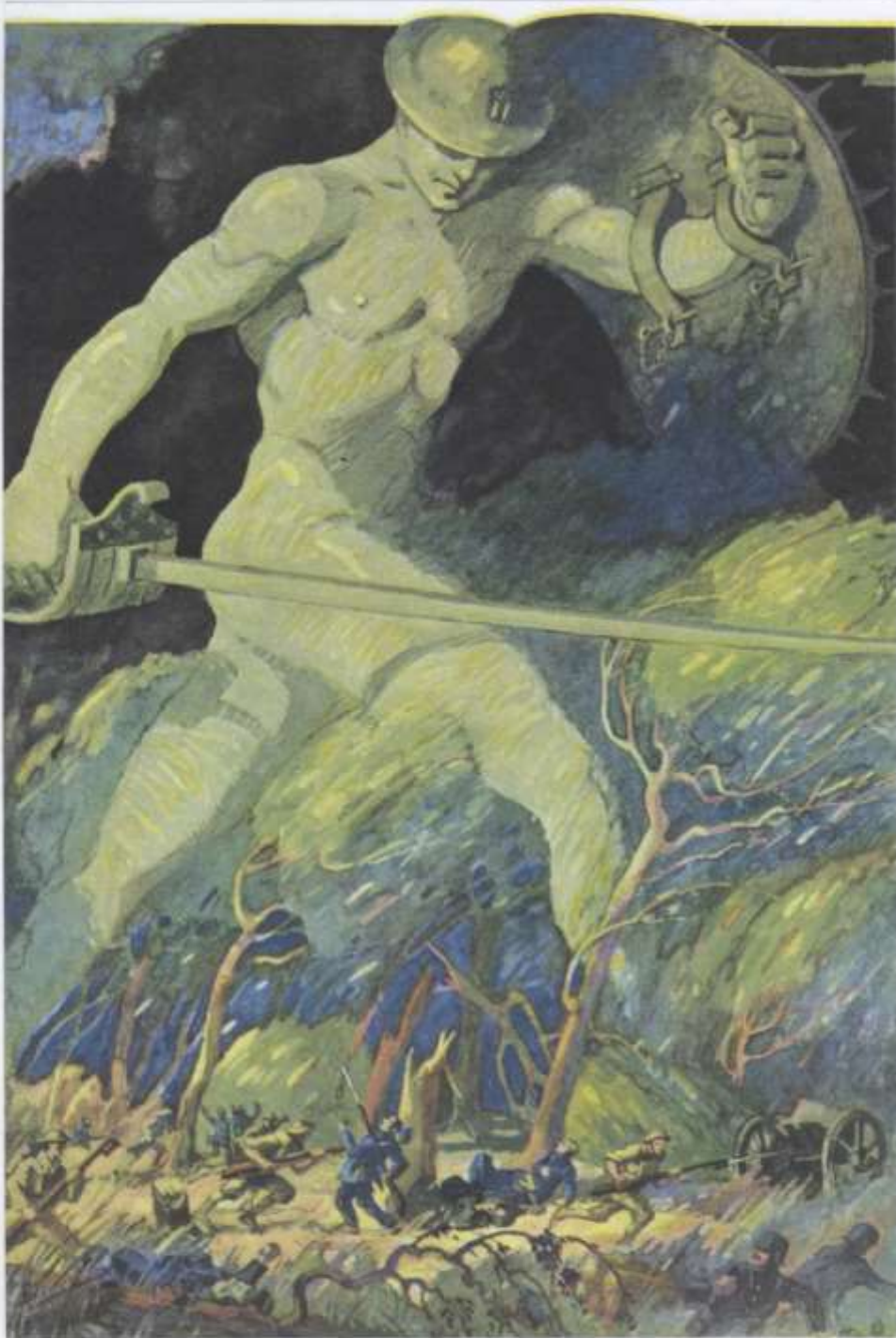


*Carl Reinhold Dahlin's Experiences During  
WWI and His Two Sons During WWII*



THE SPIRIT OF THE ARGONNE

# Summary

This publication provides an overview of Carl Dahlin's military experiences during WWI and his two sons during WWII. They are presented in three separate sections.

**\*Private First-Class Carl Dahlin** was wounded during the "Battle of The Argonne". His experiences are based upon a hand-written diary from his enlistment to discharge.

**\*Sargent Richard Dahlin** was a military cartoonist with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne "Screaming Eagles". His European adventures are supported by photos, drawings and documents.

**\* First Lieutenant Gordon Dahlin** served in the Philippines and was a first-hand witness of Japanese General Yamashita's surrender. Historians identify this event as the unofficial end of WWII. Gordon's tale is backed by tape recorded conversation.

All three sections provide historical background and include period photos, drawings and documents to support the story line. *This is a revision to one previously published in 2018*

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*Cover Depicts Mars, "God of War" Fighting with the 77<sup>th</sup> Division*

Roger Dahlin 2021

## SECTION “A” Carl Dahlin and World War 1

**Preface:** Carl Dahlin was wounded October 4, 1918 during the WWI Meuse - Argonne Offensive. This event is recorded as “America’s Deadliest Battle”. More Americans are buried at this meticulously maintained American cemetery near the battle site than the “D-Day” cemetery in Normandy. Today it is known as “America’s Forgotten Battle.” Nobody goes there; whereas the Normandy site is always busy.

This section provides an overview of Carl’s experiences during WWI where he served in the 77<sup>th</sup> Division as a machine gunner. It is backed with a hand- written diary that follows his enlistment in February 27, 1918 to his discharge on May 9, 1919.

Because this event happened more than 100 years ago a brief overview of WWI is included for those unfamiliar with its history. Further, period photos and drawings are added to help enforce the story line.



**World War 1** was truly a world- wide war. Over 100 countries from Africa, America, Asia, Australia and Europe were part of the conflict. However, since this section is about Carl Dahlin’s experiences in that war, focus is about American involvement in France known as the “Western Front”. The war that lasted from August 1914 to the November 11, 1918 [Armistice Day] killed more than 9 million soldiers, sailors and flyers and another 5 million civilians. It was the first war to use airplanes, tanks, long range artillery, submarines and poison gas. It left at least 7 million men permanently disabled. The United States did not enter the war until 1917. *Photo is of Americans in the Argonne Battle*



On August 4, 1914, Germany marched into neutral Belgium as the first step in an attack on France. By the end of August, the Germans were hammering approaches to Paris. However, Allied resistance stiffened and pushed the Germans back. The firepower of machine guns and field guns was so great that none could stand up against it. Like moles, soldiers began to seek safety underground. By October, the exhausted armies dug trenches across northern France stretching nearly 600 miles from Belgium to Switzerland. By November, the war of movement had ended and a war of attrition had begun. For three and one-half years, until March 1917, the advance and retreat rarely reached ten miles in either direction. *Map of the Western Front in 1914 is shown. Solid red line shows battle front; dotted line shows farthest German advance.*



Between German and Allied lines was an area known as “No Man’s Land”. The area, which varied from 50 to 500 yards was crisscrossed with tangles of barb wire and pocked with shell holes. Nothing grew there. It was a dangerous place to be caught, because it was always swept by gunfire of all kinds. At night both sides patrolled the area with small detachments to measure wire and to detect enemy movement. Just before the break of dawn, soldiers waited at the edge of the trench for the signal to “go over the top” Orders were orders and they had to go on attack, knowing that they had only a small chance of coming back alive.

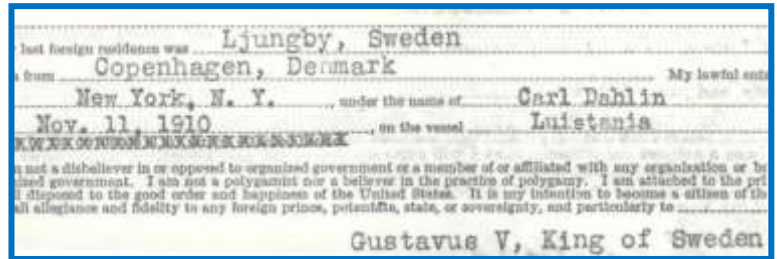


## America's Initial Reaction to WW1.

As the war erupted in Europe, President Woodrow Wilson formally proclaimed neutrality of the United States. This was a position that a vast majority of Americans favored at the time. Further, American leaders decided it was in the national interest to continue trade with all sides as before. A neutral nation cannot impose an embargo on one side and continue to trade with another. Great Britain had a different approach; their strategy was to impose a blockade on Germany. The results of the blockade were astonishing. Trade with England and France tripled while trade with Germany was cut by ninety percent, Germany, in response, announced during February 1915 unrestricted warfare against all ships that entered the war zone around Britain.

### The Lusitania Crisis and America's Entry into WW1

The Lusitania, launched in 1906 in Scotland was a magnificent floating palace and the fastest vessel on the seas. [The Titanic was built based upon the financial success of the Lusitania and her sister ship.] Carl Dahlin's citizenship papers show he left Copenhagen Denmark aboard the Lusitania arriving in New York on November 11, 1910. It can be certain he was not sailing first class. Eight years later to the day he would be in the battlefields of France, celebrating with other American GI's the WWI armistice.



The Lusitania was a focal point for America's entry into WW1 for on May 9, 1915 she was torpedoed by a German submarine off the southern coast of Ireland. The ship sank in less than 20 minutes with the loss of 1198 persons including 128 Americans. The Germans asserted that the ship was carrying munitions for the allies since she was hit with a single torpedo that resulted in a tremendous explosion. [ Later research proved this to be true] Further, that the Americans had been warned against taking passage on British vessels in a notice that appeared in American morning newspapers on the day the ship sailed from New York City.



Popular feeling against the German's rose to high pitch in the United States because of the Lusitania disaster, and strong sentiment developed for declaring war on Germany. American newspapers declared the sinking as "premeditated murder" President Wilson chose a diplomatic course, however, and sent the Germans three successive notes, demanding that Germany disavow the sinking and make reparations. Germany refused to accept responsibility for the tragedy but did agree to make reparations and to sink no more passenger liners without warning. The reluctant German retreat, however, was based upon military decisions and politics not the fear of American reprisal. The German navy had only begun to step up production of U-boats and it would take months to produce sufficient numbers that would pose a serious threat to Allied lifelines.

For the time being, Americans could feel that their country had safely negotiated a perilous path. However, anti-German feeling continued to grow with increased demands for military preparedness and direct confrontation with Germany. Stories circulated in the American press about the atrocities of the German's, which held Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany personally responsible. [See inset] These included statements that the Germans cut off the hands of young boys and attacked women. They even said that



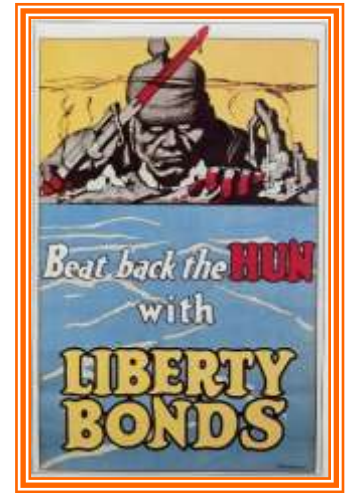
the Germans boiled children in water to get oil for their machines! The New York *Herald* ran a story under the headline: TOURIST SAW SOLDIER WITH A BAGFUL OF EARS. Those who believed that a showdown with Germany was inevitable castigated the Wilson administration for their lack of courage.

After promising to stop its unrestricted submarine warfare, Germany began it again in January 1917. All shipping to the Atlantic war zone would be sunk on site, Germany said. In March 1917, German submarines sank three American ships. War fever heightened throughout the United States. People marched in preparedness parades across the country carrying banners that read: Kill the Kaiser!" "On to Berlin! and "Lets Get The Hun!"

Finally, on April 2, 1917 President Wilson called for a special session of Congress. He declared to Congress: *The present German submarine warfare is a war against mankind. It is a war against all nations....We are accepting this challenge ... We are glad...to fight...for the ultimate peace of the world...The world must be safe for democracy.* Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany in the midnight hours of April 5 to 6, 1917. Soon after he received approval from Congress, Wilson proclaimed: *that a State of war exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government*



Shortly bond- drive posters, such as the Hun with blood dripping from his bayonet, were everywhere persuading citizens to contribute to the war effort. Film stars such as Charlie Chaplin tried to outdo themselves in selling war bonds at public rallies. Girl Scouts collected peach pits to be burned and made into charcoal for gas masks. Boy Scouts collected scrap metal. Volunteer organizations swarmed about training camps, handing out refreshments and putting on church services, shows and dances



A great propaganda campaign, newspapers, books, posters and films all promoted the war effort and attacked "Kaiser Bill" and the Germans. Americans turned their backs on anything German. Hamburgers became "Salisbury Steak" Sauerkraut became "Liberty Cabbage and Frankfurter's became "Hot Dogs."

*Note: Margaret [Dean] Dahlin Mother, Minnie [Sickel ] Dean was brought up thinking she was "Pennsylvania Dutch"; she later found out her family adopted that lineage because of Anti-German attitudes during WW1 . Her ancestry actually links to Germany; with two relatives serving in the American Revolution.*



Americans prepared to send tons of food, ammunition and supplies to Europe. In order to support the people in war-torn Europe, The U.S. Food Administration waged a campaign that encouraged wheatless and meatless days and to have people raise their own vegetables Patriotism and anti-German feeling continued throughout the war. A good sense of this mood is a condensation of an article in the Jamestown newspaper the day Carl Dahlin and his fellow Swedes went to war. This condensed article is on Page 38

The United States possessed a powerful navy in 1917 but almost no army. The Government put on a major recruitment effort; however, they decided that the American Expeditionary Force [AEF] would be composed mainly of draftees. Many American were eager to serve. Very few of them had ever been outside the United States. But now, after Uncle Sam trained them...they would have an opportunity to visit France. However, few had an idea what horrors they would be facing in the trenches and "No Man's Land" of France.

## Americans Overseas

The doughboys went to France with enthusiasm and overwhelming backing from the American public. This war, from an American perspective, was unlike most national conflicts since it did not seek any territorial gains. Instead, the United States goal was: “The War to end all wars.” The war was seen as a great crusade and its warriors must have knightly virtues.



The leader of this crusade was the Commander in Chief, President Wilson, son of a Presbyterian minister and the past president of Princeton College. He and his staff were known for their very conservative moral views. Those in charge insisted that the new army be protected from the evils of whiskey and painted women.

Because of this philosophy a rigid program was instituted to control venereal disease. Independent of the moral goals, this program had a significant practical value. The leading cause of disability during the war was the great influenza epidemic of 1918-1919. In second place, far ahead of battle wounds and injuries were venereal diseases. A curious response to this approach was the attitude of the French. In February 1918, the French Premier wrote to General “Black Jack” Pershing [AEF Commander] criticizing the American policy of placing brothels off limits as repressive and suggesting an alternative. The French government would provide licensed brothels. Seeing this letter, Secretary of War Baker told his aid Raymond Fosdick. “For God’s sake, Raymond, don’t show this to the President or he’ll stop the war.” *President Wilson at right*



The consequences of the rushed military buildup were significant. Numerous frightening tales of ill-trained and ill-equipped American soldiers emerged during the war. Several of these are reflected in a young Swede’s diary that mentions lack of food on several occasions and his frustrating comment: “Here we are 20 miles from the front line and we haven’t received a gun” [See 19 ] Another example, although not very dramatic, reflects the short supply of clothing. The winter of 1917-1918 was the most severe of the war and snow was unusually heavy in Eastern France. Partial relief was found in the issue of British tunics, which, while they resembled the American issue had British buttons. This so incensed the Irish- Americans there, who were fiercely anti-British, that they set about burning them. The quick intervention of an Irish-American priest and the emergency supply of buttons with the American eagle such as the ones pictured from Carl Dahlin’s jacket calmed the men.



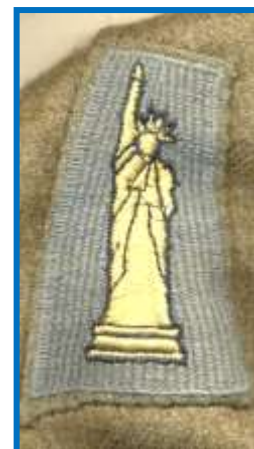
When the Americans arrived in 1918, they also found that the smells and sights of the battlefield were enough to destroy illusions of glory. Poison gas saturated the puddles of putrid water of the combat zone. The bloated corpses of men and animals drew clouds of black flies. Body parts poked out of shell holes and newly dug trenches. The lice that the men referred to as “cooties”, impossible to kill were everywhere. Rats were constant companion and a particular source of agony was trench foot. Men standing in slime for days and nights lost all sense of feeling in their feet. Their feet began to swell and then go “dead” and then suddenly to burn as though touched by red hot pokers

**The Jamestown Swedes and the 77<sup>th</sup> Division** Chapter Four about WWI of M.Lorimer Moes’s book “Saga From the Hills- A History of the Swedes in Jamestown” Page 241 [Fenton Historical Publication] mentions Private Edward Eckberg who was the first Jamestown draftee to be killed in action . Moe continues: “He was



one of the contingent of 125 men [that included Carl Dahlin] honored at a civic banquet at the Eagle Temple\* February 27, 1918 before they left for Camp Upton Long Island assigned as a body to the 306<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion 77<sup>th</sup> Division..... He had come from Sweden to Jamestown five years before he was drafted. Eckberg's mother and five other brothers still lived in Sweden at the time of his death \* *See Jamestown NY newspaper article dated February 27, 1918 about the banquet on Page 38*

The fame of the 77<sup>th</sup> 'Statue of Liberty' Division began in WWI and continued in the Pacific during WWII. Organized at Camp Upton Long Island on August 25, 1917 it was a unit of 27,000 men almost entirely from New York City. It was heavily made up of immigrants boasting 50 nationalities and 43 languages. In Carl Dahlin's case, he was a Swedish immigrant who previously served in the Swedish Navy and spotted a tattoo of the Swedish crown that covered his chest. Approximately 3000 came from upstate that included the 125 men from Jamestown, NY. *The 77<sup>th</sup> Division patch shown is from the left shoulder of Carl Dahlin's existing uniform*



The 77<sup>th</sup> Division was the first American division composed of draftees to arrive in France during WWI. They were raw, untrained civilians not familiar with the customs and regulations of military service. This is in contrast to the other two major division types consisting of the Regular Army and National Guard Divisions.

The 77<sup>th</sup> Division gained its greatest fame in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. Official records show that no other American Division advanced closer to the German frontier than the 77<sup>th</sup>. At the end of this campaign the Division counted 2,375 men killed or reported missing and 7,302 wounded.

*The poster shown was an advertisement for the 1919 publication "The History of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division". Mars, The God of War, is shown leading the fight in the Argonne. The original drawing shown on page 1 is from Carl Dahlin's personal copy.*



**The Lost Battalion** Perhaps the most celebrated incident of the American participation in WWI was the Lost Battalion. It was headline news at the time and is a highlight of almost any book regarding the Americans in WWI. Even as late as 2002 it was an exciting enough story to be made into a movie starring, former child star, Ricky Schroeder as Major Charles Whittlesey the commander of this battalion who received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In the final phases of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive General Pershing ordered the 77<sup>th</sup> Division, to push ahead without regard of losses and without regard to the exposed conditions.

On October 2, 1918 Whittlesey, in charge of a contingent of about 600 men that included members of the 306<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion, pushed ahead in fog and light rain and were cut off and surrounded [Oct 3]. Without food and suffering heavy losses the Battalion repulsed repeated German attacks. On October 7<sup>th</sup> the German's sent a note to surrender to which Whittlesey reportedly replied, "Come and get us." That evening the crackle of musketry and the rat-tat-of machine guns fell on the ears of the beleaguered men. It was the brother Americans of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division. On the morning of the October 8<sup>th</sup> 252 sick and wounded survivors out of 679 that entered the battle limped to safety.



*Note: Battle details were abstracted from the History of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division pages 199 to 206. Carl Dahlin was wounded October 5, 1918 so it can be assumed he*

*was part of the rescue operation.*

During WWI, carrier pigeons were used to relay messages back to headquarters. The Lost Battalion was down to one pigeon that flew into the smoke of the battle. Despite losing a leg "Cher Ami" made it to headquarters resulting in allied support. Cher Ami was credited with help saving the battalion and is now enshrined at the Smithsonian Institute. During the 1920 and 1930's American schoolchildren recognized her as a war hero.

## Carl Dahlin During World War 1

Carl Dahlin shared very little about his experiences during WWI. Basically, he was a quiet man, but this lack of response, according to many historians and sociologists, is quite typical because many men do not want to recall the horrors of their wartime experiences. Contrariwise, some men find relief talking or writing about their experiences. What is known is he served in three major American battles including the final Meuse-Argonne Offensive. It is important to understand the scope of Meuse-Argonne, 26,000 Americans lost their lives. More Americans are buried there than at Normandy.

His military records show that he was wounded October 4, 1918 during the Argonne battle. These records show shrapnel wounds in his right wrist and arm, his left leg and ear and that he was gassed.

He left only three small examples of his experiences during the war. His first was that when attacking under intense fire he would run from one shell crater to another with the understanding that a shell would not hit the same place twice. [Statistically this is false but it can be assumed that it was a common understanding].

Second, he talked about a young soldier hiding behind a tree and praying during battle. When they returned, he was dead! Carl and his other comrades assumed he had

died of fright because there wasn't a mark on him. Finally, during his middle age, in response to some hearing loss, he was able to pass along some information on his ear wound. His son Gordon recalled Carl remembering waking up in the field hospital with blood on his pillow and he did not know shrapnel hit him below his ear.

Thanks to the perseverance of Carl's wife Grace, with evidence that the shrapnel was still in place and supported by some military record confirmation he was able to receive a small pension for that wound.



Carl Dahlin emigrated from Sweden in 1910. He was inducted into the Army at Jamestown, New York on February 27, 1918. His discharge record showed him to be 5-foot 7<sup>1/2</sup> inches tall, which by some historical publications, was the exact height of the average recruit in WWI. He was thirty years old

when he registered for the draft in 1917. However, he lied his age as 27. When later asked by family members about this, he said he did not want to be the "Old Man" of the outfit. Draft age during WW1 was 18 to 30, so this may also have been a factor. [This fact was never discovered until his 60's when his actual age, required because of a stroke, was verified from a Swedish Birth Certificate]

He served as a machine gunner with the 306<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion in the 77<sup>th</sup> Division. He was honorably discharged May 9, 1919. The photograph of him in uniform is shown. If you look carefully at this photo you will see a chevron on his lower right sleeve. This indicates that he was wounded. [The Purple Heart medal did not exist then, see page 11] On his left sleeve are two chevrons that indicated he served two six-month sessions outside the U.S. Hardly visible on his right upper sleeve, but shown in inset is a round patch with crossed guns that indicated he was in the infantry and Private First Class. Also in inset are the pins from his collar and cap that indicates he was in Company B of the 306<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion. *His military and draft registration records are in the Appendix.*

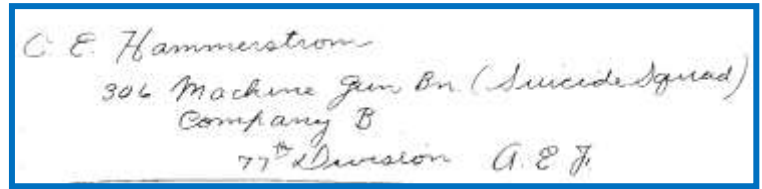




## The World War I Diary

In 2002 I received a remarkable discovery from Barb Cessna an archivist at the Jamestown NY Fenton Historical Center. This was a copy of 80-page, hand- written diary from a fellow Jamestown Swede who served with, my father,

Carl Dahlin during WW1. This diary written by C.E. “Hammy” Hammerstrom , shows that he served in the 306<sup>th</sup> Machine Gun Battalion ,Company B of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division. **This is the exact Company that Carl served in during the war.** *Inset is a copy of Hammy’s hand written introduction.*



C. E. Hammerstrom  
306 Machine Gun Bn (Suicide Squad)  
Company B  
77<sup>th</sup> Division A.E.F.

Along with this diary, Ms. Cessna , included a letter with the following comments: “ It is not pretty, it’s a wonder any of them survived. Tears formed many times as I read over his words, as I’m sure will happen to you also as you visualize your father’s reactions to these experiences.”

For easy reading, I had the hand –written copy typed with a few repetitive comments removed. I also added some personal commentary, shown in italics, to underscore some of his comments. Further, I added several photos to help reinforce “Hammy’s” comments. This retyped diary with my personal comments and added illustrations starts on Page 13.

*Following traditional form, no attempt was made to correct spelling, grammar or punctuation. When one reads this manuscript, it is important to understand that this is not Earnest Hemmingway writing “For Whom the Bell Tolls”: instead, it is a young soldier putting down his thoughts in print. Most important, his comments reflect the society and culture he was brought up under. For example, throughout the diary “Hammy”, even under terrifying circumstances, uses the term “ Gosh” that is meant as an expletive. In today’s culture it sounds like something from the Bobbsey Twins. “ Gosh” can be easily interpreted to mean God or some other vulgarity. However, with “Hammy” Gosh could be pretty strong stuff.*

*Of further importance, comparing key dates of the diary with the “History of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division” book and Carl Dahlin’s military records shows a direct match.*

Since receiving the diary I have found out more about C.E. Hammerstrom . Data compiled from his Draft Registration Card , the 1918 Jamestown Directory and the Jamestown 1920 census shows the following . Carl Emil Hammerstrom, born January 3,1893 registered for the Draft June 5,1917, Born in Jamestown he lived with his parents, both born in Sweden, at 235 Forest. He worked as a clerk/bookkeeper at the Watson Mnfg Co. on Taylor St. that manufactured metal products. His July 16,1918 diary entry states he sent postcards to the fellows at Watsons.

### AFTERMATH

The First World War ended at 11AM, November 11, 1918 [The 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month]. The day became known as Armistice Day. Carl Dahlin returned from the war like many American soldiers with a victory medal showing the major battles he was in. Thousands never returned. Carl also returned, like other American soldiers who had risked their lives, knowing that they had made “The World Safe for Democracy.” Within twenty years Hitler’s troops were storming Poland. World War II had begun.

Volumes have been written on WWII with conflicting interpretations how the failures of the Allies leadership and governments lead to WWII. What is certain is that Carl Dahlin’s oldest son was back in France fighting in a new war, His other son was in the Philippines in a new war zone and his only daughter was robbed of the traditional joy of her teenage years because all the young men were in service.



## REFLECTIONS

Carl Dahlin's son Richard [Dick] provided some important insights about his father in a hand written February 1987 document he titled: "The Carl Dahlin /Grace Spaeth Family [By Richard]." Quotes from Dick's manuscript underscore his father's character that was tempered by his upbringing and certainly by his experiences during World War I. Dick said: "Dad was unswervingly honest. For him there were no deviations. I remember my first furlough during World War II. Not being anxious to get back I, requested an extension because Ma was sick. [She did have a cold] I contacted the Red Cross. They, of course, called back to verify. Dad answered, never mind that he wanted his son home on leave longer –He replied "*She's not sick!*" He didn't know how to lie. Ma, Of course said *Certainly I'm Sick!* [I got it anyway]..... To me, Dad seems a little shadow-like. He was always there but I did not know or understand him. I was too young and the young do not see clearly. Yet, I remember some things vividly. At a patriotic parade, his hat was off and his hand was over his heart. He was an American and you knew it. When the war started it was as natural as breathing that I had to go. I never considered not serving. Carl Dahlin was my father and it was deep within me.

Patriotic fervor is something Carl Dahlin instilled in all his children. His daughter, Vivian, on her 75<sup>th</sup> birthday, responding to a question regarding the proudest moment of her life, without hesitation said: "The day, as a teenager, I carried the American flag in the Memorial Day Parade... Yes, the day I carried the flag."

November 11 is no longer known as Armistice Day; in 1954, Congress changed it to Veterans Day. Paper poppies, a tie- back to WWI, are still sold that day to help veterans.

The best-known poem of WWI, written by a Canadian military Doctor in 1915, is still the centerpiece of the Veterans of Foreign Wars [VFW]. **See adjacent Inset**

At a VFW banquet, Carl's son Gordon, receiving his VFW 35-year membership pin could still recite, by heart, this poem that he learned as a young boy. Carl Dahlin would have been very pleased.

*Carl carried the prayerbook shown during WWI; his granddaughter Colleen has it.*



*In Flanders field the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you are failing hands we throw  
The torch: be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields*

Roger Dahlin December 2017



**The Purple Heart** is an American decoration and the oldest military decoration in the world in present use and the first American award made available to the common soldier. It was initially created as the Badge of Military Merit by General George Washington. Washington issued an order on Aug 7, 1782 that any soldier showing unusual gallantry could wear a cloth purple heart over his left breast. His directive was lost for 150 years. However, in 1932 a new medal was issued. This medal, with Washington's profile, was to be given to any member of the armed forces wounded in war. Carl Dahlin's medal with lapel pin is shown



Because the Purple Heart was not available during WWI, Carl Dahlin, like other soldiers wounded in action, was issued a chevron, to be worn on the right sleeve. A close look of Carl Dahlin WWI uniform on page 8 shows this chevron on his right sleeve. A photo of a typical chevron, always in gold and worn upside down, is shown.

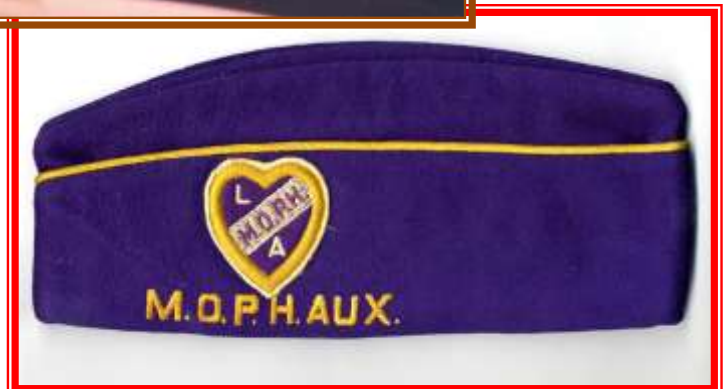


The other form of recognition was the Presidential Wound Certificate issued by President Wilson in 1919. This large document, with President Wilson's signature, was printed on hard cardstock with embossed borders and included the veteran's rank and military outfit. Holders of this certificate were issued the Purple Heart when it came out in 1932.

Carl's framed certificate hung with pride in the living room of his Culbert St. Syracuse NY home. This certificate is long gone; however, a photo is shown on page 12. The photo shown at left, not Carl's, is a typical document.



Carl's wife, Grace Dahlin's, life was also impacted by the Purple Heart. For many years she was an active member of the "Ladies Auxiliary of the Military Order of the Purple Heart". She maintained her membership even after Carl died and often rode in an open car with other members during Syracuse parades. The photo shown, probably taken in the late 1960's, shows Grace next to the American Flag riding in a parade. Her M.O.P.H. Auxiliary hat is also shown.





**Reduced copy of framed Document that hung on the living room wall at Carl Dahlin's Culbert St. home states he served with honor during WWI and was wounded in action. See Previous Page**



**Pins and Small compass reflecting Carl's participation in WWI**



WWI Victory Medal Front and Back  
Indicates that Carl was in all three of the major battles that the US participated in that war

**Diary of: C.E. Hammerstrom**  
**306 Machine Gun Battalion (Suicide Squad)**  
**Company B - 77<sup>th</sup> Division A.E.F**

This diary is written from the notes I took while in the Service and also from the letters I wrote home. Nothing is written in detail and I've only written some of the most important instances. Some have been written while in a hilarious mood, some when the world seemed all wrong and others in a revengeful and despondent mood. The actual things on the war I have not said much about, as war is not a Sunday School Picnic, and war like it really is, is not a fit subject to write about when you consider the murder, plunder and atrocities that make war so frightful.

As to the monotonous part of army life there is very little to be said as there is nothing to write about. That is something you can feel only Army blues is what it is.

