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THE COVER: The drawing is by Jason Frank. Jason is a native of the Western Slope and has served in the 82nd Airborn Division of the U.S. Army. He now makes his home in Palisade.

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(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Jerome Kiefer, 1934.

Camp Hale: A Civilian Perspective
by Barbara D. Kiefer*

World War II produced well known military heroes like Douglas MacArthur, George Patton, and Omar Bradley, to name just a few; but many unnamed civilian heroes also supported the war effort. The following is an account of one such man—Jerome A. Kiefer, a civilian who helped construct the most advanced ski trooper training center at that time: Camp Hale, Colorado. The Pando Valley, formerly an agricultural area, became the site of Camp Hale due, in part, to its accessibility by rail and highway. This project was an economic godsend to the civilians on the Western Slope who did not have the opportunity to secure jobs in wartime industries common in much of America. In February 1942, Jerome Kiefer and his friend and former business partner John Wilson found work building the Camp. Construction officially began in April 1942, and ended just seven months later; however, Jerome began work in February of 1942, and remained there until November of 1944.

Charles Minot Dole of the National Ski Patrol originated the idea of putting Allied infantry men on skis. Before the United States entered World War II, his "offer to mobilize skiers for military duties" was met with "polite derision."[1] Later, recognizing a need to fight in mountainous terrain on the European front, the then Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall liked the idea and "the 87th regiment was activated at Fort Lewis, Washington on the slopes of Mt. Rainier, then moved to Camp Hale in 1942."[2] Young men, some of whom had never seen snow

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in their lives, learned to ski with heavy packs and weapons, to fight in extreme weather conditions, and to survive in subzero temperatures. They trained along with Norwegians who had come to Camp Hale to develop efficient combat techniques in snow and harsh conditions. Their goal was to drive the Third Reich out of occupied Norway and regain control of their country. Working together for freedom, the Americans and Norwegians became the Tenth Mountain Division of the U.S. Army.

Nationally, the United States adapted itself to the restrictions of war and people did what they could to support the war effort. Patriotism flourished; most Americans firmly supported the United States' involvement in the war, and had a personal hatred for the enemy. Everyone knew at least one person who served in the military and was concerned for his welfare. According to historian John Patrick Diggins, "it was truly a people's war" and "the American work force mobilized for the war effort...throngs of men and women flocked to war plants."[3] When the Leadville newspaper "'The Herald Democrat' announced on March 31, 1942, that an army camp would be constructed at Pando, people came from every part of the United States seeking work."[4] The tiny mining town was completely unprepared for the onslaught of people looking for work. Temporary shacks and small trailers quickly filled the empty spaces. Sewage problems, an insufficient water supply, and fear of rampant venereal disease from the commingling of lonely men and local prostitutes forced town officials to declare Leadville out of bounds to the folks from Camp Hale.

In Grand Junction, Jerome Kiefer and John Wilson's budding plumbing and heating business was only two months old when the U.S. entered the war. They experienced great difficulty in getting materials due to the increased needs of the government for plumbing and heating supplies so they closed their business. Both men had growing families and were desperate for work. When they learned that an Army camp was going to be constructed in Pando they jumped at the chance despite the fact that the long distance would separate them from their families much of the time. Kiefer knew the sheetmetal trade, but the camp only needed plumbers; so he told the contractor he was a plumber to get the job. Although he knew almost nothing about professional plumbing, he learned the trade quickly by trial and error.

Kiefer visited Grand Junction once a month. Sometimes he drove his car; other times he caught a ride with someone or took the crowded train. Rationing of gas and tires made Kiefer reluctant to drive home. He

stated matter-of-factly, "of course we had to be careful not to drive any more than necessary."[5] Kiefer's remark reflects the national attitude of doing everything possible to support the war effort. Kiefer's wife, Florence, recalled that everyone did what they could without question: rationing, giving up silk stockings, planting victory gardens, and doing without.

When Kiefer first reported for duty at Pando, he and Wilson lived in railroad bunk houses and ate in a temporary mess hall located in the ice house. Upon completion of the workers' bunk houses and mess halls, the old railroad buildings were torn down to make room for barracks that were to be built for incredible numbers of workers due to arrive in April, 1942. Before the main body of workers arrived, Kiefer and Wilson installed the plumbing in mess halls, latrines, and shower rooms. Author Rene L. Coquoz estimated that "five thousand men and women were employed at Camp Hale."[6] Kiefer corroborated that figure: "By summer there were thousands of construction workers and quite a few separate contractors working on different phases of the camp."[7] The quick erection of workers' facilities amazed him. In spite of the mass of people who moved in at once, "things went along like clockwork"[8] and soon the permanent living quarters replaced the temporary shacks.

Installing two or three large coffee urns in each of the mess halls was one of Kiefer's first jobs. They were hooked up to propane gas and water, and made coffee continuously. Camp Hale had at least six mess halls which were large enough to handle several hundred people at once. Thousands of cold and hungry soldiers and civilians passed through Camp Hale's mess halls.

Camp Hale had several water wells, the largest having an outlet of twelve inches. Kiefer installed and connected large water pumps to the wells. He and his crew inserted long steel shafts into the bottoms of the wells and then hooked a pump to each shaft. "They were turbine type pumps with the turbine down in the well connected directly to a vertical motor by a long shaft."[9] The largest pump motor was five hundred horse power and about eight feet tall. Leveling the pump motor to eliminate vibrations and connecting outlets to the water main were difficult aspects of this job. The excess water went into a water storage tank on a nearby hill. The Kiefers remember that the drinking water at Camp Hale was superb.

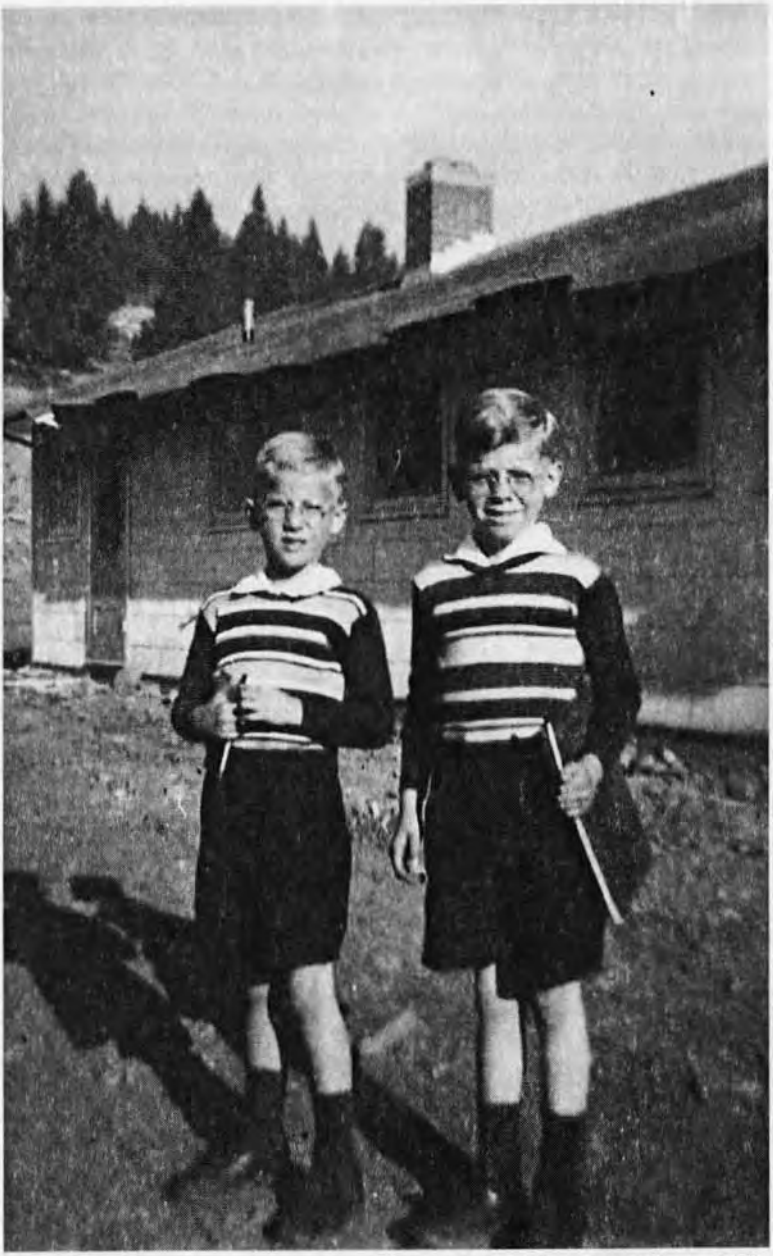
Following the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the U.S. Army's military force increased tremendously, creating an immedi-

