

**Recorded Interview
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Jesse V. Cox, Co. I 410th

This is our first full reunion; my wife and I came in one day early. Sergeant Walters from El Paso, Carroll Cook from here in Austin, and Arnie (Arnold T. Marzullo), who was a Co. Runner, and I were in the same company. Carroll Cook was in my platoon. Arnie was injured in WWII. We all have looked forward to seeing each other. My wife and I will see Darrell Elliot in February; he lives in Greeley Colorado and we see him every year. Darrell was the medic who attended Arnie when he was injured. Darrell was later injured at the church at Howarth. He was unable to come to the reunion this year. I tried unsuccessfully to locate a soldier, Michael L. Lebeda, from Scranton, Pennsylvania; we were together during combat. I am sure there are others who are alive from our company.

I had no desire to be associated with the reunions up until the last seven or eight years or so. When I got a chance to come home from overseas I did not want to have any part of that period of my life. I never stayed in contact with any of the men but over the last few years I became more interested. I am very glad I have connected with the 103d.

I am very interested in seeing Sergeant Walters, who is up in his 90s; his son is bringing him from El Paso. Carroll Cook became my close friend during the war and has remained so to this day. Carroll and I were in the same platoon. Gene Wise, who was killed in the war, was also a close friend; I was about six or eight feet from him when he was killed by a grenade he covered. There are several plaques in France that commemorate his effort. Many of the books about the history of our company include information about Gene.

When I enlisted I was made a PFC rifleman and became a supply sergeant after I was sent to the 9th Division. After basic training at Camp Fanning, Texas, I went to Camp Howze for a short time before we shipped out.

We landed at Marseilles, France, made a horseshoe circle, up to Belgium, back down through Germany, stopping about four or five kilometers north of the Brenner Pass that goes into Austria. We traveled about five hundred miles on that route. I did not have any personal contact with civilians, although I would see them in the towns. The people we encountered did not interact with us.

During combat you did not know where you were at any point in time or where you were going to be the next day. You just did what you

were told. I tried to stay really clean while I was over there but fifty-four days without a change of clothes made it impossible. They could not keep us supplied and socks were a big issue. They put out those rubber snow pack boots for us to wear and when we marched, my feet would sweat. I carried an extra pair of clean, dry socks around my waist above my belt. I tried to rinse out the socks anywhere I could find water. I tried to change my socks every night. Our uniforms were OD's (Olive Drab) since it was wintertime. We could stay warm if we made a fire at night and covered it or made it in a fox hole. We had to be careful that we did not signal our position to the enemy. We found out that a damp army blanket with a rubber poncho thrown over it made the warmest cover; you would start to steam in a hurry. They issued each squad a little camp stove that burned gasoline and we would ask jeep drivers for some petrol to keep it going. If we had a little fire we could warm our rations. We didn't have any C-rations; K-rations were practically all we had. K-rations consisted of scrambled eggs and minced ham in little flat cans, a small pack of cigarettes and a small pack of crackers. I was overseas about twenty-seven months. I can remember when Franklin Roosevelt died. After the war was over we split up and I went to the ninth division. I was the supply sergeant.

I had enlisted out of the southern part of Missouri and I returned there after the war. We were married right after the war and we started to California but our folks were in the western part of Colorado so we stopped there. I got a job and we are still there. Today is our sixty-fourth wedding anniversary. We were married right after the war.

We have two children, two grandchildren and one great-grandchild, eighteen months old. We had one other grandson who was bitten by a rattlesnake in Northern New Mexico and it killed him. It bit him in the muscle of his arm when he was two and a half. We have a grandson who is thirty years old, a granddaughter that is twenty years old, and a great grandchild; we are proud of all of them. They all live in Colorado. Our daughter has been a real estate salesperson and has worked in radio and television. She is the coordinator for honor flights in her area. Her regular job is Director of the Western Colorado Contractor's Association made up of six hundred members.