**FEB 27, 1918.** Left Jamestown on train #8 at 7:30 P.M. A large crowd saw us off. We picked up other rookies along the way. Lots of excitement all the way down. Fireworks and everything. Nobody slept. A couple of big poker and crap games on board. The whole gang hung out of the windows and yelled at every station. Arrived Jersey City at 8:30 A.M. next morning. I shook hands with a lot of suburban people who were on their way to N.Y.C. They all wished us good luck. One old Civil War veteran said to *me* "young man, your about to go thru Hell." I laughed and said, "thanks". *See Jamestown ,NY Newspaper Article Page 38*

Left train at Jersey City and boarded a ferry boat which took us down thru N.Y. harbor, under Brooklyn Bridge and over to Long Island City. Saw all the larger buildings from the water. Some sight. So far, I'm so excited I haven't had time to get homesick. Boarded L.I.R.R. train which took us over Long Island. Gosh what a wild and desolate country after getting a few miles away from N.Y. Nothing but sand and dwarf pines. Sand is white as snow.

We arrived at Camp Upton a 2:30 P.M. after eighteen hours of steady travel and shouting and no sleep. At the station they separated us into three equal groups and marched us off. Gosh I felt foolish and green. We were the only ones in civilian clothes and all the soldiers laughed at us and guyed us. They all said, "Watch out for the needle." They had us scared stiff of the needle before we even arrived at our barracks. I had such a heavy suitcase that I could hardly carry it, so one big husky Swede in our gang helped me. ]

After hiking for twenty minutes, we arrived at our new home. Co. B. 306 Machine Gun Battalion. The other two groups of men went to Co's A & C. The soldiers already in Co. B gave us the once over and "Watch out for the needle" high sign. They also wanted to know where Jamestown was. They're all from N.Y.C. and they seem to be a good bunch.

Had our first meal as soon as we arrived. It was sauerkraut, two wieners, slice of bread, cup of coffee and tapioca boiled. The wieners and bread were all right but the coffee, the cook said it was coffee so I guess he ought to know. The tapioca was alright but I could only find three tapioca kernels in my dish. The rest was syrupy hot water. Gosh that meal gave me my first feeling of homesickness. The next meal we had army baked beans and they were so dry that it was like eating saw dust. I see where I've got to get hard boiled before I can enjoy an army meal. (Six months later not used to it yet.) I've a nice iron cot, straw mattress and two blankets.



**March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1918.** Gov. Whitman reviewed the whole camp which is known as the 77<sup>th</sup> Division. All the 27,000 men are from N.Y.C. except about three thousand from up the state. The 77<sup>th</sup> or Liberty Division was keyed to the Statue of Liberty because it contained so many sons of immigrants.

---Drawing is from *"History of the 77th Division" Page 10*

We haven't received our uniforms as yet. I am drilling in the mud with my best suit on. Drilled some this morning. Climate very damp and it makes my nose run. When standing or marching at attention you cannot blow your nose or move your hands up at all. It's mighty tough on my new suit. Yessss.

Went to bed at 8:30 P.M. Was yanked out at 10 P.M., marched off to another barracks two miles away to be mustered into the service. We didn't get back to our barracks again until after midnight.

**March 2<sup>nd</sup> 1918.** Reveille at 6 A.M. every morning Sunday included. We are in quarantine. This is done to prevent the spreading of any disease that we might have brought with us. Received our uniforms but can't wear them at present.

**March 3, 1918.** Drilled all day. Changed my socks at night.

**March 4 1918.** Drilled all day. Close order drill, squads east and west as the gang says instead of squads right and left.

**March 5, 1918.** Negro troops measured our feet for shoes. My civilian shoe size is # 7C. Army size increased to 10 ½ E. I look like a Charlie Chaplin in uniform.

**March 6, 1918.** Got the needle in my left arm this morning. Sick all day and homesick. Who started this war?

**March 8, 1918.** Received our first lessons in semi four and wig way signaling from Lieutenant Nachazel.

**March 9, 1918.** My first Sat. morning inspection of equipment. Everything was laid out on our cots in a military manner. Mine OK.

**March 10, 1918.** Went to church services in the YMCA. Received another shot in the arm.

**March 13, 1918.** Drilled in mud. Plenty of both - drill and mud.

**March 14, 1918.** Raining all day. Learning working parts of the colt machine gun and operation of same. Out of quarantine this evening. Can go any place in camp now. Received a box of eats from home. Everything O.K. except cookies were broken. These boxes of eats from home are keeping me going while I'm getting hard boiled to army chow and "slum". Slum is what we call soup. Very poor you know.



FIG. 25. — Training soldiers at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, N. Y.



**March 15, 1918.** On stable police. I'm helping to take care of 27 mules. With my name "amule" makes 28. They're the most stubborn animals in the world. They kick, bite and beller all day. Risky business.

**March 16, 1918.** Fired my first machine gun. Kind of scared at first.

**March 17, 1918.**

**March 18, 1918.** Went to N.Y.C. over Sat and Sun. Had lots of fun and saw all the sights. Some city. Slept in 23<sup>rd</sup> St. Y.M.C.A. Sat. night and rode on 5<sup>th</sup> Ave bus up the Ave, and Riverside Drive. Hiked thru Wall St. Was at the Battery in the Aquarium. Saw a show in the evening. Returned to Camp at midnight. Took a few pictures during the day.



**March 24, 1918.** Played ball. Tripped on a root and hurt the ligaments in my right leg. Laid up for the rest of the day.

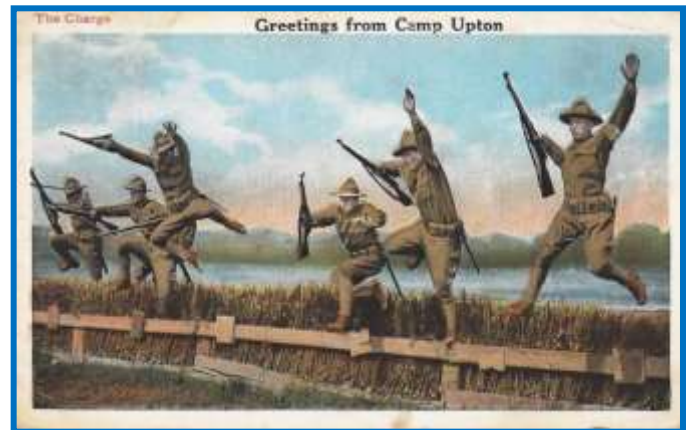
**March 27, 1918.** Saw a fight between Ed Anderson and Bill Comfort. Declared a draw.

**April 3, 1918.** Received a telegram from Dad asking if we would be in camp over Sat. and Sun as we expect to go overseas any day. I asked the Captain and sent message home saying yes.

308 Infantry leaves in the morning. They're all out parading and raising the dickens. One would think they're going to a picnic instead of war. I wonder how many of them will come back.

**April 6 +7, 1918.** Mother, Dad, Lillian and Gladys at camp. Oh boy but it seems good to see them again. I showed them all the sights. Felt pretty blue when they left. Don't know if I'll ever see them again. Gosh I've sure got the Army blues tonight. The world seems all wrong.

**April 9, 1918.** We have been having various athletic contests with Co.C. This evening ended up the meet with a heavy weight boxing match. We won and Co.C had to treat us to a little feed. It was lots of fun.



**April 11, 1918.** Two physical examinations. Tonight, at mess the captain gave us a little talk and he said we would start for overseas tomorrow. My gosh what shouting and yelling. I had to stop and get my breath that's how I happened to hear the noise. Now for the big adventure.

I hope god will see that I get back. I've got to get back, if for no other reason than for mothers' sake.

**April 12-13, 1918.** Left camp Upton at 4 pm. There was a lump in my throat when I saw the camp disappear in the distance. We are on N.Y.N. K&H cars so we all think we're bound for Halifax. One of the gangs name is Mertha. His mother died two days ago but he wasn't allowed to go home. His mother had been buried in the afternoon. Gee bet he felt blue. But he never shed a tear.

We tried to sleep during the night the best we could by taking out some of the backs in the seats. Traveled all night thru a heavy snow storm and arrived at East Boston at Cunard Line Piers at 6:45 A.M. There is a foot of wet snow on the ground. Loaded the ship all morning long. The boat is a small old freighter named H.M.S. Karae from England. If I was H.M. (His Majesty) I wouldn't be guilty of owning the tub. Left Boston at 2:30 P.M. Ran into a North Eastern storm after passing Cape Cod. Everyone sea sick but you ought to see

me. I never thought I could feel so miserable. Don't care if school keeps or not. For supper I had two meals. One down and one up. We had fish. I gave it back to the sea. The ocean is alright but let the Navy keep it. If I ever get off this ship alive, I'll never want to ride this ocean again. Our place is down in the hold. Gosh, what a stinking ill smelling hole. We eat on tables with built in benches. After the meal is over we sit and hang around on same benches. At night we hang hammocks overhead and go to bed, get that, bed.

**Sun April 14, 1918.** Sea is calm this morning after a stormy night on the sea as well as in the hold of the ship. Nobody slept much last night. All you could here was moaning, vomiting and cursing when someone threw up on someone else in the hammocks below. There were two layers of hammocks. The floor is full of "uprisings" and oh what a smell. Dead fish. Tables benches uniforms and everything just covered. By noon we had the place all cleaned up. Am feeling fine but kind of weak. We seem to be traveling south. Some say we're going back to N.Y. harbor. Just before dark we picked up a hydroplane which was floating on the sea on account of engine trouble. Slung my hammock and went to sleep.

**April 15, 1918.** When we awoke this morning, we were anchored in N.Y. harbor opposite Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth. Spent the day watching ships from all over the world except Germany coming and going. All ships are camouflaged. Some sights. You'd think those boats were going to a Halloween Party the way they're dressed up.



**Tues April 16, 1918.** At 3 P.M. we pulled anchor. Convoy consists of twelve ships. All lined up in double file with a battle ship in the lead. Two ammunition laden ships following up far in the rear. As we left N.Y. a robin was perched high up on the mast and sat there for a long time before she flew away. That was the first robin I have seen this year.

As land slipped away in the horizon there were tears in my eyes. Good gosh how could I help it. Old U.S.A., good bye.

**April 17, 1918.** Very foggy. Can only see two ships out of the thirteen.

**April 18, 1918.** Sea rough. Sick all day.

**April 19, 1918.** as above only worse, especially me.

**April 20, 1918.** Not so rough today so I'm feeling a little bit better. A very little bit. It's cold and dreary.

**April 21, 1918.** Still sick. Can't eat anything but a slice of bread and that has a hard time staying where it belongs.

**April 22, 1918.** Saw a whale. Big storm. Waves washing completely over ship. Everybody sick. I'm worse. Getting so thin my ring won't stay on my finger.

**April 23, 1918.** Storm worse as well as I. Everyone wears life belts. Have to have them on day and night. Our canteen full of water is tied to the belt. Will we ever get across?



**April 24, 1918.** Storm continuing. No one allowed on deck fear that we will be washed overboard. All sick, miserable and wet. Waves wash down hatch ways and drench us all.

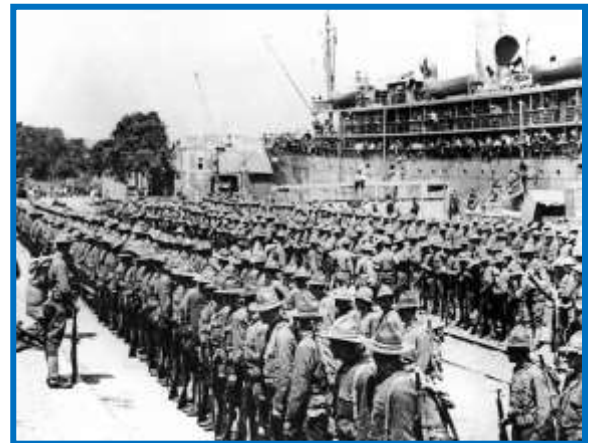
**April 25, 1918.** Storm breaking. Saw a most wonderful sunset. Everything was green and yellow. Henderson from Buffalo and I had to get mess for our table this noon. I still being sick and the passageway is so hot I fainted while standing in line. No wonder. Nothing has stayed by me for eight days now. A dish rag looks spry compared with me.

**April 26, 1918.** Storm is over. Sea comparatively calm. Four British torpedo boat destroyers have come up and are circling and zig zagging around us. Have been in danger zone for three days now. Sea is full of wreckage of all kinds including hundreds of crates of oranges. Sighted a submarine. Torpedo boat dropped two depth bombs. Concussion in the water from these bombs so great that I thought sure our ship had been torpedoed. No one seems to sense the danger we're in. Feeling a lot better tonight. Have held on to everything today.



**April 27, 1918.** Sea very calm. Am feeling fine and have an awful appetite. Looked back of a canvas and saw where all the pies, cakes and tarts were being made for the officers. A wire guard separated the eats from us. Henderson and I went and got our wire cutters and when no one was around, cut a slit in the guard. We had all the pie and the tarts we wanted. Land sighted this afternoon. The gang went nearly crazy. We are off the coast of Wales. High cliffs with wonderful colors, mostly orange. Went up the Mersey River and anchored at Liverpool at midnight. They have taken our hammocks away. No chance to sleep. Everyone waiting for daylight.

**Sun April 28, 1918.** Saw the sun rise in Merry England. Docked at Great Western R.R docks at 12:30 P.M. Unloaded ship and hung around wharfs all afternoon. Ours was the largest American convoy to land at Liverpool and there was an immense crowd there to see us. Crowd held back by cops. Biggest cops I ever see, all over six feet. The gang all buying something to eat as the mess on board ship was awful. There isn't much to buy. I am surprised at what little we can buy. Can't even buy any candy except some hunk molasses candy. And the people in U.S are kicking because of the few restrictions. Good gosh they ought to have a taste of this.



Left Liverpool at 7 P.M. Rode in 1<sup>st</sup> class passenger coaches. Funny looking cars and the engine looks like a small switch engine. But oh man how they can travel. The whole population of every town we pass is out to wave at us when we pass.

England is most beautiful. The U.S. was covered up with snow when we left and when we arrived. England everything was in bloom. Any piece of land looks good to me now anyways. All houses and most fields and even railroads have hedges around them. Some parts of the country are level some hilly and even mountainous with railroads going right thru them.

We stopped at Birmingham and the British Red Cross gave us hot coffee and sandwiches. Went thru London and arrived at Folkstone 5 A.M.

**Mon. April 29, 1918.** Folkstone is a high class summer resort. Stayed in hotels that the government had taken over. Slept on the floor as the place was not furnished. Geo. Sandberg, Carl Johnson, and I took in all the sights. Bought some army candy at a British commissary and then started to walk down the ocean drive where all the hotels are. A couple of English asked us for some candy and also cigarettes. Talked with them a couple of minutes and went on. Our time is too short to bother with women. Stopped in a small restaurant and had flounders and chips.





The proprietor said the war would be over before the end of the year. Went roller skating for a short time in the afternoon. We are the first American troops in this town and they all give us the once over. Most all the young women are clad in khaki colored suits. They belong to the Women's Auxiliary Army Corp. They call them Waacs. Air raids have done more damage than reports tell about. No street lights, trains are dark and all shades must be drawn at night. English Channel is full of mine sweepers. They work night and day. At night they use very strong search lights.

**April 30, 1918.** Left Folkston at 10:30A.M. by rail and arrived Dover at 12:30P.M. Left Dover at 2:30P.M. on a small channel boat and arrived in Callais France at 3:50. Channel very rough. Was almost seasick. We just missed a floating mine. Saw a mine sweeper blow up a mine. Water shot up a hundred feet in the air. The first thing we saw when we landed was a British Hospital Train. Kind of contrast from the picnic we've been having for the last two days. The kids are dirty and ragged. They pester the life out of you for pennies or souvenirs. Even grab things out of your hands.

**May 1<sup>st</sup> 1918.** Slept in British barracks on the floor. Had to clean the place up in the morning. No brooms available, so every man in the Co, 172 of us, got down on our hands and knees and swept the floor with our shaving brushes. Excuses do not go in the army. Callais is badly wrecked in places by air raids. Five of us went to a hotel for supper. Had first taste of French wine. German prison camp as well as Chinese Labor Camp side by side. Air bomb dropped amongst Chinese and killed several of them. An Australian gave a Chinaman a hand grenade and told him that it was those Germans that dropped the bomb. The chink threw the grenade over the fence and the result was that several Boche\* prisoners were killed and many wounded. The whole affair treated as quite a joke. Hardboiled I call it.

*\* Boche, Jerry or Hun were derogatory terms used to describe a German soldier.*

**May 2, 1918.** Taking in the sights. Turned in our blue bags. We can buy Chocolate here but its coarse like sand.

**May 3, 1918.** Were issued gas masks and helmets. Went thru gas house filled with gas. Capt. gave us a talk this evening. He was very encouraging, he said we wouldn't all come back. But I've gotta get back.

**May 4, 1918.** Left Callais at noon. Hiked two miles to R.R station. My pack weighs 60lbs. Rode in box cars and arrived in Audre at 4P.M. Hiked 9 1/2 miles to Monecove. Never was so tired in all my life. A truck followed us and picked up all those who fell out, fell in. We are in small huts holding 26 men. Sleep on the floor. We received straw but it wasn't near enough; so we had a raffle to see which one of the 26 was to use the straw. I didn't win. I'll have corns on my hips and shoulders before we leave here. The country is beautiful but the farm houses and yards dirty and unsanitary. Can hear guns roar and see reflection in the sky at night.

All of France is one big war camp. Everywhere there are cannons, shells, troops, Jerry prisoners, chinamen, temporary railroads. Its beyond description. No autos except for army use. We are on main road to Ypres about 20 miles from the front. Some traffic. Dispatch riders shoot past like a streak. Convoys of trucks, lorries and everything. Isn't safe to walk on road. Eats are very expensive. Chocolate bars \$.20. Small oranges 8¢ apiece. Eggs ten cents apiece. What's the use I am already busted.



**May 5, 1918.** Reveille at 5 a.m. That's midnight in the U.S.A. or as the Yanks all call it "God's Country" The French or "Froggies" as we call them have different kinds of wagons. Some of them have wheels that are 7 feet high and others with solid wooden wheels about a foot in diameter. When more than one horse is needed on a big load, they always place one horse in front of the other. Sometimes 3 or 4 horses lined up this way.

There are several old fashioned windmills around here. I took and walked up into one. It was very old and ready to fall down. Very crude machinery in it. This one was grinding up wheat.

Went to a little Catholic church in Bayenghein with Bowers from N.Y.C. Church built in 1793. Very quaint furnishings and statues inside. Couldn't understand anything. Just looked on the best I could.

**Here we are 20 miles from the front line and we even haven't received a gun. Some army.**

**May 8, 1918.** Have received #303 Vickers machine guns and are drilling twelve hours a day with them. Pretty tired at night. Every night we are awakened by air raids. It's a wonderful sight to see 25 or more powerful searchlights searching the skies for German planes. One plane was brought down in flames last night.

**May 9, 1918.** Same as yesterday, including air raid. The English and Froggies make for dugouts as soon as our raid alarm is given. Us Yanks don't know enough about war to get under cover. Its new to us so we've got to take it all in. Last night some of our troops billeted in Watten, 10 miles from here, were killed by an air bomb.

**May 12, 1918.** The entire Company hiked four miles to Eperleque and had a shower bath. Each shower had one hole in the pipe and you could stay just long enough under the shower to get your head wet. I'll swear I didn't get more than one pint of water on me. Some bath. Wrote letter home to mother as it is Mother's Day. In the afternoon Geo. Sandberg and I jumped on a British Lorrie and rode to St. Omer. Gave the town the once over and jumped another lorrie and rode back to camp.

**May 13, 1918.** Machine gun drill from 7a.m. to 7p.m. Air raid at 10:30p.m. Bombs shook the whole earth.

**May 15, 1918.** Very warm. Saw another Jerry Plane brought down. Our gang getting along fairly good with the Tommies. Can't kid them because they think we mean it. There's a French girl here who serves us beer and wine who'd be wonderfully good looking if she wasn't so doggone homely.



**May 17, 1918.** Regular drill and usual air raid. Geo and I had a little feed at a French house this evening. We had fried eggs, chips and coffee. That's all you can buy in this country.

**May 19, 1918.** I fooled that shower bath. Took a bath in a wash basin in ice cold water. Geo. and I hiked to Watten. Was in a wine house where some Scotch soldiers were having a little song and dance. More fun than a circus. Seeing that we were from the U.S. They were very much surprised that we couldn't play the piano.

**May 21, 1918.** Target practice all day. We have plenty of sleep but no money. It's all gone.

**May 22, 1918.** Hiked four miles and spent all day maneuvering with machine guns. Heard a cuckoo in the woods.

**May 24, 1918.** On 500 yard range. Fired 30 shots and got 25 hits. Air raid at night. They're not interesting anymore as the novelty is over with and we realize that they're dangerous.

Ten French planes sailed over camp this morning and done the loop, nosedive, tailspin and little of everything.



Machine gun practice on top of high hill. Some wonderful scenery from this hill. But one can't live on fresh air and scenery. The gang says I'm getting fat. Can't believe it of me.

**May 25, 1918.** On kitchen police. Nobody likes that job back home, but here we all want it, because we then get all we want to eat. While unloading bread I accidentally dropped one loaf on purpose. I let it lay in the dirt and Kimberly soon came and carried it away when one was not looking. He had stolen some jam the day before so now we were sitting pretty. Ate it up that evening after the officers had left the camp. English rations are very slim. Here's the chow. Its never more and never changes.

#### Breakfast

Oatmeal ( not oat flakes) without sugar salt or milk.  
Very delicious?

British hard tack. Its impossible to eat without first soaking in your coffee.

Coffee. This coffee is ground into powder so there wont be any grounds left over. We drink these grounds and all.

#### Dinner

Army slum. This is vegetable soup. Plenty of soup but very little meat or vegetables in it.

Hard tack -Tea

Boiled rice without sugar but here and there a date or fig.

#### Supper

Tea

Marmalade

Cheese

One slice of bread

Now that menu wouldn't be so bad if it was only enough of it. Three helpings would just about be enough but we never get more than one. Geo. and I have often ate 6 fried eggs, a big plate of chips, coffee and bread regularly after eating supper. This other feed we'd buy in some French house. We have lots of fun trying to make these Froggies understand, but with the little French I know and plenty of gestures. Geo. and I get along fair enough.

**June 13, 1918.** We are now in the Vosges Mts. in Lorraine and are 50 miles from Switzerland. Detrained at 2 PM. Hiked 12 miles to Meminal Vosges. Slept in pup tent Geo and I went out looking for some fried eggs and chips. We never look for anything else as we can't get anything else except cheese occasionally. Had a feed in a farm house. We had lots of fun with these people with my French English book. What we couldn't say. Well in the book I got it. There was a nice little French girl there that Geo took a liking to. Before we left Geo had her name and address.

**June 14, 1918.** Fifty four of us left for Tromboise in motor trucks to attend machine gun school with the French Hothchkiss air cooled machine gun. There are no Tommies here. Nothing but French soldiers and we get along together fine. We are receiving U.S. army rations which is more plentiful and better than English.

**June 16, 1918.** Regular schooling for this gun is three weeks of learning the working parts before going out on the range. We had two hours practice this morning and this afternoon we went out on the range. On my gun Henderson shot the target up pretty bad. Kimberly next knocked one stake down and I next shot it completely down. French instructors were saying "marvelous" He couldn't figure out how we could handle the gun the way we did and had only seen the gun this morning for the first time.





**June 17, 1918.** Still at school. We are the first American soldiers in this town and the French are all giving us the once over so the gang are doing their best both in drills, appearance and on the gun. Our old Capt. Who never gives a compliment even said "I knew you men could be damn good soldiers if you want to be." Some of the gang are making quite a hit with the mademoiselles in the village. We are leaving this town tonight. The Froggies when we came put a large sign "Amer. Soldiers Welcome". Now underneath that they've placed "Goodbye". They also have an Amer. and French soldiers made out of wood and they are shaking hands. This afternoon I heard a French band for the first time. They are great on bugles and the buglers spin them before placing them to their mouths.



**June 18, 1918.** Left Tromboise last night in the motor trucks, went thru Rambersvillers. This town looked more like an Amer.city than any I've seen yet. We stopped at Baccarate and stayed overnight in an old French Barrack four stories high. 42<sup>nd</sup> Div. was just leaving as we pulled in. This town is full of Yanks, trucks etc. Makes you think you was back in Gods Country. Part of town is completely wrecked by German shell fire.

**June 19, 1918.** The rest of the company came in about 4 A.M. after hiking all night. They're all tired out. Took in the few sights of the town. Can get real beer here and the gangs tickled to death. On the English front the beer was all made of chemicals and it didn't even have any foam.

This town is about 16 miles back of the front. They say this is a quite front, but the cannonading woke me and the rest of the gang up last night.

**June 20, 1918.** Bawled out by the 2<sup>nd</sup> leaut for reading the war news instead of feeding the mules. Some life.

Left Baccarate in the evening and arrived Neuf Maison at midnight. Slept in hay mow. It was spooky hiking up here under camouflaged roads. Everything was pitch dark and still as death when all of a sudden Boommmmm! right near by. Every one said "ohhhh". and I could feel something creep down my back bone and the sweat poured off my forehead. Gosh I'll never forget it. Other "booms" didn't bother us it was just the first one. It sounded so spooky.

**June 21, 1918.** Left this village at night headed for the front. Arrived in French camp call Karvor which is in a dense woods 2 miles from the front.

**June 22, 1918.** Took a bath in ice cold water. Also, I washed my underwear (socks included). This morning I was helping to teach that part of the Co. that didn't go to the machine gun school all about the gun.

Were issued 45 Colt automatic pistols. We're getting all set, our infantry is now in the front line. We are in reserve.

Big barrage at night. The gang all took it calmly even though it was our first experience.

**June 23, 1918.** On guard duty. As we are in mountainous country the weather is cold if the sun doesn't shine. At night we wear our overcoats while out on the gun. Today it rained and snowed a little. Half an hour afterwards it thundered. Mountain climate alright. Wonderful scenery up here. We've got a cable that helps us get up on top of this particular hill or mountain. Sometimes the clouds are beneath us. Wonderful scenery but that'll never win the war.



**June 24, 1918.** Occasional artillery fire all day. Plenty of German planes. Anti air craft after them. Cherries are ripe. They are like California cherries. I'm getting my share.

**June 25, 1918.** Moved up into the front lines. All troop movements at night. Plenty of excitement and fireworks. No casualties. My gun is right next to a Frenchman's.

**June 28, 1918.** We are near a small village called Pexonne which is a mile and a half back of the lines. Very old, some houses built in 1667 and 1717. A few civilians still living here in spite of the war. Town pretty well battered up. Pigs, oxen, cows, horses and people in wooden shoes all mingle together. In some cases a horse and an oxen hitched together on the same wagons. My gun is now in cemetery. Things are very dead around here as well as spooky at night.



**July 4, 1918.** Received dope that Jerry was to raid our trenches 4<sup>th</sup> July morning. He did but he never reached our trenches as our S.O.S rocket started our artillery barrage and we opened up on them with rifles and machine guns, so the Jerrys that were left turned and fled. Gosh but I was excited. Never got scratched.

**July 5, 1918.** I am now gunner on 5<sup>th</sup> squad gun. I do nothing but shoot, take care of the gun and carry it. Believe me that's enough. This machine gun business is a lonesome one sitting out on the gun all alone at night not knowing when you'll get yours.

**July 9, 1918.** Relief came up tonight. Arrived at camp Karvor at 1:30 A.M.

**July 10, 1918.** Pay day. Left here for rest area at 8:15 P.M. Arrived Clairrupt at 1:30 A.M. My home is in a hay loft. There is pigs underneath us and they smell pretty strong.

**July 11, 1918.** Machine gun drill in the morning. Took a swim in a creek nearby in the afternoon. Geo and I hiked to Bertichamp in the evening and heard 308<sup>th</sup> Infantry band concert. They played in an old factory that the Salvation army has taken over and made into quite a recreation place. After listening to the band awhile the gang kind of got restless so they shoved all the benches aside and started a dance by ourselves. Some even grabbed the old French women and swing them around the floor. Some comical dances. The Froggies seemed to enjoy it as much as we.

**July 12, 1918.** Machine gun drill. Another band concert in the evening. Heard Elsie Janis from N.Y.C. sing. The gang almost went crazy as most of them are from N.Y.C.\* Sergeants, MeHargue and Goldsteine made 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieuts.

*\* This truly had to be a very big thing particularly for the boys from NYC. Elsie Janis was probably the most celebrated female celebrity of WWI. She was a musical comedy star from NYC whose English actor fiancé was killed on the Western front early in 1918. She was a one woman show with boundless energy, who working without pay or the benefit of microphones, sang songs, did impersonations, turned cartwheels and danced. Initially, she was restricted to training camps, but General Pershing, seeing her value as a morale booster provided her a camouflaged Cadillac and a pass to travel wherever she chose. She chose to entertain troops in the combat area and to be as close to the front as she could. She justly earned the title "Sweetheart of the AEF."*



**July 14, 1918.** Took it easy all day. Went swimming in the afternoon.

The old French couple that own the place where we are staying are very sociable. Kimberly and I have the old lady make her French salad and chips for us. Great stuff and the price for once is reasonable. That is for over here.

**July 15, 1918.** Machine gun target and pistol practice. Very hot. Went swimming in the afternoon. Also washed my clothes. Heard band concert in the evening. Oh this is a lovely war just at present.

**July 16, 1918.** Received a pass and went to Baccarate. Took in the few sights. Bought a lot of French mademoiselles postcards and sent them to the various fellows in the office at Watsons. Lost my ring. It was the only thing I had from home.



**July 19, 1918.** Machine gun practice in the morning. Went swimming in the afternoon. Nick Hiemeng from Utica, N.Y. drowned. We worked over him for 4 hours but failed. He is the first to die in our company since arriving in France. They sewed a blanket around his body and placed it in the barn. Had guard in barn so rats would not get after it. I was on the guard from one to three A.M. Not very pleasant.

**July 20, 1918.**

Funeral of Hiemeng at Bertichamp in church yard.

Left at 8:30 P.M. for the trenches. I said good bye to the old couple here and told them we were going back to the trenches again. She cried when I said good bye as her only son had been killed in the trenches. Kim and I hated to leave them as they had been very good to us.

While on the march the gang kidded one another about going to their own funeral. That's the first signs of getting hard boiled so as to be a good fighter. A good soldier and a good fighter are two different things. Arrived trenches at 1 A.M. Raining and cold and miserable. Built a lean to, to shelter us as much as possible.



**July 22, 1918.** Our kitchen is 1.5 miles from here. Our mess detail got lost in the woods for over five hours I and some others had to go out and find them. These N.Y.C. boys are always getting lost in the woods.

**July 23, 1918.** Full moon. It's almost as light as day. No star shells necessary. Our artillery fired on Jerry ammunition dump in an old church and exploded it. Some noise.

**July 25, 1918.** Heavy barrage came over from 1 to 2 A.M. I was on the gun at the time. The sergeant sent all the men to the dug outs and left me on the gun all alone. I never got scratched. Whew, it was some relieve when the barrage lifted. The gang called me the "lucky Swede" as they thought sure I had been killed.



**July 26, 1918.** Day clear. Four German observation balloons watching our front. Sergeant Holmes transferred to another Div. (was later killed in action).

**July 27, 1918.** Peace rumors going around. Forget it. Quiet on the front.

**July 30, 1918.** Lucky Swede again. My gun smashed by shrapnel from air bomb during air raid. Never touched me. Gus Weber who was with me badly wounded in the right arm.



**July 31, 1918.** We turned in our overcoats. Pretty chilly at nights without them.

**Aug. 1-2, 1918.** Usual trench duty. Front quite. No casualties. If we don't shoot, Jerry doesn't so there you are.

**Aug. 3, 1918.** I was sent back to camp Karror to guard a machine gun Co. from the 37<sup>th</sup> division Ohio NY. They are to relieve us. Relief was a risky business especially in the daytime as Jerry had three observation balloons in front of us. We took it slowly and not a shot was fired. Jerry was sleeping on the job that time.

