



MEMORIES OF A SOLDIER

A HISTORY OF HARRY ELLIS BARRATT

1918 - 1945



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Presented to the Barratt Family

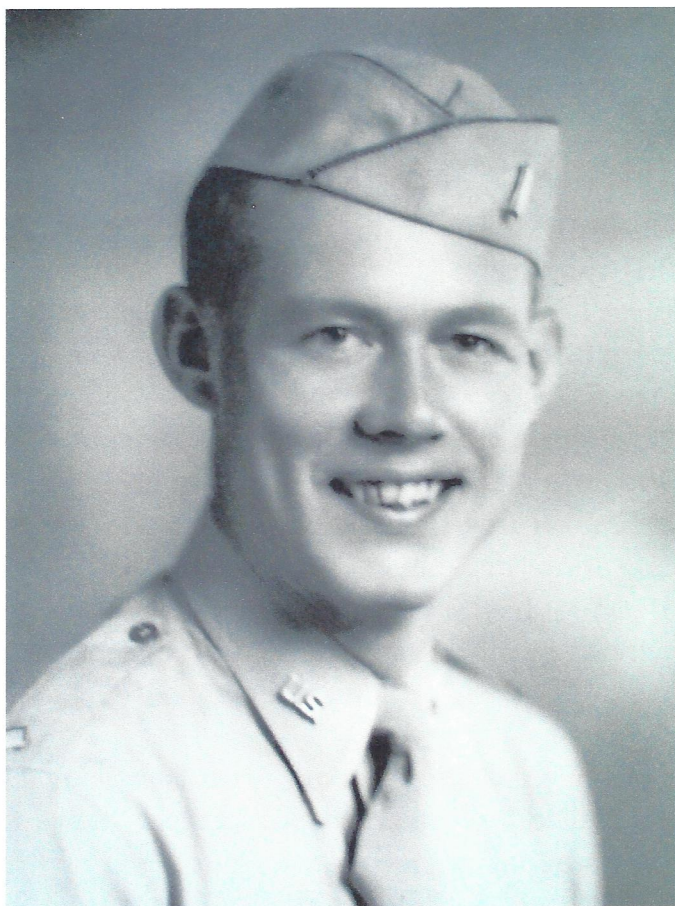
Christmas 2000



This book is dedicated to

*Captain Harry Ellis Barratt
and his wife, Mary Walton Barratt.*

*It is their story and represents a season of their life
that speaks of commitment, honor and sacrifice.*





Captain Harry Ellis Barratt, survivor of eight major World War II campaigns, received his discharge from the U.S. Army on June 29, 1945 after four years of service.

Harry is one of three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Barratt serving their country in this war, read the local American Fork newspaper in the summer of 1945, heralding the happy return of a survivor of a terrible war that took the lives of millions of people around the world.

Throughout the war, Harry kept a dairy of places, events and feelings. He put this valuable record in his footlocker at the end of the war and sent it on ahead. He never saw that dairy again. One can only guess that someone stole it or that the military seized it. So, trying to piece together here the events that occurred fifty years ago may prove a challenge.

A great deal of effort has gone into keeping to the facts in this record and avoiding embellishment and dishonesty. The hope is to encourage a love of country, a love of family and a love of God, along with a deep appreciation for those men like Harry Barratt who gave so much.





Harry Ellis Barratt was born on November 7, 1918 in American Fork, Utah. Ironically, on the day he arrived, people were celebrating the Allies' victory over the German Kaiser Wilhelm and the end of World War I. They burned "Kaiser Bill" in effigy.

Harry is the third of five sons. His childhood days centered around family, friends, work, and play; they were carefree and pleasant. His friendship with Mary Walton, who later became his wife, began in his early school days. Mary was a grade ahead of him in school. He wrote *I love Mary Walton* all over his arms, displaying them proudly to everyone. He went to her plays performed in the barn behind her home on West Main Street in American Fork. Harry says, *she was my special girl friend.*