ate overcrowding problem at military bases nationwide. In order to meet the demand for more Army training camps, the military needed "reliable contractors with the managerial, technical, and financial strength to meet emergency demands."[10] To get the work done as quickly as possible, each contractor was responsible for a certain portion of the camp and worked on "a cost- plus-a-fixed-fee basis."[11] This meant that the government would pay for the cost of materials and labor plus an added percentage. Consequently, the builders did not skimp on materials or labor and often worked their crews overtime to complete their portion of the camp quickly. This process, which Kiefer deemed inefficient, speeded the construction of badly needed military compounds. Contractors who built these compounds made a great deal of money because "the more money they spent, the more money they got."[12] Kiefer learned that the Army's more than generous method of payment attracted some very greedy people to Camp Hale.

When the temporary camp was complete, construction of the permanent camp began and Kiefer took a job laying water mains "with the water main gang."[13] The contractor of the water main crew exploited the Army's liberal method of payment. Kiefer described a typical day on this job as "rather monotonous work and the contractor who was getting paid cost plus ten percent had us quit work and just lay in the trenches, which were from six to twelve inches deep, for hours at a time, then work [us] hard for a couple of hours to get a quota done."[14] This strange work pattern allowed the contractor to get paid not only for the cost of regular labor, but also for unneeded overtime.

Kiefer did not agree with the poor ethics of this contractor and hated working for him, despite the fact that Kiefer was making a dollar and a half per hour, plus overtime at time and a half. Other contractors took advantage of the cost-plus-a-fixed-fee method—Kiefer heard about others who buried Jeeps, tools, and machinery in the holes for pipes and foundations and then ordered more supplies for the next job. Kiefer's boss was not quite that dishonest, but his lack of scruples rubbed Kiefer the wrong way. He was employed with the water main crew for two or three weeks before an event occurred that forever impacted his life and the lives of those he loved.

At Camp Hale, Kiefer met Carl Hixon and they became good friends. In August of 1942, Kiefer, Wilson, Hixon, and several other plumbers began living in boarding houses in Minturn "to get away from mess hall food and barracks life."[15] Together these men commuted the



(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Bill and Jerry Kiefer.

seventeen miles between Minturn and Camp Hale twice daily. They shared one truck; three men rode in the cab and the rest piled in the back. One evening, while returning to Minturn from Camp Hale, Kiefer and Wilson were riding in the back with a few other plumbers. Wilson was sitting along the side of the bed and asked to switch with Kiefer, who was leaning against the cab, protected from the cool mountain wind. Wilson's coat was not well suited for such extreme temperatures, so Kiefer kindly traded places to afford Wilson some protection from the chill. Soon after the two men traded places, a car pulled out of a side road onto the highway. The auto's driver took the turn too wide, and forced the plumbers' truck off the road. It plunged down an embankment, overturned, and came to rest directly on top of Kiefer. Wilson was decapitated, Kiefer was badly injured, and several others were hurt. One of Kiefer's eyes was gouged out and barely connected to his eye socket. His back was badly hurt, and he sustained numerous gashes and cuts. Carl Hixon's son was thrown out of the back of the truck. He helped get the overturned truck off Kiefer despite his broken back and punctured lung. At the hospital in Leadville, the doctor prepared to clip Kiefer's eye out but something stayed his hand and he decided to fill it with sulfa, put it back in and bandage it up. Mrs. Kiefer believes it was God's influence that saved Jerome's eye.

Mrs. Kiefer learned about his accident a day after it occurred because she was visiting relatives and the Camp personnel could not locate her. Beside herself with worry and having no details about her husband's condition, she left their two older boys with Jerome's parents in Mack and took the baby with her to Leadville. Friends there invited her to stay with them while Jerome was in the hospital. After about a week in the Leadville hospital, she brought Jerome home to Grand Junction to recover. With no insurance and no unemployment compensation, Florence struggled during Jerome's recovery. However, the Depression had taught her to be resilient, to do without, and to be creative with finances. In spite of the emotional and economic hardship, she successfully managed to take care of her three small boys and injured husband.

After the automobile accident, Kiefer had many obstacles to overcome. At first he could not walk due to the pain in his back and legs. Because of his eye injury, Kiefer could barely see, and when the bandages came off he felt seasick from the loss of equilibrium. However, he recovered swiftly considering the extent of his injuries. Kiefer remained home for about a month, regained his eyesight, and returned to work at Camp Hale.

While Kiefer convalesced, Hixon, who was not injured in the accident, had found an honorable contractor and became "plumbing superintendent" of the crew building the sewage disposal plant at Camp Hale.[16] When Kiefer returned to the Camp, Hixon offered him a job as a plumber and Kiefer quickly accepted, thankful that he did not have to work for another conniving contractor. The sewage plant crew lived in their own barracks about one-half mile below the Camp. This separated them from the noise and bustle of the continuous construction work; however, they did eat at one of the Camp's mess halls. Quite a few men worked on the sewage plant and Kiefer remembers that "they were a terrific bunch of guys and got along well together."[17] Kiefer found the work "really interesting" because it involved new methods of pipe fitting and new sewage disposal ideas.[18] It was truly a state-of-the-art system, very much like today's small town systems.

The crew "worked hard and got a lot accomplished,"[19] but Kiefer managed to take a few days off once a month to visit his family in Grand Junction. By the time they finished the sewage plant, connected it to the Camp's sewer lines, and made sure that it was operational, construction was nearing completion and the troops began to arrive. Kiefer was worried about finding work after the Camp was completed, but Hixon had already made big plans for the two of them.

A friendly, outgoing man, Hixon did not hesitate to go to the top when he wanted something. He talked his way into the Camp's permanent maintenance crew as a foreman and asked Kiefer to join him. Kiefer happily accepted the position. Next Hixon convinced the administration that they be allowed to live in the old temporary nurses' barracks located just inside gate number one. Since the barracks were large, the two men could bring their families to Camp Hale to live. The men's wives jumped at the chance to live with their husbands high in the beautiful Rocky Mountains. In January, Hixon's wife and two teenage daughters joined him. Kiefer made arrangements to go to Grand Junction by train to move his wife and three young sons, Jerry, Bill and baby Dennis. Arriving at the train depot one evening after work, Kiefer found that "about half the soldiers in camp had a weekend pass and a good part of them were headed for Glenwood Springs or Grand Junction. I did not know whether I'd get on the train or not, but happened to find myself close to one of the doors and was literally pushed on the by crush of bodies behind me. The seats were all taken and I spent the trip standing or sitting on the floor in the aisle along with a lot of others."[20] The young family packed dishes, bed-

ding and a few pieces of furniture into their car and headed for Camp Hale. They were very happy to be together again.