**Aug. 5, 1918.** While I was sleeping, someone accidentally discharged his pistol. The bullet went thru the building and lodged in the heel of an extra pair of shoes, which were about two feet from my head. Lucky again for me.

**Aug. 9, 1918.** We played ball against Co. C. and were defeated Geo and I bought our mess kit full of homemade white cheese. Best I've ever tasted.

**Aug. 10, 1918.** Part of Co. left on truck. No one knows their destination. We left St. Simion at 8 P.M. Our rolls were put on the limbers. That makes our pack weigh only 6 or 7 lbs. we passed many dead horses on our way.

**Aug 12, 1918.** Have to sit on side of road for an hour at a time to let trucks go by. Thousands of them in line.

Had breakfast in Chateau Thierry. Town not so badly wrecked as reported. Tried to buy something off the froggies but they didn't have enough for themselves on the Hums took everything with them on their retreat. Camped in grove a night. Three mules and one horse killed by hand grenade that one of the mules stepped on.



**Aug. 13, 1918.** Broke camp at 4 A.M. passed thru Belleau Woods and Fere Tardenois. Stopped for mess at Chery stopped overnight and slept in woods where Yanks had ammunition dump. Jerry planes bombed all around us but didn't hit the dump. Had us scared to death as we slept besides thousands of shells. Going up the road this afternoon we could see the shells breaking way ahead. This is a very active front, so active that the ground trembles perhaps it's my knees. Can't tell.

**Aug. 14, 1918.** Heard that our gang that left in motor truck are up head of us and the some of them had been wounded. Hung around in the woods all day and climbing trees to see the bombardment up ahead. A wonderful sight (if you aren't too close). Broke camp at 6.30 P.M. and headed for the hell up ahead. Met the rest of the Co. in a small chalk quarry. Bad shelling of roads on the way up. The M.Ps hustled us right along and made us keep close to a bank on the left hand side of the road. A piece of shrapnel



ripped thru my coat sleeve but never touched me. Pretty close. Carried ammunition toward the front lines under intense shellfire and gas shells thru the villages of St. Martin and Villa Savoge. Nearly one hundred of our company gassed at St. Martin. The rest of us that were able attempted to reach the front line but couldn't make it. The swamp around the Vesle River was filled with gas and we never would have been able to run thru the barrage so we had to go back to the chalk quarry. God what a night and what havoc it had played.

**Aug. 15, 1918.** Dug hole in bank and crawled in and stayed there all day. I'm in a awful shape. The gas went to my stomach and am vomiting and spitting blood all day. My lungs feel raw, like a piece of beefsteak. The gas affected the eyes of most of the gang.\* They took 10 of them away as they were totally blind. They will recover their sight in time. Awful shelling all day.

*\* Troops exposed to exploding gas shells were evacuated in long lines. Like blind men they walked with their hands upon the shoulder of the man ahead, coughing and vomiting and their eyes sticking shut.*

**Aug. 16, 1918.** Heaving shelling all day. On anti-aircraft duty with my machine gun. Didn't have a chance to shoot as the Jerry's flew to high. A thousand feet is the highest we can accurately shoot. One of the gang mistook a French plane for a Jerry and started to shoot. The French aviator threw out a parachute with a French flag attached.

At dusk our captain gave us a little talk. He said part of the Co. was going there this time and we had to hold that position and could not retreat. He also said some of us would not come back. I was one of the gang picked to go. Wow. Before we went we all gave to one of the gang that wasn't going up with us, a letter to send home if we didn't return. It seems funny but that letter I gave seemed to ease my mind and that now everything was all right, even if I didn't return. That's kind of staring death in the face.

We made a dash for the lines when there was somewhat of a lull in the shelling. Had to wear our gas masks while going thru the swamp near Vesle River.

Pitch dark, fell and stumbled into shell holes filled with water, over logs and dead Amer and German soldiers. We'd run a few yards and then duck while a burst of machine gun bullets would pass over our heads. It was some hellhole. Our destination, a railroad cut wasn't any better. Our guide was wounded on the way in so we had to find the cut ourselves. Waded waist deep thru part of the Vesle River as the bridge was down. Placed machine gun on top of bank and watched and waited for Germans until morning. We could hear them walking and driving posts for barb wire. Railroad track is all wrecked. Boche and American soldiers laying dead on the tracks. They have laid there for a long time and the stench is something awful. The flies are so thick we can't even eat a slice of bread during the day. Have to wait until dark.



**Aug. 18, 1918.** The day passed quietly. I can see fairly good today. The gas affected my eyes while coming in here. This bank we're on protects us fairly good from bullets and shells. Our machine gun is in edge of woods ahead of the other guns. Have to lay all day so we can't be seen.

**Aug. 19, 1918.** Jerry's shot over a box barrage on us last night followed by a rolling barrage. \* It came up to within fifty feet of my gun before it stopped. We had heavy casualties. Never touched me. We captured one Jerry. He got lost in no man's land and wandered into our lines. He was nothing but a kid. He asked for something to eat the very first thing.

*\* Rolling barrage also known as a creeping barrage is an artillery bombardment that advances at timed intervals so that the infantry advancing behind it would not be hit. A box barrage is artillery bombardment in a fixed area.*





**Aug. 20, 1918.** Day very quiet so we buried all dead American and German soldiers. They were buried in between the R.R. ties. The bodies were so badly decomposed that they fell apart when we picked the body up. One dead German's head fell off. One of the gang with the shovel scooped it up and threw it in the hole that's being hardboiled. We've got to take death callously otherwise every one of us would go raving mad.



**Aug 21, 1918.** Heavy artillery firing all day. Were relieved at 9:30 pm by Co. C. during heavy barrage. At midnight the Boche came over killing 5 men and wounding 17 of the Co. C. the Boche lost heavily. The five Americans killed were on the gun I had left just 2 ½ hours before. Lucky again for me.

**Sept. 10, 1918.** Soldier from Buffalo wounded. I'm afraid he'll lose his leg. I was standing with him at the time. Lucky again for me.

**Sept. 11, 1918.** Out on gun at night. Raining all day and night. I haven't had my shoes off in three weeks now.

**Sept. 14, 1918.** Driving ahead again. Artillery fire for last few days has been deafening. Sounds like the echo roars from the thunder on Chaut Lake. One continuous roar all the time. Our entire battalion started machine gun barrage at 4:45 A.M. fifteen minutes after artillery barrage began. Jerry sent all kinds of rockets up. Wonderful sight yet awful in itself. We kept our barrage up until 4 P.M. I shot over 10,000 bullets. That must have hit a few Boche. I'm almost deaf from my gun and my head aches so I can hardly see. I wonder how those Jerries are. Charlie Johnson and I were lucky this afternoon. Four shells hit fifty feet ahead of us but all of them were duds.



**Sept. 15, 1918.** Fairly quite today. We made our objective yesterday but had to fall back on our original line as the French on our left did not make theirs. This made an exposed flank for us in which the Germans could have come thru.

In the evening we were relieved by the 8<sup>th</sup> Italian division. I went out to show them my gun position and while I was gone some of them stole my pack. They took everything except my blanket. We carried our machine guns for three miles before we reached our gun carts. Hiked all night and until 11 A.M. next morning.

**Sept 16, 1918.** Two Jerry planes were after one of our observation balloons. And while our anti aircraft were firing at them a third Jerry plane swooped down out of the clouds where we had been hiding and sent a few incendiary bullets in our balloon and blew it up. All three planes got away.

Gosh but it feels good to get back far enough so we don't have to duck shells. The nervous strain is awful. We had one man shell shocked.

**Sept. 17 + 18, 1918.** Had our first taste of gold fish (salmon). Everyone that got a chance swiped a can or two. Had inspection and a change of underwear. The first since the first week in August. Broke camp in the woods and jumped on French trucks started at 7 P.M. and rode continuously without a stop thru Ehermay, Ehalons it to Villa in Argonne where we arrived at 11A.M. 15 hours of truck riding without getting off once. We were so packed in and cramped up that we could hardly get off the truck.



**Sept. 19, 1918.** Resting today. Had orders to pull out at 9 P.M. Orders changed so we went to bed. Routed out at 1 A.M. rolled our packs again and started for the Argonne Forest. Same old dizzy army.

**Sept. 20, 1918.** Hiked until 8 A.M. this morning. Pitched our pup tents in an old orchard. Cold and dreary. It makes me homesick. We are 35 miles back of the front lines but we must keep under cover as a surprise offensive is planned. Jerries are not supposed to know that any Yanks are on this front.

**Sept. 21, 1918.** Broke camp at 7 P.M. and hiked all night. Arrived French camp near Florent. We passed thru St. Menehold. Saw a wonderful French cemetery for her soldiers.

**Sept. 22, 1918.** Slept during most of the day. I stood in line for two hours to get a cup of cocoa off the Red Cross.\* Had almost reached the desired goal when all the cocoa was gone. All out of luck. Started hiking at night. Arrived French dugouts in Argonne forest at midnight slept on the wet duckboards in the dugout. Water oozing out of the walls.

*\*Robert Ziegler in his book "America's Great War" {page 140} states that the Red Cross came under considerable criticism during WWI; whereas, it seems there was only admiration for the Salvation Army which passed out coffee and doughnuts close to the front. Carl Dahlin, with rancor, mentioned the Red Cross charged the troops for coffee and doughnuts, while with the Salvation Army they were free. His lifelong support for the Salvation Army was acknowledged by Grace Dahlin and passed to their children.*



**Sept. 23, 1918.** Left these dug outs and took up machine gun position just back of the front line trenches. Woods so thick that we've strung wires from the dugouts to the machine gun to find our way.

**Sept. 24, 1918.** "Yakkank" don't know his right name was killed by shrapnel. Slept on the floor in the dugout. Had a loaf of bread for a pillow. Woke up when a big rat had his hind legs on my forehead eating the bread. Slept the rest of the night without a pillow. I never seen so many rats and they're fighting and squeaking all night long. Gosh what a hole and home. *Rats stayed with the Germans as well*



**Sept. 26, 1918.** Big Argonne barrage started at 4 A.M.\* The ground just shook. Down in our dugout the dirt was caving. At 6 A.M. We began our advance in a dense fog. We couldn't keep up with our doughboys, as we had to carry our heavy guns. Many casualties. Slept a couple of hours during the night in a Jerry trench. Best trenches and dugouts I've seen yet.\*\* Rats are just as numerous.



*\* The History of the 77 th Division Page 139 states that their Argonne Forest*

*offensive began September 26, 1918 and continued through October 15-16 1918 Over 3000 field pieces blazed away at the German lines with more shells than all the cannon fired by the Union Army during the Civil War. Some 200,000 American soldiers waited on the line, which was 25 miles wide.*

*\*\* This area had been in German hands for four years and the German's had developed very elaborate underground dugouts and concrete bunkers. Breaking into some of these hurriedly deserted bunkers, the*

*astonished Americans found bathtubs with hot and cold running water, paneled libraries, and clubhouse with pianos, bowling alleys and billiard tables. The German's also had all the time they needed to string barb wire, locate machine gun nests on commanding heights, build concrete fighting posts and litter the whole area with booby traps.*

**Sept. 27, 1918.** Still advancing. It's an awful job as the woods and underbrush is very thick.\* One cold meal is all were receiving now.

*\* The Argonne Forest was laced with steep twisting terrain, tangled trees and thorny underbrush.*

**Sept 28, 1918.** Ration detail lost. I and some others were sent out to find them. We found them but three of the five had been killed. The other two were badly wounded. Took rations with us after doing what we could for the wounded. We arrived up on the lines we found out that the company had gone thru some hard fighting as the Boche had surrounded them in the thick underbrush. We divided up the eats which was all shattered with blood, but that's all we had to eat so eat it we did. I'm hard boiled now so I can eat anything. While in a trench a doughboy sheared a rat with his bayonet. Put the gun over his shoulder and with the rat dangling on the bayonet with the blood dripping he headed up the trench and said "here comes the conquering hero." The rest of the gang thought it was some joke.



**Sept. 29, 1918.** Still advancing. Cutting and shooting ourselves thru the underbrush. We advanced thru Kilos. Slept in Jerry dugouts. Haven't seen a newspaper in over two months so I don't know who's winning the war. This woods is as hilly as between Warren and Sheffield. It is 15 miles wide and 42 miles long. Plenty of room to get lost. There's not even a bird here. Nothing but death. Slept out in the rain and mud night for last. Last night in Jerry dugouts and tonight god only knows where ill sleep. Things are getting rougher as Jerry is making a determined stand. It's also raining making things worse. I'm mud from head to foot.\*\* When I take my shirt off I've got to hold it down with a stone or it might walk away. I read my shirt this afternoon and I counted 106 cooties\*. We have plenty of "war correspondents" with us.  
\* "Cooties" was the name used for lice [See inset photo] . \*\*During the 47 days of the offensive it rained 40 of those days.



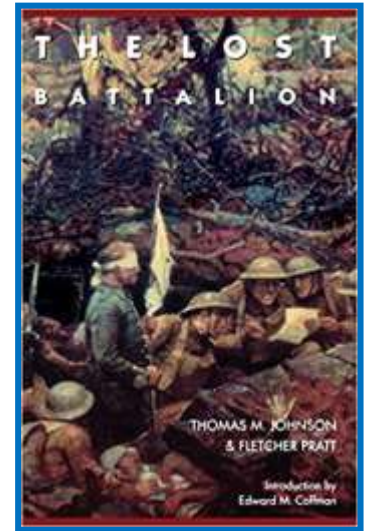
**Sept. 30, 1918.** Same as yesterday except were getting all tired out and we can't move so fast. Gosh I never knew what it was to be tired and hungry until lately. I wonder if we'll ever get thru these woods. Ill never want to see another if I do. The gang are all getting thin and talk about hardboiled. It doesn't seem as though they had any conscience left. They even laugh at death now. Saw a doughboy laugh when he pulled his bayonet out of a German's stomach. "That's the way to give'em hell" another doughboy said and to tell the truth that's all our sentiments. *Drawing is from "History of the 77<sup>th</sup> Division" Page 86*

**Oct. 4, 1918.** Still advancing. Our company is growing smaller every day, killed and wounded. Corp. Hurrell killed today. Some are so tired and all in from lack of food and sleep that they're dropped out exhausted. *Note: Carl Dahlin's military records show he was wounded during the Battle of the Argonne on October 4, 1918*





**Oct. 5, 1918.** Norman died from pneumonia. Jerry has stopped us and surrounded about eight hundred of our troops including D. Co. of the 306 M.G. Bn. (**lost Battalion**). We had orders today that we've got to get them out. Was on gun all last night. Don't know how many shots I fired or how many Jerries I got. Don't care. Two of their guns stopped bothering me after I turned my gun on them and that's all that necessary. Lucky again my gun hit by shrapnel. Never hurt me at all except stung my fingers. Had to go back for another. We haven't had anything to eat for over a day and half now. Aero planes dropped ammunition, food, and chocolate bars. They were meant for the lost battalion but they fell within Jerry's lines. Jerry shelling and hammering us to pieces while our artillery is so far back that we haven't had any help from them in four days. It's awful. *The "Lost Battalion" was a highly celebrated incident. See page 7*



**Oct. 9, 1918.** Went over with the infantry and got caught for a while in the barbed wire. Lucky again as I didn't get hit. A big bunch were badly cut up. We gained some ground but had to fall back on our original line as we didn't have enough men to hold on.

**Oct. 10, 1918.** Hurrah. We broke thru Jerry's lines and rescued what was left of the **Lost Battalion**. You ought to have seen the poor devils. Their eyes bulged out like on an insane person. They hobbled along on sticks because of wounds or all in. Gosh what a sight. None of them have had a shave in over a week, dirty and muddy. They look worse than Bolsheviks, poor devils. I know we done our best to rescue them. As many men were killed trying to get them out as were in the **Lost Battalion**. If some of those handshakes back home could only see the gang. Our gun carts came up and they carried our guns as Jerry had retreated in the woods that the Boche had erected to commemorate the capture of the Argonne Forest in 1915. He didn't have time to take it with him when we chased him out.

**Oct 11, 1918.** Haven't had anything to eat in two days except a piece of cheese I picked out of a dead Jerry's pack after I had rolled him over. Long hike all day chasing Jerry. About dusk I found a hard tack biscuit in the road. I scrapped off all the mud I could and divided it up with Kim. Gosh it tasted like chicken. Slept on ground in the open. Next morning, we were all covered with frost.

**Oct. 15, 1918.** Poulides, Foster, French Hamilton and Gordon killed. I was half buried by the shell that killed Poulides and Hamilton. I was all shattered with blood. They were sitting on ammunition boxes when killed. We had to pick them up so we could get the ammunition. Hamilton's head was completely cut off. God what a sight!.



We placed our gun on top of trench and fired for two hours. Boche machine gunners returned our fire. I saw some of them and I think I got them. In the afternoon Chas. Johnson, Pat McGarty, Dimoli, Gorman, Kennedy and myself were wounded. I don't know how many of the doughboys were killed and wounded. It's an awful sight. The blood and moaning, yelling and cursing, shouting and the silent dead, some all mangled. And this is patriotism. What a piece.

I am only slightly wounded. Received a piece of shrapnel in my right arm and left side. Only flesh wounds. I went to the first aide and received some bandages. The first aid man wrote out a tag for me and pinned it on my coat. McGarty, Chas, and I started to hike it back the best we could. Left everything except my gas mask and pistol. I don't know what the gang is going to do tonight. They're almost out of ammunition. I had only 24 bullets left in my gun. I could hardly walk as I was dizzy from the concussion of those exploding shells and my side was quite painful. We hiked for about 2 miles until we run across a Ford ambulance. In this we rode for about 45 minutes. Then we got off and went into a first aid



dressing station. Here they gave me a shot of anti something in the stomach to prevent lockjaw. Gosh they put more dope into my stomach than I had to eat that day. This was about 6 P.M. After that shot, we rode on a large ambulance that held 8 of us and we rode for another 30 minutes. Went into another dressing station that was in a church. Each and every dressing station they pinned a tag on me giving my name etc. in this church I received a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. This was the first coffee I have had in over a week. Gosh being so tired, cold, all in and nervous from all that shelling that cup of coffee was the best that could have been given me. Never tasted anything so good even though the coffee had neither sugar or milk in it.

At this church they looked me over thoroughly. They kind of thought one of my ribs were broken but as the bruise had swollen so much it was hard to tell. I sat here for two hours before I started for an evacuation hospital in another truck. Gosh those two hours seemed to me the most restful two hours I ever spent. I couldn't explain the feeling from coming out of that hell and then into a place where you know there wasn't any danger. It



was just like having an awful toothache all day and then in a flash it stops you know that glorious feeling sitting here was a sad sight though as the wounded were being brought in by the score. Some practically half shot to pieces and others not so bad. Except for an occasional moan everything was still. The gang even tired to talk.

Well Charlie, McGarty and I finally were told to get on another ambulance. In this we rode for over forty miles. Towards the end of our journey, we heard a train whistle. Ten of us were in this ambulance and every one gave a shout of joy when they heard that whistle. We knew we were back in civilization again and if you only knew what that meant to us. We stopped at a field hospital and we received another cup of coffee and bread with Welsh Grapeland on it. Well as soon as we were thru eating, we were shoved on another truck and rode.

**Oct. 20, 1918.** From the time I came here it has been six months that I saw and heard an American woman speak. The first, a couple of nurses were outside and when I heard them, I stopped to listen and I thought it was familiar but I couldn't recognize what it was. Then it dawned on me that they were American women talking and it tickled me. Gosh it seems that it doesn't take much to tickle us troops now compared with what it used to do.



Last night I took in the Red Cross Movies. I didn't get in until the place was filled with patients and it sure was a strange and odd looking audience. We all came in hospital style dress suits- pajamas and a robe if you had one. Some had an army blanket thrown over their shoulders. The majority had some visible bandage on their arm head or foot. But what a jolly gang. We haven't seen a movie for over eight months. Gee how the gang would clap and holler at something good, and when the final scene showed "they lived happy forever after" the gang all grabbed the man next to him and hugged and tried to kiss him or slapped him across the back. And this is the gang the Boche are afraid of. Why you wouldn't think that they could hurt a fly say nothing about being hardboiled.

**Oct. 22, 1918.** Feeling better every day. Sent home a coupon so the folks could send me a Christmas box. Was bawled out by the nurse for not making my bed up in the proper way it's done in the hospital. I know now. Weather cold and damp. We all wait with great excitement for the daily Paris edition of the N.Y. Herald for the latest dope on the war. Then we get together around the stove and swap war stories. We haven't been paid for over three months so we haven't any money. So, some of the gang go up to the Red Cross and get cigarettes and then we play poker or black jack for cigarettes.

**Nov. 8, 1918.** These colored boys saw a Jerry plane yesterday and how excited they were. We can hear the guns roar from here.

The three of us stole various things from the different kitchens here and that chef made some flap jacks for us. Most wonderful pancakes I ever tasted. We had to scrape the rust off an old stove before we could make them.

**Nov. 9, 1918.** Boarded narrow gauge railroad train. Sat on open car full of bread. No cover over the bread and plenty of rain soaking it. That's for the fighting troops.

Slept at night in a building where the Boche had made their duck boards for the trenches.

**Nov. 10, 1918.** Nothing to eat yesterday and today except that water soaked bread and a large can of condensed milk that I drank right down. I have no such thing as a delicate sense of taste.

Started off again this morning and went as far as Grand Pre. Many refugees waiting to be taken back on the narrow gauge. From here I rode on an army truck. Every one expecting an Armistice. Rode on truck until about 9:30 P.M. Slept in an empty house.

**Nov. 11, 1918.** Rode truck until 9 A.M. to Harracourt. Here I saw Div. Hdqtrs bulletin board saying armistice would be signed at 11 A.M. Little kids were running around singing "le querre fine, le guerre fine" (the war is over).

From here I hiked to Raucourt a distance of about two miles. Here I reported at our Co. hdgtrs got a cup coffee and slice of bread and started out for the Co. which was up on the lines at Remilly. Sedan was just across the hill about a mile away. I gave the gang the official dope that the Armistice would be signed at 11 A.M. as I told them I had personally seen the bulletin board. Well, the gang was sure tickled, no, they were thankful not a one yelled. It meant to much for them to be hilarious about it. The best way to describe their feelings is to closely look at the expressions on the faces of this picture. I don't know how I looked but I know I had tears in my eyes. *Note:*

*"Hammy" added this picture probably from a calendar or another source.*

*Because it was received as a Xerox copy its quality was poor and has been reduced here... It is very interesting, contrary to "Hammy" and his buddies, to note that a common photo from the WWI National Archives, such as the one shown in inset, shows joy and celebration*



We kept right on firing until about 10:30 A.M. In the afternoon we hiked back to an old shell torn village. Just before leaving the lines we could hear a German band over in Sedan playing the Star Spangled Banner. No comment made on this except a



few cursed the Germans for playing our national song. They thought it was an insult.

In this old village we made a fire and talked of home. No shouting or hilarity at all. In the evening both the Yanks and Boche shot off signal rockets, star shells etc. Just for the fun of it. Gee it seemed funny to see those signal rockets and know what they mean and now they don't mean it. Some happy feeling yet it was sorrowful one too, as we took a count of how many of the old gang that were left of the 172 men that left Camp Upton we now had only 67 left. The others had been killed or wounded or sick. In the evening our kitchen came up and we had a hot meal.

Looking over the five months that we've been on the lines it seems remarkable that at any of us are alive to tell about it. How well I remember what that old Civil War veteran told me.

Rumors flying thick and heavy that well be home for Christmas- but we don't know what year. Wrote mother to be sure to have coffee pot on the stove all set for me anytime.

**Nov. 12, 1918.** Left Raucourt and we passed in review of the Amer. Flag. This is the first time we've seen the flag since leaving god's country. We don't fight like pictures represent flags waving etc.

**Nov. 14, 1918.** After a 9-mile hike we reached Stonne last night. All in. We are leaving in an old church and sleeping on the stone floor. With us are about ten war refugees. As I said before, the war was over. I thought that the gang would all go to pieces after the excitement of war was past. Well so they have. Practically everyone is sick. We all have kidney trouble. That's from sleeping out in the wet. Others have diarrhea and we all have a cold and cough and cough. One would think we all had the TB. We're supposed to move back but as it'll be a hundred mile hike or more the gang is in no condition to make it right now.

The Company were all paid today except me, as my records haven't come back from the hospital yet. After getting paid there was a big crap game on the alter under the Virgin Mary statue. The priest came in and he prayed to the Virgin while under his feet and in front of him was real Amer. Army crap game going on. No one even noticed the priest.

**Nov. 20, 1918.** We've been here for a week now resting up so we could start on our long hike back to civilization. Yesterday I helped on old lady dig up a box she had buried in the stable when the war broke out. In the box was a lot of old laces and dresses all hand made.

We left Stonne today and hiked 18 kilometers to Buzanzy. A kilometer is 5/8 of a mile. Had a nice place to sleep. We used the bunks that the Boche had made for themselves. This town is about as large as Warren. All stores are empty. Not a soul in the place except us troops. None of the buildings have been wrecked.

### Christmas

**Dec. 25, 1918.** No snow on the ground but plenty of water. At home we'd call it a green Christmas. Over here we call it a muddy Christmas and some of the gang even call it "a hell of a Christmas" and right they are. In the evening the rain turned to snow. The first snow of the season.

Had a Battalion review this morning and athletic meet between the four companies. "A" company won the meet. At camp Upton our Co. always won but all our athletes our not with us anymore. There's been a war over here lately.

Out of our Co. fund we had quite a Christmas dinner. Roast pork, mashed potatoes, turnips, tomato soup, bread and butter, coffee and apple dumpling. Didn't taste like to home but for army chow it was quite tasty.

From the Y.M.C.A. we each received two bars of chocolate, package of cookies, one cigar and two packages of camel cigarettes. From the K.C. we received one carton of cigarettes for the whole Co. and when divided up we each received three cigarettes.

In the barn where our kitchen is we've got a real Christmas tree. We haven't any fine tinsel ornament but we've got it trimmed up to beat the band. The decorations are very unusual as well as unique. On the top of the tree we stuck a big Spanish onion. Then we hung small cakes of soap, bags of bull Durham tobacco, and cans of corn, tomatoes and corn willy. These cans with different colored labels are very pleasing little bits of cotton on it here and there. Everything but candles. We'd have candles but we can't even steal any. That means there's none around.





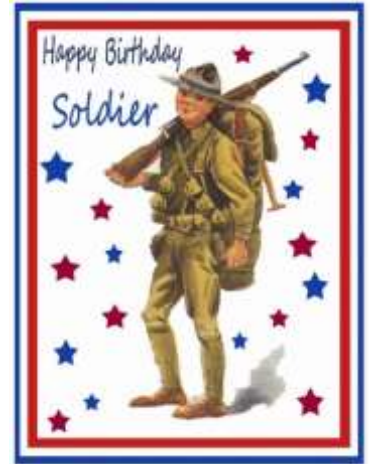
**Dec. 26, 1918.** France looks beautiful this morning. It's all covered over with two inches of snow. Because of the extra eats and sweet stuffs yesterday, I'm not a very big eater today.

#### New Year's Eve.

**Dec. 31, 1918.** This evening Miss Dunderdale and Miss Hilton from Jamestown dropped into see us. They are with the Y.M.C.A.

Being New Year's Eve these N.Y.C. gang have to celebrate, so they got hold of a couple of bugles, snare drum and bass drum and with some real champagne. They woke up all these sleepy peasants at midnight.

**Jan. 3, 1919.** This is my birthday. I believe the entire A.E.F. is celebrating the event. I'm celebrating by eating out of my Christmas box which came last night. The box contained a handkerchief which I needed as I only had one. Fruit cakes, sugared dates, a pair of mittens that my mother knitted, safety razor blades, chocolates, cigars, a two dollar bill, a picture of Gladys and a couple packages of gum. I ate about 1/3 of the fruit cake while sitting on my bunk last night getting ready to take off my shoes and go to bed. For some reason I woke up quite often during the night and then I had to have a bite of fruit cake. Well, when I got up this morning it was all gone.



**Jan. 12, 1919.** My Christmas box is all memories now. We have had a couple of days of sunshine this last week. Weather continues unusual warm. Was running around in my shirt sleeves at noon yesterday.

Last night we had a little Co. show it was some moving picture from a Y.M.C.A. outfit.

The men in this Co. are from all over God's country and we often get together and talk about different things to home, so I know more about the U.S. now than I even did. Some are gold miners from Calif., cowboys from Mont. Moon shiners from Kentucky, gunmen from N.Y.C., farmers from the Central states and sugar and cotton growers from the south. Everything except a fisherman and that must be me.

**March 12, 1919.** The colonel told us we'd have a better ship on the way home. If so I don't think I'll be so doggoned seasick.

Farmers all doing their spring plowing.

Inspections almost every day.

I'm stenciling the Statue of Liberty on all our helmets also officers baggage. We're getting all set to start over spring offensive in God's country.



**March 20, 1919.** It doesn't rain quite as much as it did. Only for about five days out of the week now.

The latest dope about going home is in April, but we don't exactly know what year. The gang all anxious to get out of France before they start another war. Gosh but its long waiting for our sailing orders. The gangs getting very impatient. They say they've done their bit and now they want to go home.

“Oh it's home again, and home again,  
America for me!

I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough  
Beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunshine and the  
Flag is full of stars.”

The above poem I cut out of an Army paper and it expresses all our sentiments.

We're still receiving our usual army food of “what is it”. Yesterday we had macaroni. If the French only papered their houses we'd given it to them as it sure would have made fine wall paper paste. Gosh we had an

awful time washing out our mess kits. As for eating it, one spoonful was enough or rather too much for me. I'm not as a rule crabby about our eats, only careful that's all.

Just heard that in our Division we had 13,000 replacements, that is, troops who took the place of the original men when they were killed, wounded or sick. There's 27,000 men in a division. That means we're coming home with just a little over one half of our original bunch.

**March 26, 1919.** More inspections. Last night we had a little show and we had lots of fun.

Quite a few of the bunch have received passes to Paris and Monte Carl. I haven't been for fortunate enough for that. I had too much luck while the war was on.

Talk about kids waiting for Christmas. Good gosh that's easy compared with us waiting for a ship to come in.

**April 5, 1919.** Am still working on the baggage detail getting ready to pull out.

Yesterday our Battalion flag was decorated by Major General Alexander. Moving pictures were taken of the decorating and also of us passing in review before him.

**April 10, 1919.** Called us out Sunday and we had our last inspection by the Embarkation officers. Everyone excited. We expect to leave here in a couple of days.

Yesterday the entire division was reviewed by Gen. Pershing.  
*[AEF Commanding General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing]*

**Had our Co. picture taken today [SeePage 37]**

Yesterday one of our 2<sup>nd</sup> lieuts. married a French girl in this village. Nice girl but he's welcome to her. A&B Co's, who are in this village lined up in front of the town hall while they were being married. That means that none of us can enjoy the various amusements and shows here. Even when going to mess which is about three blocks away we are not allowed to talk. The general wants us all to go back home and he isn't taking any chances with us fellows getting court martialled for yelling at an M.P., "who won the war? The M.P.'s".

The kitchen we eat at feeds 10,000 troops in one hour. Our dinner hour is 12:03 and that's the time we've got to be there. Not before or after. We don't have to stand in line for a long time. We've got to do it on a run. There are tables inside that are high so we stand up and eat. There are no benches.

**April 18, 1919.** Hurrah!

We are leaving Brest and France today. Brest Camp is not such a bad place now as every Div. that comes in is put to work fixing up and when you get 27, 000 men working at one time things get done quite rapidly.

