or more. Then she had her fun cutting it off me and throwing it away.

They put me to sleep with sodium pentathol and about 45 minutes or an hour later, I woke up in the ward with a nurse checking my return to consciousness. I was physically exhausted and slept on and off for about two days, when suddenly I realized that my wife Lynette, at home, would get a telegram from the War Department saying I had been wounded in action. I immediately got a V-Mail form and with my left hand printed a short note saying I had been wounded in the right hand but was otherwise OK. I also wrote the same note and mailed it Air Mail hoping one or the other would get home before the War Department's telegram arrived.

As it happened, the Air Mail letter got through and was delivered before the War Department's telegram was received.

A few days after surgery we were put on a hospital train to Paris and then by air to a hospital near Bristol, England. I stayed there about ten

days as my wounds healed. Then I was assigned to a rehabilitation center for therapy to redevelop the use of my right hand. Many types of exercise devices were available and I had a daily schedule for using them. There was also a whirlpool hot water bath into which I had to place my right hand and arm down to the elbow. All of this treatment was very beneficial and my disability improved daily.

About December 10, while I was still in the rehabilitation center, we got reports of the powerful German attack in the bitter cold weather around Triers, Belgium. This seemed to be a rerun of an earlier battle of World War II when the Germans started the war by attacking through Holland and Belgium. American losses were said to be severe in manpower, material and territory. This action was later called the Battle of the Bulge.

My 95th Division went north from Metz under General Patton to cut off this German salient and restore the American lines from the south. The British army, with our American First Army attached under General Montgomery were attacking the Germans on the northern flank. Both operations were trying to reach the American 101 Airborne Division which was surrounded at Bastogne, Belgium.

This fighting and loss of material caused an interruption of mail service so severe that I did not get any mail from the time I was wounded in November until the first week of March 1945. Then came a packet of about sixty letters including Christmas mail and a Christmas fruit cake sent from home before Thanksgiving. I ate some of the fruit cake to celebrate VE Day on May 8, 1945 in Paris.

While I was in the rehabilitation center, the Christmas and New Year's holidays came up. A Christmas party was arranged by the American Red Cross personnel to entertain English children orphaned by the bombings in England. A bus load of children arrived at the appointed time. Each person from the rehabilitation center was assigned a child as his guest for the occasion. A Christmas tree, a Santa Claus (they called him Father Christmas) with a bag of small gifts for each child was there and a good supply of fruits and candies. I was surprised that these children were so excited to get oranges and bananas. The little blonde girl who was my guest asked me to peel her orange at once. I was told that fruit was very hard to get during that time in England.

In England, children do not receive their Christmas toys on Christmas day. They are given these gifts on, "Boxing Day" which is the first week after Christmas.

The English citizens who could afford to do so, invited patients of the Center to their homes for Christmas dinner. If you accepted, all you were expected to do was to be on time. I accepted an invitation and Christmas Day dawned with a dense fog over the countryside that lasted all day. I took a taxicab to my host's home and visited with them until dinner was served. It was a very lovely way to spend Christmas since I could not be home with my family. My taxicab had instructions to pick me up after dinner and I returned to the center at about 2:30 P.M. that day.

These kind people (the same family) invited me to be their guest for evening dinner New Year's Eve and so I returned to visit with them again. I arrived about 6:00 P.M. and the couple met me outside their home on the walkway. There is a custom in England that a stranger visiting a home bearing a bucket of coal brings good luck for the year. I was offered a bucket of coal to bring into the house, which I enjoyed doing.

Once again a lovely meal was served and it ended with plum pudding and demi-tasse coffee for dessert. I suspect the hostess contrived to put the silver six pence in my slice of pudding. At any rate, I got it and was told

it was a symbol of good fortune for the coming year.

Somehow I learned that I was classified as "Six months Limited Service" to allow time for the blood circulation in my hand to restore itself and regain its strength and greater usefulness.

Shortly after New Year's Day three officers from the rehabilitation center were ordered to London for interview and reassignment. There was a Captain Hunter, a Tank Division Officer, a Major William Coethals of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, an Infantry Officer and I was the third member of the group.

We proceeded to London by train and reported to the proper Headquarters. We were interviewed by a Colonel on behalf of General Eisenhower to determine our suitability to be used as Directors of the Allied Expeditionary Forces Clubs. The AEF Clubs were created to foster good will and comradeship between soldiers of the American, British, and French armies. We were told that General Eisenhower, Winston Churchill and General Charles de Gaulle of France were personally interested in this project.

In finality, I was chosen to be the American representative on this board. Major Coethals was also assigned to the project. We had a day left on our orders to London, so the three of us hired a London cab for a sightseeing tour of London. This cabbie knew his business and took us to all the better attractions in three hours.

We returned to the rehabilitation center and received orders within a few days. I was assigned to the Grand Hotel in Paris where I found the British representative, a Major Gore and a Lieutenant Dieudonne of France who represented their armies with me. My orders included travel by Military Air and I reported to the Grand Hotel. I was met by an American Colonel Phillips whom I was replacing. After several weeks of orientation and briefing, Colonel Phillips was reassigned.

An American Lieutenant Lugens and a British Sergeant Major Day who had been on the staff since the AEF Clubs began remained with me and were very helpful and valuable assistants while I was in charge.

Grand Hotel had about 250 rooms on five floors and we had about 900 beds and army cots in them. The system was to discharge and receive 300 soldiers each day. They were allotted roughly 150 Americans, 100 British and 50 French beds each day. These were combat troops on rest leave from the front lines. They would check into the Red Cross Central Billeting Office and be assigned from there. These men usually arrived between 4 P.M. and 6 P.M. daily while departing parties left before noon.

The Military Police occasionally made a check of Hotel residents in the midnight to five A.M. hours to pick up deserters who had not returned to their units on time. Very few were ever caught at our Grand Hotel as these people tended to hide out all over Paris and avoided the official leave hotels as much as possible.

I got to see men and officers I had served with; some were from Houma and Thibodaux and on one occasion a group from my First Battalion Headquarters Company of the 378th Infantry under First Sergeant Bellville had difficulty getting billets from the Red Cross Billeting Office and just showed up at the Grand Hotel door. That was the rare occasion I had taken off to go see a play at the Opera House across the street. Since they had no orders, they waited until I got back about 9 P.M. As we had enough empty beds to accommodate the 25 men, we took them in promptly and fed them so they could shower and shave to go out on the town. Many of them didn't get back until the evening before departure back to the front.

One evening while eating supper in a small dining room at the Hotel, I noted that most of the staff were at supper when I came in. I got my meal and

after eating it, the Chef, a Mr. Maloubier marched in with several of his assistants. They were all dressed in white balloon hats and coats bearing a white cake in the shape of a star with candles on it. I was told by Lieutenant Lugens that I had been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action. They were helping me to celebrate it. I was thoroughly surprised as I couldn't remember anything I did that might be considered "Gallantry" in action.

VE Day came in April and we continued to handle rotating groups on the same basis while redeployment effort against Japan was being carried out. Some Divisions that had seen front line service were being returned to the United States for retraining and transshipment from the West Coast ports. Others were being sent direct from Europe via the Panama Canal. The whole power of the United States forces in the ETO were to be exerted against Japan.

The United States was secretly developing the atomic bomb and on August 6, 1945 the first of these bombs was dropped on the City of Horoshima. Three days later, on August 9th, another atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. These two very powerful and destructive bombs took all the fight out of the Japanese War Lords. They began negotiating a surrender that finally took place on September 2, 1945.

From this time on, the primary mission was to dismantle our powerful war machine and get the men back home. As for the AEF Clubs, there were three: one in Paris; another in Brussels and one in Frankfurt. The Paris and Brussels Clubs were ordered closed immediately. We made preparations to return them to the civilian authorities of Paris and Brussels. The Frankfurt Club remained open because the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces was located there in what was known as the Farben Industries Building.

I had the pleasure of attending a SHAEF party hosted by General Eisenhower on the occasion of the dissolution of the Allied Headquarters shortly before I was assigned to the pool of returning veterans. General Eisenhower greeted each one individually and shook hands with us.

My stay in Fort Dix was very short and I found myself in charge of a troop train taking southern area troops to Camp Shelby, Mississippi near Hattiesburg for discharge.

While at Camp Shelby I got a message from Colonel Metcalfe, my wartime Regimental Commander who was in the Camp, inviting me to his quarters for a drink and conversation. This was the first time I had seen him since I got wounded in the field. He asked about my recuperation and my activities after leaving the field. Colonel Bays, the Regimental executive officer was also there.