The Hixons and the Kiefers lived together in the barracks until the completion of permanent housing for civilian employees on the south side of Highway 24. The two families got on amazingly well, cooking and eating together in the main rooms with each family sleeping in bedrooms on the far side of either end of the barracks. This extended family enjoyed itself. Carl absolutely adored baby Dennis, and the two teenage girls doted on the little boys, often baby-sitting for Florence whenever the adults needed a break or went to a dance or gathering.

Daily life at Camp Hale was a young boy's paradise. Jerry and Bill Kiefer — only six and five at the time — remember it fondly. Having to show a pass to the guard each time before entering the camp impressed five-year-old Bill. In addition, the barracks where the Hixons and Kiefers lived faced the main entrance, so family members could see all the excitement: soldiers drilling, Army vehicles roaring back and forth, and heavy machinery at work. According to Bill:

> The most wonderful part of the Camp Hale experience was the soldiers. They were a part of the scene on a daily basis. Soldiers would march by during the summer wearing backpacks with rifles strapped to them and march by in the winter in white parkas and wearing their backpacks with rifles and skis strapped to them.[21]

Even Santa Claus wore white. When he came to the Kiefers' house to ask the boys what they wanted for Christmas, Bill "was taken aback by the white outfit."[22] Bill learned that it was for Santa's safety, although he could not imagine even evil Hitler shooting Santa on Christmas. When asked what they wanted for Christmas, the boys said "soldiers", and they received soldiers—lots of them. "Not only did Santa give us soldiers, but every uncle and aunt sent us 'soldier sets' so that our living room was filled with them from one end to the other. There was one major disappointment—they were made of cardboard. We neglected to specify that we wanted metal soldiers."[23] The soldier sets and their accessories reflected the patriotic fervor of the country. The toy soldiers had projectiles that they could launch from tanks, cannons, or cardboard airplanes. The cardboard targets were "portrait caricatures of the three arch-enemies of the day — Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo." The boys "spent

many contented hours playing [their] own war games, but naturally fighting only from the side of the allies."[24]

The boys idolized the soldiers and watched their activities closely. Bill noted, "Soldiers were camped along Highway 24 between Camp Hale and Redcliff in neat rows of tents that filled up the summer meadows. In the morning we were awakened by cannon shots that echoed across the valley or by the sound of the bugle and its 'Reveille'."[25] The soldiers' transportation was a source of great interest for the Kiefer boys. In the summertime, soldiers drove by in Jeeps and "Peeps" (smaller Jeeps), and in the wintertime, they rode in "weasels", early versions of the snowmobile.

The Kiefer children enjoyed good health at Camp Hale in spite of exposure to scarlet fever and measles. However, the Kiefer's oldest son Jerry did have a Camp Hale hospital experience. After having his tonsils removed, he "had a problem being in a ward with the other kids, since they were all girls."[26] He must have complained bitterly, because soon he was moved to a ward filled with GIs. He spent a couple of happy days convalescing with the soldiers, who later took him to a movie.

At Camp Hale the children attended the small school inside the camp and Jerry began the first grade in a class of two children. Left at home, the younger brother Bill became very lonely. As a result, Florence asked the teacher if he could begin first grade along with his brother; she agreed, and Bill entered school at the tender age of five.

In the woods around Camp Hale, the little boys had many adventures—skiing, hiking and playing with animal bones. They had skis that "were made out of wood and had a leather strap which you pushed your feet under when you were ready to go down the hill."[27] In addition, the civilian housing area boasted a metal swing set on which the boys spent much of their time. One afternoon, they heard a loud explosion coming from the direction of the swing set. They ran toward the sound and found that a horrible accident had occurred. A boy was swinging and as he went back and forth, he hit the swing post with a metal object. The object, a live shell, detonated. The boy's hand was blown off and according to Bill, "I am sure that bloody thing left on the doorstep was what was left of his thumb."[28] Jerry remembers "the excitement and the blood."[29] All of the kids had an extensive collection of shell casings that they found in the woods around the Camp; however, after the accident the kids were more careful.

The Hixons and the Kiefers enjoyed what the mountains of-

fered—fishing and hiking in the summer, skating and skiing in the winter. The civilians and the military personnel enjoyed pot-lucks, picnics, dances and get-togethers. Mrs. Kiefer wrote to her sisters often and in one particular letter described preparations for a dance at the Camp and expressed her attitude about fun during the war.

> We are supposed to attend a dance tonight here at the Rec. Hall...but as it is, Jerome just doesn't care whether we go or not. I washed my hair and did it up this morning just in case he actually wants to go, but we and the children attended the Pot Luck supper last Wednesday night, so we feel we have spent enough on pleasure this week.[30]

Mrs. Kiefer loved the activities at the Camp, in part, because she could show off her children. "Really girls, there's nothing like showing off your kids,"[31] she wrote to her sisters. She enjoyed snapping photographs of the camp, taking long walks on summer mornings (until she was informed that the area in which she was walking was an artillery practice area and that she was in extreme danger), and spending time in the large mess hall kitchen which had a giant coal cook stove. Coal cost almost nothing at Camp Hale, and the range could hold at least twenty loaves of bread at a time. The women were grateful for the large oven because with two families and occasional visitors, there were many hungry people to feed. In addition, the range was attached to a one hundred gallon water tank, so there was always plenty of hot water.

The Kiefers had many relatives visit them during their stay at Camp Hale, despite the fact that it was a high security area. Aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, mothers, and fathers all visited at least once to satisfy their curiosity about life in the only mountain military camp in America. On one particular visit, Mrs. Kiefer impressed her visiting aunt by getting arrested by the military guard. She had taken her "flatlander" uncle from Indiana for a drive over Tennessee Pass. On their return trip he asked her to stop so that he could enjoy the panoramic view of Camp Hale from the highway which stood several hundred feet above the Pando Valley. Despite Mrs. Kiefer's strong warnings, the uncle popped out of the car and snapped a picture of the camp. Upon arrival at the guardhouse, they were arrested and taken to the Provost Marshall's office. Mrs. Kiefer was mortified and very angry at her uncle. They were held by the military police and forced to wait for hours to see what the Provost Marshall would de-

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Civilian housing.

cide to do with them. They were questioned extensively and released only after her uncle "accidentally" exposed the film.

While living in the old nurses' barracks, Kiefer came down with the measles and was put in the Camp Hale hospital. He had contracted the measles from working on a plugged floor drain in the measles infirmary. After a few days there, he became friendly with the GI in the bed next to him. During polite conversation, Kiefer learned that the soldier thought he had scarlet fever. Later, while signing his discharge papers to check out of the hospital, Kiefer began to feel strange. By the time he got home, he felt deathly ill and had an extremely high fever. Mrs. Kiefer was "frightened to death and got a nurse who lived nearby to come and take a look at him."[32] The nurse called an ambulance which returned him to the hospital. He had contracted scarlet fever from the G.I. who was not in quarantine because the doctors had misdiagnosed his illness and placed him in the measles ward. Kiefer was very ill and in quarantine at the hospital for two or three weeks. Each day, Mrs. Kiefer braved temperatures as low as thirty five degrees below zero to shovel their car out of the deep snow to visit her husband.