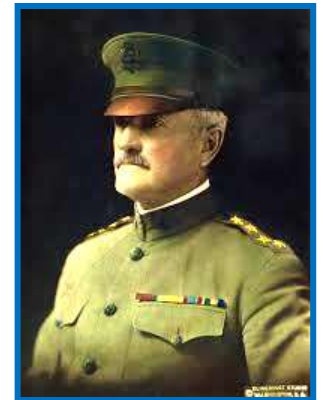
My old wristwatch\* which has been running everyday stopped at 7:10 A.M this morning shortly after we had started our hike down to the wharves. This watch I've hit it and banged it, forded rivers and got it wet, in fact it's gone thru hell with me but it never stopped until today. Funny how it ran up until the day we left France. But its work was done. It was one of the few watches left in the company.

*\* Prior to WWII men used pocket watches. The AEF uniform did not have a pocket for a watch; so, wristwatches began to be used.*

The city of Brest is a nice city the little we saw of.

Down at the wharves the Red Cross handed us a pair of socks. Inside the socks were chocolates, cigarettes, and gum.

Going thru the gate they called our last name and instead of us saying "here", we called out our first name. There was absolutely no chance of sneaking or faking thru.



We got on a tugboat which took us up to the Aguitania. We were the first on board. This is the second largest ship in the world and say but she's a big one. Our company is on C. deck and we're sitting pretty.

Pulled anchor at 5 P.M. everyone cheered and yelled as we steamed out to sea. We were all glad to go yet we felt kind of sad because of some of the gang we know will never come home.

**April 17 to 24, 1919.** The surprise of the whole company, myself included was the fact that I never got seasick. We had very nice weather, good eats and sleeping quarters. I enjoyed the trip as during the day we were all out on deck. We'd play sneak, up one stairway and down another. Down in the hold gang would be lined up in front of the commissary when all of a sudden, the ship would give a big lurch and with the hobnail shoes and iron floors the whole bunch would slide until they hit a wall and then land in a big pile. You just couldn't stand up as it was like walking on ice. In the evenings we had little shows or movies.

Great excitement when nearing N.Y.C. When we entered N.Y. harbor, they had some time for us.

**May 5, 1919.** Left Camp Mills for N.Y.C. as our parade is tomorrow morning. We were taken up to the 8<sup>th</sup> coast Artillery Armory on 195<sup>th</sup> St. in the Bronx. In the afternoon Geo & I went down town and saw the sights. Went thru Chinatown and roamed or rode around a little all over. In the evening we went to N.Y. cities banquet for our Division at the Hotel Astor. Some place and we had some feed and some time. Only four ball rooms in the place. Geo and I were up on the roof garden the most of the time. Some sight looking up and down at night. There were plenty of young welfare workers there that kept us from being lonesome. They served us our dinner and then danced with us. They even asked for musics. Pretty soft for us guys eh what. Geo was nabbed by a pretty little blonde and he held on to her all evening, or she to him. As for me, I enjoyed the whole evening and life was to short to pick out only one mademoiselle. The more the merrier that night.

We stayed overnight at the 23<sup>rd</sup> St. Y.M.C.A.

**May 6, 1919.** Our big parade this morning. Entire division in line. We started at Washington Square and marched up to 110<sup>th</sup> St. it was a five-mile hike, but it didn't seem that long. 5<sup>th</sup> Ave was crowded with people and all of them cheering. They even threw roses and chocolates to us. We then took the subway up to the Armory again. In the afternoon Geo. And I went down town again and well what do you do in a big City? We did. *Note: Photo from Albany NY Museum stating: 77<sup>th</sup> Division marching in New York City Parade May 6, 1919*





**May 7, 1919.** Left the Armory this morning and we are now back at camp Upton and it almost seems like home. While waiting for a ferry in N.Y.C. The gang were all sitting on the curb down on the East Side. Pretty soon an Italian fruit peddler came with his cart and he soon was doing a rushing business. A cop saw him and told him to get out as he was out of his district. The Italian was making change at the time and he seemed very excited so he couldn't count. The gang started to help themselves to oranges and bananas. When the cop saw this, he kept poking the Italian and told him to hurry up. This of course made the Italian more excited and when he finally had made change and started to move on his cart was practically empty. I never seen a cop laugh the way that one did afterward. He said he never saw a gang get away with things in such a hurry as we did. The people in the tenement houses saw the whole affair and they were also laughing.

**May 8, 1919.** We had our final physical examination. I was O.K. The exams were given in what used to be our barracks before we left for overseas. While waiting to be examined we looked for initials and things we had written on the walls. They were all there.

**May 9, 1919.** We received our discharge this afternoon. At the station we gave thru cheers for our Capt, Capt. McGuire. He was a good Captain, but he used to be a school teacher and he couldn't realize that we were grown up. *Note: Carl Dahlin's military records show him discharged on May 9, 1919.*

At Jamaica L. we said goodbye to the gang that was bound for Brooklyn we went thru to the Penn. Station in N.Y. Here we were met by Chas Wilborg of Jamestown and he took us to a cabaret at the Marlboro hotel where we had a chicken dinner in addition to seeing the show. We were the guests of the City of Jamestown.

From here we took the Jersey tubes to the Erie station at Jersey City. We arrived there at about 10 P.M. and as our train didn't leave until 1 A.M. we had lots of time. We all put our luggage in two Pullmans that had been reserved for us and made ourselves comfortable. Geo and I had a berth together. About ten of us boarded a streetcar about 10:30 P.M. and thought we'd go up town. Now in France we could get all the beer and wine we wanted on this side they couldn't sell even beer to any one in uniform. Well we were the only ones on the car and after the conductor had collected our fares he said, "I suppose you boys want a drink? There's a place down the line where I think you can get it. When we get there, I'll stop the car and one of you can run in and see and I'll hold the car for you. If you can't get it there, I know another place still further down." When we reached this place one of the gang ran in while we all waited. Pretty soon he came out and gave the high sign and we all got off the car, thanked the conductor, ding, ding, and the car went on its way. The gang all got their beer. They knew it was their last as Jamestown was dry.

**May 10, 1919.** About 12:30 A.M. we had all returned from up town and were back in our Pullmans. Geo and I went into the R.R. restaurant and had a cup coffee, piece of pie. After the train was on the move a big crap game was started in the other car. Geo and I got up about 7:30 A.M. Pretty soon Chas Wilborg came in our car and he said to Bill Reynolds. "I've heard a lot about these Army crap shooters but last night I found out. They sure got to me. Cleaned me out."

All along the line there were lots of people at different stations as there were other soldiers besides us whose homes were all along the line.

After reaching Kennedy and all along up to Jamestown people were out waving their flags as we passed and we were all hanging out the windows even though it was raining to beat the band. For us it was tears of joy the skies were weeping. While going thru East Jamestown all the factory whistles blowing. It seemed funny hearing whistles blowing after we were used to the bugles.



From the station we formed in a line with our overseas cap on and our old helmets slung over our left shoulder. As we passed the corner of First St. and Cherry I heard someone call “Hammy”. I looked and it was **Gladys\***. Bless her heart. I ran out of line and gave her a hug and kiss, never stopped to think of all the people around. I was back in line again in such a hurry that I don’t believe all the people had a chance to realize what had happened before it was all over. Speed artist, that’s me.



When we reached the Armory, the band played Home Sweet Home. Inside Dad and all the folks were waiting for me except mother and Lillian. They were home sick. Gosh but it seemed good to see them. We went right straight home and when I kissed mother hello, she cried more than when I left. We all sat right down to a cup of coffee. The old coffee pot had been right on the stove waiting for me. **With me home again and with a cup coffee in front of me, believe me I was sitting right on top of the world and thus the war was ended**

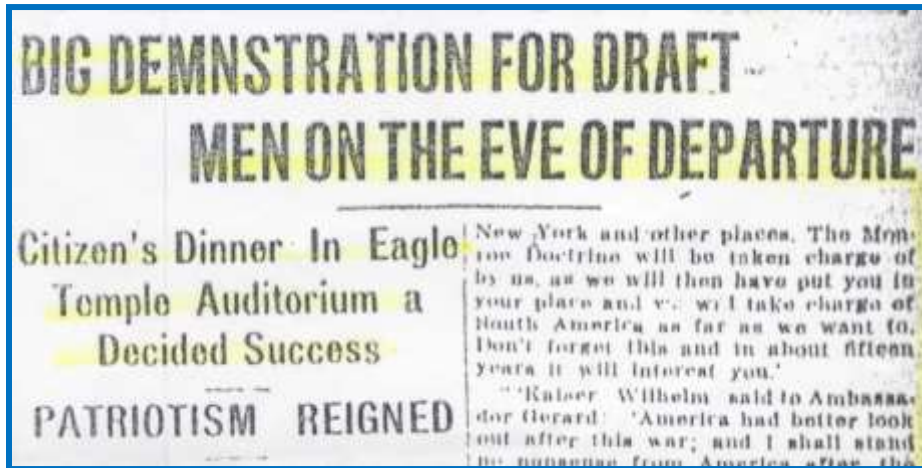


**\* Note :** Carl Emil “Hammy” Hammerstrom [age 27] married, Jamestown born, Gladys Caroline Lake [age 22] June 20 1920. Her father, like “Hammy’s parents, was from Sweden. They were married 50 years. They had at least one child, Dianne, C. Hammerstrom [1934-1945] .All three are buried together at Sunset Hill Cemetery –Chautauqua County . “Hammy died age 87. His grave marker is shown



**Note:** The following photo is part of the 306 Machine Gun Battalion, Company “B,” taken in France during 1919. Carl Dahlin is in the top row, ninth man from the left. It is not known if C.E. “Hammy” Hammerstrom is in this picture.  
See “Hammy’s April 10, 1919 entry





Jamestown citizens paid tribute to the 125 men who leave Jamestown tonight for Camp Upton Long Island at the farewell dinner in the Eagle Temple Auditorium Tuesday Evening. The banquet was a big success and surpassed any previous event of its kind in this city. The large banquet hall was completely filled with citizens who had come to pay their respect to the boys who have been selected to go into training camps. Patriotism was the keynote of the dinner, the speeches and music all being of such a nature as to lend to the enthusiasm of the evening.

When the men entered the hall greeted with the strains of "Were Going Over" played by the Culver and Olsen's Orchestra, an outburst of applause and cheering broke out which continued for several minutes. Charles Wilborg then acted as master of ceremonies and kept things lively until the finish of dinner. **Note flags and banners on building**

Music was supreme during the serving of dinner. *The paper then follows with names of performers such as the "New Patriotic Octet" and several others including Miss Lillian Gustafson who "delighted" the audience with one of Carl Dahlin's favorites: "The Long, Long Trail". Wilborg's famous song sheet also kept the guests busy and the orchestra played several selections.*



The toastmaster then introduced several people including William Reynolds who had charge of the men on the trip and the principal speaker Rev. Dr. Herbert A. Ellis district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church. According to the paper, Ellis gave a powerful and able address on "Why We Are In The War". The paper said it was an address that will long be remembered, not only by the boys who march away today to take up the uniform of a United States soldier but by the citizens of Jamestown who will remain at home to do their bit.

The Newspaper then provided parts of his speech that covered many paragraphs. Highlights of some of his printed remarks follow:

An educational authority in East Prussia says: "The

whole history of the world is neither more nor less than a preparation for the time when it will please God to allow the affairs of the universe to be in German hands."

Count von Goetzen military attaché of Germany and personal friend of the Kaiser said: "Some months after we finish our work in Europe, we will take over New York and probably Washington and hold them for some time. We do not intend to take any of your territory but we intend to take billions of dollars from New York and other places".

Kaiser Willhelm [Emperor of Germany] said to [American] Ambassador Gerard: "America had better look out after this war; and I shall stand no nonsense from America after this war."



Ellis continued to mention several vessels that were sunk by German submarines that included special emphasis on the trans-Atlantic luxury liner Lusitania. [Carl Dahlin immigrated to the U.S. in 1910 aboard the Lusitania] Ellis remarked: "Preparing to leave New York the Lusitania was warned by the German embassy and many others, who evidently had inside information, for seven days later she was sunk by a German submarine and hundreds of men, women and children drowned. Among this number were one hundred and fourteen American citizens. This is the time we should have gone to war and in the words of one of our first citizens we would have 'whipped them to a frazzle' by this time."

His talk continued by mentioning "The Rape of Belgium" and the "Massacre of the Armenians". Further he underscored that the United States earlier claimed and boasted about being a world power but did not respond to the greed, lust and murder committed by the Germans.

He closed his address by saying: "We are depending on you soldier boys, and we ask that you bring back with you your personal honor, sobriety, peace and the Kaiser with the whole house of the Hohenzollerns [Kaiser Wilhelm's family]. We want the world to have the same conception of Stars and Stripes that we have."

Allen Bargar, a young Jamestown attorney, who is to leave with the drafted men, was called upon to make a few remarks. *Excerpts from the printed text includes:* "I am sure that there are not a single man among the 125 that will leave Jamestown that is not as glad and eager to get into the struggle and do his bit..... that every man here will do his all, will work hard for OLD Glory and his country and will not come back until there is world peace.....every man in the contingent knows the issues we are fighting for, not only for the United States, but for civilization and Christianity which are at stake."

The selective men were next presented with smoking kits furnished by the Fraternal and Union [Smoke??] fund. The assemblage then arose in a silent toast to the commander in chief of the American armies and the dinner closed with the singing of the Soldier's Farewell and The Stars and Stripes.

The members of the contingent assembled at the armory at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and at that time became members of the United States army. [Grandpa Dahlin's military records show date of enlistment or draft as 2-27 1918 at Jamestown NY]. Brief remarks were made by Mayor Carlson.....The contingent escorted by Mayor Carlson and other dignitaries then Marched to the Eagle temple.

A big patriotic demonstration has been arranged for this evening when the boys leave for camp on Train 8, scheduled to leave Erie Station at 6 o'clock..... The fire whistle will be blown 45 minutes before the departure of the train and the men will leave the armory 15 minutes later.

The line of march will be up Main Street from the armory to Third Street.....to the station. Company E, the Civil War Veterans and the Spanish War Veterans will escort the contingent. The Thirteenth Separate Company band and the Spanish War Veterans Field band will furnish music.

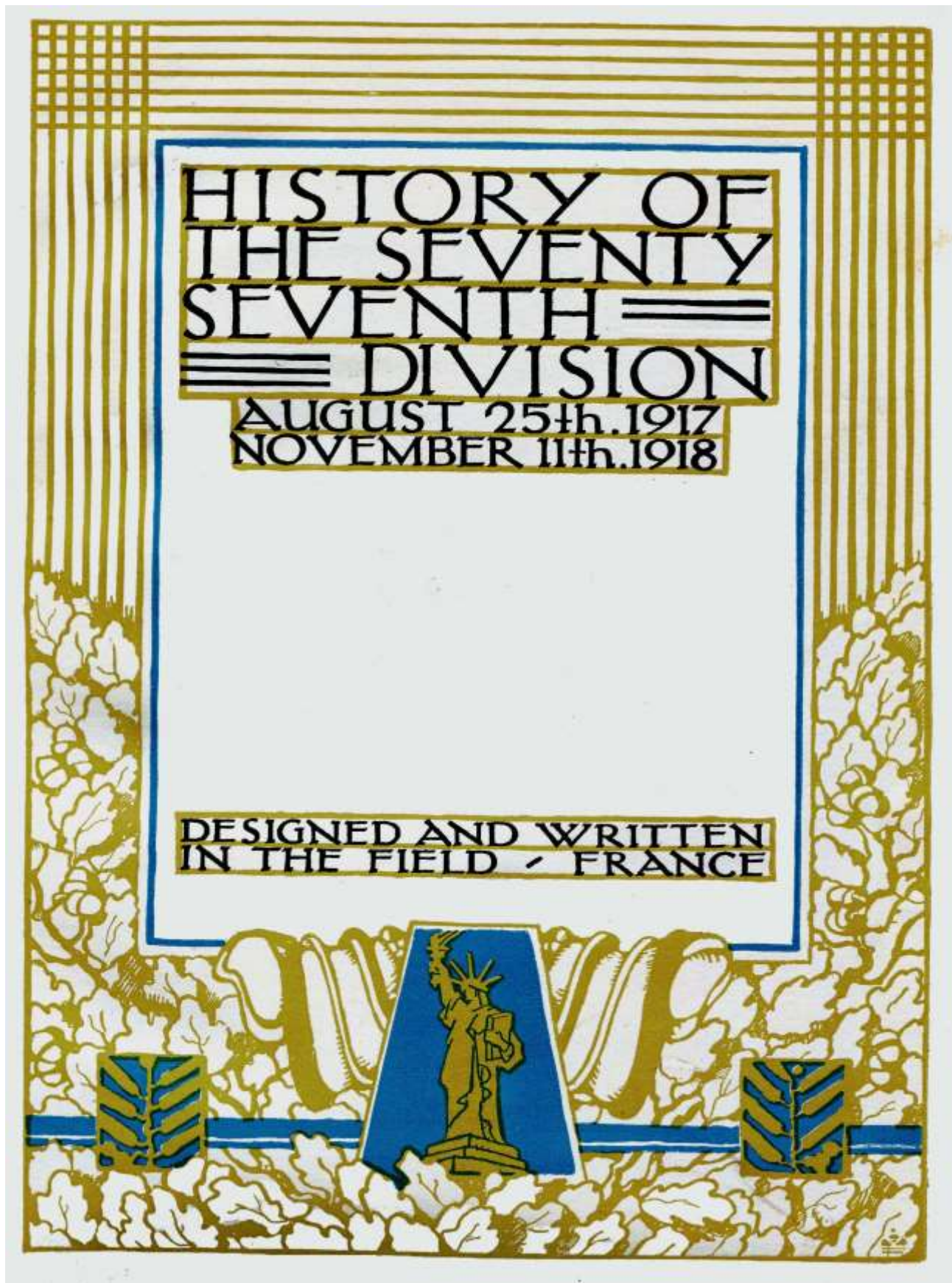
The two companies of the New York state cadets will make their first appearance in the parade. No one will be permitted on the station platform and a corps of police will be on duty to see that order is enforced. Three coaches will be used to take the men to camp, their baggage will be sent ahead of them.

The local exemption board will take special care into seeing that no liquor is taken aboard the train, this being one of the rules upon which the government makes special emphasis. The board has requested that all business places close during the hour of departure.



*Note: The Eagle Temple building was built in 1912 and taken over by the local Viking Lodge in 1941. The building is in current use, but is now known as the Viking Lodge. The auditorium appears to be the same as in the earlier picture and presumably the same as when Carl Dahlin and "Hammy" Hammerstrom were there in 1918.*

*Photo taken in 2002 \*Note : Typed text is a condensation of the newspaper article .  
Headline is a section copy of the paper.*





## SECTION “B” Carl Richard ‘Dick’ Dahlin during WWII

**Preface:** “Dick” Dahlin was inducted January 5, 1943 and was honorably discharged January 18, 1946. His overseas duty included Germany and France.

Dick maintained notebooks that included, photos, letters, military memorabilia, hand-written commentary and his personal cartoons. Fortunately, these notebooks have been preserved by his son Michael Dahlin and they represent the key source for his WWII adventures. This includes serving with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne, the famous “Screaming Eagles” paratrooper division and being outside of Hitler’s headquarters in Berchtesgaden when the war in Europe ended.

He also served with staff headquarters and edited a field newspaper that introduced his rebellious cartoon paratrooper character “Roderick”. Roderick’s antics backed by GI commentary reflect a rare look of a typical American soldier’s outlook serving in WWII.

Also included are my recollections of Dicks’ WWII experiences. Further, as with the other sections about Carl Dahlin and his son Gordon Dahlin I have included my own commentary plus photos, to help enforce the story line. Of additional interest, his framed collection of uniform patches and medals served as an outline for his military odyssey. [See Page 64]

Unfortunately, this expansion does not include his full military records that were destroyed in a 1973 fire at the National Army Personnel Records Center. However, existing records are referenced in the Appendix.

Finally, Dick had a unique talent for cartooning that goes beyond art alone. Consequently, a new future section is planned to include the many cartoons not shown.



### Dick’s draft, enlistment and transition to military life

Dick tried to enlist in the Air Force, Navy and Marines but was rejected because of his colorblindness. Because of this, he decided to wait until he was inducted [drafted] which was on January 5, 1943. His active duty was January 12, 1943. His brother Gordon was inducted January 18, 1943 and he went into active service March 6, 1943.

Because both of the Dahlin boys were drafted close together the Dahlin family had a special farewell party for them. The photo was likely taken by Dick and includes his handwriting. Carl and Grace Dahlin took great pride having two sons serving and proudly displayed the two-star banner in their Culbert St. window throughout the war. This

banner was evident to anyone at the time that the family had two members serving.



Dick kicked off his WWII odyssey at Fort Niagara NY. His younger brother

Gordon also started his military career at the same place. Fort Niagara was located at mouth of the Niagara River where it enters Lake Ontario. It has a 300-year tradition that dates back to the French and Indian Wars. During WW2 it served as reception area for recruits. It was too small for an active military training. It is currently a New York State Park and a historical landmark.



**WWII Record Holder ?** Dick often remarked, in jest, that he probably had the WWII record for being a buck private [no stripe] without promotion. Much of this was to do with his being transferred from one different outfit to another. During his war years he served in several different outfits. He noted that while he was in the States he served in Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana and Illinois. Further he went through basic training four times. Some of these moves were tied to a problem with his feet where he had to terminate his assignment with the paratroopers and move to another outfit. He later rejoined the troopers.

However, Dick acknowledged that his stalemated advancement was sometimes tied to what could be he referred to as *conflicts with military protocol*. For example, one incident he recalled adds some color to his story. On one military excursion the paratroopers were planning to march out. Dick, like the other troopers had been standing in line in the cold for about two hours. Totally frustrated, he started complaining in a loud voice. Unfortunately, he did not see some General who was standing close by whom immediately walked over and chewed him out. Perhaps, his experience with the General helped stretch- out his time for promotion.

The first page of Dick's album is a photo collage of the various units he served in both in the USA and Europe. This collage includes the adjacent photo of Hitler and Dick's comments. His military odyssey follows:



THE TRAVELING  
WAS ALL ARRANGED  
BY ADOLPH

### **Preliminary Stop Camp Toccoa, Georgia --11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division**

Although he started out in the Infantry, Dick volunteered to be a paratrooper. His reason was that the paratroopers were a new elite organization that had jazzy uniforms, wore wings and received extra hazardous duty pay. He ended up at Camp Toccoa and apparently with the 511<sup>th</sup> Parachute Infantry Regiment [PIR] of the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Division.

According to the published history of the 511<sup>th</sup> PIR, the regiment was activated January 5, 1943 at Camp Toccoa located in northeast Georgia. The focal point of the Camp was Mount Currahee that is an Indian word that means "Stands Alone" which is fitting because paratroopers "stand alone" as they drop behind enemy lines. Volunteers were generally new inductees that came from all over the country and went through an unusual screening process. All men had to have an IQ of 100 or better and were personally interviewed. Only 35 % of the volunteers met the Regiments high standards, the other rejected 65% were sent elsewhere.

Camp Toccoa gained international celebrity with the 2001 ten -part television miniseries "**Band of Brothers**". This series follows a group of 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne paratroopers during WWII. The series is based upon real men from 506 PIR "E" Company who trained at Toccoa from July 20, to November 15, 1942. Part 1 of the series portrays the punishing physical training used to prepare the men for battle. This includes running from the mess hall to the top of Currahee Mountain and returning while singing "Three miles up and Three miles down" Currahee remains the battle cry of the 506<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment

Today there is a museum commemorating the old camp .Currahee Mountain is part of the U.S. Forest Service and visitors can still take the three mile hike to top.

Shoulder patches for 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne and the 506<sup>th</sup> PIR and the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne with the 511<sup>th</sup> PIR are shown. Dick's Dog Tag is also shown

DICK DAHLIN DRAFTED  
JAN '43- FORT NIAGARA  
GUNG HO! VOLUNTEERED  
FOR PARATROOPERS  
SENT TO TOCCOA, GEORGIA.  
MUDDY, COLD, DAMP.  
NO BOOTS - WET FEET-  
TOO G.I. TO GO ON SICK  
CALL.  
FEET GOT SWOLLEN & I  
GOT LIMPY - SENT TO  
THE MEDICS.  
THROWN OUT OF TOCCOA  
AND THE NEW 11TH  
AIRBORNE -  
UNFIT FOR INFANTRY  
DUTY - ON THE SERVICE  
RECORD.



Unfortunately, as reflected in his album comments, Dick's sad testimony shows he did not survive the training. Instead, contrary to what he reports about his service record he was transferred to the infantry.

**Camp Gordon Georgia-** Was established in October 1941 on 55,000 acres in Richmond County Georgia. It was a training site for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> Infantry Divisions plus the 10<sup>th</sup> Armored Division. Dick was assigned to the 26<sup>th</sup> Infantry. Photos while he was at Camp Gordon that includes the 26<sup>th</sup> “YD” Yankee Division shoulder patch are shown. The young lady with the Camp Gordon ‘T’ shirt is Miss Betty Dean the future Mrs. Dick Dahlin.

REASSIGNED, NATURALLY  
TO THE YD - YANKEE DIV.  
26<sup>TH</sup> DIV. INFANTRY!  
CAMP GORDON, GEORGIA



FIRST FURLOUGH - JUNE '43 FROM THE 26<sup>TH</sup> Y.D.  
AFTER SECOND BASIC TRAINING





## Army Specialized Training Program [ASTP] –University Of Illinois

The ASTP was a military training program initiated during WW2 to meet demands for junior officers and soldiers with technical skills. The program conducted at 222 American universities offered training in such fields as engineering, foreign languages as medicine. Entry requirements were high with a minimum of 115 IQ [later 115] and you needed to have completed basic training. Graduates include many notable Americans such as Bob Dole, U.S. Senator; Henry Kissinger, Secretary of State; Gore Vidal, author and Mel Brooks filmmaker.

Dick's Discharge Record show he was enrolled in the Basic Engineering program for 36 weeks that included math, physics and engineering drawing. Photos of his stay at the University of Illinois are shown along with a typical, cartoon-decorated- letter he sent home. His hand- written frustration being pulled from the program because of demands for ground troops is shown. It was written on the back of his Barracks #43 photo.



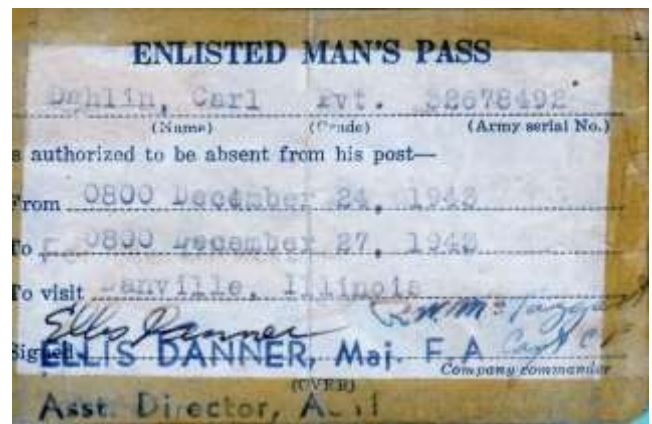
Union Hall "Mess"



*Here's the Great house  
we're living in. It's moving  
out this weekend, tho, goddam  
it!*



Dick, Gus & "Tex" Faubian



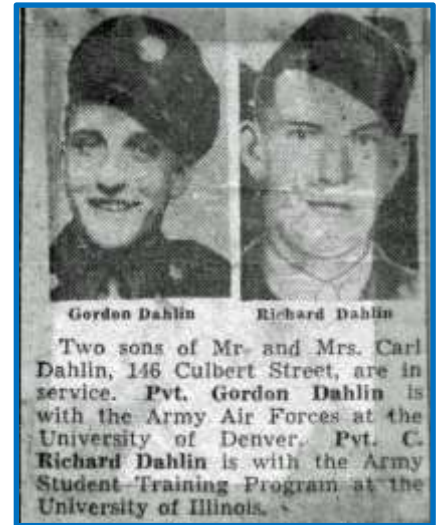


## Brothers in Angst – Early 1944

When you read Dick's comments on the previous page as well as the attached album notes regarding being removed from ASTP you have a glimpse of his devastation. His brother Gordon was at the Army Air Force Officers Candidate School at the University of Denver at the same time. Gordon's hand-written

SO- IN JANUARY '44, THEY BROKE UP  
ASTP- KERCHUNK- AND PUT US ON A TRAIN  
AND IT STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF  
LOUISIANA- LATE AT NITE - AND NOW WE  
WERE MEMBERS OF THE 8TH ARMORED  
DIV. - 49TH ARMORED INFANTRY BN.  
AND I HAD BASIC TRAINING THE 3RD TIME  
- THEY SAID I WOULD BE A SCOUT- MG!  
BUT AFTER A FURLQ, I GOT MY TRANSFER  
BACK INTO THE PARATROOPS- SO- FROM  
CAMP POLK, LA., I WENT TO:  
CAMP Mc CALL, LA. - 541ST ACHT REGT.  
AND THEN ON TO FT. BENNING GEORGIA

comments at the time states:  
"I never felt better in my life".  
Both men were looking  
toward the opportunity to  
being officers; however,  
instead, without warning,  
they were transferred back to  
the Infantry as privates. This  
move was precipitated  
because of increased need for  
ground troops. The attached  
newspaper clipping was taken  
from a Syracuse, NY newspaper published in December 1943.



### Camp Polk Louisiana 8<sup>th</sup> Armored Division

The successes of the German armored units in Poland and France underscored the America's need for an effective armored force. The tank battles of North Africa and Russia in early 1942 caused the US Army to recognize the need to drastically increase the number of its armored units. The 8<sup>th</sup> Armored Division was Activated in April 1942. From 1942 through 1944 it functioned as a training command station at Camp Polk Louisiana. *Note: 8<sup>th</sup> Armored history records states that on March 2, 1944 they received 1200 replacements from the cancelled Army Specialized Training Program [ASTP]*



**Sending Your Boy to Camp This Summer?**

BEAUTIFUL  
**CAMP  
POLK**

... Located in the heart of Louisiana will be an IDEAL spot for him. Boys 18-38 accommodated. Homelike, healthy atmosphere includes cozy Lodges, each with counselors, and outdoor sleeping plans.

**RECREATIONAL FACILITIES**—Invigorating hikes, mass games, rifle practice, and many other body building activities including trips to delightful Leesville, La., located eight miles away.

**YOUR BOY WILL NEVER FORGET IT  
—NEVER!**

... Years from now he will cherish the memory of the long, sunny days in the picturesque Southland. Character building and improvement of posture are our specialties. When he comes home you will note with satisfaction his expanded chest and vocabulary!

**Our Program Is In Line with The  
Government's War Activities!**

So write today! — Your Local Draft Board Can Supply Further Information and Blanks. Rates are Incredibly Low for an Extended Stay.