I completed my deprocessing at Camp Shelby in two days, then took a bus to New Orleans and to Houma, arriving October 5, 1945. This was Lynette's birthday and a very happy day for all of us.

COLONEL BERNARD C. LEBOUF

Bernard Clay LeBoeuf was born on September 16, 1915 in the heart of Cajun country at Belle River, Louisiana. His parents were George P. Le Boeuf and Bertha Bernard of Belle River.

The Colonel attended Terrebonne High School and the South Louisiana Trade School in Houma.

In 1933, Bernard LeBoeuf joined the Louisiana National Guard in Houma as a Private. Like many other local veterans, he was to see most of Europe while fighting during WWII.

When Company "C" of the 156th Infantry was federalized into service on November 25, 1940, then Lieutenant LeBoeuf was serving as executive officer for the Company. He was later separated from the unit and made a training officer for the 156th Infantry, 81st Infantry Division and the 87th Infantry Division. He also trained Cadres at Camp Blanding, Florida; Camp Rucker, Alabama and at Camp McCain, Mississippi. He also served with the Provisional and Experimental Combat Command of the 2nd Mechanized Cavalry.

Colonel LeBoeuf fought in the Rhineland, Ardennes Campaign, Battle of the Bulge and led the 3rd Army most of the way in the central Campaign with the 2nd Mechanized Cavalry. From England, he was in campaigns in Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany, Austria, France and Czechoslovakia.

Once his outfit was surrounded for one week by German O.C.S. units after they had crossed the Czech border. "We had a job to do and we put our minds to have the will to fight." That was his slogan. He did his job and done it well.

Bernard Clay LeBoeuf is married to the former Pearl Pitre. It will be 48 years on November 10, 1984 since he and Pearl have celebrated their first marriage vows.

The Colonel's hobbies are football, baseball, hunting and fishing. I often hear of some of his fishing tales from his daughter Chris.

Colonel LeBoeuf remained in the military until 1963 when he retired after 30 years of service. In WWII, he received the following awards: Bronze Stars, Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Pre-Pearl Harbor Medal, Combat Infantry Badge, European African Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon with three Bronze Stars. He is a member of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Just in case some of you think you don't know him, you may remember him from his days as manager of the men's department at Krauss's Houma Bargain Store and from A.M.&J.C. Dupont's. He was that quiet fellow that waited on you.

Colonel Bernard Clay LeBoeuf has served his country and his community with Honor, Dignity, and Pride and Love. He is certainly a man to be remembered.



See Following Story. (About Colonel LeBoeuf and his military history, which also includes Company "C" 156th Infantry.)

THE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA NATIONAL GUARD

156th Infantry Company "C"

For more than two hundred years, the Louisiana National Guard, under various national flags and different banners has served since 1769.

In 1769, General Alexander O'Reilly, the Governor of the Spanish Province of Louisiana founded the Regiment of the City Militia in the colony of New Orleans. This was the forerunner of what was to become known as the 156th Infantry of the Louisiana National Guard. Since its origin in 1769, the Regiment was known by the following names.

From 1769 to 1803, the Regiment was under Spanish rule with its original name. Then for twenty days under French rule, it became the Regiment of the City Militia and the Corps of American Volunteers.

Between 1803 and 1821 under the American flag, it was known as the Regiment of the City Militia and the Battalion of New Orleans Volunteers.

The name of the Regiment had its first significant change in 1821 when it was officially called The Infantry Regiment of the Louisiana Legion. It carried that name until 1878.

From 1878 to 1898, the Regiment was called the First Brigade. Then in 1898, it became known as the Second Louisiana Infantry. It remained thus until 1913 when the Second and First Infantry merged. It was then designated the First Louisiana Infantry.

In 1917 it was changed to the 156th Infantry and has remained such.

The Regiment served gallantly through more than two centuries. Listing only a few of the battles or campaigns it participated in.

Under the Spanish flag, the Regiment took Pensacola, Florida under General Bernardo de Galvez. It also engaged the British at Baton Rouge and at Manchac, Louisiana.

The Regiment was present when the French flag was lowered in New Orleans on December 20, 1803 and witnessed the American Stars and Stripes raised in its place.

Under the command of General Andrew Jackson, the unit distinguished itself in the Battle of New Orleans.

The Phoenix Company, an independent company of Louisiana Volunteers, led by Captain Albert G. Blanchard fought in the Mexican War where they again distinguished themselves.

Later, in the Civil War, the Infantry Regiment of the Louisiana Legion again under the leadership of now Colonel Blanchard, served in the Confederate Army throughout the war. One hundred sixty-three of its total strength of 960 enlisted men were killed in battle. Nineteen of its officers were also killed. The Regiment fought in 28 separate battles during the four years of the Civil War.

During the Spanish-American War, the Regiment was held in active duty until several months after the war ended. Although they did not see battle, the Regiment served with the Army of occupation in Cuba.

In 1913, the Regiment had been a New Orleans organization. It merged with the First Louisiana Infantry which consisted mostly of rural parishes.

In the Mexican Border Campaign of 1916, The First Louisiana Infantry Regiment was stationed at San Benito, Texas.

On April 1, 1917, the Regiment was mobilized into Federal Service for WWI. In September of that year, The First Louisiana Regiment was redesignated as the 156th Infantry. On September 3, 1918, two months before WWI ended, the Regiment made port at Brest, France. While the 156th did not see combat as a unit, some of its members were reassigned to combat units in the field. Hundreds of its officers and enlisted men gave a good account of themselves. (Terrebonne was represented.)

Upon their return, the Regiment was demobilized as the troops were mustered from service. In reorganizing the Regiment, the Company in Natchitoches was the first to be accepted in June of 1921. In August of 1922, the reorganization was completed. Thus it has remained.

1940 NATIONAL EMERGENCY

MOBILIZATION

COMPANY "C" 156th INFANTRY

AT HOUMA, LA.

NOVEMBER 25, 1940

NOTE.

These memoirs were compiled by Captain (Colonel) Christian L. Olivier, Jr.; Lieutenant (Colonel) Bernard C. LeBoeuf; (Others were also promoted but their ranks are not known by this writer.) Lieutenant Stanley R. Songy; Sergeant Arnold J. Gaudet; Sergeant Lloyd A. Guidry and Corporal Charles E. Elfert.

Because of the state of war between England, France and the low countries of Europe with Germany and Italy, the Louisiana National Guard was alerted during the summer of 1940 to the probability of mobilization in the fall of that year. We were advised to get our affairs in order so that mobilization could proceed smoothly.

Accordingly, the order to mobilize was issued and set November 25, 1940 as the date set for induction. The mobilization period to be effective for one year's training.

A recruiting campaign to gain more strength was initiated immediately after our return from camp. Enlistments increased the company strength to about 125 men by mobilization date. Recruits came from Lockport, Larose, Cut Off, Raceland as well as from Houma and Terrebonne Parish.

On the 25th of November 1940, the Company assembled at the National Guard Armory which was in the old American Legion Hall on Legion Ave. in Houma, Louisiana. It was situated on the ground now occupied by the Mental Health Center. Company Officers were Captain Christian L. Olivier, Jr., Commanding;

1st Lieutenant Bernard Clay LeBoeuf, Executive Officer and 1st Lieutenant Jules A. Boudreaux.

A training program had been prepared for a thirty day stay in Houma. The men would return to their homes after a day's training and retreat formation.

Within ten days of mobilization, a team of medical doctors examined all members of the Company for physical fitness to be accepted into the Army. When this was completed more than 40 men were dropped because they did not have sufficient teeth to be eligible and the mobilized strength of the Company dropped to 78 men.

About December 10, we were advised by Headquarters that we should prepare to move to our training camp which was to be Camp Blanding near Starks, Florida. We were further advised that movement would be by rail from Schriever, Louisiana to Starks and that such Company transportation we had, would move under Regimental Control to camp. This movement was ordered for December 15, 1940. We were also told that no Christmas leaves for the 1940 Christmas holidays would be approved.

We arrived at Camp Blanding to find the Camp about 60% complete. This was to be a tent Camp. Wooden squares to locate each tent down the Company Streets were in place. Only one latrine per Battalion area was ready for use. Mess hall buildings were ready, but kitchens had not been fully equipped. Therefore, we erected the tents and prepared our WWI field stove under a kitchen fly in the Company Street near the mess hall. This situation lasted about three weeks, after which we were able to move to the mess hall kitchens.