Unable to work, Kiefer could provide no income during his illnesses. Mrs. Kiefer, frustrated and concerned about their lack of income, went to the administration building and talked to a lieutenant where she demanded compensation since Mr. Kiefer was exposed to measles while repairing drains at the infirmary and to scarlet fever while recuperating from the measles at the hospital. The officer told her she "didn't have a leg to stand on."[33] However, at her insistence, he gave her an address in Washington to which she wrote a letter describing the situation. Eventually, she received an apology, and, more importantly, a compensation check.

During Kiefer's illnesses, Hixon, the shop foreman, saved his position on the maintenance crew. Kiefer was glad he had become a plumber because sheetmetal workers (his profession before World War II) "seemed to spend a good deal of their time cleaning soot and ashes out of flues and stoves."[34] About twelve men worked in the plumbing shop; half with the Water Main and Sewer Department which was responsible for taking care of sewers and broken or frozen water mains, and the other half, Kiefer's crew, handled smaller jobs such as leaky faucets, stopped up drains, frozen pipes, and installation and remodeling projects. The Army had a few other facilities in remote areas around Camp Hale, such as on Cooper Mountain and in Leadville. Kiefer's crew remodeled the

Vendome Hotel in Leadville and the Leadville Airport. They built Cooper Hill, located near the summit of Tennessee Pass and the ski training area for Camp Hale. The crew built a mess hall and installed the plumbing for the latrines there. Sometime after the war, Cooper Hill was rebuilt and renamed Ski Cooper; it is now an exclusive ski resort. Its entrance is near the Tenth Mountain Division Memorial.

After a few months of living in the old nurses' barracks inside the Camp, the Hixon and Kiefer families moved into civilian housing across Highway 24 from Camp Hale. Each family had their own apartment in the two or three bedroom duplexes provided for civilians. "They were very nice but nothing fancy" and all were exactly the same inside and out. They had a living room and kitchen, and the rent was only seventeen dollars per month. A great deal of confusion resulted from the similarity of the apartments; people often burst in someone else's home, bewildered and apologetic. Jerry remembers: "One day as Bill and I were walking home, we saw someone hanging up clothes. Bill said, 'Hi, Mom,' and when the woman looked around her laundry to see who was talking to her, we were surprised; she wasn't our mother and that wasn't our house." The boys learned to look at the garbage to determine which house was theirs.[35]

In addition to training troops for mountain fighting, Camp Hale functioned as a prisoner of war camp for captured German military men. The captives shoveled snow, washed windows and kept the Camp and the civilian housing area clean and neat. The Germans fascinated the little boys and the civilians at Camp Hale. The POWs sometimes peeked in the windows at Mrs. Kiefer while she did her exercises. This not only frightened her, it also embarrassed her. Consequently, she made sure she had a kerchief on her head so that they would not recognize her when she went outside her home. Kiefer remembers that some Germans repaired their own barracks. They would come into the plumbing shop and ask, in broken English, for pipe or pipe fittings. Most were nice, and many were quite young, and glad to be away from the fighting.

While living in the civilian housing, Kiefer became ill again, this time with what the Camp Hale doctors thought was a hernia. They wanted to operate, but something told Mrs. Kiefer to get a second opinion. She took him to Gilman, Colorado where he was diagnosed as having severe orchitis, an infection of the testicles. According to the doctor at Gilman, if he had the hernia operation, the infection would have spread throughout his body and killed him within hours. Once again, Kiefer's

The Hixon Family.

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

life had been spared.

When he was not ill, injured or working, Kiefer found the time to fish, which became his passion. After Hixon introduced him to fly fishing, they would hike three or four miles to the Four Sisters Lakes or fish on Homestake Creek. Often their wives would accompany them. The fishing was so good that the men would catch their limit within a few hours. Fish fries and picnics with the other civilians often resulted from these successful fishing expeditions. That summer, Hixon and Kiefer "went up to the lakes [and] took along a saw, axes, rope and some wire and made a raft out of three or four long logs lashed together and used it the rest of the season to paddle around one of the lakes to get out farther than [they] could cast from shore."[36]

The Kiefers often went fishing alone while the Hixon girls baby-sat the boys. In the spring of 1944, early one morning, Florence and Jerome crossed Homestake Creek on a large log which was two or three feet above the water. That evening, when they were headed back to the Camp, they discovered that the creek had risen until it was a raging torrent and the water completely covered the log. There was no other crossing point for miles, so they had to use the log. Jerome made it across safely even though the log sagged and the water came up to his knees. When he got across, he saw that Florence, who was very small and light, was having extreme difficulty making it over the log. The force of the current was terrific, but fortunately she persevered and made it across safely with the assistance of Jerome and a cable that had been strung across for a hand-hold. Fishing was an inexpensive activity and because money was tight for the Kiefers, they did it often.

Economically, the Kiefers were in the same shape as the rest of the country, depending on ration books to get some of the items that were scarce, such as sugar, gas, and soap. Payroll deductions for war bonds were automatic; while they were at the Camp, they invested about twelve hundred dollars in war bonds which helped them put a down payment on a home in Grand Junction after the war. This was a significant amount of money for the time period. Like many Americans, the Kiefers were much better off after the war than before.

The Kiefers were devout Catholics and when they moved to Camp Hale they were relieved to find that non-denominational chapels were being erected. They attended services every Sunday and participated in religious activities whenever possible. A deep abiding faith carried many Americans through the trials of wartime. The Kiefers attended church

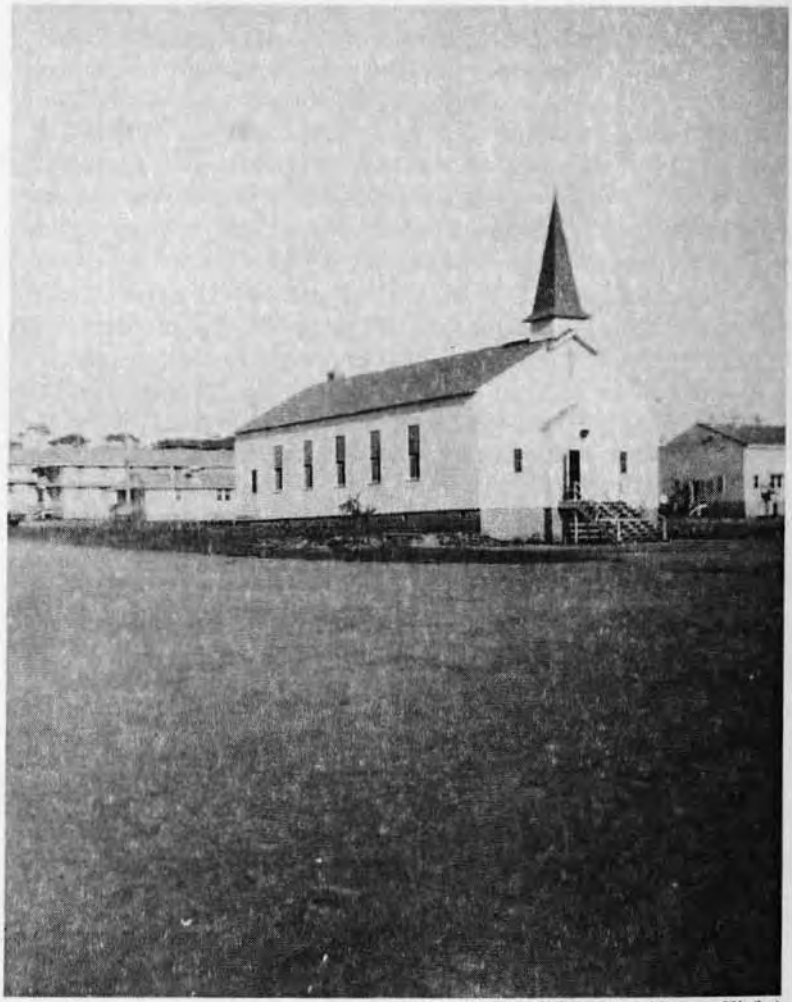
with Rupert and Werner Von Trapp, two members of the famous Von Trapp Family Singers. The Von Trapp boys, who sang at Christmas and served Mass, were soldiers in the Tenth Mountain Division. The famed Rodgers and Hammerstein musical "The Sound Of Music" is loosely based on the life of the boys' mother, Maria Augusta Trapp.