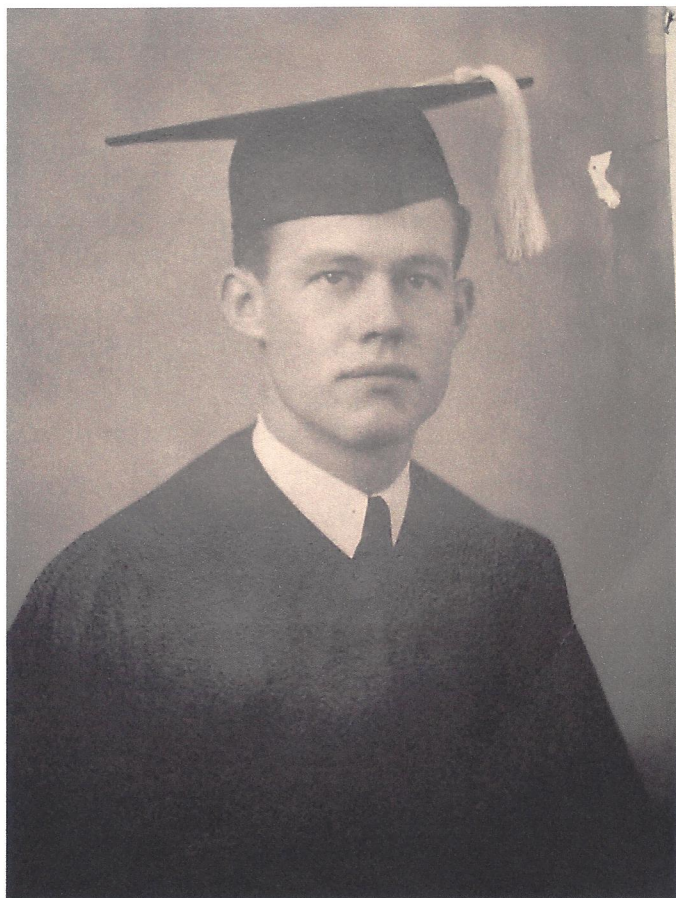




In 1933, when Harry was 15 years old, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was first sworn in as President of the United States, and Adolf Hitler became the Chancellor of Germany.

Harry finished high school in 1937 and studied at the University of Utah during the next four years. His years in college were not completely carefree. He walked to and from school and thumbed rides home to American Fork when he could. He worked as a librarian in the Law Library and washed dishes at the Carlson Hall dormitory for girls.

Walt Disney had just introduced *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The premier of *Gone With The Wind* brought the decade's favorite novel to the big screen. The World's Fair sponsored a contest offering a trip abroad to the writer of the best essay explaining *Why I Want To Visit Poland*. While Americans everywhere sat with stubby pencils, nearly two thousand German panzer tanks were lining up on the Polish border preparing to invade.

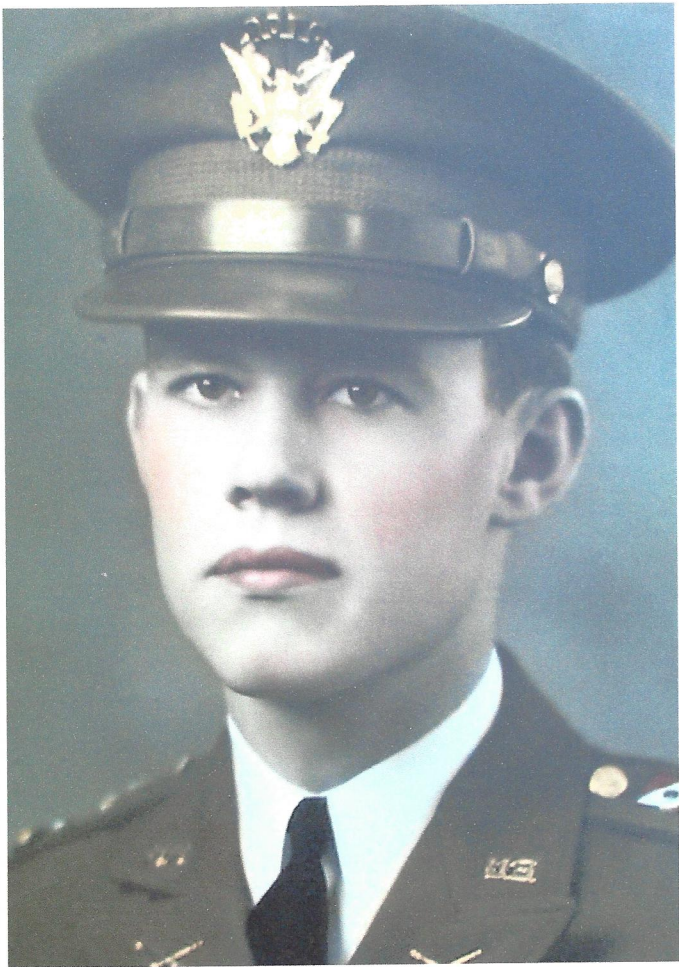




In October of 1938, Harry remembers listening to the radio with his parents, Ann and Tom Barratt. Orson Well's Mercury Theater was presenting - in too-realistic fashion - H.G. Well's *The War of the Worlds*. Over an hour of mock newsbreaking, Martians landed on earth, blocked radio communications and occupied large sections of the country. The world was coming to an end!