**WE WILL MEET YOU AT THE TRAIN!**

## Marriage and Family Folklore Honeymoon



**Marriage Announcement:** Marriages DAHLIN—DEAN—At Methodist parsonage, Baldwinsville, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, June 24, 1944, at 1:30 o'clock, Mr. Carl Richard

Dahlin of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Betty Jane Dean of Lysander, N. Y. Rev. Boyd A. Little, pastor of the church officiated. The attendants were Dale O. Barnum and Anita V. Dean. The bride's mother and another sister were also present. *Newspaper Gazette & Farmers Journal Baldwinsville, NY- Thursday June 29, 1944.*

**Honeymoon Handicap - 1944** *Background:* Dick and Betty were married without Dahlin Family knowledge. Dick's mother was a strong-willed personality and Dick was apprehensive about telling his mother he was married. The following are remarks by Dick's Sister Vivian and Gordon's wife Jean [Schultz] Dahlin reminiscing about Dick and Betty's wedding day. Dick and Gordon were both home on furloughs and to celebrate Dick, Betty, Gordon, Jean, Vivian and Dick's parents attended a Purple Heart dinner dance that Saturday evening. During that party Jean noticed Betty was wearing a ring and questing the source; Betty fluffed it off. Vivian and Betty were friends and to avoid a long trip home Betty planned to stay with Vivian. After the party, returning to the Dahlin Culbert Street home, Betty told Vivian about her marriage to Dick and asked Vivian to tell he mother. Vivian responded: "No way am I telling Ma!" Dick was unwilling also. So,

the bride on her wedding night slept with her new sister-in-law and the groom found other quarters. Dick's mother found out about her new daughter-in-law from a neighbor the following day. One can only image the consequences. *Photos show 1. Dick between Jean and Betty plus his parents and brother Roger. 2. Dick and Vivian 3. Furlough photo Dick, Betty, Jean & Gordon.*

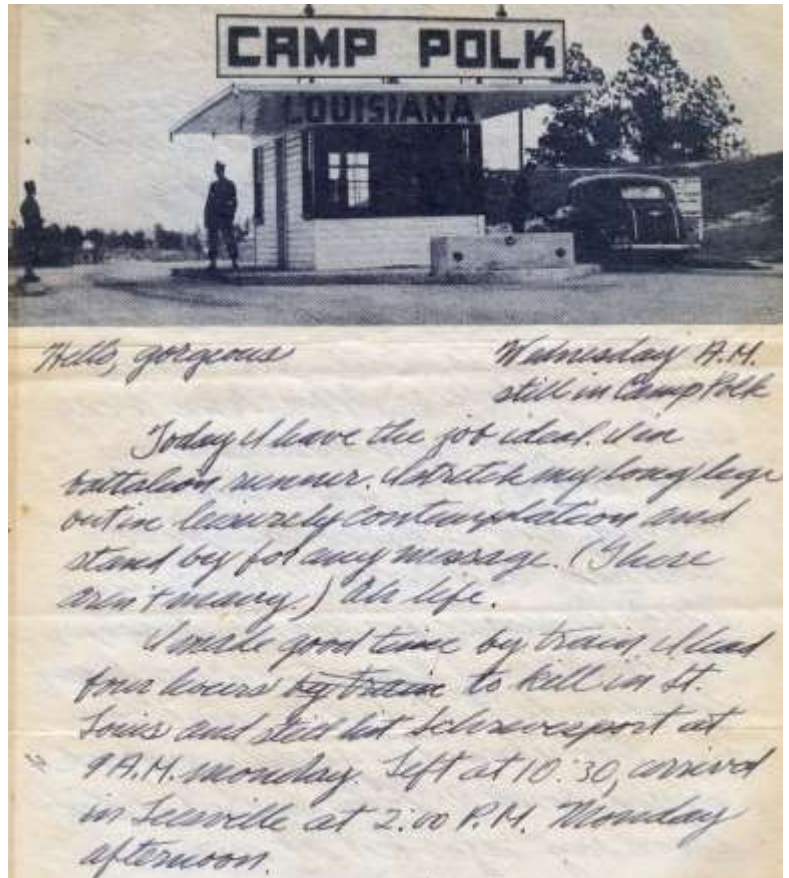




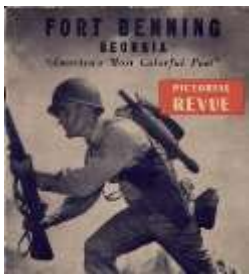
## Camp Polk Louisiana ,8th Armored, to Paratroopers at Camp Mackall North Carolina

At this point in Dick's WWII adventures the story line gets a letting confusing. Dick's hand written note on a previous page indicates Camp Mackall was in LA ; whereas the postcards in his album indicates he did his pre-jump training at Camp.to Mackall. N.C. Further, his marriage photo from June 24,1944 shows him in a paratrooper uniform. Contrariwise, the letter from Camp Polk to his wife Betty dated July 15,1944 shows him still with the 8<sup>th</sup> Armored. In any event, his military odyssey continues at Camp Mackall. The letter shown appears to be from Dick to Betty after returning from his Syracuse furlough and marriage.

The bottom photos are postcards from Camp Mackall that Dick preserved in his album that included his hand-written note: **“PRE-JUMP TRAINING SOME MORE BASIC ALSO 1944”**







## The 541<sup>st</sup> Parachute Infantry Regiment

was an airborne infantry regiment of the United States Army activated August 12, 1943 at Fort Benning Georgia. While

never destined to see combat it served as reserve unit and also used to send trained replacements overseas. The unit was filled with men who already completed Basic and Infantry Training but were yet to complete Jump School. The men were all volunteers that had scored exceptionally well on their Army Entrance exams. The Regiment moved back and forth between Fort Benning and Camp Mackall developing new tactics and techniques and providing cadre for Airborne units such as the 82<sup>nd</sup> and 101<sup>st</sup>

Airborne. Dick's Honorable Discharge Record shows he completed 13 weeks of AGF Parachute School Radio Operator & Parachutist in 1944 that was either at Camp Mackall or Fort Benning. **Note that the shoulder patch on Dick's cartoon is the general Airborne Patch as shown on the previous page** Photos shown representing typical paratrooper training include post cards from Dick's photo album.



## More American Paratrooper Training Photos from Dick's Album,



**The Fallschirmjäger** were the paratrooper branch of the German Luftwaffe before and during WWII. They were an elite highly trained light infantry unit known by the Allied forces they fought against as the “Green Devils”. They were famous for their willingness to give every effort unwaveringly even in the grimmest of situations. Germany’s parachute arm was officially inaugurated in 1936 with a call for recruits for parachute training school. Men who completed six jumps were eligible to receive the



parachutist’s badge; a copy of this badge is shown. Training

as with the American paratroopers was very rigorous; however rather than jumping feet first, they dove head first from the airplane. Photos below show training and a group of ‘Green Devils’ with Adolph Hitler. *Their early success, particularly during the invasion of France, was the impetus for the American Airborne program.*





**Blood on the Risers** is a bawdy American paratrooper marching song from WWII sung to the tune of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic”. This song, still in use but modified over the years, tells of the fatal jump of a rookie paratrooper whose parachute fails to deploy. This results in him falling to his death. “Risers” are the four straps which connect the suspension lines of the parachute to the parachute harness. The song gained significant notoriety because of its use in the popular TV miniseries “Band of Brothers” that follows men with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne during WWII. Dick, though a series of 20 cartoons copies the lyrics but replaces the rookie paratrooper with Roderick who is a sad -sack paratrooper. Dick’s interpretations are in satire. Seven of those cartoons follow.

Dick referred to his work as “The Airborne Song”. However, the October 5, 1945 issue of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Magazine “Screaming Eagle” refers to it as “Gory, Gory”. The lyrics in this magazine follow those of Dick’s. [See Page 88]

Another aspect of WWII Paratrooper folklore is Dick’s introduction of “The Airborne Song” shown. The cartoon underscores Roderick’s contempt for the Military Police [MP]. Reviewing the history of the 541<sup>st</sup> Paratrooper Infantry Regiment one will learn that dropping out of Jump School resulted in banishment to the MP’s. Consequently, paratroopers challenged MP authority at any opportunity.





## Europe 1945 -101<sup>st</sup> Airborne ‘The Screaming Eagles’

Dick embarked from Camp Shanks Orangeburg NY on January 23, 1945. and arrived in Scotland February 2, 1945. He was transferred overseas with the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne just after the "Battle of the Bulge" This move was in response to the many paratroopers lost in that battle. The "Bulge" was the biggest battle fought on the western front in WWII and took place in the Belgium's Ardennes Forest. This massive, last ditch gamble by the German's was conceived by Hitler and undertaken against the advice of most of his generals. Hitler instructed his generals to take no prisoners; consequently, many American POW's [prisoners of war] were merely executed. The battle that began on December 16, 1944 resulted in thousands of casualties on both sides



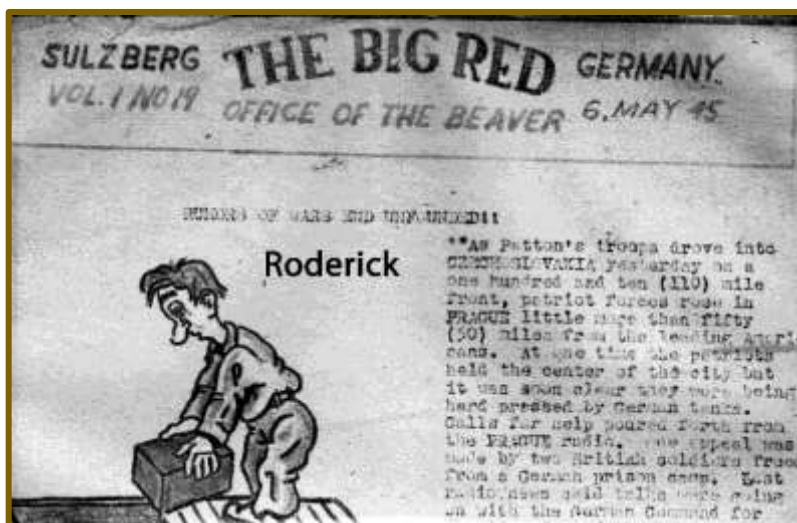
Dick served in France, Central Europe, Austria, Germany and the Rhineland. One overseas story he mentioned was while eating with some battle- hardened troops a shell suddenly came overhead. Everyone but C. Richard hit the ground. Some guy yelled out "Get down!" that Dick complied with. Looking back in later years, he said he did not recall any fear. He wasn't sure why, it was not being heroic, maybe it was because he thought the shell was far away. *A precise chronology of his whereabouts is not available; however, he was in the German Rhineland in early March because he mentioned crossing the Remagen Bridge. Further, he was close to Hitler's retreat in Berchtesgaden on V-E Day [Victory in Europe] on May 8, 1945. Detailed information about these locations along with his activities in France follow:*

**Remagen Bridge :** During the advance of the Allied forces across Europe, Germany's last major natural barrier and line of defense was the Rhine River. The Allie's assumed that all the bridges across the Rhine had been destroyed and that they were facing a tough defensive operation. On March 6, 1945 some US infantrymen spotted that a lone railroad bridge at the village of Remagen was still intact. A fierce battle ensued to prevent the Germans from blowing up the bridge. The American's secured the bridge on March 8, 1945. General Eisenhower was ecstatic.



The capture of this bridge was one of the critical operations of the war. Its' story was retold in the bestselling book and movie " The Bridge at Remagen" Although Dick Dahlin was not at the battle, he crossed over the bridge shortly after the battle.

***“Roderick”*** was a mischievous, sad -sack paratrooper cartoon introduced by Dick in April 1945 to a 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne field newspaper. Details of Roderick's adventures are in the typical “The Big Red “publication shown. An example of a Roderick type character taken from Dick's early work is below



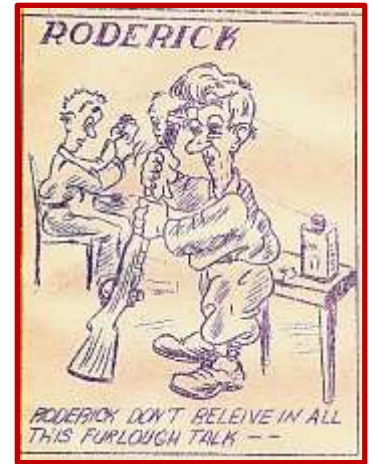
## The 502<sup>nd</sup> Paratroop Infantry Regiment The 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne

Division had three Paratroop Infantry Regiments during WW2. The 501<sup>st</sup>, the 502<sup>nd</sup> and the 506<sup>th</sup> of “Band of Brothers” fame. Dick’s Honorable Discharge Record shows he was with the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of the 502<sup>nd</sup> Paratroop Infantry. Roderick’s introduction was initially in the Battalion newspaper “The Big Red” where in addition to being the principal editor, Dick served as Battalion Draftsman.



Dick’s album has 18 copies of “The Big Red” each with 3-5 pages. Each publication had a volume and issue number with date. Comparing the 1945 calendar

with the issue information indicates it was a daily paper and it was published from April to July 1945. The publication provided war status update along with Battalion scuttlebutt., Dick indicated it was produced on a Nazi confiscated mimeograph; hence the blue images. A typical Roderick cartoon from the Monday



**Berchtesgaden** is currently a small tourist village in the Bavarian Alps. During WWII it was a prized military objective because it was located near Adolph Hitler's villa. This villa known as the Berghof was the site of many of Hitler's strategic meetings during the war. Hitler’s second in command, Herman Goering, head of the *German Luftwaffe* [Airforce] also had a home there.

The Berghof was designed to provide "first class" living and dining accommodations for Hitler's staff or guests and also serve as a military planning center. The facility was also designed to provide secure defensive provisions. This included underground, tunnels, bunkers and air- conditioned living quarters. Antiaircraft guns were installed on the surrounding mountains and the valley could be filled with a chemical fog on short notice to hide the location from allied bombers.

Since the Berghof represented a symbol of Nazi power, the German government, during the 1950's, had it leveled by dynamite. The measure was taken since the government was afraid that the Berghof could be interpreted as a shrine for Hitler and serve as source for future Nazi revival. A small, ornate cottage perched on a high peak, known as " The Eagles Nest", was not destroyed is still a tourist attraction.

During the final phases of the war as the German's resistance crumbled, a mad race was on to see who would have the honor of capturing Hitler's Berchtesgaden retreat. The 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne is generally designated for this honor but a few French troops and the U.S. 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry got there first.



When the war ended the “Screaming Eagles” occupied Berchtesgaden and they had the opportunity to obtain prime souvenirs. At that time, Dick was a few miles away in Reit Im Winkl . Two items he collected is a hand-drawing of Hitler and a Goering propaganda poster.

**Translation: “We do not want to leave for our children and descendants what we can do ourselves.”**

*Weekly proclamation of the National Socialist German Workers Party [Nazi Party] , Series 3, January 11<sup>th</sup> -17<sup>th</sup>, 1943*



**Other Souvenirs** Some of the memorabilia that Dick brought back from Nazi Germany include the two propaganda posters shown plus ring, belt buckle and emblem. *Translation of posters ... Adolph Hitler: "What the German Farmer has achieved in the past few years is something truly unique" [Note the sword]* ...Theodor Korner: "The Fatherland is allowed to demand any sacrifice."



V-E Day [Victory in Europe] May 8, 1945 was a Worldwide celebration. However, the ordinary GI still faced a planned invasion of Japan. The mood of the average GI is reflected in the Big Red's V-E Day issue where Dick shows Roderick facing this dilemma. The first of nine cartoons show Roderick paying the price of excessive celebration. Next,



he is on an ocean liner dreaming of home and then somewhere in Japan on July 4, 1945. He is still in the Army after Japan finally surrenders and is shown entering an old soldiers home in 1982.





### Displaced Surrender of a Nazi SS Division.

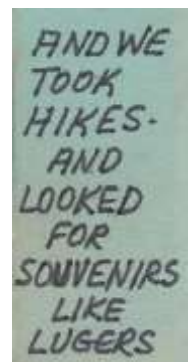
One quiet weekend, close to V-E Day, Dick was supporting guard duty on the 101<sup>st</sup> secured perimeter. It turned out that particular day all the "brass" was away on some excursion and he was the ranking military person onsite. Against the quiet, he heard a motor car in the distance. Shortly, a massive open-carriage touring car approached him. In the front

seat next to the driver sat a blindfolded German officer. There were two other uniformed Germans sitting in the back seat who were also blindfolded. The German officer advised Dick that he had come to surrender his outfit. Perplexed at the German's request, Dick had to do some quick thinking. He understood that it was outside military protocol for him to accept the surrender and instead it needed to be provided by some ranking officer. Further, he also quickly sensed that the German officer's pride would not allow him to surrender to a lowly Sargent. In response to this dilemma, he advised the German officer that there was no one here at the present that could accept his surrender and that he should return the next day. Dick later advised his superior officer of his experience. The following day, the German officer returned and submitted his surrender to appropriate staff. *Note my understanding talking with Dick is that this event happened at Berchtesgaden; however, the attached photo shows this was at Reit Im Winkl. The photo of a SS officer is an Internet download.*



### After 26 Months a Buck Private - I made T4.

Comment next to photo where Dick proudly displays his new rank of Technical Sargent [T4]. This photo along with the other two shown are presumed to be at Reit Im Winkl. The photo of two men shows Dick standing next to fellow soldier Fitz.



## A Wehrmacht Soldiers View of Occupied Belgium and France During WWII

Dick's album has several photo and documents from the German occupying forces during WWII. Within these pages are several photos of what appears to be the personal collection of an individual German Army [Wehrmacht] soldier. Several of the photos have the same handwriting that identifies location. Dick added translation below the photos that have been transcribed to the photos. A few of the photos in Belgium and Normandy are shown but do not include the soldier's site- seeing in Paris.





## More Wehrmacht Soldier's Photos





## Good- Bye Austria Hello France

The 502<sup>nd</sup> spent the early summer of 1945 on occupation duty near Mittersill, Austria. In August they moved to Auxerre France.





AUXERRE, FRANCE - TRAINING JUMP - AUGUST 1945



LESURE MILSTEIN CHALIFOUX DICK PIERCE  
IN BACK ROW



DICK LESURE PIERCE FITZ



FITZ WAS ALWAYS DRAPER - HE COULD MAKE A COLLAPSED CHUTE LOOK GOOD!



AND POOR OLD RICHARD GOT CONNED INTO A SECOND JUMP - FOR FREE !



## Roderick's Promotion and the Death of the "Screaming Eagles".

Roderick ended up in several issues of the 502 Parachute Infantry newspaper "The Screamer" One of the Roderick cartoons is shown.



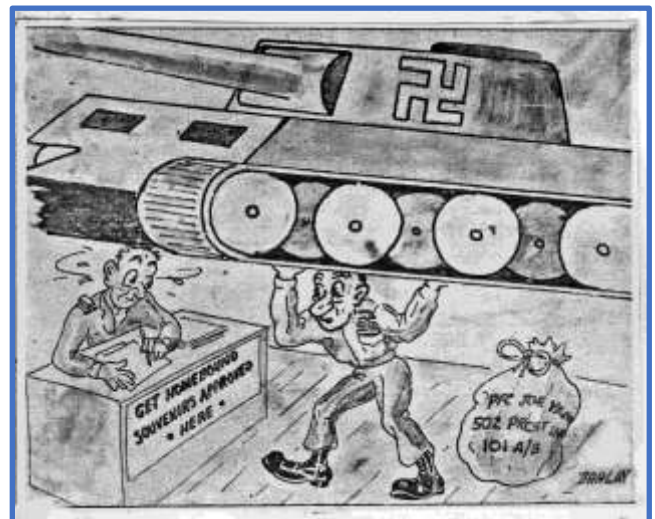
A section of "The Screamer" from November 22, 1945 [French Edition- Volume 1, Number 14] **headlines the 101st demise.** *Crop is from Dick's full page original.*

The 502<sup>nd</sup> spent early 1945 in Austria. Returning to France in September, the soldiers continued waiting for transport Stateside for the promised victory parade down New York's Fifth Avenue. However, the reduced peacetime Army only

had room for one of the four airborne divisions, and the 82<sup>nd</sup> was senior in combat experience. The 101<sup>st</sup> Division was deactivated November 30, 1945 at Auxerre, France. Much of the unit property and records were burned. Only nine boxes of the 502<sup>nd</sup> records ended up in the National archives. For comparison the 506<sup>th</sup> sent sixteen boxes. *Source: Wikipedia "502<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment History".* **The 101<sup>st</sup> was officially reactivated September 26, 1956 and currently remains an active fighting force.**

**Souvenir Splash** Dick traveled to Europe aboard the Queen Mary [See below] and returned to the USA aboard the RMS Aquitania. Both refitted luxury liners were built by Cunard Line that also built the Titanic.

Dick notes in his album that after boarding the Aquitania, word came from top brass that if anyone is found with contraband they would be severely punished. Fearing reprisal, he threw his treasured Nazi ceremonial dagger overboard. Dick's son Michael, recalled his father saying you could hear items splashing into the ocean all night long. Sadly, there was no special effort to search for these items. *There must have been a souvenir approval method as reflected in Dick's following cartoon.*

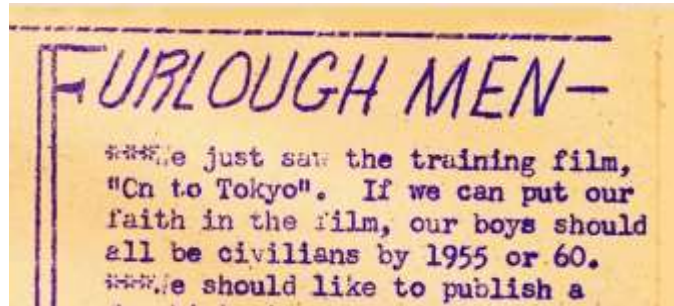


**Dick Dahlin, Syracuse, NY and the Atomic Bomb :** President Harry Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki is still widely challenged. This moral conundrum remains fixed in 2018; but not so in 1945. To appreciate this statement, one needs to observe the response of an American city, like Syracuse, and the typical GI at the time.

In 1945, when the fighting stopped, there were two separate downtown Syracuse celebrations: The city erupted with utter madness on Aug. 14, at the announcement of the Japanese surrender. A month later, on Sept. 4, 1945, Central New York gathered for a formal celebration: There was a Victory Day Parade where more than 100,000 spectators jammed South Salina Street. Dick's Uncle George Spaeth and Aunt Bessie were at the parade and saved the attached souvenir flyer. The flyer was compliments of the Manufacturers' Association of Syracuse and its 80 members.

The testimony of the souvenir cartoon would have been cheered by the average GI also. Looking back to some of the earlier issues of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne's "The Big Red" it was clear that these men were anticipating a long and deadly battle to conquer Japan. Consequently, in their view, the atomic bomb eliminated that challenge.

Two examples shown from "The Big Red" support that fear. One is a partial repeat of the May 9<sup>th</sup> V-E Day issue where Roderick reflects about his future. The other is the clipping from the Monday June 18, 1945 issue that discusses the training film "On to Tokyo" underscoring 10-15 more years of expected military service.



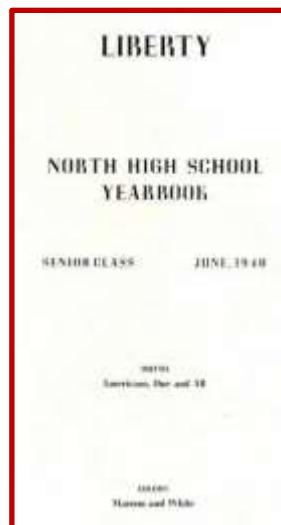
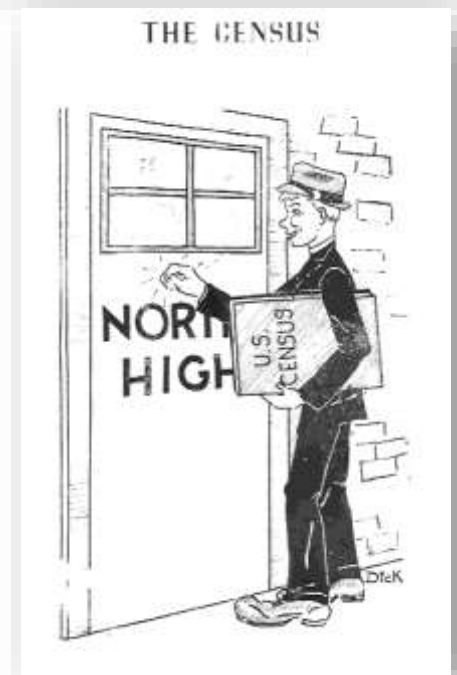
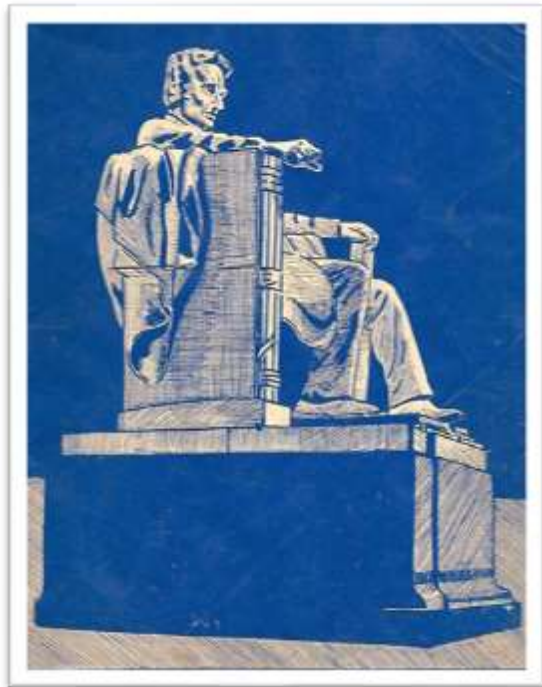


**Proudest Time -WWII Victory Parade:** Dick Dahlin often mentioned that the proudest and most moving experience of his life was marching in the New York City Victory Parade [ January 12,1946 ]. The parade was led by 13,000 82nd Airborne Paratroopers that was chosen as the All-American Division to represent the US army and the end of WWII. In preparation for the New York parade, the division mustered and trained three times a day since late 1945, after having finished their garrison duty in Berlin. The division arrived in United States on January 3, and continued training for the parade at Camp Shanks which is where Dick left for Europe In January 1945 . The four mile long parade also included Sherman tanks and other armored vehicles, such as self-propelled howitzers, and a fly-by of a formation of glider-towing C-47s. The huge ticker- tape parade down Fifth Avenue was cheered by thousands of exuberant New Yorkers'. In the twilight years of his life, Dick hoped that he would be remembered for this experience.



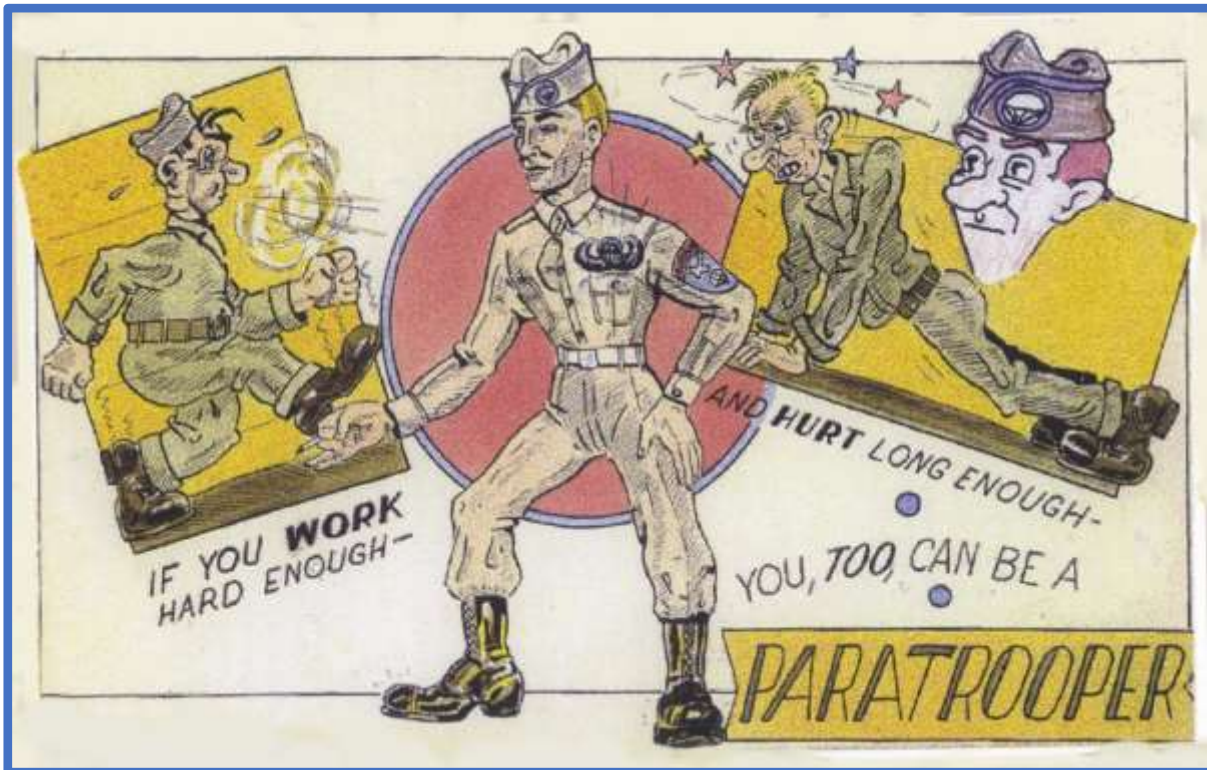
## Foundations of a Military Cartoonist

Dick Dahlin had an early interest in cartooning. A teenage photo at his home is shown. He graduated from Syracuse's North High School in 1940 and drew the cover for the Yearbook as well as several cartoons within this yearbook. Copies of these drawings follow.





**AFTERTHOUGHTS** In 2019 I showed Dick's cartoon below "Some Day" to his granddaughter Taylor Dahlin who exclaimed "I did not know that grandpa was that kind of person"! Many people may have had a similar impression of Dick who often presented a somewhat flamboyant persona. My experience was that Dick was a much more retrospective person that often shows up in his artwork. Unfortunately, much of his cartoons are not included that provide great insight into the lives of the average WWII soldier.





YD. YANKEE DIVISION



101ST



REG'T.



2

ASSIGNED  
MARCH '43  
TO 26TH INF.  
DIVISION -  
YANKEE DIV - YD  
CAMPGORDON, GA.  
MARCH 43 TO OCT 43.  
RECEIVED BASIC TRAINING AS A SCOUT  
I TOOK TESTS FOR ASTP AND WAS TRANSFERRED  
(RECEIVED FIRST FURLOUGH

INSIGNIA  
AT TOP IS 101ST  
DIVISION - SEMPER  
PARATUS - "ALWAYS  
PREPARED"



3 A.S.T.P. - ARMY SPECIALIZED  
TRAINING PROGRAM - UNIV. OF  
ILLINOIS - ENGINEERING.  
OCT. 43 TO FEB '44 - ASTP  
BROKEN UP. REASSIGNED TO -



PARACHUTE  
STUDENT CAP  
PATCH



U.S. ARMY JACKET  
INSIGNIA



DOG  
TAG

5 BACK IN PARATROOPS  
CAMP Mc CALL ALABAMA  
541ST PARACHUTE INF. TRNG. REG'T.  
TRANSFERRED FOR JUMP TRAINING TO  
FORT BENNING, GA. QUALIFIED PARACHUTIST  
SEPT. 44. RADIO OPERATOR SCHOOL TO JAN. '45



541ST  
SHOULDER  
PATCH



INFANTRY  
INSIGNIA  
ON ARMY JACKET

4 8TH ARMORED  
DIVISION  
FEB '44 TO  
APRIL '44  
RECEIVED  
TRANSFER  
BACK TO  
AIRBORNE



4 8TH ARMORED DIV. 49TH ARMORED INF.  
BN. CAMP POLK, LA.

INDUCTED JAN. '43 FORT NIAGARA  
VOLUNTEERED FOR PARATROOPS - ASSIGNED  
TO 5TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT  
TOKOIA, GEORGIA. MUD HOLE - NO BOOTS -  
DEVELOPED SWOLLEN TENDONS  
REJECTED AS "UNFIT FOR INFANTRY DUTY"  
RECEIVED PARTIAL BASIC TRAINING.



# EUROPEAN

⑥

P.O.E. CAMP SHANKS, N.Y. OVERSEAS  
JAN 45 A5 REPLACEMENT - SENT TO  
ALSACE - ON LINE - WITH 101ST AIRBORNE



COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE  
101ST AIRBORNE - JAN 45 TO  
END OF WAR



JUMP WINGS - WORN  
BY PARATROOPERS  
FIRST ALLIED AIRBORNE ARMY



101ST AIRBORNE DIV.  
"SCREAMING EAGLES"  
ALSACE THRU GERMANY  
TO BERGHESEMUNDEN



ALLIED  
AIRBORNE  
PATCH - ALL A.B. DIV'S.  
WORN ON  
RIGHT HAND  
SHOULDER



E.T.O.  
EUROPEAN  
THEATER  
2 BATTLE STARS  
PRESIDENTIAL  
CITATION TO  
101ST A.B. DIV.