The Battalion latrine caused a very crowded condition especially at Reveille when 500 or so men were getting up for a day's training. It was at least 60 days before all latrines were turned over to the Companies so that each unit had its own.

One interesting thing with the civilian labor who were building our camp facilities is that they seemed to be dragging their feet on the job. It was said that one worker took a nap in the attic of a mess hall and was nailed up in it before he woke up. Our Battalion Commander Lieutenant Colonel Jasper K. Wright, Sr. of Houma ordered a fully equipped sentry to be posted near any building in which the laborers were working. Laborers going and coming got curious and asked the sentry to be posted near any building the laborers were working. Laborers going and coming got curious and asked the sentry what he was doing there. His reply was that he was there to protect it. This had the effect of keeping the job moving to completion wherever the sentries were posted.

In the Company areas there were many pine stumps left where the area had been cleared. Digging these stumps became the task of volunteers and later as extra duty for those guilty of minor infractions of the rules.

In March of 1941, we were sent several groups of selective service inductees who filled the Company up to our allotted strength. Most of these men were from Louisiana. They came from the St. Martinville area, Algiers, Gretna, Houma and Thibodaux, plus a few from the Philadelphia area. Because there were fifteen or twenty in the Company who were unable to read or write, we held after duty classes in the mess hall to teach them to write their name so that they could sign the payroll in order to get paid.

We went through a progressive training program at Camp Blanding. Physical conditioning to harden us to the rigors of the field and longer marches were practiced. As we got into field maneuvers during the summer of 1941, the Division planned a Division exercise that included a 60 mile march across country to Ocala, Florida. This march was accomplished by making three twenty mile a day marches to and from Ocala with a five day field maneuver in the vicinity of Ocala. Company "C" made the march without losing a man to the

medics. Morale was very high and as we started back, we were all determined to make it all the way without casualties. We had some sore feet. The week in the field had taken its toll, but rotating the men on and off the Company transportation we made it all the way back 100%.

COMPANY COMMAND FALLS TO LIEUTENANT LEBOEUF

In July of 1941, Captain Olivier was assigned to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia to attend the Basic Infantry Officer's course. This school program required 90 days to complete. The command of Company "C" was passed to 1st Lt. Bernard C. LeBoeuf. It was under Lieutenant LeBoeuf's command that Company "C" attended the 1941 Louisiana maneuvers with the 31st Division in the late summer of that year.

As fall began, we were looking forward to the completion of our year's training and possible return to civil life, but the war in Europe was raging. England was taking a beating from the German Air Force. Instead of returning to civil life, we were sent into the Carolina maneuver area for more field training. We returned to Camp Blanding by the end of November. That's where we were when on Sunday, December 7, 1941 we received the news by radio that the Japanese had attacked and heavily damaged our fleet and installations at Pearl Harbor. The following day President Roosevelt addressed the joint Houses of Congress and the nation was at war with Germany and Japan. We now knew for certain that we were in the Army for the duration.

On Pearl Harbor Day, Camp Blanding was sealed to the extent that no one was allowed out of camp and those on pass or leave were ordered to return to camp at the earliest possible time. All units of the 156th Infantry were alerted to prepare for movement and we were filled up with men to full war strength by transfers from the 124th and the 167th Infantry Regiments.

Upon return to Camp Blanding and having rested and cleaned up a bit, we were again alerted for movement. This time the movement orders took us to Camp Bowie, Texas (near Brownwood) by truck convoy.

At Camp Bowie in 1942, we received a refresher training course in basics such as First Aid, Map Reading, Rifle Marksmanship, etc. As the Army was activating its Reserve Divisions, our 31st Division was called on to furnish Training Cadres of Officers and Enlisted men to train them. Accordingly, Lieutenant LeBoeuf and Lieutenant Boudreaux were assigned to the 87th Infantry Division training Cadre and left Company "C". A few weeks later, Captain Olivier was assigned to the 95th Infantry Division Cadre.

CAPTAIN ROY WALKER TAKES COMMAND

The command of Company "C" passed to Captain Roy Walker, a native of New Iberia, Louisiana. Junior officers still with the Company were 2nd Lt. Roland J. Champagne and 2nd Lt. Stanley R. Songy, both of whom were National Guard members inducted at Houma and who attended Officer Candidate School to get their commissions.

Shortly after Captain Walker took command of the Company, the 156th

Infantry Regiment was alerted for overseas movement. In the immediate period following the notice of alert, the men in the Company were given ten day furloughs to visit their families before going overseas. Basic training continued through the summer for those still at camp.

In mid-September of 1942, we left Camp Bowie by train. Our destination was Fort Dix, New Jersey. We remained at Fort Dix about two weeks as we prepared for movement overseas. At this time, the Germans were bombing England and fighting the Russians on the Eastern front. We were given shots, had our pictures taken for passports and checked equipment.

We entrucked for the trip to New York City Harbor and arrived at the Hudson River on the Jersey City side where a ferry took us across the river to a large British ship which was called the Orantas Barrow.

After boarding the ship, a lunch was served and we had our first taste of British food which few of us found very tasty. Once the troops were loaded, we started moving down river past the Statue of Liberty into the Atlantic Ocean.

The next morning we woke up in the Port of Halifax, Nova Scotia. In the afternoon of that same day we left the harbor for the open seas to join a convoy of ships for the trip across the Atlantic. There were more than thirty ships in the convoy which included troop ships, cargo ships, battleships, destroyers and cruisers. We were bound for Bristol, England. We arrived there on the twelfth day after departing from Halifax.

The trip required twelve days because the convoy changed course every seven minutes. We were told that a submarine cannot get an accurate shot on a ship from bow to stern and that it takes seven minutes to set up for a target on its starboard or port sides. While we were at sea, it was said that several submarines were sighted but none attacked the convoy.

We arrived in Bristol, England in the afternoon and it was night time before we could debark. When we got off, we marched through the dock to a waiting train that moved us to the interior of England.

We arrived in the morning at an unnamed campsite near the town of Broadway, England where we stayed for about a month. Our next move was to a newly built prisoner-of-war camp between the towns of Evasham and Burton-on-the-Hill. This turned out to be our assignment, guarding prisoners of war. The camp was empty when we first got there, but we began receiving Italian prisoners of war captured in Africa. A little later, German POW's began to arrive. They were brought in by trains and trucks.

On arrival, prisoners were interrogated by Intelligence teams provided by higher Headquarters. A record of any information obtained was made. The prisoners were then assigned to quarters in Nisson Huts similar to ours which were outside the barbed wire compound. We had to provide food and medical care for them and prevent their escape. We had been equipped with the necessary jeeps, trucks and an English ambulance. We guarded this camp on a 24 hour basis. The prisoners had their own cooks, kitchens and mess halls. Prisoners were occasionally required to go on work details outside the camp under guard.

COMMAND NOW PASSES TO LIEUTENANT STANSBURY

When we had been on this POW assignment for about a year, Captain Walker was reassigned and 1st Lieutenant Ogden E. Stansbury of Morgan City, Louisiana took over command.

About July 1944 Company "C" was relieved of the POW assignment and moved to a town named Devizes, England where we stayed only a few days. We then moved to Southhampton where we boarded LSTs to cross the English Channel to France. We landed at Omaha Beach and waded ashore in waist deep seawater. This was mid-August of 1944. From Omaha Beach, we travelled by truck through Normandy toward Rennes and Angers, France.

Across the Loire river from Angers, there was a pocket of Germans that were bypassed and left there by the advancing Allied Army. Our duty was to outpost along the river to prevent the Germans from escaping or trying to get into the City for sabotage or looting. In the city of Angers, there were some American ammunition dumps, several liquor warehouses and a warehouse containing some sporting guns, rifles and pistols taken from French civilians by the Germans during the occupation. All of these had to be protected by our guards.

When we were relieved of our duties at Angers in September, we were moved to the outskirts of Paris at a place called Port de Vincennes. We were there about a month. Our duty was to provide Military Police service directing Military cargo trucks along the "Red Ball Route". Roads in France were very narrow and our trucks had difficulty passing each other, so an Easterly route to the front and a westerly route back to the supply lines, originally around Omaha Beach was developed. Our men were traffic guides to keep supplies moving along the Red Ball Route.

COMMAND GOES TO CAPTAIN LOGAN

At about this time, Captain Stansbury was relieved and Captain Joseph Logan also of Morgan City, Louisiana took command.

In early October, we were relieved of our Red Ball duty and sent into the heart of Paris. Our quarters were in a building about one block from the Eiffel Tower. We were again assigned to guard duties. This time, it was to protect warehouses scattered about the city that contained loot abandoned by the German Army as they hastily retreated from the Paris area.