Remarkably, hundreds of thousands of Americans believed every word of it, including Harry and his parents. In fact, Ann and Tom Barratt told their son not to go out the next day. Harry said that while he believed what he'd heard on the radio, he was not about to stay home.

School, work, and life in general went on as usual until he graduated from the University of Utah.





Along with Harry's other commitments at the University of Utah, he belonged to the Reserve Officers Training Corps (or ROTC). He spent four years in this program and received \$50.00 a month for his service.

Upon graduation, Harry almost literally exchanged his diploma for a gun. At commencement, George Thomas, President of the university, presented Harry with a diploma. At the same time, Colonel Wyeth presented him with his 2nd Lieutenant Commission along with orders to report to Ford Ord, California for an extended tour of duty. From there, Harry was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for a three month course at the Field Artillery School and then to Fort Devens, Massachusetts.





Harry was the only man from Utah stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Most soldiers were from the east and educated at Harvard, Princeton or other elite eastern schools. On December 7, 1941, while driving around Boston with a friend named Ernie, Harry heard on the radio that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. He knew that time was short, so he returned to Utah and married Mary Walton, his childhood sweetheart, on December 17, 1941.

Shortly after the wedding, Mom and Dad Walton wrote a letter to Mary and Harry. They said the wedding day was one of the *prettiest affairs of its kind that they had ever witnessed*. They also shared their loneliness now that their daughter had left her childhood home.

Sunday Evening, December 21st, 1941

Dear Mary and Harry:

It is Sunday evening and I have just returned from our Xmas Pageant. It has stormed in blizzard style all day long. We do hope that the weather man was kind to you dear ones until you might have reached your destination. We are thinking that you might have arrived to-day. Oh, how we do hope that you went thru safe and sound.

I think I shall just tell you that we are well, in fact, that is about all I can say and be truthful. Really, mother and I have never in our lives before felt so lonely. We do hope that we shall soon find ourselves and be able to go on normally. You Mary, being our only daughter and such a sweet one, leaves us with no other alternative than to feel lonely. But these are just such sacrifices that parents must live to bear.

We are so proud of our new Son-in-law, Harry and neither Mrs Walton nor myself would think of having in anyother way. I have always admired you, knowing that you are made of the stuff that it takes to make a good husband for a fine girl like Mary. You know Harry, Mary has been one of God's choicest gifts to us and naturally we wanted her to find the finest young man she could and she did. We are pleased beyond words that you have joined our family and we hope that you are going to like us as we are sure that we are going to enjoy having you as another son.

Well I am trying to see the picture you are making to-nite, possibly the first night at home or shall I say home. Maybe you have found a place to stay and maybe not this soon. This is just another experience of so many that you are going to come in contact with begining with the moment you were married. Would sure like to just peep in thru the window to satisfy my curosity, not that I think you cannot handle your problems but rather just as we are interested. Do write every day for a while and keep us advised as to your adjustments.

Well kids, everyone has been so nice about the whole affair. Our little reception, as mother would rather call it, "Open House," seems to have won much favor as everyone we have met since that evening has simply raved about how lovely everything was. So many people has said that it was one of the prettiest affairs of it's kind that they had ever witnessed. We are so pleased about all this favorable comment.

Mother wants me to tell you that she wont write to-nite but will use another date to express herself, however, she feels just about as I do. We are just a pair of boobs, I guess. She has not felt too good after the strain of it all but she is making the grade O. K.

We were so pleased to get your telegram from North Platt Nebraska but have not heard anymore since. Hope that no news is good news.

It will be Xmas when you get this perhaps, so let us wish you your first and most Merry Xmas. We are sending these clippings. They are good aren't they? We have a gift here from Max and Lorainne and some cards that we will send you later.



Newlywed days for Harry and Mary could have been dark and foreboding, as our country faced imminent war. They had only a short time together on the East Coast before Harry would be sent overseas. To Mary, however, those seven months were happy because they were together. And for Harry, who expressed only love and appreciation for his wife who was dragged from one fort to another,

Mary was a real soldier, never complaining of all the lonely nights and constant uproar that we were faced with.