# THEATRE



AIRBORNE  
CAP PATCH  
WORN BY ALL  
U.S. AIRBORNE



82ND AIRBORNE DIV.  
"ALL AMERICAN"  
TRANSFERRED TO 82ND WHEN  
101ST DEACTIVATED, SCHEDULED  
FOR JAPAN, 82ND MADE VICTORY  
PARADE NEW YORK CITY.

## SECTION "C" Gordon Dahlin during WWII

**Preface:** The following is an overview of Gordon Dahlin's experiences during WWII. Like many men during WWII, he served in more than one military branch. It includes commentary regarding his initial service with the 299th Combat Engineers followed by his brief term with the Army Air Force. More detailed information regarding his experiences as a First Lieutenant in the Philippines is provided.

Most of the information that follows is based upon several tape-recorded sessions I had with Gordon in 2002-2003. These recollections were initially published in "The Spaeth Family Album" [pages 146-158] \*. These published pages were personally reviewed by Gordon at the time and include his minor corrections. My regret is I did not ask him what, important to him, things I left out and that I limited it to his experiences in the Philippines.

What follows is an expansion of the 2004 document. It includes additional information based upon my recollections of Gordon's WW2 experiences. Further, I have included my own commentary and photos to help enforce the story line.

Unfortunately, this expansion does not include his full military records that were destroyed in a 1973 fire. Gordon indicated in 2002 he did not have his military records. However, I was able to obtain his enlistment and discharge records. Most important, in December 2017 I received a three-page hand written document by Gordon from his daughter that includes a chronology of his military career and some associated comments. This new document provided key insights that were not previously available.

\* Onondaga Public Library Catalog Number R929 .2 D138 Roger Dahlin 2018



**Gordon's draft, enlistment and transition to the 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers:** Gordon's hand written comments during this period follows "*January 18, 1943* Drafted. I asked to be to be considered for Aviation Cadets .Was told to ask at the induction center.....*March 6, 1943* Sent to Fort Niagara ,NY for additional medical and mental testing. Scored well..... *March 13, 1943* Inducted into Federal Service .Was told that Aviation Cadet request had to be considered after basic training. Assigned to the 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers-Camp White Oregon. Boarded troop train for 8 day trip to Oregon. Many delays and layovers. Food was good.-played a lot of cards and game of dice [crap]."

Gordon indicated to me that to conceal troop movement the train travelled through Canada at night with shuttered window.

**The 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers** – Anyone familiar with the WW2 D- Day invasion will recognize the photo at the right or at least something like this. This particular archive photo is of the 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers landing on Normandy's Omaha Beach June 6<sup>th</sup> 1944 ["D" Day] . The 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers motto is: "**First on Omaha**".



In 2006 Governor George Pataki dedicated 22 miles of highway along the Niagara River as the "299<sup>th</sup> Engineer Combat Battalion Memorial Highway". It runs across Grand Island and terminates at the Fort Niagara State Park. [See lower inset photo.] If you drive through Auburn NY's main Street [Genesee St] you will see a similar dedication sign. This is to commemorate 63 men from Auburn who served with the 299<sup>th</sup>. [See adjacent photo].

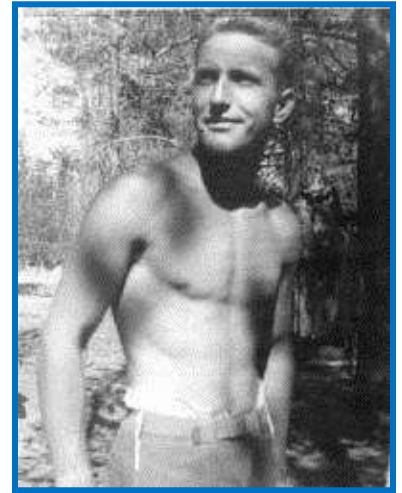
On March 14, 1943, the first group of enlisted men arrived at Camp White Oregon that was the birth place of the 299<sup>th</sup>.Combat Engineers.

The website published history of the 299<sup>th</sup> indicates this consisted of 180 men from the 1213<sup>th</sup> Reception Station at Fort Niagara. Thereafter trainloads arrived almost daily; all of them from Fort Niagara. These men were all New Yorkers primarily from upstate New York. Based upon Gordon's handwritten comments he would have been one of the earliest arrivals at Camp White.





**Camp White Oregon:** was located in the flat valley north of Medford Oregon that is surrounded by mountains on both sides and includes the 9493 feet high Mount McLoughlin. The Rogue River runs through this valley, known as the Agate Desert, and descends to the Pacific Ocean. Gordon would have been 19 when he arrived there. His enlistment record indicated he was a high school graduate and working as semiskilled pattern maker.



Detailed history about Camp White is taken from a document written by Sgt. Dale Thayer shown on the 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineer website. In this document Thayer indicated training commenced in late March 1943 that consisted of close order drill, rifle practice, and the use of basic engineering including rigging, bridge construction and basic demolition. His overview states that on July 4, 1943 the Battalion moved out of Camp White to a maneuver area near the tiny village of LaPine Oregon. This village was on the border of the High Desert and within sight of the snowcapped mountains of Three Sisters and Batchelor Mountains of the Cascade Range. The LaPine camp maneuvers continued to the end of October 1943.

**Gordon's handwritten comments follow:** *"March 21, 1943 Arrived Camp White. Assigned to Company C C, 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, 2<sup>nd</sup> Squad. Took infantry basic training. Built roads- foot bridges -pontoon bridges- Bailey bridges-crib bridges-fordes, etc. A lot of explosive training- Dynamite, TNT, "Composition C" shaped charges, caps: both fused and electric cord. Made PFC but busted later after asking for a transfer to the Air Force.*

*We went on maneuvers, and played soldier all over the sandy desert of Oregon. We cut thousands of trees for telephone poles. Was placed with a demolition squad that wandered up and down the road between Bend and Burns Oregon blowing holes where the signal corps could not drill.*

*Finally allowed to test for the Aviation Cadets. Went to Portland Air Force Base for testing. Passed*

*The photos of Gordon are with the 299<sup>th</sup> in Oregon. The lower photo shows him with a 30 caliber water-cooled machine gun. The soldier in the rear facing the camera was killed at Omaha. Other photos from the LaPine camp maneuvers are on the succeeding page*

Gordon transferred to the "Army Air Force Officers Candidate School" in Denver Colorado December, 17, 1943. However, because of his initial involvement with the 299<sup>th</sup> he attended their annual convention in Niagara Falls for many years

**The 299<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineer Annual Reunion:** Gordon attended these reunions for several years. They were always held in a swank Niagara Falls hotel close to the June 6, 1944 D-Day memorial date. His brother Dick generally went with him. His last participation was in 2000, I think, and because Dick wasn't healthy enough, I was Dick's replacement. For me this was a truly humbling experience being with and obtaining personal stories from these D-Day survivors.



*Note: It is important to understand the thrust of the Combat Engineers. Their primary responsibility is to clear the way for the invading forces; consequently, they are generally the first on the battlefield. If you look at the 229<sup>th</sup> Omaha Beach file photo on the previous page you will see large steel cross arms. These are invasion- craft barriers installed by the Nazis. One of the men I talked with at the 299<sup>th</sup> reunion told me his responsibility, along with others, was to carry explosives around their necks to destroy these barriers.*

## Maneuver Photos taken at the camp near LaPine Oregon in 1943

The photo in the upper left hand corner shows Gordon smoking with fellow combat engineer Jimmy DiPalma. The other photos are from the 299<sup>th</sup> website showing bridge building, machine gun practice, meal time and tent inspection [Note for two soldiers]





## Aviation Cadets - University of Denver December 17, 1943

**Gordon's hand written comments follow:** "Transferred to Class C-16 University of Denver. We had training from 6:00AM until 9:00 PM ,but we all loved it. Never felt better in my life. One week before graduating, 36,000 cadets from Army outfits were sent back to the Army . Bad Time      *Note : Photo at right is of fellow classmates*



*This was truly a devastating time for Gordon. Consider his hand-written comments "Never felt better in my life". Contrast this with facing transfer back to the Infantry as a lowly private in the trenches. No wonder he exclaimed "Bad Time!" ....*

*Gordon did indicate that the move was precipitated by the fact that the American's were making progress in air war. However, there was increased need for ground troops and university programs were an easy source for manpower.*

### The Aviation Cadet Training Program AvCad :

On June 20 1941,the air arm of the U.S. Army previously known as the U.S. Army Air Corps became the U.S. Army Air Forces. The grade of Aviation Cadet was created for pilot candidates. The program was expanded in May 1942 to include navigators and bombardiers. As junior officers they were addressed as mister by all ranks.



From May 1942 to 1947 aviation cadets wore the same uniform as Army officers except they lacked the mohair cuff band of a full officer. The service cap differed in that it had a blue hatband [with olive drab uniform] or brown hatband [with Khaki uniform] and the general issue eagle was replaced by the winged propeller ...Photos at right

*show Gordon in in khaki uniform and the other with the winged propeller on cap.*



**Training** came in five stages that included preflight training. There was an initial on-line training program to provide cadets busy work until a billet opened up. Most important was the **Classification Stage** where it was decided if the cadet would train as a pilot, navigator or bombardier. Candidates who failed the testing or advanced physical were returned to regular Army. *It is my understanding that Gordon was selected to be a navigator.*



**Preflight stage:** All candidates were required to take this program so that if the



pilot was incapacitated a navigator, for example, could take over in an emergency. This training included standard "boot camp" activities including athletics and military training. This was followed by concentrated classroom activities that focused on mechanics and the physics of flight. Cadets were also required to pass courses in mathematics and physics. Then the cadets were taught to apply their knowledge practically by teaching them aeronautics, deflection shooting and thinking in three dimensions. They were also evaluated in a flight simulator [See adjacent photo] and required to participate in a harrowing ride with a pilot instructor

## Camp Claiborne Louisiana. Back to the Army Engineers-, 1944

**Gordon's hand written comments follow:** Was assigned to the 1795 Engineers, Foundry, Camp Claiborne, LA, and took training again ....**June 25, 1944** - Made Corporal ....**August 16, 1944** Made Sargent [See Photo]..... Worked as a pattern maker .We all hated the place.....Got a little high at the PX on 3.2 beer and made application for Engineer OCS. The next day we went before a board of officers and all of us were accepted.

Camp Claiborne, near the town of Forest Hill was built in 1940. During its brief existence, lasting just over 5 years, over a half a million men passed through its gates. At the time it was the third largest city in Louisiana, complete with its own railroad and maneuver area that linked to **Fort Polk forty miles away**. It was also the birthplace of the 82d and 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Divisions. By 1946 the camp was deactivated with all the buildings removed. The US Forest service took over the land and was reforested.

Gordon mentioned that he and his brother Dick met during the service when they were stationed near each other. He mentioned they both stayed overnight in the same barracks together. His brother Dick was at Fort Polk at that time.

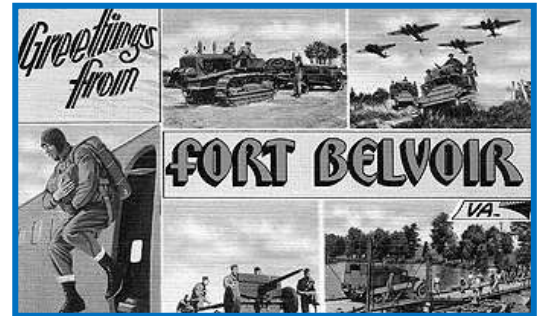


## Officer Candidate School [OCS] Fort Belvoir, Virginia -

**Gordon's hand written comments Follow:** **September 8, 1944** We were sent to Fort Belvoir, Virginia for 17 weeks of OCS training. Took Super Basic Training again. Half the class flunked out. Heppenstal, Dunsmier and I made it, but Murray -caput.

Fort Belvoir published history indicates that the 17 week course included combat engineer basic training that likely included activities that Gordon experienced in Oregon with the 299<sup>th</sup>.

Candidates trained Monday through Friday with half days on Saturday. They were also subjected to every sight, sound and sensation of battle. This entailed realistic conditions that included live ammunition, land mines and night bridging exercises.



## Combat Engineer Officer- 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant, Gordon Eric Dahlin:

**Gordon's comments follow:** **January 24, 1945** - was discharged --- **January 25, 1945** - was commissioned 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant - I was out of the Army for 24 hrs. That is the way they did it in those days. Stayed at Fort Belvoir for 4 weeks Construction School. His final payroll voucher, shown in the Appendix, explains Gordon's comments. It shows he was honorably discharged January 23, 1945 to accept a position as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant for AD [Active Duty] in AUS. [Australia] Note :General MacArthur's headquarters for the Pacific theater was in Australia. The voucher signed by Gordon showed we was a Sargent with a base pay of \$59.80

**Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Dahlin ; March 6, 1945-** Got a leave and went home and got married. Was given a Military Occupation Number of [1331] Combat Engineers Platoon Leader. Then Mom and I went to Fort Leonard Wood, MD for our honeymoon. ---**April 12, 1945** transferred to Officer Replacement Pool; Camp Stoneman CA [Near San Francisco





## Lieutenant Gordon Dahlin in the Philippines

**Over view of the war in the Philippines:** In order to have a understanding of Gordon's experiences during WW2 in the Philippines, it is necessary to have some background

The Philippines is an archipelago of 7,641 islands. The largest of these islands is Luzon that contains the capital of Manila. Gordon's experiences were on Luzon

Prior to WW2 the Philippines was a Commonwealth of the United States. Japan launched a surprise attack on the Philippines on December 8, 1941, just ten hours after the attack on Pearl harbor. Under the pressure of superior numbers the defending U.S. forces withdrew to the Batann Peninsula and the island of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay. Manila, declared an open city to prevent its destruction, was occupied by the Japanese on January 2, 1942



**General Douglas MacArthur** [ Then Commander of US Army Forces in the Far East] under orders from President Roosevelt, secretly left the Philippines by PT boat for Australia on March 11, 1942, leaving **Major-General Wainwright** in command. Upon arriving in Australia, MacArthur proclaimed: "I came through and I shall return." Despite a determined defense by the hungry and disease-ridden American and Filipino troops, Bataan was forced to surrender on April 9, 1942. Almost 78,000 troops were captured by the Japanese. But for the defenders of the peninsula, the ordeal was only the beginning. The highly publicized "Bataan Death March" was a sixty-mile trek to a prison camp. Many troops died of exhaustion or hunger, as well as at the hands of their merciless captors. *The defeat was the beginning of three-and one-half years of harsh treatment of Allied survivors in Japanese prison camps. Further, there were the "Hell Ships" on which American and Allied men were sent to Japan to be used as labor in mines, and factories. Thousands were crowded in the holds of Japanese ships without food, water or sufficient ventilation.* Meanwhile on Corregidor, a heavily fortified island in Manila Bay, American and Filipino holdouts were enduring intense day and night aerial and artillery bombardment. When the Japanese invaded the little island on the night of 5 May, they met stiff resistance from American Marines, Philippine Scouts, and civilian volunteers. Although the Japanese invasion force was smaller than the Allied defense, the Japanese managed to land artillery and tanks. On 6 May, General Wainwright surrendered Corregidor, the last American stronghold in the Pacific. **The disaster in the Philippines was to become known as the worst military defeat in U.S. history.** The war in the Philippines appeared over.

*Photos show General Wainwright just after surrender and giving a radio address*



Wainwright broadcasts the surrender—with Japanese supervision.

**Japanese Occupation of the Philippines:** When they first took over, the Japanese made a show of being friendly to the Filipinos. It was not long that the Japanese occupational forces showed their true colors. Press censorship was absolute and valueless money was forced on the population. Japanese army troops were



especially brutal to Filipino civilians, but their crimes of rape and looting went unpunished. Soon guerrilla bands were

formed and the Japanese found themselves engaged in costly guerrilla warfare.

Some reflection of the Japanese occupation is the following occupation money that Gordon brought back from the Philippines. It is interesting to note that the Japanese used English on their new ,valueless,currency that was interlaced with Japanese script.. Of further interest, to apparently save printing costs or expedite the issue of stamps, the Japanese overprinted existing stamps by canceling out reference to the U.S. on these stamps.

**Liberation of the Philippines:** On October 20, 1944, a few hours after his troops landed, General MacArthur waded ashore onto the Philippine island of Leyte. That day, he made a radio broadcast in which he declared, "People of the Philippines, I have returned!" In January 1945, his forces invaded the main Philippine island of Luzon. *The Iconic photo of MacArthur wading ashore on Leyte is shown*



**Japanese Defense:** As the Americans converged on the Capital of Manila from different directions; they found that most of the Imperial Japanese Army troops defending the city had been withdrawn to northern Luzon. This was on the orders of **General Tomoyuki Yamashita**, Commander in Chief of Japanese Army forces in the Philippines. [See adjacent Photo] Yamashita planned to engage Filipino and U.S. forces in northern Luzon in a coordinated campaign, with the aim of buying time for the build-up of defenses against the pending Allied invasion of the Japanese home islands. He had three main groups under his command that totaled over 250,000 men.



However, Rear Admiral Sanji Iwabuchi, commander of the Imperial Japanese Navy's Special Base Force, was determined to fight a last-ditch battle in Manila ignoring Army orders to withdraw from the city. The naval staff in Japan agreed to Iwabuchi's scheme, eroding a frustrated Yamashita's attempts at confronting the Americans with a concerted, unified defense. Iwabuchi had been in command of the battleship *Kirishima* when she was sunk by a US Navy task force off Guadalcanal in 1942, a blot on his honor which may have inspired his determination to fight to the death. Before the battle began, he addressed his men to fight to the last man.

**The Battle and Destruction of Manila:** [February 3, 1945 –March 3 1945]

Trying to protect the city and its civilians MacArthur initially restricted U.S. artillery and air support. However following a United States casualty- avoidance policy no further effort could be made to save buildings, everything holding up progress would be pounded.

Subjected to incessant pounding and facing certain death or capture, the beleaguered Japanese troops took out their anger and frustration on the civilians caught in the crossfire, committing multiple acts of severe brutality, which later would be known as the Manila Massacre. Violent mutilations, rapes, and massacres of the populace accompanied the battle for control of the city.

Iwabuchi and his officers committed seppuku (ritual suicide) at dawn on February 26, 1945.

*The unrestrained American firepower caused the utter destruction of Manila and a conservative figure of 100,000 civilian deaths. Some sources cite as high as 240,000. The atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki only killed 70,000 and 40,000 respectively*





## Overseas Duty- Headed to the Philippines

**Gordon's hand written notes:** *April 25, 1945- Departed United States on the Lurline. A beautiful large ship. We traveled alone because we could make 30 knots. We refueled at Pearl Harbor and took on supplies for a run to Manilla. Many Damaged ships in the harbor*

**Note:** At this point Gordon's narrative shifts to his tape- recorded comments

**Luxury cruise to the South Pacific:** Gordon shipped out from San Francisco on the Lurline which was, like the Queen Mary, a luxury liner reconverted for WWII military transport. The trip to the Philippines took seven days that included an off- shore stopover in Pearl Harbor for refueling. The men did not go ashore when they were in Hawaii, but they did observe an American aircraft carrier, possibly the Lexington, that was being towed in for repair. This mammoth ship had a hole in its hull big enough to pass a large house through.

Accommodations on the Lurline were certainly different than what they were in the early prewar setting. For example, standard cabins were initially designed for one bed and provided dresser and closet space. In Gordon's case, six officers shared a cabin with two three- high level bunks and had no storage space. Enlisted men shared similar quarters but they were segregated from the officers. A waiter did not serve meals using fine china either; instead, the officers ate in their own mess hall relishing the same army style home cooking as the enlisted men.

For recreation they played cards and a lot of volleyball. Gordon said since they were on the top deck, they lost a lot of volleyballs. He speculated that 30-40 balls [they used any ball that would work] would be showing up along the shores of the Pacific Rim for many months.

*The Lurline was an internationally known luxury liner frequented by international celebrities and movie stars such as Clark Gable. Two events add to her fame. Famous aviator Amelia Earhart rode Lurline from Los Angeles to Honolulu with her Lockheed Vega airplane strapped on deck during December 22-27 1934. The voyage prepared her for the record-breaking Honolulu to Oakland solo she made in January 1935.*

*The Lurline was half- way from Honolulu to San Francisco on December 7, 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The ship's alleged reception of radio signal from the Japanese fleet became part of the Pearl Harbor advance -knowledge conspiracy theory. She was later refitted for troop transport. [Photos of Earhart's plane being loaded on the Lurline and moored at the Honolulu dock are shown. ]*



**Post Invasion Manila:** Gordon indicated he arrived at Manila **May 2, 1945**. The Lurline moored off shore and the men disembarked via rope ladders to small crafts for their trip to land. Manila at that time was pretty much in shambles since the successful American invasion was only a couple of weeks earlier. Not only were there many buildings in rubble [or as Gordon explained "shot to hell"] but sanitation was clearly a problem. The streets had ditches, because of the daily rain, were filled with water. Gordon mentioned that it was very common to see the natives squatting in these ditches using the street as a latrine. He indicated that he was not sure that this action by the natives was because of the failure of the sanitation systems or that this was something the natives were accustomed to.

During the three days he spent in Manila, Gordon stayed at demarcation site that was a former racetrack. He spent most of his leisure time shopping at many of the native run stands that lined the Manila streets. Gordon got some good advice for his shopping prior to leaving the Lurline. That was that a package of cigarettes, particularly Camels was often worth many ten times that of the American issued Peso. In contrast, the Japanese invasion money was so prevalent and worthless that it was used for landfill. Because of this fact Gordon purchased as many of his two cartons per day cigarette allotment. Gordon left the Lurline with a bag of about thirty cartons.



The Culbert Street Dahlin's and wife Jeanie benefited from Gordon's trading. Several packages from the Philippines arrived with hand-decorated pillowcases, hand- made purses and other memorabilia.

During WWII Camels were number one in cigarette sales in the U.S. followed closely by Lucky Strikes. An interesting war -related twist is that "Luckies" changed their carton color from green to white. Green dyes were in short supply because they were used to dye tents and other military supplies.



**Military Assignment:** Gordon indicated he was assigned as a Platoon Leader, Company A, 126<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers Battalion , 32<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division . The Platoon was to consist of 30men but it was never fully staffed.

*The 32<sup>nd</sup> Infantry " Red Arrow" Division was formed during WWI and was the first American division to pierce the famed Hindenburg line. After Pearl Harbor the "Red Arrow " Division was ordered to Australia and ultimately the War in the Pacific. They were the first U.S. Division to fight an offensive action against the Japanese in the Southwest Pacific. Here the Division fought in six major engagements in 654 days of combat, more than any other American Division in the theater and in World War II. During the invasion of the Philippines, the 32<sup>nd</sup> experienced the highest KIA [Killed in Action] ratios for that Division during WWII. Gordon was advised that large concrete casting of the 32<sup>nd</sup> emblem was erected in the village of Santa Fe, which is where the Highway 5 and the Villa Verde trail intersect. He was curious if the monument still existed because the natives at the time were very supportive of the Americans.*



*These Combat Engineers were responsible for clearing Highway 5 that ran from Manila to Baguio in Northern Luzon. Baguio, according to Gordon had a climate similar to Old Forge country that included pine trees along with palm trees and served as the Philippine's capital during the hot summer months. Baguio is still known as "The summer capital of Philippines" or "The City of Pines"*

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**Setting of the Rising Sun:** Japan has long been known as the "Land of the Rising Sun". Their flag represents this concept. When Gordon landed in the Philippines, the Japanese Army was in full retreat and nearing their final days to surrender. The following vignettes reflect some of Gordon's early experience with the vanquished Japanese Army.

Gordon mentioned that when his men were assigned to him, one of his platoon members had just returned from two weeks leave in Australia. The soldier had earned this leave for bringing in a "jap' prisoner alive. It was the Army policy to grant this reward because the Japanese generally committed suicide or were killed. This edict was proclaimed because the Army wanted a better source of reconnaissance to determine enemy location and movement.

Gordon also highlighted the condition of four Japanese infantrymen who had recently surrendered. While out on patrol, he stopped to talk another Platoon leader and his men who were bringing these captured infantrymen back to headquarters. Gordon described them as "really scrawny suckers wearing only loincloths that covered their vital parts" What was striking, is that one of the Japanese prisoners had a bullet hole completely through the fleshy part of his shoulder. Although the man appeared to move his arm all right, one could look completely through this opening in his flesh as if it had been drilled with a tool.





Shortly after arriving in the Philippines, Gordon and his platoon were repairing a section of road. The Japanese, in an attempt to slow down advancing American forces, had blown up a large section of the road producing a large crater. Fogarty, Gordon's platoon Sargent noticed some yellow residue on the ground [evidence of picric acid a major ingredient of an explosive] on the edge of the crater. The men carefully dug up a large non-metallic, hand-made booby trap and dismantled it. Gordon sent this contraption back to Headquarters minus the explosives. During the evacuation they also noticed activated mortar shells, which were buried vertically in the ground and covered lightly with dirt. Both the booby trap and the mortar shells were designed to injure men or damage equipment.

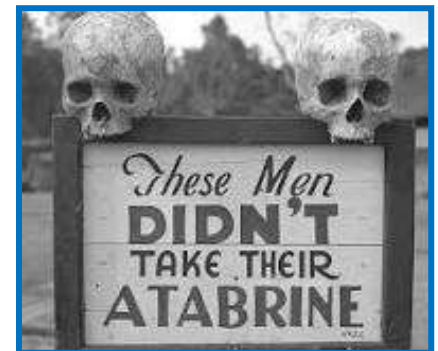


**Tales of the South Pacific Revisited:** The after-the war smash hit Broadway play and movie "South Pacific" centered around a bunch of GI's during WWII. In this story the GI's are stationed on a beautiful Pacific Island. To add strength to the plot there are lovely nurses plus beautiful native girls on this island. All the GI's are young and handsome. The natives are healthy and happy in their pristine surroundings. The officers are always dressed in neatly pressed uniforms in this sunny South Pacific paradise.

In contrast, Lieutenant Dahlin's South Pacific wonderland has rained every day often leaving stretches of gooey mud. Temperatures climb over 100 with stifling humidity. Mosquitoes and flies are constant companions. All the GI's are not young and handsome. Many of the enlisted men are in their forties. [Note: toward the end of the war men in their forties were being drafted, Uncle George Spaeth almost got called up]

There are no lovely nurses. However, there are a few pretty native girls but they often have large oozing body sores. To protect these ulcers from flies, these girls, as well as the other natives, stick leaves to these open sores that acts like a kind of Band-Aid.

The American's are not immune from these jungle diseases either, several of the men have "jungle rot" which entails severe itching where the skin peels away in strips. Meals on "Lovely Luzon" also add a military twist. A staple to the evening cuisine is two Atabrine tablets. The Engineers are instructed to take these tablets to reduce the risk of Malaria. Most of the natives are severely undernourished. A daily occurrence at the Company chow line is to see old women and children collecting garbage for their main meal. In fact, many of the GI's ask for larger servings than they can eat so they can pass their scraps along to the natives.



*\*Malaria was a crippling health hazard in the Pacific Theater that resulted in high fevers, chills and shakes. In some cases it resulted in death but as a minimum it prevented a soldier from carrying on his normal duties. More distressing, the disease could recur over a period of many months. Gordon recalled symptoms of the disease when he was back in the States. Atabrine had a side effect that caused the skin to darken and resulted in yellowish eyeballs. A GI returning from the Pacific was easily identified because of these characteristics.*

On the positive side however, the men of the 32<sup>nd</sup>, during this period, were much better off than what many of the GI's had experienced. For example, Gordon said he never slept in a foxhole; instead, he always slept on an army cot in an enclosed tent. Although the engineers were always shifting locations, in two cases they had, a neat, all-purpose 20x40 feet building. The natives using machetes, bamboo and twine constructed these buildings. The sides were open but the thatched roof gave good protection from the rain and tropical sun. These enclosures had tables and benches where the men could eat their meals; play cards and sometimes watch movies. One of these was quite fancy and contained a raised platform in the rear. This particular enclosure was taken over by the natives after the American's left and used as sort of a local town hall.



Food and drink sometimes included more than the normal army-style standards. Fresh mouth-watering mangos and small sweet bananas could sometimes be found in the wild before the natives found them or the natives would sell them to the GI's. On one occasion fresh eggs were shipped in. Since scrambled powdered eggs were a common breakfast item, the men were looking forward in eager anticipation to some sunny-side-up treats. The cook scrambled the fresh eggs and the men nearly killed him. Another big bonus was a weekly allotment of a case of beer. The beer was a national brand such as Pils packaged in olive drab container. Gordon devised a neat method to help cool the beer. He found an old crock-pot where the glaze had worn away. Placing about three or four beers in this container and covering them with water, the water slowing evaporated through the porous shell cooling the beer from the ambient 100 degrees to perhaps a more thirst quenching 80 degrees.



The PX was another positive option where the men could get shaving equipment, film, Coke and candy bars. Candy bars were popular brands such as Bit of Honey or Babe Ruth; however chocolate bars were not available because they would melt in the tropical heat. An exception was "jungle chocolate" that was extremely hard and especially made for military use. Gordon mentioned it was hard to eat but it was a very tasty addition to hot coffee. It is interesting to note that popular candy bars were not generally available in the States; instead, poor quality war-time substitutes were on grocery shelves.

One thing the boys of Luzon could begin to compete with their movie counterparts was their clothes. Clean pressed clothes were often available thanks to an enterprising PFC [Private First Class] who teamed up with a ten-year-old Filipino native boy. This private was a wheeler-dealer officer's orderly who the men privately referred to as "dog robber". Dog robber was a derogatory WWII slang term used without a person's knowledge. An officer's orderly often picked up this label because rather than crawl in the mud along with the other soldiers he would stay in headquarters and take care of the officer's shoes and clothes.



The native boy spoke three local dialects plus English. Through this unusual native-boy and PFC partnership and some candy bars, Pesos or other small items, they arranged to have the natives clean the men's clothes. Consequently, both officers and enlisted men often had clean neatly folded and pressed clothes. Gordon indicated that the young Filipino went along with him as an interpreter on a couple of occasions. He did not know what happened to this bright young boy, but he speculated that someone might have adopted him.



The officers sometimes added to the clean clothes luxury with a hot shower. Hot water was taken from litterbags that were heated in the sun. Litterbags [see photo] were large canvas bags that were used to store fresh water. After removing their dirty fatigues and scrubbing from the gravity fed shower, the men welcomed clean underwear and fatigues.

**Sports Hero's:** Volleyball is also something that the "Luzon Warriors" were particularly good at. The impetus for this volleyball playing was the Battalion commanding officer, Colonel Salahab. a "Full- Eagle" Colonel [One rank below General]. He was a trim, handsome six- foot tall West Point graduate. This career officer was in his mid- thirties and in outstanding physical condition. He pushed his troops to improve their physical shape. Volleyball is one outlet he encouraged to help promote his goal.



Baseball was another skill the Engineers tried their hand in. On one rare occasion, they found themselves with some free time. In response to this opportunity, the Third Platoon challenged Gordon's Second Platoon to a baseball game. The men marked off an area and scrounged a baseball, some gloves and a bat. Gordon volunteered to be pitcher. Midway into the game the score was Third Platoon 8 Second Platoon 0. Recognizing that some new strategies were in order, the Second Platoon agreed that the



current pitcher might be better in the outfield. A hard hit ball streaked by the new outfielder into the grass. While the new outfielder searched for the ball, he smashed his thumb. Meanwhile a couple of the Third Platoon runners reached home. At this juncture, both teams decided it might be better to adjourn for some more inspiring liquid refreshment. Gordon, in reflection, indicated that this was not the high point of his illustrious athletic career.

**Native road builders:** After revelry and breakfast Gordon's normal duty was to report to the Company Commander for his day's assignment. Exchanging a "high five" he was given instructions in the road building effort that usually included support from some local natives. Prior to heading out for the day, Gordon's sergeant would requisition enough food for the day to support the platoon and as much extra food that he could fangle to serve as pay for the native helpers.