After months of intense training, the soldiers left Camp Hale in July 1944 to go to "Camp Swift, Texas for further pre-combat training."[37] A band played while a large crowd of well-wishers waved goodbye. It was a "stirring moment for each of us, soldiers being sent off to the far corners of the world, some never to return."[38] Some traveled to Italy, while others went to the Aleutian Islands off the coast of Alaska where Japanese troops had set up a post and were thought to be preparing for an attack on America. The Tenth Mountain Division, well prepared for the harsh elements of the Arctic Circle, were successful in driving the Japanese off United States soil.

When word came that the camp would be closed, the Kiefer family was disappointed. They and many others hoped that the camp would be permanent. In November 1944, the Kiefers and the Hixons parted ways. Each family packed up their belongings and their memories and moved—the Kiefers to Grand Junction and the Hixons to Caldwell, Idaho, where Carl and his son opened a plumbing business. The two families eventually lost contact with each other. Soon after the last person had moved away, the government began tearing down the buildings that had been built so quickly only two years earlier. The Pando Valley saw only sporadic bursts of activity after the demolition; in 1953, it was reactivated as an occasional high mountain training center for the United States Army but never reached the efficiency of its 1940s heyday. It officially closed again on June 30, 1966.

Back in Grand Junction, Kiefer found work in W.B. Johnson's sheetmetal shop and began a long career in the sheetmetal trade installing and repairing furnaces. Kiefer learned something on nearly every job. Tenacity and courage drove Kiefer to attempt a multitude of complicated projects. "In order to make a little money back then, you had to do things that you were scared of and you learned by doing."[39] This was not new for Kiefer— at Camp Hale he was determined to become a plumber despite not having any training and by the time he left the camp, he was a skilled plumber.

The memories of the camp will stay in the Kiefers' minds forever. It was an interesting time for all of them. Certainly, there were bad



(Photo courtesey of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Non-denominational church.

aspects; living far from home and family and a dry racking cough called the "Pando Hack" caused by the dust and pollution in the air. But the Kiefers experienced good things too: good fishing in nearby lakes and the stream right inside the camp, and the hiking, climbing and skiing. People at Camp Hale learned to live with the harsh conditions of the Rocky Mountains. Although temperatures could get as low as forty degrees below zero, no one seemed to mind. Working in the cold did not bother Jerome either; he had a job to do and did not mind the discomfort.

Today, the only evidence of Camp Hale's existence are the foundations of the barracks and a concrete skeleton of the Service Club. Paved roads criss-cross the valley floor, delineating the boundaries of the Camp. Nature has begun to reassert itself; pine and aspen trees grow through the holes in the foundations along with oak brush and windflowers. There are occasional well covers and some pipe laying around, the only legacy of Jerome Kiefer's hard work at the Camp. The Pando Valley is a National Forest Area and is well cared for with pull-outs for visitors to stop, enjoy the scenery, and read the signs which are located where Gate Number One stood. Although Camp Hale has been gone for almost sixty years, its contribution to America has not been lost. The heroic acts of soldiers that trained there and recreational equipment such as snowmobiles and the modern ski bindings which were developed and tested there will forever be a part of our heritage.

There is a tall granite monument at the top of Tennessee Pass in memory of the soldiers of the Tenth Mountain Division who lost their lives in service. Although the soldiers trained for war and fought against the enemy, they were not the only people to make a significant contribution to the war effort. Civilians were important too—men like Jerome Kiefer gave their all to make the Pando Valley habitable for the servicemen who trained there. Perhaps the non-military people at Camp Hale deserve their own monument.

NOTES

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[5]Jerome Kiefer, Letter to Anne Kiefer-Schmalz, 11 March 1987. Personal Collection of Jerome Kiefer, Grand Junction, Colorado.
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[21]Bill Kiefer, E-mail to Author, 24 October 1996.
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[23]Ibid.
[24]Ibid.
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[28]Ibid.
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[31]Ibid.
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[35]Dr. Jerry Kiefer, E-mail.
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Military Memories of Glenn Hanks and the Tenth Mountain Division

by Jennifer Hanks Morrell*

This article is a case study of a young man named Glenn Hanks from a small town on Colorado's Western Slope who came of age during the Great Depression and World War II. He typified the experiences of many young men who struggled to build a life for themselves during hard times, and then served their country in wartime. What separated Hanks from most young servicemen was that he joined the famous Tenth Mountain Division—the men on skis—during the war.

Glenn Hanks' family, like most others on the Western Slope, struggled through the Great Depression. They lived on a ranch near Meeker, Colorado, which they had recently purchased. Caring for the cattle, horses, and hogs took considerable energy, and, in addition, they labored to get the fences, irrigation ditches, and buildings repaired from the years of neglect that took place before they took over the operation. Laura Hanks, Glenn's mother, worked as hard as her husband raising four children, running a boarding house for the hired help, and taking care of the home. Family members hired themselves out for wages and made some money from tourists and hunters. Also, the Hanks family raised silver foxes to be sold to furriers. Although sale of fox pelts provided

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some money, they needed additional income to service loans and to pay for the operating expenses.

Despite all their efforts, by the spring of 1936, the family faced a financial crisis. They had sold nearly all of the cattle the previous year at four cents a pound, and found no buyers for their pelts. There was hardly enough income to pay the interest, let alone any extra toward the principal on their loan. Consequently, like many other Americans, the family gave up the ranch and moved in with relatives until they could get on their feet again.

With the collapse of the family's fortunes, Glenn Hanks left for the University of Denver where he experienced a hard but successful year. A scholarship helped finance this, but he struggled to cover the costs of living on his own. Finding affordable off-campus housing and getting suitable employment plagued him. The first quarter he worked as a waiter at a rooming house, a position which provided him with room and board. But this arrangement had its drawbacks: namely, two hours traveling time every day on streetcars going to and from school, impossible study conditions, and no cash income. Before his first quarter ended, Hanks began looking for another job.

His next arrangement improved conditions slightly. This one required driving a nearly blind man to and from work and on weekend errands. For this Hanks received room and board plus ten dollars per month. The pay was meager, but the house was within walking distance of school which saved Hanks carfare and commuting time. Living in a strange home under someone else's rules sometimes tried his patience, but he endured, and finished his first quarter of classes.