The news of Harry's assignment overseas came sooner than anticipated. Parents back home in Utah were disheartened by the news but were quick to give their love and an offer to help in any way. Joe Walton wrote a letter on July 18, 1942 expressing his desire to assist his daughter, Mary, who would be coming home soon.

Harry and Mary spent their last week together in Hershey, Pennsylvania. They had a farewell party at the Hotel Hershey with all the members of the battalion. Mary then drove to Utah with a friend from California. Her father, Joe, died shortly after her arrival, never knowing that she was going to have a baby.



J. F. WALTON

AMERICAN FORK, UTAH

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION • NORTHWEST CASUALTY COMPANY •

INTERMOUNTAIN • DEPARTMENT • SALT LAKE CITY • UTAH

July 18th, 1942

Dear Mary & Harry:

We received Mary's belated letter this morning and Harry's a couple of days ago. While pleased as we were to hear from you kids it is not good news for any of us to learn that Harry is about to go to parts unknown. We had hoped something would turn up so that he could be assigned here in the states somewhere. This is going to be hard on both of you and I do feel deeply sympathetic for you as it is a real sacrifice for you but we have expected it to come even before this. There is but one thing for you both to do and that is buck up and thank the good Lord that you have been brought together and have had the privilege of this wonderful honey-moon for about seven months. When Harry returns, let us hope that you can live right here in American Fork so that we can all enjoy one another.

Mary, you have never intimated that you want me to come and help you get home. Have been saving my vacation days for this event should it come. Now please let me know immediately if you are going to need me so that I can make some other use of my time if I am not needed. Now if you having a driving companion coming this way, naturally I do not care to come. I only want to come should you need me. But one thing, I do not want you to try and come alone. This would be a terrible chance for you to take. Now please let me know what you have on your mind. Of course this all depends upon whether Harry goes or not. So sorry that he could not get a few days to come home himself.

We are living in our new basement and quite enjoying it. I have been preparing the front grounds for a couple of days and it is beginning to look like a well groomed home. I know you will like it. Sorry Harry can't see it too.

Well kids I am awfully busy, so will ring off for this time. Do hope that you Harry will keep us well posted all the time if and when you go away. So sorry that this thing had to happen but just what can we do about it only hope and pray.

Lots of love,

DAD

Mary--Hurry and write me about your wishes regarding getting home, if and when Harry should leave.



Throughout his service in the military, Harry was a member of the 32nd Field Artillery unit of the 1st U.S. Infantry Division under the leadership of General Hodges. Together, the unit left the United States on the Queen Mary, a luxury liner, in 1942. All in all, there were about 20,000 men onboard.

They landed in Scotland and from there were transported to various parts of the United Kingdom. Transportation from one country to another over sea was on liberty ships, privately-owned vessels volunteered for the war effort.

Letters were written, describing the travel conditions, sharing emotions and always expressing great anticipation for letters from family and loved ones back home.

Jan. 9, 1941
Somewhere at Sea

My Dearest,

This is our first day of the voyage and it's certainly been a long one. The wind is blowing, the sun is hidden - all in all it's one of those gloomy days. The fact that I can't see you makes it all the more gloomier.

The accommodations aren't as bad as I had expected. The rooms are small but each has a shower - the only joker is that the showers won't work. There are four officers to a room which makes it rather crowded. Lt. Foley, Lt. Gaff, and Lt. Shain are in the same room as I - a pretty good bunch of joes if you ask me.

The enlisted men are in somewhat of a hole. They're packed in a room about 40 ft. by 40 ft. with no ventilation whatsoever. I walked down to inspect them this morning but the stink was so bad I couldn't stay very long. It's a good thing this trip is going to be too long. (I hope)

The train ride down was rather
boreome, but it was much better
than a truck convey would have
been. At least it was warm and
we had a nice comfortable chair
to sit in. We left Fort Stevens
about 4:30 P.M. and arrived New
York Pier at 1:00 A. last night.
We immediately boarded ship and
~~proceeded to find our rooms.~~ I
swear I was 2 hrs. looking for
mine and during my tour I
covered almost every part of the
ship.

I had rather a pleasant surprise
this morning in that I ran into
an old school-mate of mine from
the U. of U.. He received a permanent
commission in the Marine Corps
and is just finishing a 5-month
course he had to take. He really
likes the marines, but who wouldn't
if they had an easy job of umpiring
such as he has.