Arriving at the work site, the men were greeted by a disorganized mob of natives. This group of men, women and children were dressed in tattered cotton shorts and garments and were for the most part barefoot. Some had wooden clogs with leather strapping; others had sandals made from rubber tires. Heading this native entourage was a native straw boss. This straw boss negotiated with the Americans for task, agreed to pay and directed the natives in their work. Theoretically, some contract was agreed to; and some kind of form was signed to sanction the work, pay and the amount of goods turned over. This somewhat formal agreement was designed to minimize "midnight requisitioning" [pilfering] by the GI's who could use canned goods for trade or sell on the black market.

The natives were paid a fixed amount for the day, which could be a can of "C" rations, or a peso. The boss man would generally skim off something for his own, and more likely black market, use such as some cigarettes or jungle chocolate that came with the "C" ration carton. In some cases, the natives would show up with a four-year old wearing loin cloth and demand equal pay for the child. Generally, Gordon or another GI would challenge the native, but in some cases if there were enough food they would acquiesce. However, in most cases the older native children were good workers. Their daily work consisted of hand digging, moving soil and rocks and securing banks to prevent erosion. Bank erosion protection is something the natives were particularly good at. Using straw, men, women and children would work together weaving a giant mat which was extremely effective. This task was extremely important to the road building effort because of the daily rain and some unusual soil conditions. Travelers, today in northern Luzon will appreciate the value of the WWII native weavers. Even with today's heavy equipment, road building is slow and difficult and massive concrete walls often protect these roads.

Lunch was generally in the field and consisted of two options: "C" rations or "K" rations."

"C" rations came in four tasty flavors: franks and beans, spaghetti and meatballs, chicken and rice and hash. The olive drab cans were about the size of a coffee mug and held about eight ounces. Twenty cans came to a cardboard package with five cans each of the four options. Frank and beans were the top choice and the first to go. The carton contained a small folding can opener, some cigarettes and three pieces of jungle chocolate. To enhance their lunchtime treat, the bulldozer manifold served as a good source to heat the cans. Instant coffee could be prepared in the same way and even though it was not very tasty it was the best available. Lemonade was also an option using a packaged powdered mix that could be made with canteen water. "K" rations were always the



The natives did not eat the "C" rations and instead ate rice or maize that they brought from their homes which could be several miles away. Work generally halted at about 4:00 O'clock because this was approaching the hottest time of the day. Returning home by foot and in some cases transported by truck the natives often passed small bamboo shanties that were operated by "Ladies of Favor".

A black and white photograph of two young indigenous women standing side-by-side in a natural, wooded setting. They are wearing traditional clothing, including beaded necklaces, armbands, and skirts made of animal skin or fur. The woman on the left has a more elaborate beaded necklace and a wider skirt. The woman on the right has a simpler necklace and a narrower skirt. Both are looking directly at the camera.

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**Bronze Star Recipient [Almost]:** The next day after discovering the bodies in the stream, Gordon and five of his men were approaching the same stream from a high bluff. Looking down from this bluff they noticed about a mile away, some movement near the stream around an old oxcart. Deciding to investigate this movement they cautiously approached the cart which was covered with a tarp. When they were within a few feet of the cart a Japanese soldier suddenly jumped up and was preparing to throw a *potato masher* hand grenade. Several of the GI's began pumping shells into the Jap soldier. Gordon did not have time to fire his weapon.

A large explosion immediately followed that blew body parts all over spattering some of the men with blood. It was presumed that the size of the explosion was from more than just the hand grenade and that it had been triggered by their gunfire or purposely detonated.



They subsequently identified the remains of three Japanese dressed in loincloths. Perhaps they were washing up near the stream or just resting. Their uniforms that were blown from the wreckage were found nearby. These uniforms which had red decoration on the collar suggested that they were officers but their rank was unknown. In addition to the uniforms, many Japanese paper documents were scattered around the area a result of the explosion



When Gordon returned to headquarters, he reported the incident to his commanding officer. His commanding officer then instructed him to submit the necessary paper work so that the men with him could get the Bronze Star. Gordon also understood that he was being recommended for the Bronze Star. His commanding officer made it clear to him their unit needed to beef up the number of combat decorations. This move was common during the war. *[One of the not highly published facts of WWII is that Military Commanders wanted their units to be highly decorated and responded accordingly].*

Gordon indicated he did not know if any of his recommendations resulted in the actual Bronze Star but he knew he never received it.

**Nighttime Terror:** Gordon underscored a frightening experience while he and his platoon of eight men were staying in tents in a remote mountainous location. On this particular night, Gordon was sleeping alone in his own tent; whereas, the other men were sleeping in a larger tent next to him. Gordon recalled, for some reason he was sleeping in his clothes that night. In fact, he thought he even had his shoes on that night.



During the night his corporal crawled in his tent and quietly woke him by putting his hand over Gordon's mouth. The corporal whispered “sshh” and pointed to a troop of Japs' marching close by. In the darkness, Gordon could see what he estimated to be about 80 Japanese infantrymen. It was clear to him that these Japanese troops could easily overtake them and kill them all. Since he was

the officer in charge, it was Gordon's responsibility to initiate the next move by these easily overpowered Americans. Being a twenty-year-old greenhorn lieutenant with no previous combat experience, must have been a terrifying experience. Gordon indicated he quietly slipped on his 45-caliber pistol and reached for his carbine. Keeping very still the Americans watched in anxious relief that these soldiers, who slouched in their walk, disappeared into the darkness.

Gordon said he and his men were not sure if they were just lucky and the Japanese troop did not see them or if they were merely retreating and wanted to avoid any unnecessary exposure. However, one can easily speculate, that the GI's did not sleep easily that night and that all of the men had some restless nights after that.

**Leisurely Trip to the Summer Capital:** Gordon woke one morning with a swollen jaw and a very painful toothache. He went to the Company medic who advised him he had an abscessed tooth and that he needed to go to the Military dentist in Baguio. Obtaining the necessary paperwork, he hopped into one of the company jeeps, gassed up and took off for this ninety- mile trip to Baguio. Gordon mentioned he drove 50 to 60 MPH on a good gravel road for the whole trip. This was pretty much open country and he passed a few native bamboo huts on the way; however, he wasn't in much of a mood for site seeing.



Arriving in Baguio he went straight to the dentist who, using Novocain, pulled his tooth. Gordie mentioned that the town was pretty battle torn with shell holes in the buildings and others down. However, he did not spend much time viewing the sites. His immediate ninety- mile trip back was surely a treat, particularly when the Novocain wore off.

**Yankee Wisdom:** A young platoon officer is often faced to make some difficult decisions. Often his decisions rank with that of the Biblical Solomon. For example, one afternoon Gordon was approached by a hysterical local entrepreneur who some GI's robbed by gunpoint. Turns out this person represented a successful two- person service organization that had flexible hours. This terribly distressed lady entrepreneur was the chief administrator and financial officer for the organization, whereas, her daughter was the primary service provider. Gordon was aware that some of his men sometimes slipped out take advantage of this successful business ten- peso bargain excursion.



The women babbled on about being robbed of 1000 American pesos. Quickly doing some math, Gordon calculated that this small organization had provided solace and comfort to 100 recipients and did not have a peso to show for it.

Being sympathetic to this poor old women's dilemma, Gordon reached deeply into his background for suitable advice. Taking advantage of this background, he was able to provide this, still babbling, Female some comforting support. Therefore, he responded with some typical Yankee wisdom: "That's Life!" Gordon was not sure that she heeded his advice or sought out additional options from higher military authorities.

**Wells Fargo-Far East:** During Gordon's stay in the Philippines, perhaps greater risks than being shot at by the Japanese was being a payroll officer. Payroll officers did not travel in a stagecoach using a shotgun-toting sidekick to discourage any desperados from stealing the cash box. However, armed robbing of military payroll was a serious threat. It was a commonly known fact that bandits had killed or wounded several payroll officers.

Because Gordon was a junior officer, he drew this assignment twice. Everyone hated this task because it took almost a full day and required a constant "looking over your shoulder". Starting out early in the morning by jeep, Gordon, another officer and a non-com driver all dressed in combat gear [helmet, carbine and pistol] headed to Battalion headquarters several miles away. Once at headquarters they picked up a small satchel that contained payroll cash for A,B,C and D Company plus Company Headquarters. This cash, in large denominations plus necessary coins, with close accounting, amounted to several thousands of dollars.

Arriving at the specific Company location, the payroll officer called each soldier's name from a roster. The soldier saluted the officer, acknowledged his name, provided some identification such as a "dog tag" and signed the roster. After receiving his exact pay in large denomination American pesos and change he then saluted the officer again.



An exact accounting of all the money was the responsibility of the payroll officer. Consequently, in addition to looking out for bandits, reconciling the distribution of money was an additional headache.



## Eye Witness to History- The End of WW2, General Yamashita's Surrender

Without question, Gordon's eye witness account of the surrender of General Tomoyuki Yamashita is the zenith of his military career. This event on September 2, 1945 that occurred in the little Philippine village of Kaingan is considered to be the unofficial site for the end of WW2. This site currently holds the Kiangnan- World War II Memorial Shrine that is a major Philippine tourist site and still holds yearly festivities on, September 2. [See adjacent photo]



Yamashita was a brilliant field commander known as the "Tiger of Malaya". He took charge of the defense of the Philippines in 1944. Yamashita rejected the traditional samurai ceremony of hari-kari in the belief he had a higher responsibility. "If I kill myself" the general explained, "someone else will have to take the blame" Yamashita surrendered on September 2, 1945, the same day Japan itself surrendered. *Note: There is continued confusion for the end of WW2 also known as "VJ Day" [Victory in Japan] See following two pages for explanation as well as more detail about General Yamashita.*

Gordon's battalion was responsible for building a road to Kaingan that was a small village in the remote mountains of northern Luzon to secure Yamashita's surrender. Access to this village was by donkey trail and could be reached only by foot or using small horses or donkeys. This tropical area village which was laced with palm and banana trees was the final retreat location for Yamashita and all his Army brass and some other key naval commanders. According to Gordon the village consisted of about twenty native huts. The huts were made of bamboo with woven roofs setting on stilts with the floor several feet above ground level. In the center of the village was a medium sized school house which is where Yamashita and his staff were located. Gordon understood that the school was built and operated by Belgian Missionaries. Gordon did not see Yamashita while he was at the village but he observed some lower-level Japanese plus natives.

Building this new road to the main highway that was a couple of miles away was a major challenge. The subsoil looked like stone but after a couple of bulldozer passes it turned to slop. Gordon recalls sinking almost to his waist in this material. He remarked that a typical condition would be the muck along the edge of Hinkley Lake. Gordon recalled his eye witnessing experience of Yamashita's surrender. "The Engineers found an old Japanese truck laying on its' side, turned it over, and got it running. The old truck was used to transport Yamashita out of the jungle to the main road. Arriving at the main highway Yamashita was met by a contingent of reporters and U.S. military personnel. Yamashita, sat in the restored truck in erect and aloof position with his chin jutting out. Standing a few feet from Yamashita, I watched Yamashita's response to military and civilian reporters' request for photographs. Head held high, he pointed to each photographer, one at a time, then allowed to take his picture".

**Note:** This photo of Yamashita was taken from the Time -Life WWII series of books "Return to the Philippines" In the section of the book on Yamashita they mention the 32nd Division which Gordon belonged to. Also mentioned is the Villa Verde trail and Route 5 which Gordon and his platoon helped improve to permit military traffic. Gordon, as well as the Time-Life article, mentions that on September 3, 1945 Yamashita went to Baguio to sign the official unconditional surrender of the Japanese Army.

*In reviewing the photo of Yamashita and his aides, Gordon thought that Yamashita was probably coming out the mountains from Kaingan.*



## V-J Day - The end of WW2

Considerable confusion still exists regarding the end of WW2 or V-J Day [Victory in Japan] . Two publications are shown to underscore this confusion. One shows V-J Day as August 14, 1945 and another as September 2, 1945. A chronology of events to help clarify this confusion follows.

However, two overshadowing events that proceed V-J Day need to be considered to underscore this event. They are V-E Day [Victory in Europe] in May 1945 and the Atomic bombing of Hiroshima on August 3, 1945 and Nagasaki August 9, 1945

### **V-J Day Chronology**

**August 14, 1945** ,the Japanese government cabled to the U.S. their surrender. This is the date of most modern observances.

**August 15, 1945**, news of the surrender was announced to the world. This sparked spontaneous celebrations over the final ending of World War II

**September 2, 1945**, a formal surrender ceremony was held in Tokyo Bay aboard the USS Missouri. The American delegation was headed by General MacArthur with General Wainwright in attendance. At the time, President Truman declared September 2 to be VJ Day. World War Two was finally over. [Two color photos showing the surrender aboard the USS Missouri with General MacArthur are shown] *Note ;General Yamishita unofficially surrendered the Japanese Army at Kaingan Philipines on that date.*

**September 3, 1945**, General Yamishita officially surrendered the Japanese Army to General Wainwright in Baguio, Philipines on this date. [A photo of that surrender in Baguio is shown]



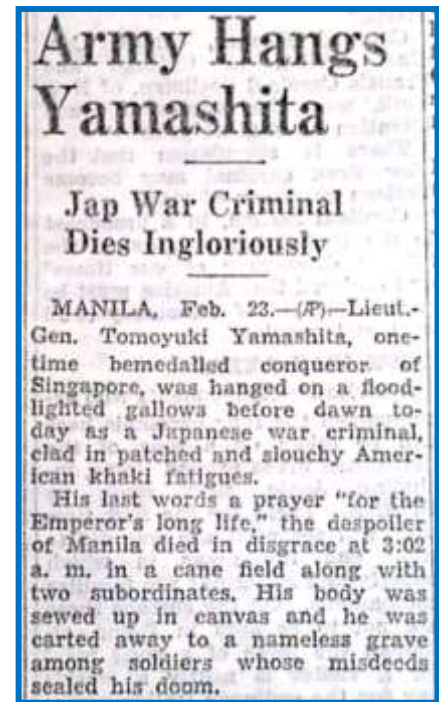


## General Tomoyuki Yamashita –A Brief Overview

Yamashita, was a career based, Japanese Army General during World War 2. He was responsible for the invasion of Malaya and Singapore that was accomplished in 70 days. This led British Prime Minister Winston Churchill calling the fall of Singapore to Japan the “worst disaster and largest capitulation in British Military History”. On February 15, 1942, Yamashita’s 30,000 on -line soldiers captured 80,000 British, Indian and Australian soldiers. He became known as the “Tiger of Malaya”.

Later in the war he was assigned to defend the Philippines from the invading US forces. While he was unable to hold the US advance, he was able to hold on to part of Luzon until the formal Japanese surrender in August 1945.

Yamashita, age 60, was tried for war crimes committed by his troops in the Philippines. In a controversial trial, he was found guilty of his troops’ atrocities even though there was no evidence that he knew or approved of them. In fact, many of the atrocities were by troops not even under his



command. This ruling, known as the “Yamashita Standard” is still being used in war crime trials today. Yamashita was sentenced to death, and was executed by hanging on February 23, 1946.



*[The attached photos show the general in Singapore, then entering Bilibid prison a few hours after signing the surrender. His sword shown is my photo taken at the West Point Museum]*

**Life Changing Event:** More than six weeks after the Japanese surrender, Gordon enters this despairing event in his hand written notes : **October 2, 1945**

*-Wounded and hospitalized. Returned to the U.S. on a Canadian hospital ship; the Letitia . The SS Letitia was originally a British ocean liner. At the start of WW2 she served as an armed merchant cruiser and later became a troop ship. She was badly damaged in 1943 and was converted into a Canadian hospital ship that carried 200 medical personnel with a capacity of 1000 patients. [The adjacent photos show the SS Letitia and Gordon*



*on a ship that is assumed to be the Letitia.*

**October 23, 1945-** arrived Tacoma , Washington and was sent to Manigan General Hospital Fort Lewis , Washington

**December 6, 1945** -traveled by hospital train to Lowell General Hospital ,Fort Devans, Massachusetts. After two surgical procedures, they reshaped the joints in my foot and ankle to repair and give movement, for which I am very lucky. While recuperating I saw many plays and ball games in Boston. Good Fun. They were closing the hospital so I was shipped to Haloran General Hospital in Staten Island New York. There again I saw shows and ball games in the Big Apple. Got to know the subway system and the ferry boat on Staten Island . More good fun.



**October 28, 1946**- was home when Eric was born .Went before officers retirement board. Was given temporary limited duty at Fort Dix New Jersey, as Post Officer. Wrote my own request to be promoted to First Lieutenant. It went through and we enjoyed the raise in pay. Bought a 1935 Olds two door for \$185. [Photo, for reference, is of a new 1935 Olds/

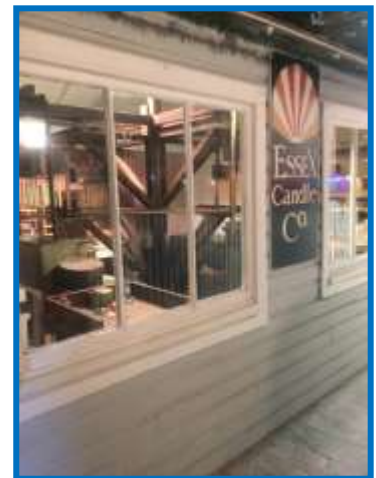


Found a place in New Egypt ,New Jersey and Mom moved down. It was a brand-new dump- no lights, no water: but they were turned on within 3 weeks. It was like camping at Black Lake in the old days. Kerosene Lamps and water buckets. Some Fun! The "Olds" burned a gallon of oil each way, but the motor pool rebuilt the engine

and we kept it for 65,000 miles. Mt wife's brother, Billy Schultz, visited us in New Jersey. I had the dentist fix his teeth. He helped with the packing and driving when we came home from New Jersey. WE started with seven tires. We blew 3 and made it back to Titus Alley with a bulge in one tire the size of my head. The next day I bought 4 Goodrich seconds for \$10 each. They were on the car when I sold it after 50,000 miles with very good tread.

Ma was pregnant with Linda and had been on temporary duty for over 7 months. I brought this fact to the proper authorities, so I was transferred to Walter Reed General Hospital. Mother moved to Essex Maryland and we stayed with Uncle Bude . [Essex Candle Factory ]

**November 30, 1947** -Linda was born at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. My bill for her and Linda was \$7.27, which I paid graciously. I went before another Retirement Board and was rated as Temporary Limited Duty. They tried to get me to sign up for duty but I chose to be separated from His Majesty's Service.



**February 27, 1948** [Missed Korea by a whisker]-returned to Syracuse and started my infamous career.



## World War II Keepsakes

Gordon's souvenirs from the Philippines included two Japanese swords a Philippine knife and a Japanese flag



Japanese soldiers during WW2 carried a ceremonially flag. Gordon's flag shown, that I had translated\*, is from a soldier named Taka-Aki Toda and likely included a farewell ceremony where friends and family wrote their names and some messages.



The messages, as expected, are patriotic and militaristic. One girl named Kyoko simply writes "good health to you".

Other messages include: "it is an honor to die for your country", "banzai" and "absolute victory".

The big characters over the rising sun mean something like "wishing you eternal luck". \* The translation was from Syracuse University. They were tied to an international program aimed to return flags to Japanese families.

Note: Gordon had a much larger flag that he loaned to a friend to have it translated but it was never returned. I sent a photocopy to the University. Photo is of a typical Japanese soldier, at his home, with his ceremonial flag



## Gordon's Military Service Medals

1. American Theater Service Medal
2. Asiatic Pacific Service Medal
3. Philippine Liberation Medal
4. World War II Victory Medal



## Memorials

Two memorials besides Gordon military grave have been preserved. These include a family testimony in Littleton Colorado and recognition with his father Carl and Brother Richard at The Onondaga County War Memorial in Syracuse, NY Photos are shown

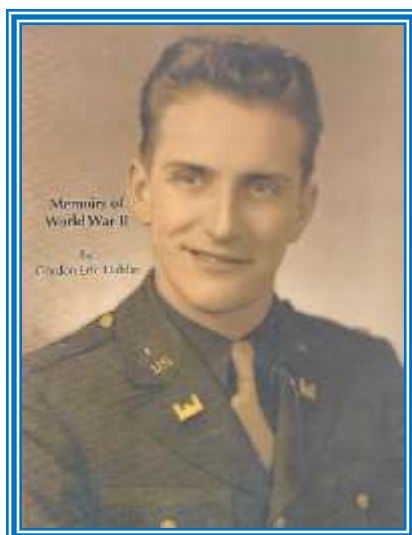
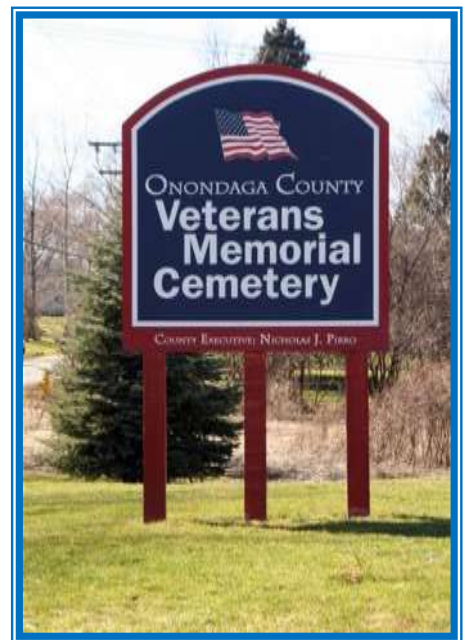


Gordon E Dahlin Army  
2nd Lt 114th Cbt Bat

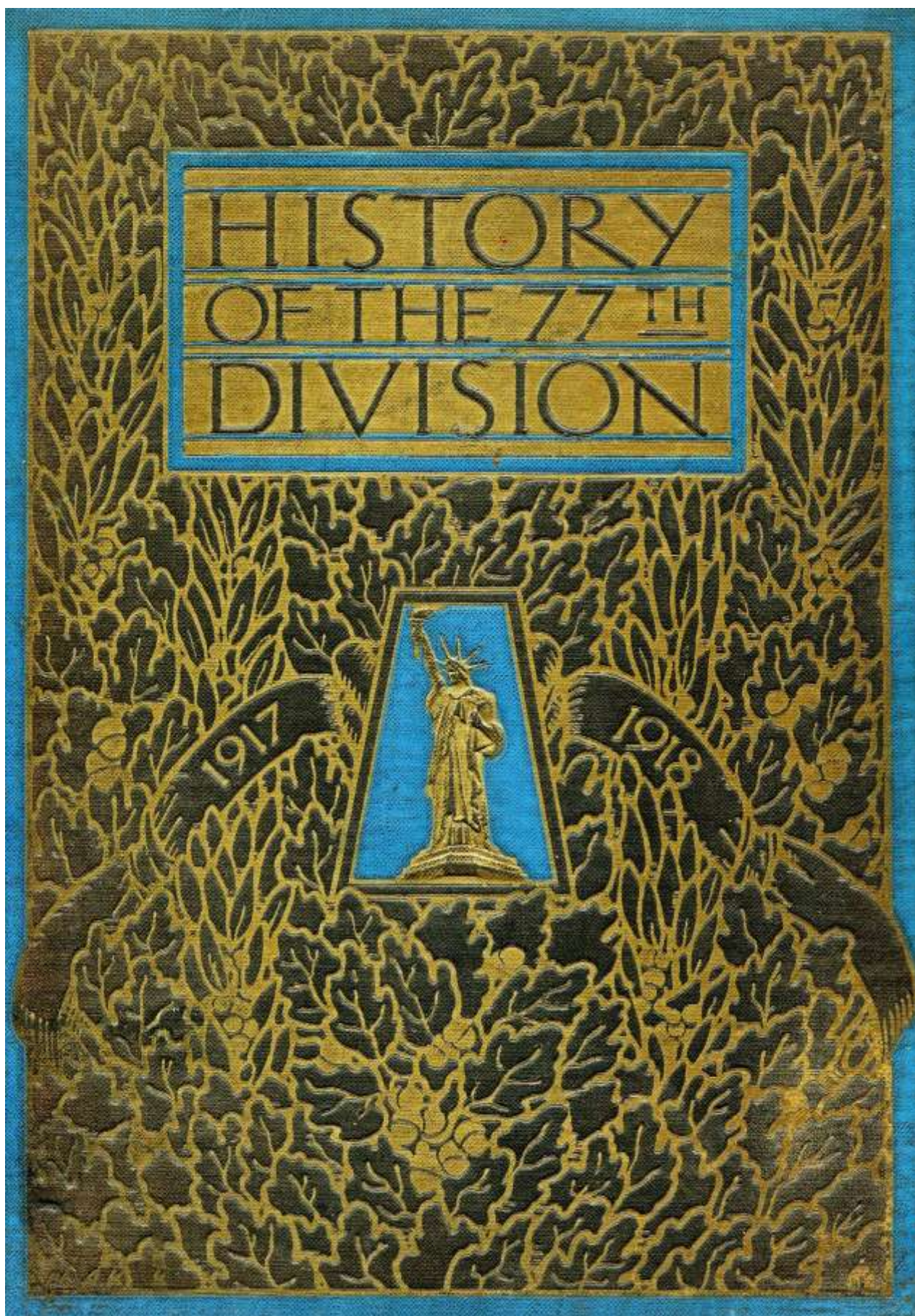
Thank You Dad for the  
Sacrifice & Legacy

You Made For The  
Future of Our Family

All Our Love,  
Respect and Honor.









APPENDIX Blood on the Risers Lyrics, Sung to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"



For you guys who like to sing, but never know the words, the SCREAMING EAGLE is inaugurating this page of words without music. Send us the words to your favorites; somebody would like to know them.

"GORY, GORY"

*"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant, looking up.  
Our hero feebly answered yes, and then they stood him up;  
He jumped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked.  
Oh! he ain't gonna jump no more.*

(Chorus.)

*Gory, Gory, what a heck 'uva way to die!  
Gory, Gory, what a heck 'uva way to die!  
Gory, Gory, what a heck 'uva way to die!  
Oh! he ain't gonna jump no more.*

II

*He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock,  
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop;  
He jerked the cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs.  
Oh! he ain't gonna jump no more.*

III

*The things that he had done before kept running through his mind,  
He thought about the medicos and wondered what they'd find;  
He thought about his sweetheart, yes, the one he left behind.  
Oh! he ain't gonna jump no more.*

IV

*The ambulance was on the ground, the jeeps were running wild,*



## Carl Dahlin Draft Registration and Citizenship

Form 1 2809 REGISTRATION CARD 10-10-1917

1 Name in full Carl Dahlin 27

2 Place of birth 10: Stone JAMESTOWN, ILL.

3 Date of birth Sept 27 1890

4 Are you (1) a natural born citizen, (2) an alien, (3) or have you declared your intention to become a citizen? Alien No. 4 Yes

5 Where born Lynghy Kronsberg Sweden

6 Do you intend to become a citizen of the United States? Yes

7 What is your present occupation? Machineist

8 Are you employed? Not employed at present

9 Where employed?

10 Have you a father, mother, wife, child, or other person under 18, who is a citizen of the United States? No

11 What is your marital status? Single Have you ever been married? Yes

12 What is the date of your last marriage? Three months Where was it? Sweden

13 Do you have any children? Yes How many? One

I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true.

Carl Dahlin

31-5-10-1 REGISTRAR'S REPORT

1 Tell me first or last name of child: Carl Dahlin middle name, if any: Medison

2 Color of eyes: Blue Color of hair: Light Height: 5 ft 9 in Weight: 160

3 Has person last seen, for good, but, or both eyes, or is he otherwise disabled (specify)? No

I certify that my answers are true, that the person registered has read his own answers, that I have witnessed his signature, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows:

W. H. Lomic  
(Signature of Registrar)

Presented 2 Ward 1-

City or County JAMESTOWN, ILL. JUN 5 1917

State ILL. (Date of registration)

### AFFIDAVIT IN SUPPORT OF PETITION FOR CITIZENSHIP BASED ON MILITARY, NAVAL, OR SEA SERVICE

In the Supreme Court at Syracuse, New York.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF

PETITION No. 10721

TO BE ADMITTED AS A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES

The petitioner above named, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

1. (In case the application is based upon service in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard the paragraph next following should be executed.)

I entered the United States Army on February 27, 1918

(Name of branch of service or vessel)

under Serial No. 1711595, and was honorably discharged on May 9, 1919, 1919

2. (In case application is based on three years' service on other American vessels, the paragraph next following should be executed.)

I have served on vessels as follows:

Name of Vessel	Period of Service	Character of Vessel *
	From (Date)	To (Date)

Carl Dahlin  
(Original signature of affiant)

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me and honorable discharge certificate or certificate of service showing good conduct of petitioner exhibited to me this 20th day of February, 1935

[SEAL]

John A. McLaughlin  
U. S. Naturalization Examiner.

Carl Dahlin Military Record

HISTORICAL RECORD OF WORLD WAR VETERANS  
of  
ONONDAGA COUNTY

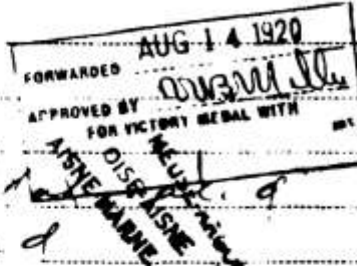
Name Carl Dahlin  
Present address 126 Mary St. Syracuse N.Y.  
Age 33  
Date of enlistment or draft 2-27 1918.  
Place of enlistment or draft Camp Upton  
Place where inducted into service Jamestown N.Y.  
Rank, grade or rating on entering service Private  
Branch of service, Army, Navy, or Marine Army  
Land Forces Machine Gun Company B 306 M.G. Bn. 77 Division  
Naval Forces \_\_\_\_\_ Ship \_\_\_\_\_ Station \_\_\_\_\_  
Foreign services, from Friday 13 Month April Year 1918  
to \_\_\_\_\_  
Day 24 Month April Year 1919.  
Battles or naval engagements Reccanat Sedan 6/2 to 8/4 1918  
Verdun Sedan 8/11 to 8/18/18 Disa Aisne  
offensive 8/18 to 9/16/18 Maruse Argonne. 9/26  
Wounded, where and when Argonne 10/4 1918  
Rank, grade or rating on leaving service Private 1st Class  
Date of discharge, Day 9 Month May Year 1919  
Place of discharge Camp Upton L. I.



# Carl Dahlin Enlistment Record

## ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Carl Dahlin Grade: Private 1st Class  
 Enlisted, or Inducted, July, 1918, at James River, Va.  
 Serving in First enlistment period at date of discharge.  
 Prior service: \* None



W. B. MILLER  
 1ST LIEUT. 10TH INFANTRY  
 ADJUT. G.

Noncommissioned officer:

Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating:

Horsemanship: Not mounted

Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions:

Verde Sea 8/18 to 9/18  
Meuse Argonne 9/18 to 11/18  
St. Mihiel 9/18 to 10/18  
Meuse 10/18 to 11/18

Knowledge of any location:

Wounds received in service: G. S. W. Rt. arm 10/5/18

Physical condition when discharged:

Typhoid prophylaxis completed

Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed

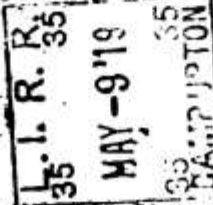
Married or single: Single

Character: Excellent

Remarks:

No A. H. O. L. or absence under G. O.  
as G. O. 45/14 Co. 12 306 1st Div. 7/7/18 to date  
of discharge  
Served in France 2nd Div. 1st 10/18 Arrived N. Y. 4/19

Signature of soldier: Carl Dahlin



Transportation issued

Donald S. McQuinn

Captain, 1st Infantry

Commanding

Entitled to Sixty Dollars (\$60.00) bonus. Authority: Act of  
 Feb. 24, 1919. (W. D. Telegram Feb. 25, 1919.)

\* Give company and regiment or other organization with inclusive dates of service in each unit.  
 † Give date of qualification or rating and date of expiration, and nature of other commanding duty.