Money problems continued. Laboratory fees, drafting equipment, and other expenses meant that he needed to figure out a way to increase his income. He exhausted himself doing any odd job he could find and living frugally; despite this he earned the "B" average required to keep his scholarship. Due to a childhood accident that left his right eye impaired, Hanks began experiencing severe headaches and had trouble focusing with his good left eye. Consequently, he requested a continuation of his scholarship, and returned home to Meeker, Colorado for the summer to work for the Independent Lumber Company.[1]

Outraged by the attack on Pearl Harbor and fearful of Hitler's conquest of Europe, Americans did everything possible to help their country during World War II. High school seniors looked forward to graduating so they could enlist in the armed services. Women learned first aid,

helped the Red Cross, filled jobs vacated by men who left to fight in the war, and took jars of fat to butcher shops so the glycerin could be extracted and used in making bullets. Citizens undertook scrap drives, stockpiled rubber products like balloons, old tires, and used shoes, and collected tin cans. Other Americans donated blood, bought war bonds, and worked overtime in shipyards and aircraft plants. Civilians accepted the rationing of gasoline, tires, meat, and butter. Children even understood why there were no Hershey bars. Five million young men volunteered for military service, and over one hundred thousand nurses joined the WACS, WAVES, and SPARS.[2]

As Hanks remembered it, all males between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were required to register with their local draft board composed of older, local community leaders who determined who would be drafted. Registration provided the board with information about age, occupation, education, marital status, dependents, and disabilities. Using this, the board assigned each person a classification based on military guidelines. Hanks knew that the draft board would find no reason to offer him a deferment.

In the spring of 1942, Cherry Taylor, a home town Meeker girl and the love of Glenn's life, earned a scholarship to study business at Mesa Junior College in Grand Junction, Colorado. She moved there in September, and Glenn courted her when he went to the headquarters of the Independent Lumber Company in Grand Junction to pick up lumber for his employer. When his draft notice arrived, both Glenn and Cherry cherished the time they had left together. While he wanted to serve his country, the prospect of leaving his sweetheart made the thought of soldiering difficult.

Drafted men from Meeker received bus tickets for the forty mile ride to Rifle, where they then boarded the train for an eight-hour ride into Denver. Such was the case the morning of February 9, 1943, when Glenn Hanks left. He ate a big breakfast of bacon and eggs prepared by his Aunt "Gertie" Graham, gave her a hug, and thanked her for putting up with him. He walked the two blocks to Meeker's bus stop located in front of the local barber shop, and found that he was the only passenger that day. Consequently, there was no crowd of patriots gathered to see him off.

Upon arrival in Denver, Army trucks waited at the railroad and bus stations to pick up draftees and transport them downtown for physical examinations. There he found that the services sometimes dehumanized people and stripped them of dignity. Following instructions, he re-

moved all of his clothes and placed them in a drab green bag which he carried with him the rest of the day. Then, totally naked, he wound his way through lines to various doctors, assisted by female nurses. After running this gauntlet, he dressed and waited to learn whether he had passed his physical exam. Eventually, officers from the Army, Navy, and Marines appeared and read a list of names of those they wanted. Those who remained had failed their physicals and were to stay in the room.

The Army accepted Hanks, and he and his group piled into a truck and rode to Fort Lupton, just south of Littleton, where they went to "holding barracks" and received their uniforms and equipment. Most men remained there for a short period of time. Every day for over a week, men in the barracks left for their designated camps, and new recruits arrived; however, Glenn's name was not called. He began to wonder: "am I the unknown soldier?" Finally, he received orders to report to the Camp Personnel Office where he learned that his eye injury put him into a limited service classification. Consequently, he received an office job. For the next three weeks he sat behind a typewriter, listing new recruits and diligently filling out forms for up to twelve hours a day. Hanks found such work loathsome, and vowed to find something better.[3]

When he first arrived in Fort Logan, Hanks noticed a poster that advertised for volunteers having any experience in mountain climbing, skiing, snowshoeing, or care of livestock. Hanks knew his experience back on the ranch made him perfect for the position and was optimistic that this was a way to get away from his desk job.

He inquired about this and learned that those who qualified were to apply for a transfer to the Mountain Training Center which was located at Camp Hale near Pando, Colorado, west of Tennessee Pass. Hanks knew about about the camp because his brother Milton had helped build it. To Hanks, anything seemed better than pounding a typewriter, so he filled out the application even though he thought his eye condition might hurt his chances. However, shortly afterwards he received word of acceptance, on the condition that he sign a waiver because of his limited service status. Not sure of the content of what he signed, he gave the Army his signature to free him from the desk and typewriter. On March 6, 1943, he was in Camp Hale where he joined Company "B" of the Tenth Mountain Division.[4]

Although Glenn Hanks was thankful for his "escape", he knew little of the history of the Tenth Mountain Division. It was the brainchild

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Sign located at Gate One.

of Charles Minot Dole, who started the division to fill the need for a military unit that could ski and fight in the rugged mountains of Italy. Dole had corresponded with General Marshall of the United States War Department and pointed out Germany's superiority in this area. Dole offered assistance in finding and training new recruits, and designated the National Ski Patrol as the perfect agency to recruit and train soldiers in the art of mountain warfare. Despite his arguments, Dole met a wall of disinterest and opposition, but he persisted.[5] On October 8, 1941, Dole sent a manifesto to General Marshall and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. After receiving reports of Greeks routing the Italian Alpini in the mountains of Greece and Albania, and ten thousand soldiers freezing to death, Marshall authorized the creation of three mountain divisions; the Tenth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth. In the end, only the Tenth would be formed.[6]

Immediately Dole began recruiting men for this unique venture. Several aspects separated it from more traditional units. It was the only Army division with a civilian organization (in this case, the National Ski Patrol) as its official recruiting agency. Certainly it contained a diverse group: mountain climbers, alpine guides, lumber jacks, blacksmiths, forest rangers, horsemen, cowboys, trappers, mule skinners, and skiers from all over the world.[7] Acceptance into the Tenth Division required three letters of recommendation attesting to the applicant's good character. Many of the men accepted had no military training, and had to learn fundamentals like marching, saluting, and the use of weapons like the .03 Springfield rifle, Browning Automatic Rifle and sometimes the Colt .45 caliber automatic pistol.[8]

Due to the uniqueness of the Tenth Mountain Division's mission, the training area had to be a rugged environment similar to the mountainous areas of Europe. The site selected for Camp Hale was a valley with an elevation of 9,480 feet in the mountains of Colorado near Leadville. Located on United States Forest Service land, the site had electrical power, coal mines and was accessable by rail and highway. Shortly after the announcement that an army camp would be constructed at Pando, people came from every part of the United Sates seeking work. Cars, trucks, and other means of transportation filled up the highways leading to Leadville. The rush of people caused a critical shortage of rooms and homes.

Eventually the United States government would spend thirty million dollars to build Camp Hale.[9] Work began on April 10, 1942, with a local crew who earned one dollar and ten cents an hour. There, men

moved two-million cubic yards of earth, cut down seventeen square miles of willows, rebuilt a highway, and laid railroad track. In all, they constructed eight hundred buildings: barracks, mule barns, blacksmith shops, chapels, mess halls, a hospital, post exchanges, service clubs, field houses, officers clubs, theaters, motor pools, warehouses, stockades, a post office, and a mortuary. They managed to erect the entire camp by December of that same year.[10]

Upon arrival, the Tenth Mountain Division began training in military skiing, snowshoeing, snow-freighting, trail breaking for toboggans, mountain rescue, avalanche prevention, rock climbing, forest fire fighting, dog-sled operation, snow-cave building, and everything else needed to survive and fight at high altitudes, in treacherous terrain, and extreme weather conditions.[11] Mules made the Tenth unique in a hugely mechanized army. Deep snow and alpine terrain rendered tracked and wheeled vehicles virtually useless; therefore, artillery and supply units used mules to move equipment and weapons, making their labor an integral part of the personality of the Tenth.[12]