The sea has been comparatively
calm and as a result there has been
very little sea-sickness. I've
had a queer feeling in the bottom

of my stomach all day but it's
not from the rock of the boat.
Many I miss you more every minute.
I'm thinking now of the day
when I'll be able to see you
again.

The convey is really quite
a sight to see as they zig-zag
back and forth on their way.
There are 12 transports and several
battleships or cruisers. We have
3 balloons flying overhead constantly
looking for submarines. The
navy isn't taking any chances
of losing any of them by the
hands of Germany or Japan and
am I ever glad.

There isn't much more I can
tell you except that I love you.
Write me a letter quick like.
I gave you my address on the
check book. Love and Kisses,
Harry



In his four years of active duty, Harry Barratt fought in all the Allies' major campaigns in the Western theater - Morroco, Tunisia, Sicily, Normandy, North France, Belgium, Ardennis, Rhineland and Central Europe.

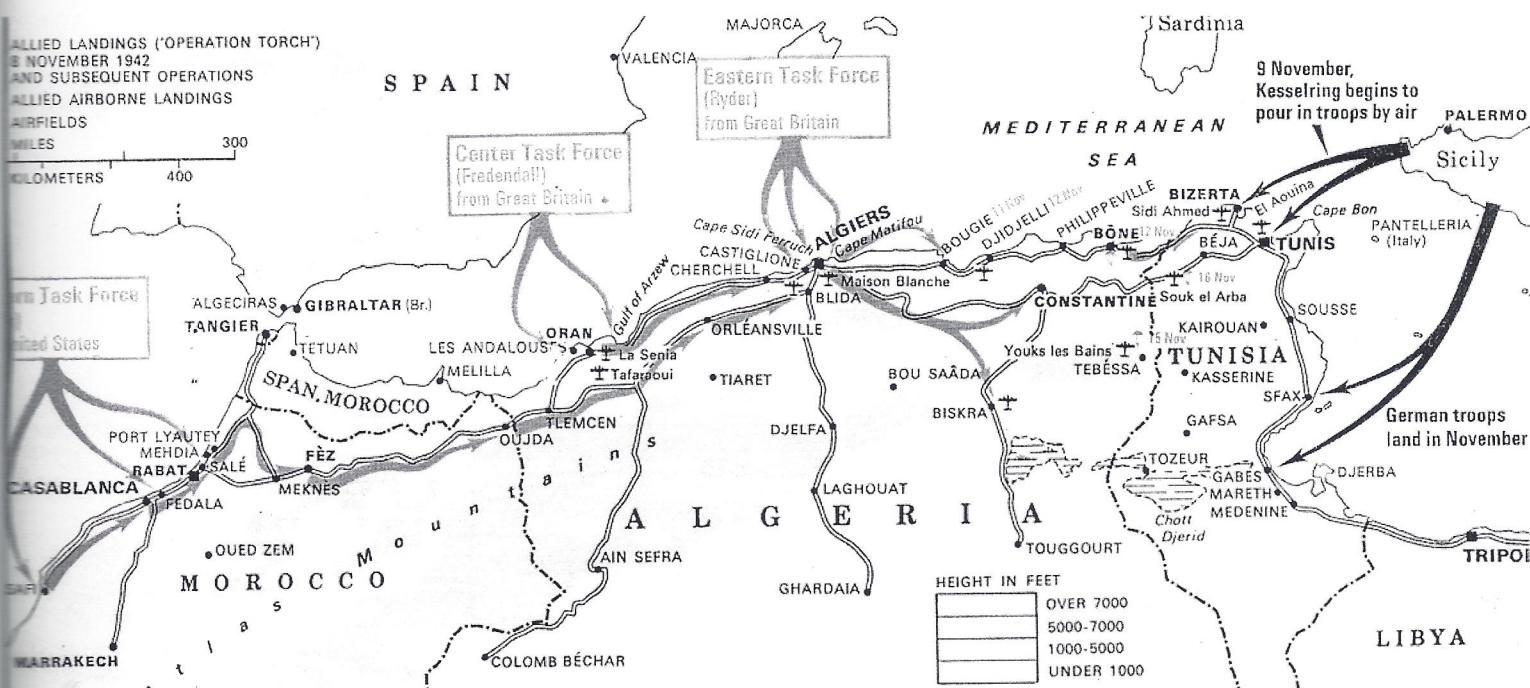
Captain Barratt was part of the African drive at El Guettar, the D-Day landing, the Battle of the Bulge at Aachen, the capture of Boon south of Dorrin, the Allies' crossing of the Rhine over the Remagen bridge, the rapid drive through Germany with Hodges and the final push into Pilsen, Chekoslovakia.