In mid-December of 1944, we were assigned another mission. We entrucked and moved out of Paris. While we were on the road, we were stopped and instructed to camp in the immediate vicinity. We later learned that the Battle of the Bulge was under way and the High Command were studying their manpower needs. However, we were ordered to resume the march. We continued on our way to the Normandy Coast.

Our assignment there was to protect the coast of France from some 35,000 Germans who had fled to the Channel Islands when their army retreated. The Channel Islands are the Isles of Jersey, Guernsey and Sark.

We could see the Isle of Jersey very well from our position on the French

coast. U. S. Troops were stationed from Cherbourg to Cranville, France guarding this coast, but our sector was the Portbaille to the Barneville portion. Almost every night, we were bombarded from the islands. German patrols in rubber rafts were sent out every night. Our radar would pick them up as they left the islands, but would lose them as they got close to the shore. Many of them landed and came ashore. They would hide out by day and roam at night, so we slept during the day and were on duty all night. All outposts were diligently checked every two hours.

One night one of our outposts spotted a German patrol and commanded "Halt". The lead German didn't halt and was killed, then the others surrendered; except the lieutenant in charge. He shot himself in the head rather than surrendering.

This was our last assignment which continued until the war ended in April. After we were relieved from this assignment, the company moved to LeMans, France where the men with high points began to be rotated back home by individuals.

1941 ROSTER
COMPANY "C" 156TH INFANTRY
AT
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

*** NATIONAL GUARDSMEN INDUCTED AT HOUMA, LA. ON 11/25/1940**

CAPTAIN

* Christian L. Olivier, Jr. Commanding Officer

LIEUTENANTS

* Bernard C. LeBoeuf Executive Officer
* Jules A. Boudreaux
* Roland J. Champagne
* Stanley R. Songy

SERGEANTS

* John D. Dover
* Klebert D. Martin
* Leland M. Belanger
* Allen J. Blanchard
* Bonner O. Blanchard
* Celester J. Brien
* Sylvester P. Brien
* Gorum J. Cenac
* Justin A. Duplantis
* Maurice J. Fanguy
* Arnold J. Gaudet
* Lloyd A. Guidry
* Julius F. Hebert
* Morris A. Porche
* Fred E. Thibodeaux
Albert E. Tilleux

CORPORALS

* Onezippe J. Avet, Jr.
* Charles D. Boudreaux

CORPORALS (cont'd)

John P. Bishop
* James M. Cannon
Robert V. Daspit
* David J. Fields
* Patrick C. Ford
* Alvin J. Guidry
* Leslie J. Guidry
Fred L. James
* Dominique J. LaBruyere Jr.
* Ray P. Matherne

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Jules A. Acosta
* Sidney J. Adams
James B. Allen
* Clifton J. Bergeron
* Olden J. Bourgeois
Weaver W. Crochet
Alfred Copeland
* Evans C. Daigle

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS (cont'd)

Henry C. Dauenhauer
 * Alcee J. Detiveaux
 * Norris J. Dupre
 * Charles E. Elfert
 Alvin J. Encalade
 * Whitney J. Exnicious
 * Anthony W. Galliano
 Alexander Hoffpauir
 * Edward J. King
 * Oneil C. Labit
 * Louis J. LeBlanc
 * Easton J. LeCompte
 * Kerragen C. Ledet
 * Ivy J. Leonard
 * Morris P. Matherne
 * Alton P. Melancon
 Lucien S. Mire
 * Paul J. Neil
 * McNair J. Orgeron
 Edgar B. Pearce
 * Horace J. Pellegrin
 * Harris P. Pitre
 * James J. Pitre, Jr.
 * Harold N. Rhodes
 * Irvin J. Robichaux
 * Lionel J. Robichaux
 Horace A. Ruiz
 Joseph S. Strada
 * Euclid J. Theriot, Jr.
 * James J. Trahan
 Wallis J. Waguespack, Jr.

PRIVATEES

Curtis Abshire
 Henry Anglin
 Eugene J. Arceneaux
 Calvin J. Barrilleaux
 Alvin J. Blanchard
 James L. Boggan
 Everette W. Boozer
 Frank Cashio
 Ernest J. Cashman
 Ira J. Chauvin
 Bernard J. Ciravola
 Garland Clayton
 Aytch Devlin
 Mac Duke
 Lacey L. Dufour
 Clifford A. Dupre
 Laurence H. Favalora, Jr.
 * Sergen J. Fonseca
 Daniel T. Foret
 Lafate H. Franks
 Aubrey Gay

PRIVATEES (cont'd)

Warren E. Goss
 Joseph C. Gotreaux
 Lorton Granger
 Louis Gremillion
 Chester P. Guidry
 Tansy P. Guillory
 Julius B. Halbleib
 Wilbert Hanks
 Rufus A. Harmon
 Paul A. Hebert
 Ruble J. Hebert
 James D. Hewitt
 Karl Hymel
 Clinton W. Jiles
 John H. Kuesel
 Mike Kushner
 Edward J. Laborde, Jr.
 Orelia Lacombe
 Joseph E. LeBoeuf
 Junius P. LeCompte
 Howard Lejeune
 P. J. Lelekis
 William C. Leonard
 Hubert Little
 Joseph Lucewicz
 Michael Luzetsky
 A. A. Lijewsky
 Arnice Mahaffey
 Wilson T. Marcel, Jr.
 R. T. Maren
 Gus Miller
 Daniel H. McNamara
 Walter J. Nepveux
 Amos A. Pilcher
 Oris G. Phelps
 Essay Prejean
 James M. Pritchard
 Everette Ray
 Ozer Richard
 Anley Rider
 Pershing L. Roberie
 Issac J. Routh
 Jesse D. Sanson
 Albert J. Scialo
 Raoul Simon
 Charley C. Stanley
 Matthew Tate
 * Abel J. Theriot
 Andy Touchet
 * Evest P. Trahan
 Ollie J. Vedrine
 William C. Yancey

MEN & WOMEN WHO SERVED THEIR COUNTRY WITH HONORS

(Cont'd from last issue "Veterans from WWII, Korea, and the Viet-Nam wars";
Vol. 1, Ed. 2).

