

Name: Glen Edwin Hoop

Training:

Joined National Guard in July 1940. 150th Field Artillery, Battery B in Elwood, Indiana.

Went on two weeks maneuvers Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Unit was Federalized January 17th, 1941.

The last week in January of 1941 we were sent to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. April the 1st I was transferred to an Anti-Tank Company that was being formed. Our training consisted of 2 half tracks with 75 mm's on them. You could only traverse the gun 12 degrees left and 13 degrees right. The anti-tank company became the 638th Tank Destroyer Battalion. I was assigned to A Company. May the 1st, 1942 we formed the 814th Tank Destroyer Battalion in Camp Polk, Louisiana. There was between 30-40 of us sent to form the 814th. Almost all of us were from the National Guard. We received our first recruits 2 or 3 months after we formed the 814th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

We received M10's just before we departed for Camp Bowie, Texas in November of 1942. A week after we arrived at Camp Bowie, I was sent to weapons school for 8 weeks training in Camp Hood, Texas.

After we left Camp Bowie I am not sure whether we went to Camp Hood or Camp Polk. I can't remember the dates of where we were at from January 1942 to January 1944. We spent time both in Camp Hood and Camp Polk during that period. We then went to Fort Devins, Ma. in January 1944. Then to Camp Miles Standish, Ma.. In February we departed to Halifax, Nova Scotia for Europe.

I remember the name of the ship was El DuFrance. We were located at Packing Park in England. In August we were sent to a marshalling area, Weymouth, England. We were put on a LST. We went into

combat at Chartruese, France the 14th August. I had two interesting things happen to me. One was I was lead tank and told there was nothing in front of me but enemy. Around midnight, my tank was hit while I was standing on the doors over the motor of the tank. I started firing at the mussle flashes before. The next thing I new a Major from the fifth Infantry Division jumped up on the front of the tank and told me to stop firing. That had made a mistake. A few days later we were parked along the edge of the woods. I was on guard leaning againt the tanks counterbalance. The next thing I knew someone was shaking me. I had gone to sleep standing up. I thought I was in deep trouble until I realized it was German solder wanting to surrender and I sure didn't tell anybody about it.

At Graavelot, France Sergeant Zeller and his Tank crew disappeared and were never found. We crossed the Mosel River, I believe at Nancy, France on a pontoon bridge. Sargent Jorgenson was killed in action a day or two after we crossed the Mosel River. Also Sergeant Krinsky was killed in action the same day. Private First Class, Aguilar was wounded very badly also on the same day. As we were moving out three or four days later, the oldest man in the company, which was Russell Bloodsoe, A world war I veteran was wounded. As they were carrying him away on the jeep stretcher he told us, "Goodby suckers, I got a million dollar wound!". In October 20th we were sent to Holland and joined the British there. On the 28th of October at about 1:00 AM I was moving down the main road into Astin, Holland. My tank took a direct hit killing my gunner, Corporal Willie Mays and two of the crew were wounded. The same night Sergeant Zellinack, was in a tank battle. His tank was hit. One of his crewmen, Jessie Gregory was killed in action. PFC Roberet Grove was badly wounded. He was the son of Lefty Grove, the hall of fame baseball pitcher. Sergeant Zellinack received the silver star for that action. The next morning, Victor Funk jumped into a tank with nobody in it. Went out and stopped a German attack all by himself. Loading and firing the gun he knocked out three German Tanks and stopped their attack. He was awarded the distinguished service cross for his actions. When the action near Astin, Holland, B Company as well as I can remember lost 7 or 8 tanks. I remember riding back to billets sometime in November in a captured German truck.

The night we got back, Sergeant Zellinack and myself were in asleep in the same house when a German Plane attacked. I was sleeping next to wall and Zellinack was on the other side. It didn't wake Sergeant Zellinack up but it woke me. I jumped over Zellinack and tried to crawl under the bed which was only two inches high. I doing this I woke up Zellinack who wanted to know what the hell I was doing. I told him the German's were bombing the town. We both proceeded in a big hurry down to basement. When we got to the basement of this house, there were at least fifty Hollanders already there ahead of us. Needless to say we didn't go back to bed that night. I don't know whether you remember the them taking the battalion to Antwerp, Holland. To a coal mine. I am sending you a picture that was taking on the morning that we went. And a picture after I had a haircut and shower. It was the first haircut and shower I had in three months. The last part of November, we received our M36 tank destroyers which could hold there own with the Germans 88's. The M36's had 90 mm guns.

The pioneer platoon from reconnaissance company dug holes for us to drive the M36's in near the Rohr River. We took turns spending 4 or 5 days in that position. I believe on the morning of the 16th / 17th December, 1944, we all assembled and started for Saint Vitt, Belgium. It was a mad house, troops were retreating and we were going forwards. We had orders to push anybody that was retreating off the road that was in our way regardless of rank. We arrived at Saint Vitt on the evening of December the 17th. Lt. Rose, from my company, moved our tank to different position and we became seperated from B Company. I ended up on the 23rd of December, with task force Jones. I am sending you a copy of what happened on the 23rd. I was fighting a rear guard action with task force Jones when my tank was knocked out by the Germans and I was wounded. I got into another tank and it was also knocked out. Then I got into Reconnaissance Captain Reed's company vehicle. He left the vehicle and went to the right walking. A message came over the radio, J.R. Connors, the vehicle driver and radio operator Davis, several of my crewmen and myself took the vehicle as instructed to the left away form Captain Reed. I looked out and all I could see was Germans, I convinced them to turn the vehicle around. Where upon we immediately ran right into a German tank not more than ten feet away. We were so close they couldn't depress they gun in time to fire before we all got out of the vehicle. J.R. Connors got separated from us, but Davis and

my crew dragged me back through the 82nd Airborne lines. I was placed on a hospital train to Paris. I was in Paris for a few days and on the December 31st I was placed on a Hospital Ship at Cherbourg, France. I spent New years of 1944/45 in the English channel aboard that hospital ship.

I was in the hospital in England until April, 1945. I was sent to a repot depot, reclassified and sent to the eighth Airforce at Ippswich, England. They had a hard time finding anything for me to do. They finally made me a bartender in the officer club. I finished the way out there, the easy way. I was sent back to the States in July of 1945. Landed in Boston, Ma. and was sent to Camp Attaberry, Indiana on the 14th of July. I was there about three hours and they told me to come back in 60 days. I came back September the 14th, 1945 and was discharged.

My occupation in civilian life was a paper maker for ten years. Was transferred from Kalamazoo, Michigan, to Santa Clara, Ca. to start up a new paper mill in 1957. In 1960 I was elected business agent for District Council Number One, which consisted of 5 local unions. I was elected one year later to the secretary treasurer of District Council Number One. I was an executive officer of the Council until February of 1970. I had to retire due to wounds received during the war. I have been retired since I was fifty years old.

I married Dorothy King, on May 31st, 1947. We celebrated our 46th anniversary this past may 31st. We have one daughter, Suzanne, four grandchildren, 3 granddaughters one grandson. One Granddaughter is in her second year of College and is going to be a teacher. One granddaughter and grandson will graduate from High School this year and the youngest granddaughter has just started High School. They also live in Manteca, Ca.

P.S. Sergeant Mark Christensen went all through the war with out getting a scratch. After the war while cleaning a fifty caliber machine gun we was accidently killed.