In addition to standard issue socks, shorts, shoes, shirts, pants, and a mess kit, the men of the Tenth Mountain Division also received special equipment needed to survive in the wintry mountains of Colorado: down-filled sleeping bags, which the soldiers referred to as "fart sacks", and items such as ski caps, winter parkas, ski boots, shovels, gloves, sunglasses, and skis.[13]

The "D-Series" was an important part of training for the men of the Tenth Mountain Division. It constituted a total test of survival which many men described as a small step away from Purgatory. In it, the men were put in blizzard conditions, where they depended on their snow equipment and know-how to survive the extreme conditions. Many men returned from these five-day maneuvers suffering from frost bite and exhaustion. Also, the War Department used the extreme conditions to test new field rations. Any rations found suitable for use in this high, rugged, and freezing environment would be good under about any other conditions. It was at Camp Hale that dehydrated food proved its merit.[14]

Camp Hale got nationwide attention when Warner Brothers used the facility and the Tenth Mountain Division for making a film entitled I Love a Soldier starring Sonny Tufts and Panlette Goddard. While not a noteworthy film, it did, however, show the nation that the United States had a mountain division and gave the general public the idea that, in spite of the glamorous ski-resort atmosphere, training in the Rocky Mountains

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Camp Hale, Colorado.

was a rough, and often serious, business.[15]

Like most other Americans, Glenn Hanks saw the camp, and life there, as unique. Unlike most soldiers who took "basic" training at one camp, and then moved to other locations for other kinds of instruction, the men of the Tenth Mountain Division remained at Camp Hale for all of their mountian training. Part of the reason for this was that the men had a special objective—to learn to fight under any conditions in mountain environments. In addition, there was a sense of urgency at Camp Hale because they needed to train quickly. The goal was to train two divisions of about sixty thousand men within ninety days. Complicating things even more, volunteers came from all over the country, as well as many men from Norway and Finland who had escaped from their Nazi held countries, and volunteers from Sweden. Prior to assignment at Camp Hale, many of these fellows had collected and partially trained at Ft. Lewis, Washington, with their mountain training conducted on Mt. Rainier. They were identified as the Eighty Seventh Mountain Division and would soon be moved to Camp Hale to join the others. Glenn's Company B of the 10th Mountain Division was to be the second half of the build-up goal.

Upon arrival, Company B began accelerated basic training under the watchful eye of company commander Captain Charles Barkeen, a man as unique as most other aspects of Camp Hale. Originally from Denver, Barkeen had gone from a National Guard Second Lieutenant to Captain with only six months experience. He and Hanks were the only ones in his one hundred and seventy five man company who hailed from west of Chicago. The majority of the enlisted men came from the streets of New York.

Learning to get along with the New Yorkers proved difficult for Hanks. Why, he wondered, did these men always make crude remarks and insult others? Hanks expressed his disapproval of such behavior and backed it up with his fists. After each fight, he ended up in front of the Captain who always delivered the same lecture—these easterners did not mean anything personal by their talk. Perhaps the talks helped; Hanks and the New Yorkers began to understand each other and soon became friends.

Hanks began smoking a pipe, something he learned from Captain Barkeen whose trademark was a corn cob pipe. Hanks remembered one incident involving Barkeen's fondness for his pipe. Captain Barkeen gathered his Division in full battle dress in a large parade ground at the

camp for inspection by Commanding General Corlett. Because the General was late, Captain Barkeen had his troops stand at "parade rest," a position where the legs are spread one-half step and the hands are clasped behind the back. Tiring of the long wait, the Captain pulled his trusty pipe out of his pocket, lit it, and created a spiral of smoke above his head. Unexpectedly, the General's Jeep appeared, headed down the line of many companies, and the order to stand at attention rang forth.

The Captain came to attention with his pipe still smoking. When General Corlett reached Glenn's company, he ordered his driver to stop, got out of his Jeep, and said: "Captain, either you or your men are out of uniform. Don't let it happen again." With this, he jumped back into his Jeep and continued his inspection. About one week later, a large box of corn cob pipes and pipe tobacco arrived at the barracks. Each man received a pipe and a can of tobacco. There was no direct order to do so, but it was strongly suggested that everyone have theirs up and smoking whenever they practiced close-order-drill, worked together in groups, and particularly during parade ground inspections. When the General made his rounds at the next Division inspection, he saw a plume of smoke rising above Company B with the Captain out in front puffing away and looking straight ahead. During this inspection, General Corlett stopped, stood in front of the Captain, and said: "That's much better." This created a real sense of unity and pride in the company. Barkeen's organization was chosen as the base representative at the Memorial Day parade in Denver. Perhaps such results were the Captain's goals all along.

About mid-April Hanks and a number of his friends were selected to attend Non-Commissioned Officers School for thirty days of training that was supposed to result in Sergeant's stripes. However, at the graduation ceremony on May 26, 1943, they learned that regulations required a minimum of one day in a grade to be eligible for the next grade. Consequently, the new understanding was that the following day they would be promoted to Private First Class, the next day to Corporal, and finally to Sergeant on the third day. On the first day, they recieved Private First Class stripes, and the next day they confidently lined up at roll-call; however, they found that nothing is definite in the Army. The orders from Fort Lewis read that the whole class was being assigned as Privates First Class to the Eighty-seventh Division, and they would soon be replacements for fallen soldiers in their ranks. This news irritated the graduating class, particularly since there was no one to whom they could express their frustration. However, Hanks survived this and other vexations be

cause every day brought mail call, and often he found a letter or two from Cherry, his sweetheart at home.

The longer Hanks stayed in the service, the more he learned about Army regulations. Each organization in an Army infantry had specifications called its "cadre" which defined exactly how many men could be in each grade and prevented downgrading soldiers except for severe punishment due to major infractions. Consequently, Hanks and his comrades kept their PFC (Private First Class) rating, which meant a pay raise from twenty-four dollars to twenty-seven dollars per month. It also meant that as a Browning Automatic Rifle Gunner, Hanks had three ammunition bearers reporting to him. To move up to a higher grade, someone had to move out of the unit or get killed.

After their training was complete on June 10, 1943, the Eighty Seventh Division left Camp Hale for Fort Ord , California, on a train with four cars for the one-hundred-and-seventy-five men and their equipment. The summer heat was sweltering and they had no summer uniforms. The thermometer read one hundred and five degrees when they reached Sacramento, and the "Brass" decided the troops needed some exercise. After running several blocks, the men's wool khaki shirts and pants turned black from the sweat, and the car smelled like a hog pen for the duration of the trip. Partly for those reasons, Hanks developed a negative attitude toward California. The situation did improve when they reached Fort Ord. The main base stood next to the bay, and a slight breeze usually blew inland. They remained at Fort Ord until July 9, 1943, undergoing continuous land and sea training.

Hanks and the other soldiers spent their nights in the San Diego Bay behind the submarine nets and devoted the last six days there to practicing landing exercises from a troop ship. Their final landings added to Glenn's dislike for California because some of the local people sat on the beach in lawn chairs and bombarded the wet soldiers who slogged by with disparaging remarks. More pleasant than the Californians were the Scandinavian men in the Division who had left their homeland to join the American military. They collected on the deck in the evenings to sing songs in their native tongues, which could be heard across the harbor. Word of this singing got around the city, and many people used their precious gasoline to drive to the point and listen to the singers.