Baber Ray Dean Jr.
Pvt. Army b. 12/19/52
6/26/72 to 9/13/72

Babin Daniel James
SP4 Army b. 2/22/52
5/16/72 to 5/7/74

Babin Calvin J. Jr.
SM/1C Navy b. 9/6/25
8/26/43 to 3/20/46

Babin Delvin Joseph Jr.
A2nd C. b. 1/13/44
1/15/62 to 1/14/66

Babin Carllys J.
Sgt. Army b. 12/7/21
6/17/41 to 8/28/45

Babin Donovan A.
Sgt. b. 7/24/49
9/20/67 to 9/17/71

Babin Carroll Joseph
SP2 Army b. 10/28/1933
7/1/53 to 6/4/56

Babin Edgar A.
SM Navy b. 9/31/36
8/12/55 to 7/11/57

Babin Carroll Joseph Jr.
Pvt. Army b. 8/20/49
11/19/69 to 3/21/70

Babin Gary John
Sgt. A.F. b. 9/15/47
9/1/66 to 8/31/70

Babin Charles Joseph
E.M. 3rd. C. b. 4/27/25
1/29/44 to 4/20/46

Babin Henry Joseph
SM Navy b. 12/25/29
6/20/49 to 4/25/53

Babin Charles R.
T/Sgt. Army b. 11/9/23
1/27/43 to 12/27/45

Babin Hugh Joseph
A3C A.F. 12/30/33
10/1/51 to 10/19/52

Babin Charles R.
Pvt. Marine b. 8/26/43
1961 to 3/25/1962

Babin Irvin Joseph
SF1c Navy b. 10/4/25
11/29/45 to 7/17/46

Babin Christopher P.
AM b. 11/28/55
9/21/73 to 9/20/77

Babin James C.
Pfc. Army b. 3/23/24
2/25/43 to 2/5/46

Babin Claude Patrick
SFC Navy b. 10/12/27
2/9/46 to 11/13/1947

Babin John C.
T5 Army b. 10/31/21
7/10/42 to 1/17/46

Babin Curtis P.
Sgt. Army b. 2/21/23
7/11/41 to 6/28/45

Babin Joseph A.
Pfc. Army b. 7/9/27
10/25/45 to 3/22/47

Babin Curtis Paul Jr.
Sgt. Marine b. n/a
10/6/63 to 10/1/67

Babin Karla Marie
AM1c A.F. b. 12/14/59
11/18/80 to 3/16/83

Babun Carl Hamilton
T/Sgt A.F. b.1/20/35
7/24/70 to 4/30/73

Badeaux Alphonse
Sgt. Army b. 4/7/18
12/26/42 to 3/14/46

Bagwell James Raymond
Chief GM Navy b. 6/14/18
7/16/41 to 11/28/46

Bailes Floyd H.
T/3 Army b. 12/18/20
10/30/40 to 9/27/45

Baily George Travis
1st Lt. AF b. 10/28/24
10/30/40 to 9/27/45

Baily James
Pfc Army b. 2/8/25
11/8/45 to 12/23/46

Baio Anthony
Cpl Marines b. 7/19/30
3/3/52 to 2/25/54

Baio Alphonse Anthony
Sgt. Army b. 4/28/29
8/31/48 to 8/30/51

Baio Lionel Joseph
Cpl Army b. 1/20/31
1/30/52 to 1/9/54

Baker Joseph
SN Navy b. 4/2/36
9/8/54 to 8/14/58

Baker Sterling
Pvt. Army b. 3/6/19
5/8/45 to 1/10/47

Ball Frank Charles
BM 2c Navy b. 2/4/19
8/31/56 to 8/15/61

Ballard Charles Lester
SP5 Army b. 9/30/42
11/23/60 to 11/5/63

Ballard Melvin
Cpl Marine b. 4/27/48
3/4/68 to 9/24/69

Banks Andrew
SN Navy b. 11/24/54
10/31/73 to 10/30/75

Banks Earche
Pvt. Army b. 8/24/27
2/19/46 to 3/11/47

Banks Earl
Pvt. Army b. n/a
7/26/42 to 7/2/43

Banks Standley J.
Pvt. Army b. 6/3/20
5/2/42 to 2/19/46

Barabin Donald
Pfc Army b. 8/15/49
5/6/70 to 1/22/72

Barbaree Johnie W.
Pfc Army 29 yrs. old
11/2/42 to 6/14/44

Barbo Charles Lynn
Sgt. Army b. 12/10/47
6/11/68 to 4/21/70

Bardeleben Elmo Joseph
SP4 Army b. 9/29/38
3/25/63 to 3/24/66

Bardeleben Wayne Paul
Pfc. b. 8/23/30
11/4/52 to 10/15/54

Barnes Terry James
AR Navy b. 10/17/56
3/27/74 to 4/17/75

Barras Leon J.
Pfc Army 2/3/13
9/10/43 to 9/23/45

Barras J. Walloon
T/5 Army b. 11/18/18
4/28/44 to 2/17/46

Barras Wayne Joseph
Pvt Army b. 11/27/46
2/10/67 to 6/29/67

Barrdall Nathaniel Sr.
Pvt. Army b. 2/7/12
1/11/44 1/25/45

Barrett Michael Edward
SP4 b. 10/9/47
10/11/66 to 10/10/69

Barrett Richard Francis
Cpl Marines b. 11/13/58
1/10/78 to 1/9/82

Barilleaux Calvin J.
Pfc Army b. 12/25/19
2/19/41 to 10/20/45

Barrilleaux Kenneth A.
2nd. Lt. AF b. 1/4/29
1/20/52 to 8/27/53

Barrios Luke J.
Pvt. Army 31 years old
7/22/18 to 1/2/19

Barrios Robert Louis
SP4 Army b. 10/12/50
9/19/72 to 8/12/74

Barrow Joseph Louis
Pfc Army b. 3/27/42
3/16/64 to 7/6/65

Barrow Lawrence
Pfc Army b. 2/15/19
2/23/42 to 1/13/46

Barrow Richard
SP5 Army b. 1/18/47
4/9/65 to 4/8/68

Barrow William Jr.
T/5 Army b. 7/21/23
n/a to 2/19/46

Bascle Bobby Joseph
MM 3c Navy b. 2/22/27
2/16/45 to 7/10/46

Bascle Gerald Joseph
Sgt AF b. 10/20/45
5/4/66 to 1/10/70

Bascle Randolph R.
SP5 Army b. 1/8/39
9/15/58 to 9/11/61

Bateast Wilbert
EGT AF b. 4/16/47
8/23/67 to 8/20/71

Bass Charles
Pvt. Army b. 11/26/54
10/27/72 to 10/13/74

Bass Henry Jr.
SP4 Army b. 12/28/48
9/17/70 to 3/26/72

Bass Robert Earl
AE3 Navy b. 11/19/48
6/20/69 to 3/2/73

Bates Printice Earl
Sf 2c Navy b. n/a
n/a to 10/9/45

Bates Ralph William
Sgt. Army b. 8/16/46
12/20/65 to 12/15/67

Batienfield Jerrel Dwayne
S/Sgt. Marines b. 4/5/49
8/15/66 to 10/11/72

Batiste Chester J.
Sgt. Army b. 3/7/19
4/19/41 to 9/28/45

Batiste Halley
SM2c Navy b. 11/19/26
3/6/45 to 4/30/46

Batiste James H. Sr.
Pfc Army b. 3/13/16
n/a to 3/23/46

Batiste Leonard W.
Pvt. Army 31 years old
11/9/42 to 7/21/43

Baudin Harold Lee
AL1c Navy b. 6/17/23
6/16/43 to 4/16/48

Baudoin Earl Anthony
E/4 Army b. 9/16/36
11/17/58 to 11/3/60

Boudoin Felix Paul
Pvt. Army b. 11/17/39
10/15/61 to 8/4/62

Boudoin Raymond Andrew
Pvt. Marines b. 1/18/34
7/24/52 to 7/23/56

Bauland Leon H.
Cpl Army 18 yrs. old
4/4/17 to 7/1/19

Bazet James Robert
Pfc Marines b. 12/6/23
3/11/42 to 10/5/45

Bazet Randolph A.J.
AC AF b. 1/12/38
11/7/60 to 11/7/61

Bazet Victor J.
A/1c AF b. 12/2/33
7/12/51 to 7/11/55

Bazile William Jr.
Pvt. Army b. 12/19/25
4/6/44 to 9/15/45

Beason Wilfred John
RM3c Navy b. 9/29/44
3/18/64 to 9/14/67

Beckman Benny G.
Pfc Army b. n/a
n/a to 5/24/61

Beckman Benny Gene
n/a Navy b n/a
n/a to 2/26/58

Becton Max W.
T/5 Army b. 1/31/20
1/14/43 to 1/11/46

Begue Harold C.
T/5 Army b. 10/11/23
2/25/43 to 1/14/46

Belanger David Michael
Pfc Army b. 7/2/47
7/14/64 to 8/24/67

Belanger Davis J.
Pfc Army b. 4/22/23
7/22/43 to 2/11/46

Belanger Dorothy A.
2nd Lt. Army b. 9/12/15
n/a to 2/10/46

Belanger Edward George
SP5 Army b. 4/4/50
8/25/70 to 8/20/73

Belanger Elmer L.
AS Navy b. n/a
n/a to 8/8/19

Belanger George E.
Sgt. Army b. 11/27/17
10/3/41 to 10/24/45

Belanger Gerald Paul
A/1c AF b. 12/19/32
3/7/52 to 1/22/56

Belanger Hewitt Anthony
SF 3c Navy b. 8/21/25
12/27/43 to 4/26/46

Belanger John B.
Pfc Army b. 12/19/22
5/28/43 to 4/2/46

Belanger Julius P.
T/5 Army 9/29/16
5/28/45 to 5/13/46

Belanger Leland M.
1st/Sgt Army b. 9/11/14
6/5/40 to 10/16/45

Belanger Leonard Howard
EM3 Navy b. 9/10/28
7/7/48 to 5/29/52

Belanger Leroy J.
Pfc Army b. 1/13/26
3/21/44 to 6/9/46

Belanger Melvin Patrick
A/2c AF b. 3/17/37
4/4/56 to 4/3/60

Belanger Morris J.
Pfc Army b. 1/15/27
9/28/50 to n/a

Belanger Nolan Joseph Jr.
RT/3c Navy b. 3/28/44
8/9/65 to 7/19/68

Belanger Norman J.
T/5 Army b. 10/20/26
1/16/45 to 12/3/46

Belanger Raymond J.
Pvt. Army b. 3/1/26
7/18/44 to 7/25/45

Belanger Robert Anthony
AA Navy b. 7/23/54
5/30/72 to 3/14/74

Belanger Robert Wayne
ETR2c Navy 8/13/43
8/23/63 to 8/22/67

Belanger Roland James
Chief SK CG b. 5/20/13