Carl Dahlin Discharge Record

9585

J. E. Adams  
1st Lt. Q.M.C.U.S.A.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That Carl Dahlin  
Rank 1st Cl. P. B 306 1st M. G. B.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
A TESTIMONIAL OF HONEST AND FAITHFUL  
the military service of the  
authority contained in War Department  
No. 1918, and later than the Act  
dated May 18, 1918.

in Scinegly in the State of Sweden  
When enlisted he was 27 years of age, occupation a Machinist  
He had blue eyes, lighter complexion, and  
was 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Tabor, Tex. this  
1st day of May, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen

Lewis M. Scott  
Major, Infantry  
Commanding

FORM NO. 595, A. G. O.  
Oct. 9-18

\*Insert name, Christian name first; e. g., "John Doe."  
†Insert Army serial number, grade, company and regiment or arm or corps or department; e. g., "1,000,000"; "Corporal,  
Company A, 1st Infantry"; "Sergeant, Quartermaster Corps"; "Sergeant, First Class, Medical Department."  
‡If discharged prior to expiration of service, give number, date, and source of order or full description of authority therefor.



## Dick and Gordon Dahlin Enlistment Records

<b>Carl R Dahlin</b> United States World War II Army Enlistment Records		<b>Gordon E Dahlin</b> United States World War II Army Enlistment Records	
Name	<b>Carl R Dahlin</b>	Name	<b>Gordon E Dahlin</b>
Name (Original)	<b>DAHLIN CARL R</b>	Name (Original)	<b>DAHLIN GORDON E</b>
Event Type	Military Service	Event Type	Military Service
Event Date	05 Jan 1943	Event Date	06 Mar 1943
Term of Enlistment	Enlistment for the duration of the War or other emergency, plus six months, subject to the discretion of the President or otherwise according to law	Term of Enlistment	Enlistment for the duration of the War or other emergency, plus six months, subject to the discretion of the President or otherwise according to law
Event Place	Syracuse, New York, United States	Event Place	Syracuse, New York, United States
Race	White	Race	White
Citizenship Status	citizen	Citizenship Status	citizen
Birth Year	1922	Birth Year	1924
Birthplace	NEW YORK	Birthplace	NEW YORK
Education Level	1 year of college	Education Level	4 years of high school
Civilian Occupation	Semiskilled occupations in fabrication of metal products, n.e.c.	Civilian Occupation	Semiskilled pattern and model makers, except paper
Marital Status	Single, without dependents	Marital Status	Single, without dependents
Military Rank	Private	Military Rank	Private
Army Branch	Branch Immaterial - Warrant Officers, USA	Army Branch	No branch assignment
Army Component	Selectees (Enlisted Men)	Army Component	Selectees (Enlisted Men)
Source Reference	Civil Life	Source Reference	Civil Life
Serial Number	32678492	Serial Number	32847200
Affiliate ARC Identifier	1263923	Affiliate ARC Identifier	1263923
Box Film Number	05482.212	Box Film Number	05732.237

# Dick Dahlin - Separation Record

ENLISTED RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION										9
HONORABLE DISCHARGE										
1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL <b>Dahlin Carl R</b>			2. ARMY SERIAL NO. <b>32 678 492</b>		3. GRADE <b>Tec 4</b>	4. ARM OR SERVICE <b>Inf</b>	5. COMPONENT <b>AUS</b>			
6. ORGANIZATION <b>1st Bn 502nd Proht Inf</b>			7. DATE OF SEPARATION <b>18 Jan 46</b>		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION <b>Sep Ctr Ft Dix NJ</b>					
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES <b>146 Cubbert St Syracuse NY</b>			10. DATE OF BIRTH <b>26 Nov 22</b>		11. PLACE OF BIRTH <b>Syracuse/ NY</b>					
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT <b>See 9</b>			13. COLOR EYES <b>Brown</b>		14. COLOR HAIR <b>Brown</b>	15. HEIGHT <b>5 10</b>	16. WEIGHT <b>158 lbs.</b>	17. NO. DEPEND. <b>1</b>		
18. RACE <b>W</b>			19. MARITAL STATUS <b>X</b>		20. U.S. CITIZEN <b>X</b>		21. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. <b>Painter Sign 5-27.910</b>			
MILITARY HISTORY										
22. DATE OF INDUCTION <b>5 Jan 43</b>		23. DATE OF ENLISTMENT <b>12 Jan 43</b>		24. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE <b>12 Jan 43</b>		25. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE <b>Syracuse NY</b>				
26. SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <b>X</b>		27. LOCAL U.S. BOARD NO. <b>462</b>		28. COUNTY AND STATE <b>Onondaga NY</b>		29. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE <b>See 9</b>				
30. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. <b>Sign Painter 145</b>				31. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATE (I.e., Infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) <b>Carbine Ex 175 17 May 44 *</b>						
32. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS <b>Central Europe, Rhineland GO 33 WD 45 as amended</b>										
33. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS <b>American Service Medal Good Conduct Medal European-African-Middle Eastern Service Medal World War II Victory Medal</b>										
34. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION <b>None</b>										
35. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES										
SMALLPOX <b>16 Apr 44</b>		TYPHOID <b>10 Jul 45</b>		TETANUS <b>10 Jul 45</b>		OTHER (specify) <b>Typh 7 Nov 45</b>				
36. DATE OF DEPARTURE <b>23 Jan 45</b>		37. DESTINATION <b>ETO</b>		38. DATE OF ARRIVAL <b>2 Feb 45</b>						
39. CONTINENTAL SERVICE <b>2 0 26</b>		40. FOREIGN SERVICE <b>0 11 11</b>		41. HIGHEST GRADE HELD <b>Tec 4</b>		42. DATE OF DEPARTURE <b>29 Dec 45</b>		43. DESTINATION <b>USA</b>		
44. DATE OF DEPARTURE <b>29 Dec 45</b>		45. DESTINATION <b>USA</b>		46. DATE OF ARRIVAL <b>3 Jan 46</b>						
39. PRIOR SERVICE <b>None</b>										
40. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION <b>Convenience of the Government AR 615-365 15 Dec 44 &amp; TWX WBCAP WCL 30175 WARTAG 19 Dec 45</b>										
41. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED <b>AGF Parachute School Radio Operator &amp; Parachutist 13 wks 1944 ASTP U of Ill Basic Engineering**</b>										
42. EDUCATION (Years) <b>8 4 0</b>										
PAY DATA										
43. LONGEVITY FOR PAY PURPOSES <b>3 0 14</b>		44. MASTERING OUT PAY <b>\$300.00</b>		45. SOLDIER DEPOSITS <b>\$100.00</b>		46. TRAVEL PAY <b>\$25.00</b>		47. TOTAL AMOUNT, NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER <b>\$217.25 J HARRIS COL FD</b>		
INSURANCE NOTICE										
IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE, OR WITHIN THIRTY-DAY DATE THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS SUBDIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.										
48. KIND OF INSURANCE <b>X</b>		49. HOW PAID <b>X</b>		50. Effective Date of Allotment Discontinuance <b>31 Jan 46</b>		51. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) <b>28 Feb 46</b>		52. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH <b>6.50</b>		
53. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO <b>X</b>		54. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED <b>Carl R Dahlin</b>								
55. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in W. D. Directives) <b>*Combat Inf Badge 22 Feb 45 **36 wks 1944 Inactive ERC From 5 Jan 43 to 11 Jan 43 ASR Score (2 Sep 45)-50 Lapel Button Issued</b>		56. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - signature) <b>J E WHITE JR CAPT AC</b>								
COUNTY CLERK <b>Robert Fickman</b>										



**Dick Dahlin Honorable Discharge**



**Honorable Discharge**

*This is to certify that*

CARL R DAHLIN 32 678 492 TECHNICIAN FOURTH GRADE  
1st BATTALION 502nd PARACHUTE INFANTRY

**Army of the United States**

*is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military  
service of the United States of America.*

*This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest  
and Faithful Service to this country.*

*Given at*

SEPARATION CENTER  
FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY

*Date*

18 January 1946

*W. E. Bashore*

W. E. BASHORE  
LT. COL. INFANTRY

BOOK 29 PAGE 57

# Gordon Dahlin Separation Record

## MILITARY RECORD AND REPORT OF SEPARATION CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE


1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL <b>DAHLIN Gordon E</b>		2. ARMY SERIAL NUMBER <b>0 1 119 167</b>	3. ARMY GRADE <b>1st Lt</b>	4. ARMY BRANCH <b>CE</b>	5. COMPONENT <b>AUS</b>
6. ORGANIZATION <b>1262nd ASU Fort Dix N J</b>		7. DATE OF RELEASE FROM ACTIVE DUTY <b>27 Feb 1946</b>		8. PLACE OF SEPARATION <b>Walder Reed General Hospital Washington 12 D C</b>	
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES <b>113 Titus Ave Syracuse N Y</b>		10. DATE OF BIRTH <b>4 Aug 1924</b>		11. PLACE OF BIRTH <b>See 9</b>	
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE RECEIVED <b>See 9</b>		13. COLOR OF EYES <b>Brown</b>		14. COLOR OF HAIR <b>Brown</b>	
		15. HEIGHT <b>6 ft</b>		16. WEIGHT <b>175</b>	
		17. NO. OF DEPENDENTS <b>3</b>			
18. RACE <b>WHITE</b>		19. MARITAL STATUS <b>SINGLE</b>		20. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. <b>Patternmaker 05.170</b>	
21. OTHER RACE <b>X</b>		22. OTHER MARITAL STATUS <b>X</b>		23. OTHER CIVILIAN OCCUPATION <b>X</b>	

### MILITARY HISTORY

SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <b>X</b>	24. REGISTERED <b>X</b>	25. LOCAL P. R. BOARD NUMBER <b>Onondaga N Y</b>	26. COUNTY AND STATE <b>Syracuse N Y</b>	27. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY <b>Syracuse N Y</b>	
28. DATE OF ENTRY ON ACTIVE DUTY <b>25 January 1945</b>		29. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. <b>Combat Engineer Unit Commander 1331</b>			
30. BATTLES AND CAMPAIGNS <b>Luzon</b>					
31. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS <b>Asiatic Pacific Service Medal American Theater Service Medal Philippine Liberation Medal World War II Victory Medal</b>					
32. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION <b>None</b>					
33. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED <b>Engineer School Ft Belvoir Va</b>		34. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U. S. AND REPUBLIC <b>28 Apr 1945 FI</b>		35. DATE OF ARRIVAL <b>17 May 1945</b>	
36. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION <b>PR 1-1 Demobilization WD Cir 303/1945 Par 13 Special Orders 42 Hq Army Medical Center Wash 12 DC 25 Feb 48</b>		37. DATE OF DEPARTURE <b>12 Nov 1945</b>		38. DATE OF RETURN <b>6 Dec 1945</b>	
39. CURRENT TOUR OF ACTIVE DUTY					
CONTINENTAL SERVICE		FOREIGN SERVICE		EDUCATION (YEARS)	
YEARS	MONTHS	YEARS	MONTHS	GRAMMAR SCHOOL	HIGH SCHOOL
<b>2</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>24</b>		<b>8</b>		<b>0</b>	

### INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY DAYS THEREAFTER INSURANCE WILL END. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS DIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.					
34. KIND OF INSURANCE <b>X</b>	35. HOW PAID <b>Converted</b>	36. EFFECTIVE DATE OF ADJUSTMENT <b>1</b>	37. DATE OF NEXT PAYMENT <b>1</b>	38. PREMIUM DUE <b>1</b>	39. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO <b>1</b>
Rel. Serv.	U.S. Govt.	None	Admitted	Direct to U.S.	None

42. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items in entry of other items specified in W. R. 1 (revised)) <b>Lapel button issued ASP Score (2 Sept 45) 42</b>	43. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER BEING SEPARATED 
44. SIGNATURE OF PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name and grade) <b>ROBERT L BENNETT Robert L Bennett Capt MSC Asst CO Det of Pnts</b>	

WD AGO FORM 53-98  
1 November 1944

This form supersedes all previous editions of WD AGO Form 53-98 for officers entitled to a Certificate of Service, which will not be used after receipt of this revision.



**Gordon Dahlin Honorable Discharge**



*Army of the United States*

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

*This is to certify that*

GORDON E DAHLIN O 1 119 167 First Lieutenant

1262nd ASU Fort Dix N J

*honorably served in active Federal Service  
in the Army of the United States from*

25 January 1945 *to* 27 February 1946

*Given at* WALTER REED GENERAL HOSPITAL Army Medical Center  
Washington 12 D C

*on the* 27th *day of* February 1946

RECORDED

MAR 10 3 40 PM '46

*Darwin M. Hill*

DARWIN M HILL  
Major MSC

U. S. ARMY  
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

# Gordon Dahlin Final Pay Voucher

**ORIGINAL**

**FINAL PAYMENT ROLL**

of (212 MD Cir 41)

COMPANY "E" (Organization) OFFICER CANDIDATE REGIMENT (Regiment) **Recorded**

FORT BELVOIR, VIRGINIA (Station) (RIFLE) (Principal arms)

Discharged on 23 JANUARY 1945 Paid 23 JANUARY 1945

**APPROPRIATIONS:**

P.A. 212/50725 391-911 591-77 P414-01 558846 Ft. Belvoir, Va. 23 January 1945

I CERTIFY that this roll is made out as required by Army Regulations and that entries pertaining to each name are correct: that where rental and/or subsistence

PAID BY  
D. O. Sym 212-090  
E. W. DEAN  
Capt, F. D.  
Ft. Belvoir, Va.  
Station No. 400  
JAN 1945  
(For use of Paying Office)

Page 8

DATE OF EXPIRATION (Induction or end of active duty)	NO. YEAR SERV. EX	NAME, GRADE, AND COMPONENT (Date and place of acceptance for enlistment, or place of receipt of orders for active duty, by receipt, induction, reporting for duty as National Guardsman, or call or draft by the President, to which entitled to travel allowances.)	SERIAL NO.	ALLOTMENTS					
				Month and year detected	Class N	Class R	Class D	Class V	Class H
Honorably discharged by reason of: C of C (Par 3A AR 615-366) to accept apmt as 2nd Lt for AD in A.S.									
2 (State reason and order, if any) No time lost under A. W. 107 except as indicated.									
16.		<u>SERGEANTS</u>							
17. 5 Mar 45	0	Dahlin, Gordon E.	32547200						
18.		Cl 1st \$6.50 per mo for on in- definite period discount \$1 Dec 44.							
19.		Cl 2nd \$10.00 per mo for an in- definite period discount \$1 Dec 44.							
20.		Due US GHF or D \$1.65. Due US Ldry \$1 Belvoir Va \$2.00.							

FOR USE OF FINANCE DEPARTMENT ONLY

9

CREDITS			COLLECTIONS		TOTAL AMOUNT DUE	TOTAL COLLECTIONS	BALANCE PAID	We hereby acknowledge receipt IN CASH of amounts in the amount "Balance Paid" set opposite my respective names; and in case of payment of quarters allowances we certify that we used Departmentally assigned quarters at the address shown during the period for which allowed, and that during the current period for which allowances are claimed we have made contribu- tions for the support of our dependents (not less than at a rate approximately equal to the rate of contributions for the support of the same dependents as shown in affidavit and/or certificate here- with or herebefore submitted and that there has not been a material change in the status of dependents nor degree of dependency as stated therein.
Net Pay	Deposits and Interest	Allow- ances for Family or Personal Expenses	Govt. Landry	Ed. Home				
3 5980			300	185	5980	785	5195	17. Gordon P. Dahlin
								18.



# Dick- Final Pay Voucher

ARMY COMPONENT				FINAL PAYMENT - WORK SHEET - MEMORANDUM COPY			
LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	MIDDLE NAME	ARMY SERIAL NO.	GRADE	D.O.B. - FOUCHER NO.	ISS. VOUCHER NO.	4059
DARLIN CARL R			32678492	T-4			
146 CULBERT ST			33 CO				
SIRACUSE NY ONONDAGA CO							
DATE: 14 JAN 46							
PREVIOUS ORGANIZATION (ON FILE)							
DATE: 14 JAN 46							
MONTHLY DEDUCTIONS			PARTIAL PAYMENTS			CREDITS	
CLASS D	\$						
CLASS E	\$						
CLASS F	\$	54					143.78
CLASS N	\$	13					
TOTAL	\$						
NO. OF MOS.							
TOTAL	\$	67					
STOPPAGES							
GOV. E. LOBT. 219219	\$						
G. P. E. LO 219310	\$						
C. M. FINES 219310.1	\$						
S. M. OED 219310.5	\$						
TOTAL							
MEMORANDUM							
APPROPRIATIONS							
CHECK NO. 1447119							
AMOUNT \$ 167.25							
CASH REC'D \$ 50.00							
NET BALANCE PAID \$ 217.25							
TOTAL CREDITS \$ 219.25							
LESS PARTIAL PAYMENTS \$							
TOTAL \$							
LESS TOTAL STOPPAGES \$							
NET BALANCE PAID \$							
CHECK NO. 1447119							
AMOUNT \$ 167.25							
CASH REC'D \$ 50.00							
NET BALANCE PAID \$ 217.25							
TOTAL CREDITS \$ 219.25							
LESS PARTIAL PAYMENTS \$							
TOTAL \$							
LESS TOTAL STOPPAGES \$							
NET BALANCE PAID \$							

ARMY DEPARTMENT FORM 372 8

FORM PREPARED BY COMPTROLLER GENERAL, U.S. ARMY

14 JAN 46

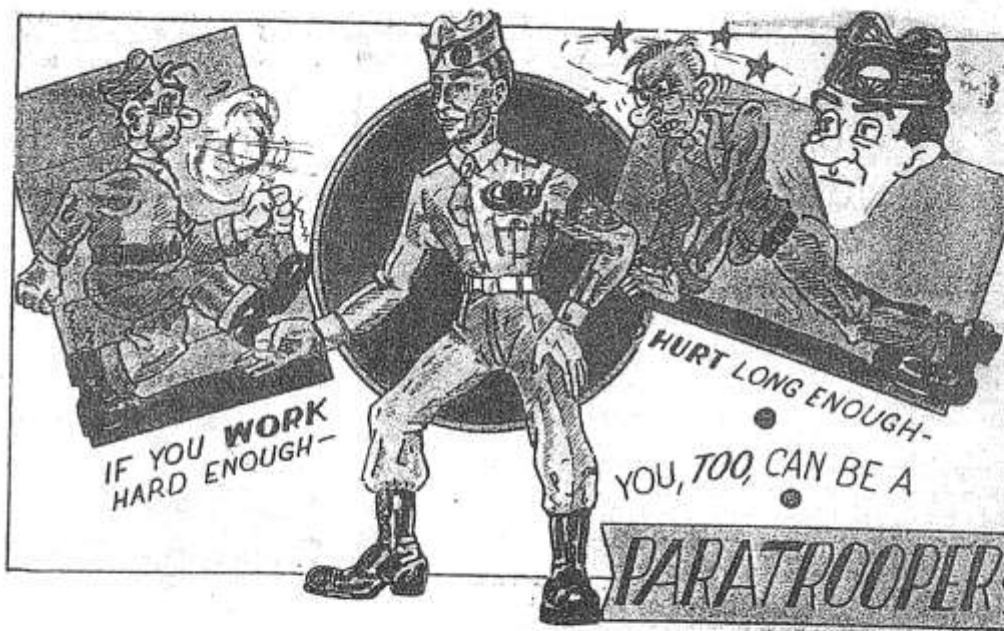
ORIGINAL



Tuesday, May 27, 1997

Salmon River News

## Local resident respected WWII military cartoonist

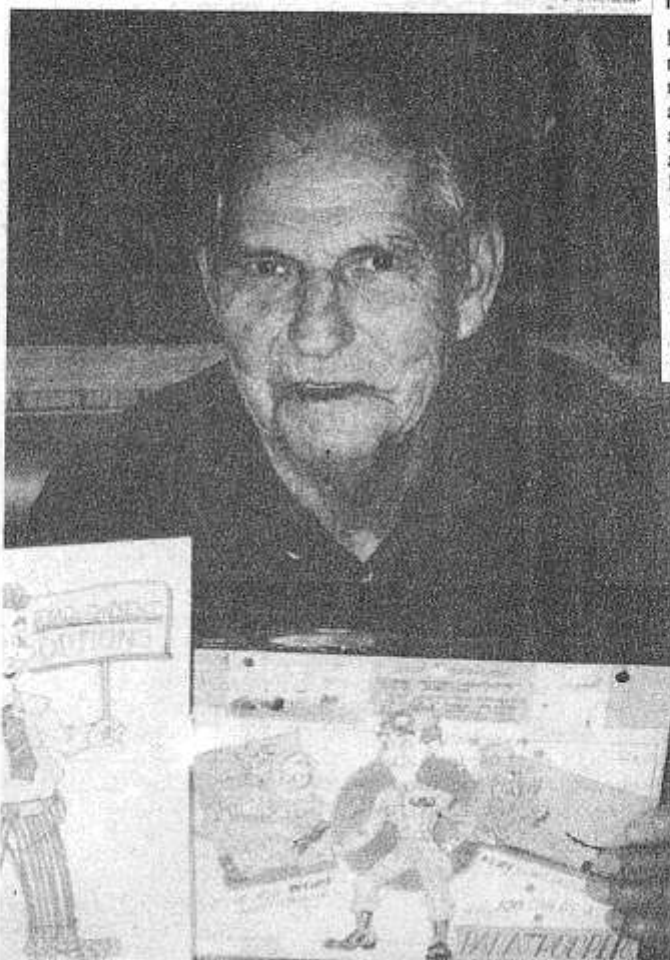


Dick Dahlin, who has a summer home on the Rainbow Shores Road in Pulaski, has a unique military background. During World War II Dahlin served with the staff of the 101st Airborne, the famous "Screaming Eagles" paratrooper

division. While in Europe, he was able to "liberate" a Nazi mimeograph machine which he used to publish a troop newspaper known as the "Big Red."

Dahlin introduced a cartoon character, Roderick, to the paper who was a morale booster to the troopers as they pushed the enemy toward Berlin. At the time, Roderick, added some well-needed humor to the GI's difficult days.

From today's perspective, Roderick represents some interesting historical insight. For example, in one of the "Big Red's" last issues, which was published after the victory in Europe, Roderick is contemplating his role in the invasion of Japan. This sketch, which reflects the paratroopers concept of the invasion, clearly represents their understanding of what a long and difficult undertaking this would be. Roderick is shown landing in Japan but he isn't discharged until he is old enough to enter the old soldier's home. As we now know, the dropping of the atomic bomb was a major factor eliminating the need for this invasion.



An example of Dahlin's WWII artwork is reproduced illustrating the difficult, yet proud, road required to become a trooper. A sketch of Roderick is shown in the right hand corner of this drawing.

Since the war, Roderick has had a long and distinguished career. He has helped promote a wide variety of volunteer activities in the central New York area. Further, prior to Dahlin's 1985 retirement as drafting supervisor at the Carrier Corporation, Roderick served in the company newsletter. More recently, Roderick has taken on a new career helping to promote employment for people with disabilities.

Dahlin who spends his winters snow-birding in Orlando, Fla., is a well-recognized member of the Pulaski community. He is an active member of St. John's Roman Catho-

lic Church and often brings communion to residents of the local nursing homes. He has also served as a dispatcher for the local NOCA ambulance association, as well as an active volunteer at Unity Acres. Dahlin is often seen at the American Legion where he is a member.

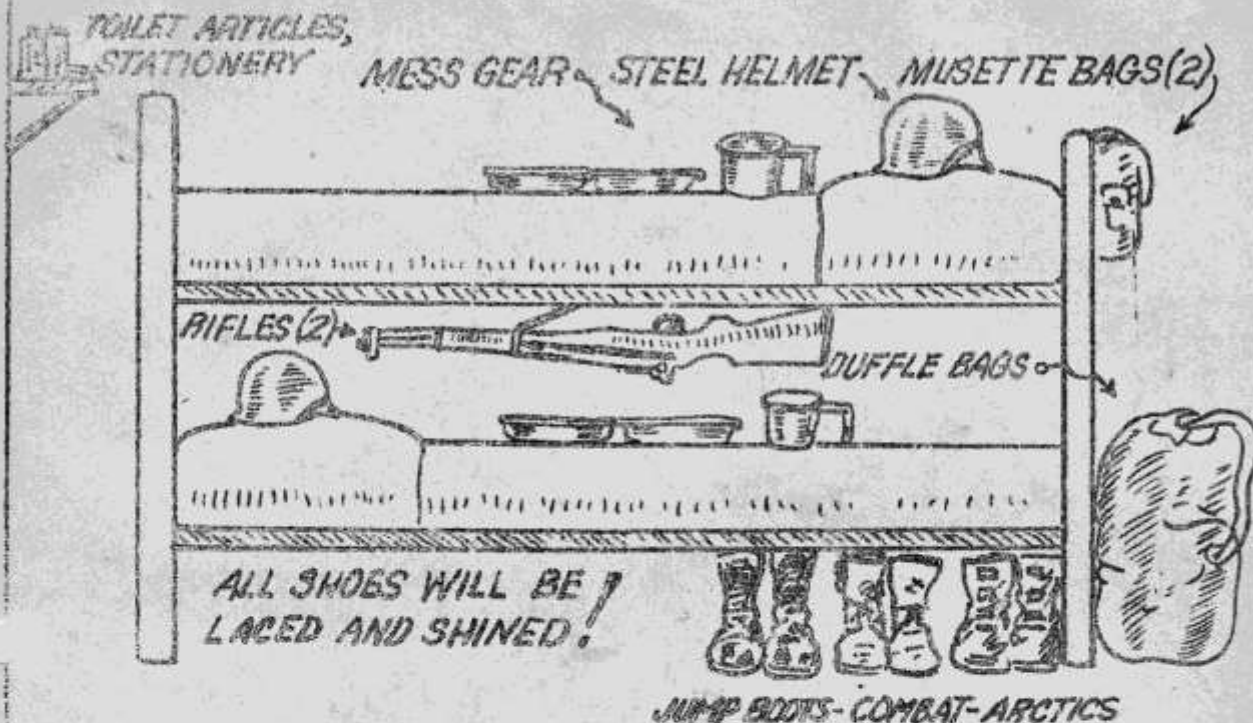
Dahlin lost his wife of 50 years, Betty, in 1996. Local adult home residents will miss the yearly barbecues which the Dahlins held for them at their lakeside home each summer.



## Dick's Drawing of Proper Arrangement of Paratrooper Gear

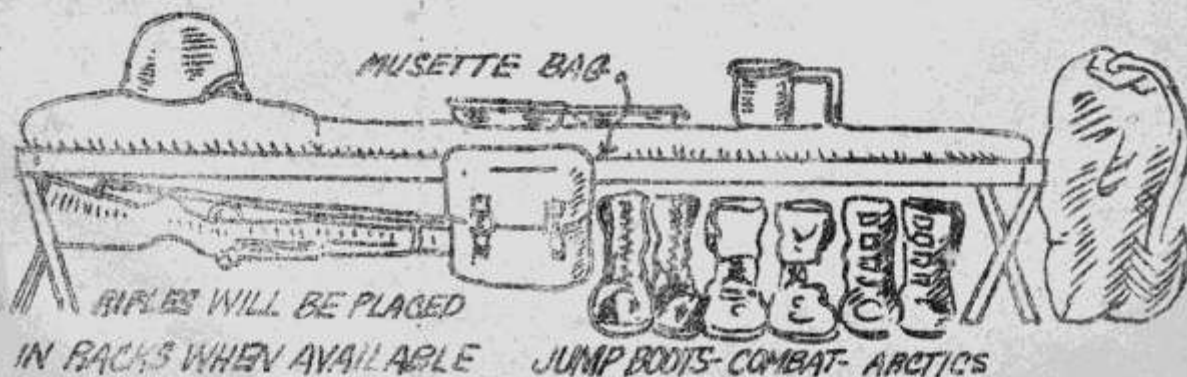
### ARRANGEMENT OF EQUIPMENT

#### • DOUBLE BUNKS •



CLOTHING WILL BE BUTTONED AND FACING TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM OR TO THE DOOR -

#### • SINGLE BUNKS •

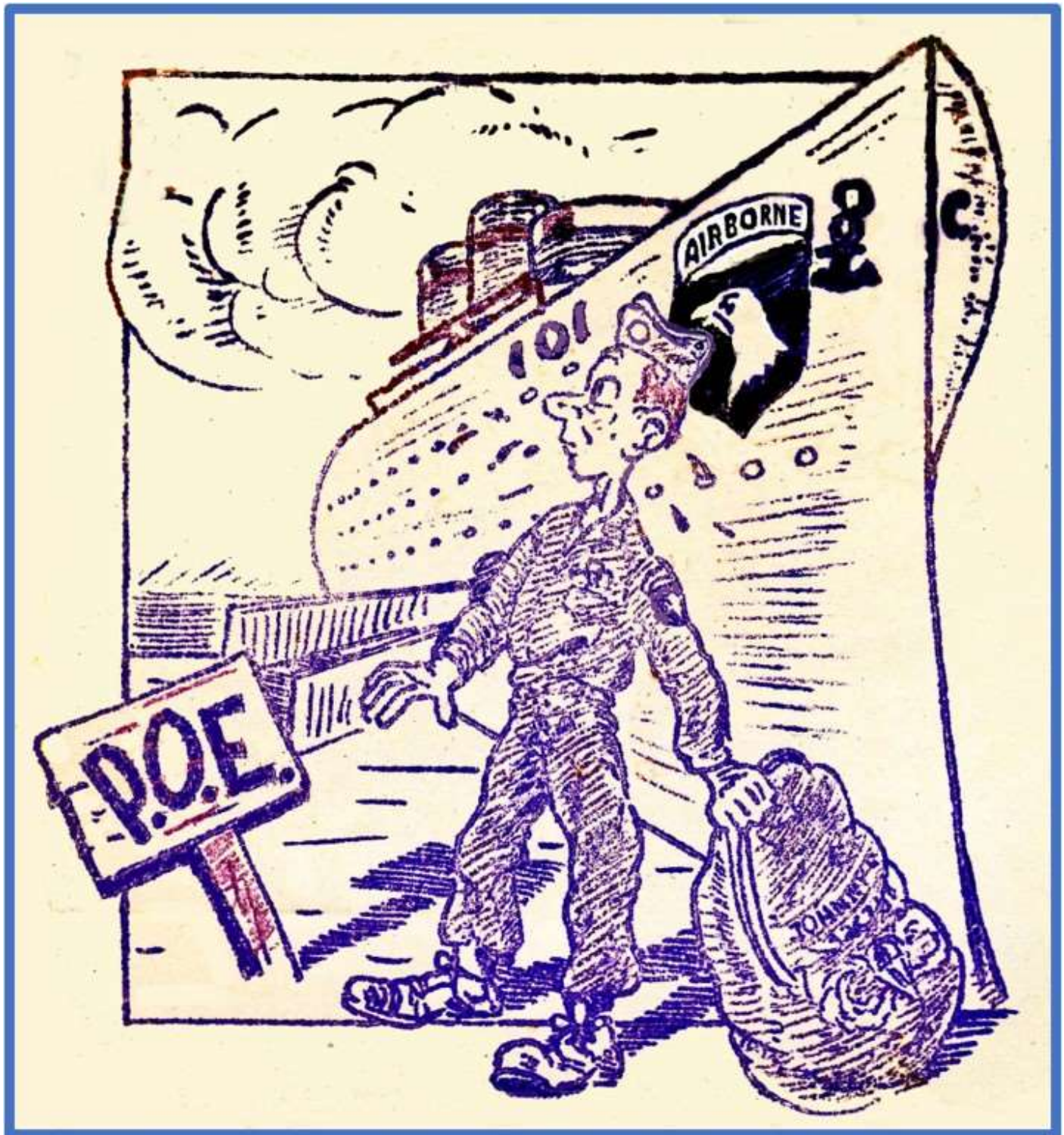


**Training near Fort Gordon Georgia-“Top Hat Bar” Danville, GA.**





## Heading Home P.O.E [Port of Embarkation]





## *Dick Dahlin Paratrooper Training And Postwar Plans*