The Division left San Francisco on July 9, 1943, at midnight aboard the U.S. J. Bell with full armor and packs. The Bell, a troopship, housed fourteen hundred men in bunks stacked five high with sixteen inches between them. To get into a bunk, one had to climb up to his level, stick a leg and arm into his bunk and roll into place. A wide shouldered man would bump the GI above him if he tried to roll over. Adding to

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Camp Hale barracks.

difficulties, rough weather caused some soldiers to vomit which produced a stench that was nearly unbearable. If the weather was the least bit warm, the smell of sweaty bodies was also terrible. Hanks moved his sleeping bag to the deck as often as possible to escape the unbareable living conditions during the voyage.

The Bell joined a convoy of nine troopships and two destroyers headed for the Aleutian Islands (although the destination remained classified). P.T. boats armed with two to four torpedoes ran along the lee side of each ship for protection. During rough weather, the men would stand at the rail of the ship and watch the waves rock the P.T. boats.

Ultimately, not-so-friendly competition developed between the fourteen hundred soldiers and the four hundred Navy personnel on the troopship. During their practice sessions along the California coast, the Navy "non-coms" operated ice cream dispensing machines and charged five cents a cone. Once they left stateside the price went up to twenty-five cents per cone. Glenn's crew retaliated by kidnapping the ice cream machine, and reestablishing the price at five cents.

Security was tight before they began the trip; however, the men had a pretty good idea of their destination. Early in the war, the Japanese had invaded and established bases on the Attu and Kiska Islands located on the far western part of the Aleutian Islands. American forces had landed on Attu, and, after many casualties on both sides, had retaken the island. Considering the type of foul weather gear they had been issued and the fact that Kiska was still occupied, it made sense that they were headed there. They learned that they would join forces at Adak Island which was located about one-hundred-and-thirty miles east of Kiska. They landed on Adak Island on August 4, 1943 and practiced landing for the last time—going over the side with full packs, down the nets, and into the bouncing landing craft below. It was chilly and wet work.

On the cold, foggy day of August 13, they were ordered back to the ship and prepared for landing on Kiska. It seemed that any fear of the unknown, beyond just getting on the ship, was overcome by the desire to obtain the dry clothing and shoes which they had each stored in their duffel bags aboard the ship. When shipboard was called again, they were angered to find that all of their shoes and some of their clothes were missing from all fourteen hundred duffel bags.Consequently, the cold men raided the Navy crew quarters, holding them at bay, while they collected all of the Army items, plus many warm Navy shoes. Later realizing that they depended heavily on Navy personel for a successful landing, they

shined, polished and returned the shoes they had taken.

Going ashore this time marked a change in situation. Officers had checked with everyone the day before to ensure they had filed a will with the company headquarters. During their training period, men had always joked, kidded, and griped when they headed for shore. This time, however, everyone remained quiet and contemplation of death marked most faces. The reality of the situation set in for the men—they were really at war.

Hanks, like the others, expected a long stay in the Aleutians, but Mother Nature suddenly cut his stay short. During the fifth night there, a violent storm with very high winds came through while Hanks and his bunk-mate slept in their oversized foxhole. A large gust tore the canvas tent shelter in half, ripped the ridge poles loose from the rocks that held them in place, and the dislodged rocks rolled into the cavity where the two soldiers slept. The boulders completely covered them, and, although still conscious, Hanks and his companion could not move. After much yelling, other GIs heard them, came, rolled the rocks aside, and pulled the bruised and bloody men from the foxhole. Soon the medics arrived, and with their Lieutenant's approval, Hanks and his friend were loaded in a Jeep and transported to a field hospital.

Although X-rays revealed no skull fractures, Hanks lost his vision, probably because of damage to his optic nerves. Two days later he learned that he would return to the States. He arrived in Seattle on September 7, 1943, where he and other wounded men were housed for a few days. He was then discharged and given meal vouchers and a chair-car rail ticket to Denver, by way of Billings, Montana, and Cheyenne, Wyoming. Glenn and Cherry had already decided by letters that they would marry in Denver as soon as he arrived. Soon after arrival in Colorado, his eyesight returned.[16] They settled in Seattle, Washington, started a family and Glenn found a career as an aeronautical engineer working for the Boeing Company, designing airplanes and aircraft parts.

The Tenth Mountain Division continued to do its work. In late July 1943, the Nazi regine was crumbling in Europe. After 114 days of hard fighting, 902 soldiers had been killed and an additional 4236 seriously wounded, but its mission in Italy was finished. The Tenth Mountain Division packed up and sold its mules to the Italians. Regular army soldiers and those without enough points for discharge boarded the S.S. Mount Vernon, Marine Fox, and La Grande Victory and set sail for America. The

(Photo courtesy of Florence and Jerome Kiefer)

Sign located at Gate One.

soldiers now traveled to Camp Carson, Colorado for more training before being deployed in the Pacific.[17]

Japan surrendered on August 14, 1945, after the Americans dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The men of the Tenth Mountain Division who anticipated fighting another enemy soon found themselves civilians again. America dismantled her great war machine, and the soldiers, including those of the Tenth Mountain Division, went home and resumed their careers or started new ones, finished college, or married their sweethearts and raised families.[18]

Many men from the Tenth Mountain Division returned to Colorado where they started new ski resorts such as Vail and Aspen and helped run existing resorts such as Steamboat Springs and Winter Park. Wherever there was a successful ski resort, there was almost always a member of the Tenth Mountain Division behind it.

The only physical reminders of Camp Hale are the decaying slabs of concrete that lay nestled in a valley near Highway 24 north of Leadville. A twelve foot monument of red Italian granite also serves as a reminder of the sacrifices made by the men of the Tenth Mountain Division. The monument is inscribed with the names of all nine hundred and two men of the Tenth mountain Division who died in the Aleutian Islands and in Italy. The buildings and training grounds of Camp Hale are gone, and new condominiums and gift shops of Vail have filled the valley, but the memories of the Tenth Mountain Division still linger there.[19]

Glenn Hanks now lives in Des Moine, Washington, where he enjoys his days with Cherry, and proximity to his children and grandchildren. Glenn Hanks' experiences in the Tenth Mountain Division had an everlasting effect on his life—nearly every day he thinks about the war, the extraordinary people he met, and his experiences as one of America's men on skis in World War II.[20]

NOTES

[1]Glenn Hanks,personal interview, Des Moine, Washington, 7 October 1996.

[2]John P. Diggins, *The Proud Decades: America in War and Peace, 1941-1960* (New York: W.W. Norton Inc., 1988), 15.

[3] Glenn Hanks, Interview.

[4]Ibid.

[5]Flint Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis: A Pictoral Memoir of the Tenth Mountain Division* (Boulder Co: Paladin Press, 1992), 6.

[6]Ibid., 3.

[7]Rene L. Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis: The Story of the Construction of Camp Hale and the Occupation of the Tenth Mountain Division* (Boulder Co: Johnson Publishing, 1970), 12.

[8] Oley, Kohlman, *Up a Hill With the Ski Troops* (Cheyenne: Pioneer Printing, 1985).

[9]Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis*, 12.

[10] Whitlock, *Soldiers On Skis*

[11] Kohlman, *Up a Hill With the Ski Troops*, 34.

[12] Coquoz, *The Invisible Men on Skis*, 16.

[13] Kohlman, *Up Hill with the Ski Troops*, 20.

[14] Ibid., 10.

[15] Curtis W. Casewit, *Mountain Troopers! The Story of the Tenth Mountain Division* (New York: Crowell, 1972), 8.

[16] Glenn Hanks Interview.

[17] Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis*, 19.

[18]Charles Hauptmann, *Combat History of the 10th Mountain Division* (Billings Montana: Charles M. Hauptmann, 1977), 23.

[19] Whitlock, *Soldiers on Skis*, 34.

[20]Glenn Hanks Interview.

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