5/11/42 to 6/28/46

Belanger Roland Joseph
Cpl Marine b. 7/11/25
10/30/43 to 4/1/46

Belanger Ronald
A/3c AF b. 12/16/30
1/20/50 to 12/29/53

Belanger Roy Charles
Sgt. Marines b. 11/14/24
5/29/43 to 5/31/46

Belisle Roland Paul
A/1c AF b. 3/8/30
10/10/50 to 9/3/54

Bella Lucku L.
Pvt. Army b. 10/9/23
4/28/43 to 1/20/45

Bellander Luke V.
Pfc Marines b. 4/9/25
6/22/43 to 12/22/44

Bennett Edward
Capt. Army b. n/a
4/10/12 to 11/9/15

Bennett Warrence
Pfc. Army b. 2/3/39
5/8/57 to 8/28/57

Benoit Alvin J.
BM/1c Navy n/a
n/a to 10/18/45

Benoit Andrew C.
Pvt Army 23 1/2 yrs. old
n/a to 2/1/45

Benoit Eddie J.
S/Sgt AF b. 4/10/05
10/20/42 to 6/20/45

Benoit Eugene Anthony
AO-3 Navy b. 3/19/51
4/20/72 to 1/19/76

Benoit Eugene Roger
AP-Sm Navy b. 5/10/15
4/26/45 to 6/9/45

Benoit Harold J.
SM 1c Navy b. n/a
n/a to 10/21/45

Benoit Jochim A.
Pvt. Army b. n/a
9/15/42 to 11/21/44

Benoit Joseph A. J.
SM/1c CG b. 4/15/21
7/14/42 to 10/6/45

Benoit Melvin J.
Sgt. Army b. 11/9/26
1/16/45 to 11/22/46

Benoit Roland Joseph
GMG/2c Navy b. 5/20/45
6/4/65 to 1/8/71

Benoit Thomas Edward
Sgt. Army b. 12/21/50
10/29/70 to 5/1/72
(Benoit Thomas I.) **
Beo Coleman
Pvt. Army b. 1/9/29
1/24/46 to 12/10/46

Beo Coleman
Cpl. Army b. 6/9/29
2/1/51 to 1/8/53

Beo John Jr.
Sgt. Army b. 12/14/23
3/2/43 to 1/23/46

Berger Warren James
A/1c AF b. 6/19/31
2/7/51 to 10/12/53

Bergeron Abbie T. Jr.
Pvt. Army b. 7/1/16
7/23/45 to 1/28/46

Bergeron Alfred J.
Pvt. Army b. 3/4/28
4/19/46 to 4/18/49

** (omitted from previous page)

** Benoit Thomas I.

Pvt. Army b. n/a
3/25/43 to 7/30/43

Bergeron Algiers
Pfc Army b. 8/24/29
2/1/51 to 1/2/53

Bergeron Allen Joseph
SP/4 Army b. 4/4/50
4/23/70 to 12/22/71

Bergeron Alphonse J.
SM/1c CG b. 7/3/23
7/28/42 to 10/4/45

Bergeron Alvin James
MM/3c Navy b. 10/14/44
4/29/65 to 3/18/69

Bergeron Alvin J. Jr.
Cpl Army b. 9/27/28
10/5/46 to 9/29/47

Bergeron Andrew Paul
Pvt Army b. 8/6/43
10/8/60 to 4/7/61

Bergeron Avery Joseph
Cpl. Marine b. 11/1/32
3/14/52 to 3/13/55

Bergeron Benny Joseph
Pfc Army b. 1/18/34
3/12/53 to 2/24/55

Bergeron Callin
Pfc Army 22 yrs. old
7/22/18 to 2/6/19

Bergeron Calvin John
BM 2c Navy b. 11/21/21
7/7/42 to 9/27/45

Bergeron Cecil Francis
Pvt. Army 1/10/47
7/21/64 to 12/18/64

Bergeron Celestin A.
Pvt. Army 35 yrs. old
11/27/42 to 12/1/43

Bergeron Charles Francis
n/a Marine b. n/a
n/a to 9/24/50

Bergeron Clifton J.
Pfc Army b. 5/22/20
1/4/40 to 9/26/45

Bergeron Clifton J.
Sgt AF b. 10/20/29
10/20/47 to 10/19/51

Bergeron Daniel Joseph
SP/4 Army b. 4/3/35
8/30/55 to 7/25/58

Bergeron Dennis J.
Pfc. Army b. 8/30/21
8/27/40 to 9/22/45

Bergeron Earl Anthony
Pvt. Army b. 10/21/33
1/10/49 to 8/11/51

Bergeron Earl J.
T/5 Army b. 11/26/23
5/28/43 to 4/24/46

Bergeron Edmond Joseph
A/2c AF b. 11/7/33
8/4/52 to 8/3/56

Bergeron Elaine Rita
A/3c AF b. 7/3/33
8/2/51 to 4/9/52

Bergeron Eulen J.
n/a Army b. 1/15/23
7/21/43 to 10/17/45

Bergeron Felton J.
Pvt. Army b. 8/27/13
12/12/44 to 3/14/45

Bergeron Francis J.
T/5 Army b. 1/11/27
9/26/45 to 7/17/46

Bergeron Francis J.
T/4 Army b. 1/11/27
7/18/46 to 8/17/47

Bergeron George Paul Jr.
SP/4 b. 5/24/49 Army
3/25/69 to 11/1/70

Bergeron George William
Pfc Marines b. 3/16/25
8/26/43 to 2/9/46

Bergeron Gerald Anthony
SR Navy b. 1/11/51
11/14/69 to 12/22/69

Bergeron Gerald Joseph
Sgt. Army b. 12/11/32
3/19/53 to 3/18/55

Bergeron Gilbert Lee
SP/4 Army b. 9/10/41
12/3/63 to 12/2/65

Bergeron Glenn Joseph
PC/3c Navy b. 1/20/47
3/29/65 to 3/28/67

Bergeron Glenn Thomas
Pvt. Army b. 7/23/47
1/23/69 to 10/22/69

MINDANAO HELL

CHAPTER TWO

As Frenchy gathered his gear, he heard a woman's soft voice speak with the sound of authority. She whispered in English:

"Be quiet, get down."

Frenchy quickly dropped to one knee and brought his carbine to bear toward the sound of the voice. He strained his eyes, but he could not see anyone. Remaining very still, not moving a muscle, the only sound he could hear was that of his own heart beating hard and fast. Then from a distance, coming from the bushes, he heard Japanese voices approaching him. The voices began to get closer and closer. He took the safety off his carbine and flipped the lever to fully automatic. As though hearing this, the woman whispered.

"Do not shoot them. There are only two of them. If they come close enough, you must kill one with your knife, while I kill the other."

The first two voices they had heard began fading away but the other two continued to go toward them.

Then suddenly, the two Japanese soldiers were upon them. Frenchy was face to face with the enemy. He sprang into action and seized the one nearest him. Frenchy clasped his hand over the Jap's mouth as he drove the blade of his combat knife into his enemy's heart. The Jap struggled for a few seconds, then he was lifeless.

Frenchy pulled his knife from the dead Japanese soldier's heart, then quickly turned toward the other Jap. But he was too late to assist the woman, she too, had driven her knife into her enemy's heart. The Jap soldier was dead; she had also cut the dead Japanese soldier's throat.

She stepped out of the bushes and stood between him and the beach, silhouetted against the dark waters of the Pacific Ocean. Although he could not see her face, he did notice that she was tall and shapely. He pictured her with long stringy hair, a flat nose and dark skin. She approached him and spoke softly.

"The Japs are gone now. Come, I will take you to the mountains."

She was close to him. Although he could not see her face clearly, he could smell her.

"God she stinks. I wonder when was the last time she took a bath," he asked himself.

She fumbled in the darkness gathering some of his gear. Once they had gathered everything, she quietly led the way as they entered the thick jungle and headed toward higher ground.



JUDITH LIRETTE, a local Beauty Queen portrays Juanita Lopez.

If Mindanao was anything like this night, then he was in for a long tedious stay.

They had plenty of time to get far away from civilization before daybreak, but they went quickly to put as much distance as possible behind them before the sun rose.

They traveled through the darkness very quietly, not speaking. She was fast on her feet. She walked so quietly in fact, that had she decided to leave him behind, he would not have known in which direction she had gone. She seemed to know exactly where she was going and what she was doing.

At 4:30 that morning, she led him through a thick underbush to an overhanging rock.

