

## Honoring county veterans

### Edward Price

and Carter of the 1st Cavalry Division. He served as a heavy artillery observer for the 1st Cavalry in 1969-70.



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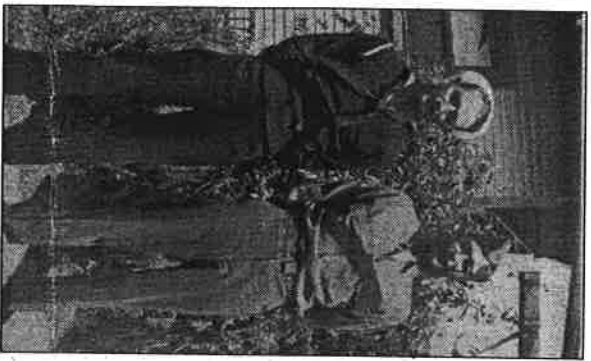
home. Ten years ago, he was stationed in the Philippines during the war. He served as a heavy artillery observer for the 1st Cavalry in 1969-70. He was stationed in the Philippines during the war. He served as a heavy artillery observer for the 1st Cavalry in 1969-70.

### Owen Price

"If everybody is trying to avoid the draft, who is going to win this war?" were words spoken by Owen Price during the first part of World War II as his boss informed him of being put on the critical war effort list so he couldn't be drafted. Soon after that, his draft notice came and he was shipped overseas. "When I returned, I was glad I had the chance to defend this country," Owen said.

During his first year following the draft, he was trained at Camp Colhn, Calif. and Fort Bliss, Texas. He received training on rifles and anti-aircraft guns, with an extensive two-week infantry training at Camp Maxey, Texas.

In his early training, Owen met a young sergeant whose name was John Claus. Sgt. Claus spoke fluent German and enabled his group to take many prisoners, and save many American lives. Sgt.



### Daniel and Owen Price

Claus assigned Owen to the anti-aircraft position on a 90 mm anti-aircraft gun. This became his attachment to the 161st Field Artillery Battalion, a part of the 35th Infantry Division.

Owen arrived at the scene of the Battle of the Bulge, which was then in its final stages. Following the completion of this battle, he was sent north with the 35th to relieve the Ninth Army British Brigade in a very heavily mined area. "It was impossible to go on foot off the road without a mine detector," stated Owen. "Some of the Germans were killed by their own mines, even as they were planting them."

In February of 1945, he was in Randarth as the Germans bombarded the town heavily.

### Ray Wareham

My Marine Corps experiences  
By RAY WAREHAM

I was inducted in Salt Lake City, Utah on May 22, 1943 and reported for duty May 26, 1943. I went through boot camp in San Diego, Calif. with Sgt. Gross as drill instructor of Platoon 469. My serial number is 8671334. These tags were worn around your neck at all times. They were made of copper. If you were killed in action, one was left with your body and the other one was sent home to your parents.

We left San Diego in November on our way over seas. We had completed our basic training. I can still remember the lights of San Diego as we headed out into the Pacific. Our first stop was New Caledonia in the New Hebrides. There I saw true justice when I saw a man being beheaded for raping a white woman. The next stop was Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands. These islands are a line of volcanic rock sticking out of the ocean. One island is completely surrounded by coral outcroppings. No enemy submarines could get into this bay. We sat there for 62 days with nothing to do but play pinocle. On the 63rd day, we were finally on our way to the Mariana's Islands. The second day out of the harbor a Japanese submarine surfaced and fired two torpedoes towards us. Luckily both missed our ship and our destroyer escort sank the Japanese submarine with depth charges. We were on our way to Saipan and Guam. Much has been written about the hard won battles there. Tiamian was the island they loaded the atom bomb on the Enola Gay. The plane headed west, passing over Iwo Jima, heading north dropping one atom bomb on Nagasaki and one atom bomb on Hiroshima, which ended World War II. Japan formally reported to General McArthur World War II was over.

One of my most memorable experiences was when I came home from Guam. Thirty-two of us were to fly home on a plane from Guam. Upon arriving to the airport at Agama, a plane came going to the U.S. The plane had only one seat available so the colonel took that seat. Another plane landed with three seats available so the two nurses and one commissioned officer took those seats. That left me in charge of 27 men with absolutely no travel orders. The next plane landed with enough seats for all of us. We thought we were on our way home and the plane landed in Kwajalene to refuel. Here we were bumped out of our seats for wounded soldiers. That left us with no orders, no food tickets and no place to sleep. We were put up in a metal barracks. I harassed the office every four hours to help me get home with these men. Finally they told me to line up all the men just inside of the barracks. We were staying.

One night about 2 a.m., I was awakened and told to get my men up and get ready to leave. We were boarded on a plane bound to San Francisco with a stop over in Hawaii to fuel and feed the men, but the men refused to leave the plane for fear they would lose their seats again. So we sat on the plane until it left for San Francisco, Calif., hungry but happy to finally be going home. When I reported to fleet headquarters the next morning, they asked where have you been? We have been looking all over the Pacific for you. They said we were the only group of men that had to hitch hike our way across the Pacific.



Ray Wareham

### Staff Sgt. Christopher Ebeling

during Freedom at Al Jaber Air Base, Kuwait; and Osan Air Base, South Korea with the 51st Security Forces from August 2006 to August 2005.



As a military working dog handler stationed in Iraq, Chris and his MWD Wodan play a vital role in the protection of Kirkuk Air Base. Wodan is a 5 year old, 100 pound German Shepherd, capable of explosive detection and attack work.

Chris and Wodan work hand in hand on a daily basis. They are the first line of de-