"We will stay here and sleep," she said. "You sleep and I will stand watch. We will be safe here until tonight."

Frenchy trusted her completely. Her voice had the sound of trustfulness as well as that of one who spoke with commanding authority. Although she sounded friendly, she actually spoke only when there was a definite need. He sensed that she would do all in her power to protect him. Then, there was also the fact that she had cut a Japanese soldier's throat. Besides, he had not slept since he had awakened on the submarine the morning before. He was exhausted. Sleep came easy for him knowing that she would protect him.

When he awakened at 11:30, the woman was nowhere in sight. This puzzled him. Had she abandoned him? He doubted that. But where was she?

Frenchy picked up his carbine and carefully scanned the area around him. There was a small stream coming from underneath the rock wall. The clearing under the jutting rock was only about ten feet by twenty feet. It was completely concealed by the rock overhang and the trees. It was a perfect hiding place.

After carefully examining his surroundings, Frenchy stood up and cautiously walked to the stream where he washed his face and rinsed out his mouth.

As he knelt near the water, he suddenly felt the presence of someone near him. He had heard no sounds. He hurriedly turned and was startled to see her standing behind him. She had appeared as though out of thin air. How had she done it? She had not been there very long, because had she been there, he would have smelled her long before he would have seen her.

This was the first opportunity he had to really observe her and get a good look at her. She carried an M-1 Carbine on her shoulder. It was exactly like the M-2 which he carried with one exception. The M-2 was a fully automatic weapon while the M-1 was semi-automatic. The M-1 was also a fairly new weapon and only a few had been issued to U. S. troops. He wondered how she had come to acquire one.

In her hands, she had several kinds of berries and nuts which she had gathered for him to eat. She had no way of knowing that he had several months' supplies of Army rations with him.

"Lord, she stinks," he thought again. He very carefully looked over her face, arms, and legs. She was completely covered with dirt to the extent that he couldn't tell the color of her skin. Her hair was tangled and in complete disarray, like that of a wild animal after doing battle with another.

There was nothing about her that was appealing to him. Yet he trusted her.

She stared at him with hard, cold brown eyes. Then, as though reading his mind and with a willingness to answer many of his unasked questions, she spoke.

"I am Juanita Lopez. I am from the Island of Luzon from a small town called Paranaque. When I was only seven years old, I was kidnapped from my

home by another Lopez family and brought here to Mindanao," she said and continued.

"Last year when I had just made fifteen years old, the Japanese came to our island. They killed my adopted parents and took me from their home. Then they raped me and passed me from one soldier to another. They hurt me terribly and used me like a piece of garbage. I have learned to hate them like no one should ever hate another human being. But, I do not think of them as human beings because they are worse than any animal I have ever known.

"When I cried, they would slap me and tell me to shut up. This went on for several months until I managed to escape and went into the mountains. There I learned how to kill the little yellow bastards. I will continue to kill them as long as they remain on our island, or until they kill me, whichever comes first.

"The pretty young girls, they had to make themselves look ugly and stay dirty so the Japanese soldiers would not rape them or want them. That is why I am so dirty and ugly. While waiting for you during the past six days, I had to remain this way so they would not want me. But now, I will wash myself and you will see that I am a very beautiful lady," she said as she complimented herself.

Unashamed, she slipped out of her dirty, torn, tattered cotton print dress. She let it fall to the ground where she stood, stark naked. She wore no underclothes.

Her body was completely covered with a film of sour-smelling dirt, which was nauseating.

This was the first time that Frenchy had ever seen a naked woman. He was shocked and embarrassed. He didn't know whether to run and hide or watch her bathe. She sat in the water unconcerned or uncaring that he was watching her.

As she used her hand to splash water on her body, he noticed cream colored spots begin to appear where the filth had washed away.

Frenchy stood and walked to his backpack. From it, he removed a small bar of soap, a wash cloth, a large towel, his hair brush, comb and his only other pair of fatigues. He handed her the wash cloth and the bar of soap, then he placed the other articles on the ground next to the stream. Then he went and sat against the rock wall facing away from her.

The temptation to watch the naked woman was overpowering. Try as he would, he could not keep from glancing in her direction.

She was deliberately taunting him, showing him how a woman could transform herself from an ugly creature to one of fascinating beauty.

THIS SECTION DELETED AND CENSORED FOR THIS PUBLICATION.

He sensed that she had gotten out of the water, but when she asked, "Are these clothes for me to wear?" he knew she was drying herself.

Without looking in her direction, he answered.

"I just couldn't see you putting that dirty, torn dress back on. That is all I have to offer. I hope they fit you fairly well."

"They are so new," she replied. "They still have the smell of newness in them. I certainly do feel clean now."

Several minutes passed, then she was standing in front of him, dressed in his green Army fatigues.

"How do I look now?" she asked.

His jaw fell as he looked at her in complete surprise. Her face was beautiful. The transformation amazed him.

"Why, you are beautiful," he stuttered, unable to believe that this was the same woman he had seen entering the water.

"God, she's beautiful," he thought. Her now clean jet black hair hung like smooth silken threads over her shoulders.

Frenchy could not help but notice that her light complexion was even lighter than his own. It was only blemished by exposure to the sun. There was one flaw in her beauty; her eyes. They had a hardened, sad look about them. He could see in them the hate she held for the Japanese.

THIS SECTION DELETED AND CENSORED FOR THIS PUBLICATION

He knew that he had to get his mind off her and on something else.

"You mentioned that you are a Mestizo. I thought that Filipinos had flat noses, dark skin and stringy hair. What is the difference between a Mestizo and a Filipino?" he asked.

"Mestizos are Filipinos," she answered. "We are descendants of the Spanish who occupied the Philippine Islands for many years."

"There are so many questions that I have to ask, but they will have to wait. It is almost one o'clock. You had better hit the sack and get some sleep," he advised her.

"Hit the sack?" she asked as she looked at him puzzled by his statement. "What do you mean when you say, hit the sack?"

Frenchy laughed. "It means you had better lie down and get some sleep."

"Good. Then I will get here and hit the sack and get some sleep," she replied laughing as she sat next to him, placing her head upon his left shoulder. She snuggled close to him, made herself comfortable and, in a few minutes, she was asleep.

Frenchy felt a special kind of love for her. He could not tell if it was only passion or pity, or if it was something else altogether. But there was something about her that made him want to hold her in his arms and love her. She made him nervous and aroused his passion to the boiling point.

THIS SECTION DELETED AND CENSORED FOR THIS PUBLICATION.

When she awakened, she snuggled still closer to him holding her hand over his. Then suddenly, as though she had remembered something, she jumped to her feet.

"It will be dark soon," she said. "Then we must begin traveling toward Moro territory."

"How long will it take us to get there, wherever it is we're going?" Frenchy asked, glad that she was awake.

"Three days and three nights, if nothing happens to delay us," she replied. "But after tonight we will be able to travel in daylight. We will have to be careful and watch for Japanese patrol planes and foot soldiers. Once we get there, we will be fairly safe because the Japs usually stay away from there. We must get ready; it is almost time for us to go," she said.

Frenchy did not know if it was his imagination or not, but he found that she was much more relaxed, more friendly and happier since she had awakened.

They left the safety of the area and proceeded toward their destination, marching all night through the thick bushes, stopping for only ten minutes every hour to rest.

Juanita moved ahead of him, leading the way. Several times she had to stop and wait for him to catch up. Having to carry eighty pounds of equipment slowed him down, so this gave her a big advantage over him.

It was 5:15 the next morning when she halted. "We will go into the cave behind those bushes," she said as she pointed to a group of trees. "We can sleep there for awhile, then we will go on until dark."

The entrance to the cave was only about four feet high and three feet wide. But once inside it was much larger and it was very cold.

Frenchy took out his bedroll and army wool blanket, then spread it on the cave floor.

"You can sleep here under the blanket with me, if you're not afraid of me," he said as he invited her to share his bedding.

"I had intentions of sleeping there anyway. What makes you think that I am afraid of you?" she asked.

"Nothing. It's only a manner of speech. I didn't mean anything by it," he assured her.

They lay side by side facing each other. Frenchy would have liked to lie on his back, but the bed roll was only thirty inches wide and did not allow them much room. He stretched his left arm to the side allowing Juanita to rest her head on it. Even being tired as he was from the marching, Frenchy could feel the tension and desire mounting in him as she lay close to him. By concentrating on other matters, he was able to conquer his desires and fall asleep. But his sleep was disturbed and he was restless. He tossed and turned until sometime while sleeping he wound up on his back, his arm around Juanita's waist.

Juanita awakened first, but she did not move for fear of waking him. She felt very comfortable close to him.

Many Japanese soldiers had made forceable love to her. She had despised every moment and every one of them. But with this young, handsome American, it was different. She felt a strong desire for him. But after all that she had told him about herself and the Japanese soldiers, would he want to make love to her?

With the slightest movement, Juanita unbuttoned her fatigue shirt. Then she slowly and carefully unfasted the buttons on his. Very cautiously and slowly she pulled both sides of his shirt away exposing his hairy chest.

THIS SECTION DELETED AND CENSORED FOR THIS PUBLICATION.

Frenchy had experienced many things in his young life, but never in his wildest dreams did he ever imagine anything so sweet and wonderful. He was in love for the first time in his life.

After lying there, feeling and caressing each other's bodies and relaxing for a long time, Juanita said, "We must be going now, if we ever expect to reach Moro territory," and she attempted to get up. But Frenchy's grip around her waist was like a vise. He would not release her.

"I, too, wish we could stay here forever, but it is not possible. We must continue on our journey so you can fulfill your assignment," she said and again attempted to rise.

Reluctantly, he released his grip on her.

"Juanita, I wanted to make love to you ever since I saw you in the stream yesterday. I didn't know how you would receive this idea. I was afraid that you would reject me. I know you'll think this sounds corny, but I have fallen in love with you."

She reminded him of Major Hartwell when she replied.

"I love you, too, but your mission here is much more important than either you or I. Don't ever forget that," then she continued.

"Frenchy, you say you love me; if you do, there's one thing you must do for me and I want your promise that you will do it."

"Anything you want and if it is within my power to give it to you, I will do it. Now what is it you want me to do?" he asked.

"If I am ever taken prisoner again by the Japanese, I want you to promise

that you will kill me if it is in your power to do so. I could never stand to be their prisoner again. I would go mad. I would rather be dead."

"Juanita, you mean so much to me that I doubt that I could ever do anything to harm you, much less kill you," he replied.

"If it should ever happen again, it would be a blessing to me if you killed me. Now promise me you will do it," she pleaded.

"All right. If it means that much to you, then I promise to kill you if ever you are captured again, if I am able to. But we should not be talking about dying, not when we have just found each other and our lives are just now beginning," he pledged and confirmed his love for her.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when they moved out of the cave into the bright sunlight. Frenchy was dazzled by its brightness. This was the first time he had seen the sun in weeks.

He took his first look at his new surroundings. Far off in the distance he could see several volcanic mountain tops. Below them, he saw a huge pine forest. Its beauty fascinated him. It reminded him of the mountains where he had taken the Special Forces training.

The volcanic mountain they were climbing was about 8,700 feet high. Juanita had told him that they would cross over it at about 5,000 feet.

"When we reach the other side and descend, we will be in Moro territory. Then everything will be all right," she informed him.

The mountain range they were climbing is located between the towns of Mati and Bislig on the southeastern end of Mindanao. Ever since he had come ashore near San Juan in Lianga Bay, Frenchy had marked his map at each landmark he came to. Now he marked the high ridges where they were located.

Just as they began the long, hard, tedious climb up the mountain, they heard rapid gun fire ahead of them. It sounded like a small war taking place. But as suddenly as the firing had begun, it stopped. The shooting had only lasted about ten seconds.

"I wonder what is going on over there?" Juanita asked, as they hurried to hide.

"I can't tell yet, but whatever it is, it's taking place over there near those high rocks," he answered as he pointed to several high rocks.

As he scanned the area with his binoculars, he suddenly saw three American soldiers standing near several dead Japanese soldiers. One of the Americans waved, making the sign to go ahead. Traveling through the thick bushes and rocky terrain, it took them almost twenty minutes to reach the battle area.

As Frenchy and Juanita approached the American soldiers, he noticed that each one held a Japanese Nambu automatic weapon in their hands. He also noticed nine dead Japanese soldiers lying on the ground. Each one had been shot several times in the back.

"What happened here?" Frenchy asked as he reached speaking distance.

"These Japs had set an ambush for you two. We spotted them and crept up on them and took care of the situation," replied a Buck Sergeant.

He introduced himself. "I'm Sergeant Dale Scott. This is Private Pierce and Private Bell," he said as he introduced the other two Americans.

"I am Staff Sergeant Rene Dubois and this is Juanita Lopez," Frenchy said as he introduced himself and Juanita.

"What are you doing with all the heavy equipment?" Sergeant Scott asked.

"This is radio equipment. I've been sent here to set up a transmitter and act as a coast watcher for the United States Army," he replied. "But tell me if you would, Sergeant Scott, what are you doing here? I thought that this island was completely occupied by the Japanese. I certainly didn't expect to find Americans here."

"When ordered by our Commanding Officer to surrender, we told him to go to hell. Then we headed into the jungle. We've been dodging Japs ever since. If they want us, they will have to kill us because we will not surrender to spend time in their little hell holes," he explained.

"How have you stayed alive this long? Have the natives been helping you?" Frenchy asked.

"Hell no, man. In this place you have to avoid the natives as well as the Japs. While most of them are friendly to the Americans, we don't know which ones we can trust. Some of the bastards would turn us over to the Japs just for the fun of it. So we don't take any chances and we don't trust any of them. Don't you trust them either," Sergeant Scott cautioned him. "Where are you going?" Scott asked.

"We are headed for the Moro village on the other side of the mountain," Frenchy replied.

"Man, you must be touched in the head to go there! Even the Japs stay away from that place. You wouldn't catch me going near those head-hunters. Not for the love of money," he said. "What makes you think they'll help you?" he asked.

"Juanita here was adopted by them about a year ago and she knows them quite well. I'll take my chances that she knows what she's talking about," Frenchy replied.

"It's your ass, so you go ahead and do what you think you have to do. But I think you should join up with us. You'll be much safer than going into that village," Sergeant Scott advised him.

After they had stripped the dead Japs of all valuables, food, hand grenades and ammunition, they sat under the trees and ate the Japanese food rations.

When Frenchy and Juanita finished eating, Frenchy informed her, "I think we had best be going if we are ever going to get to our destination."

At that time, Private Bell stood up and remarked.

"It sure would be nice to have the pretty Mestizo girl traveling with us. A young squire like you could never satisfy such a pretty thing. I could really make her happy."

"Knock it off, Bell," ordered Scott.

"I would like to travel with you fellows," Frenchy remarked, letting Bell's remarks slide by and attempting to ease the tension, "but I have a mission on this island and I do not think it would be advisable for us to travel together. The larger the party, the easier it is to be spotted. So Juanita and I will be on our way. I want to thank you fellows for having saved us from the ambush," Frenchy said in a grateful tone of voice.

As Frenchy and Juanita prepared to leave, Private Bell suddenly pointed his rifle toward Frenchy.

"You can leave anytime you want to, but the pretty Mestizo is going to stay here with me. I'll show her what a real man can do for her," he said.

From behind Bell came a sudden burst of gunfire which struck him in the back. He dropped his rifle to the ground as he tried to reach the wounds in his back. But he fell to the ground, dead.

"I should have killed that son-of-a-bitch a long time ago," Sergeant Scott said. "I knew that sooner or later, I'd have to do it. This isn't the first time he pulls some shit like this. Several times in the past, he almost got us killed because of his lust for pretty women. He wasn't going to let you go. He would have shot you in the back as soon as you would have turned around to leave. He got just what he had coming."

Frenchy looked down at Private Bell lying face down in the dirt. He had six bullet holes in his back. He now knew that this was war. He realized he

had faced death twice that day and lived.

"You two go ahead," Scott instructed them, "we'll take care of everything here. I'll see to it that he is buried."

"Thanks, Sergeant. If ever I can return the favor, just let me know. You can locate me through the Moros," Frenchy informed Scott.

"Man, I told you, there's no way you'll find me going near those head-hunters," Sergeant Scott answered laughing.

"If ever you do need our help," Juanita interrupted, "tell the Moros that you have a message for Juanita or Redbeard. That will assure your safety. They will help you because of me."

"Who is Redbeard?" Frenchy asked.

"He is the man that was supposed to contact you, but sent me instead. I'll tell you more about him later," she answered.

Frenchy and Juanita moved out, leaving Sergeant Scott and Private Pierce to dispose of the bodies. They continued on their journey toward Moro country.

"continued in next issue"

CAJUN CHRONICLE
P. O. BOX 3329
HOUMA, LA 70361