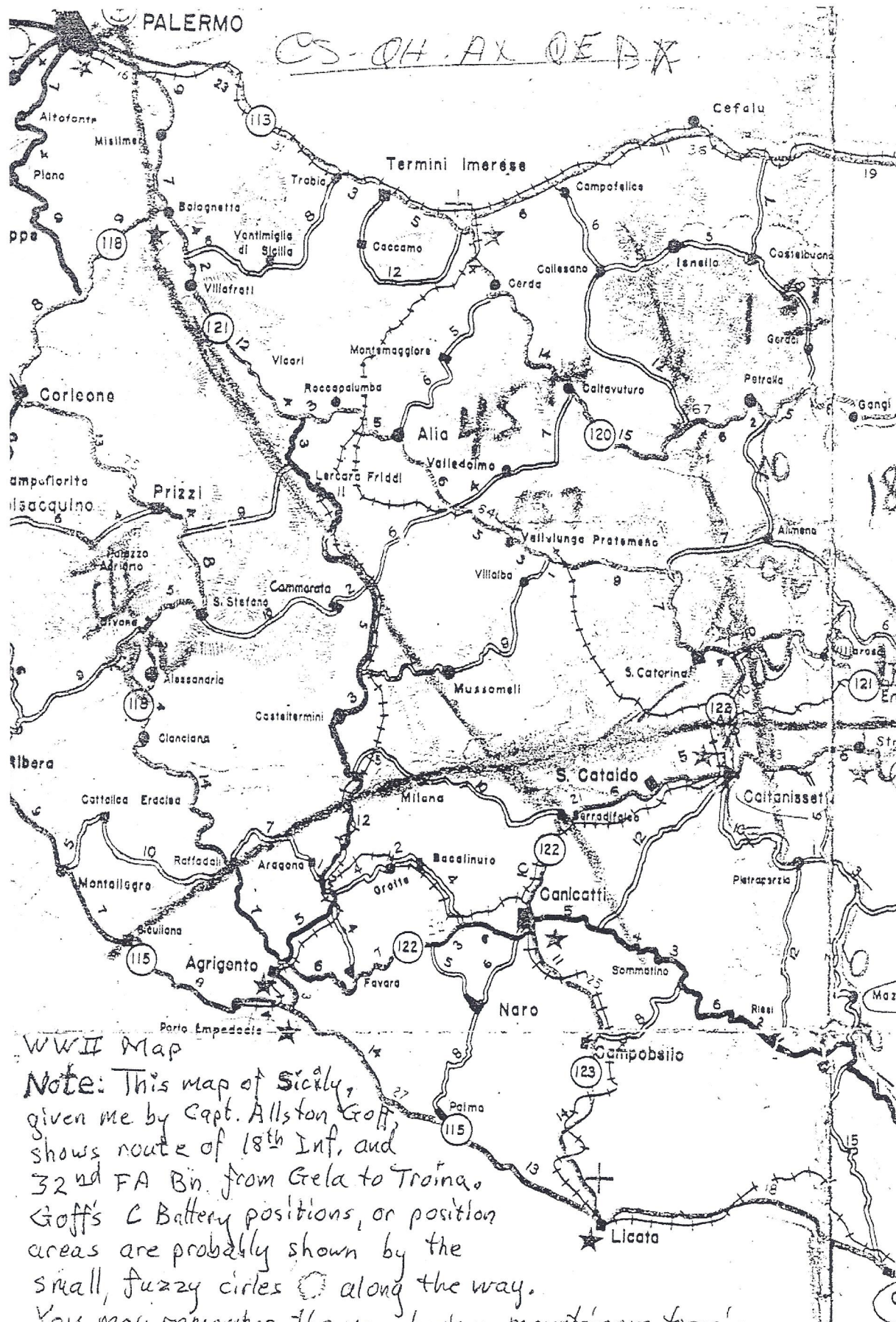
The following maps give a good idea of the 32nd Field Artillery's movements through Africa, Italy, France and Germany.

ALLIED LANDINGS ('OPERATION TORCH')
8 NOVEMBER 1942
AND SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS
ALLIED AIRBORNE LANDINGS
AIRFIELDS

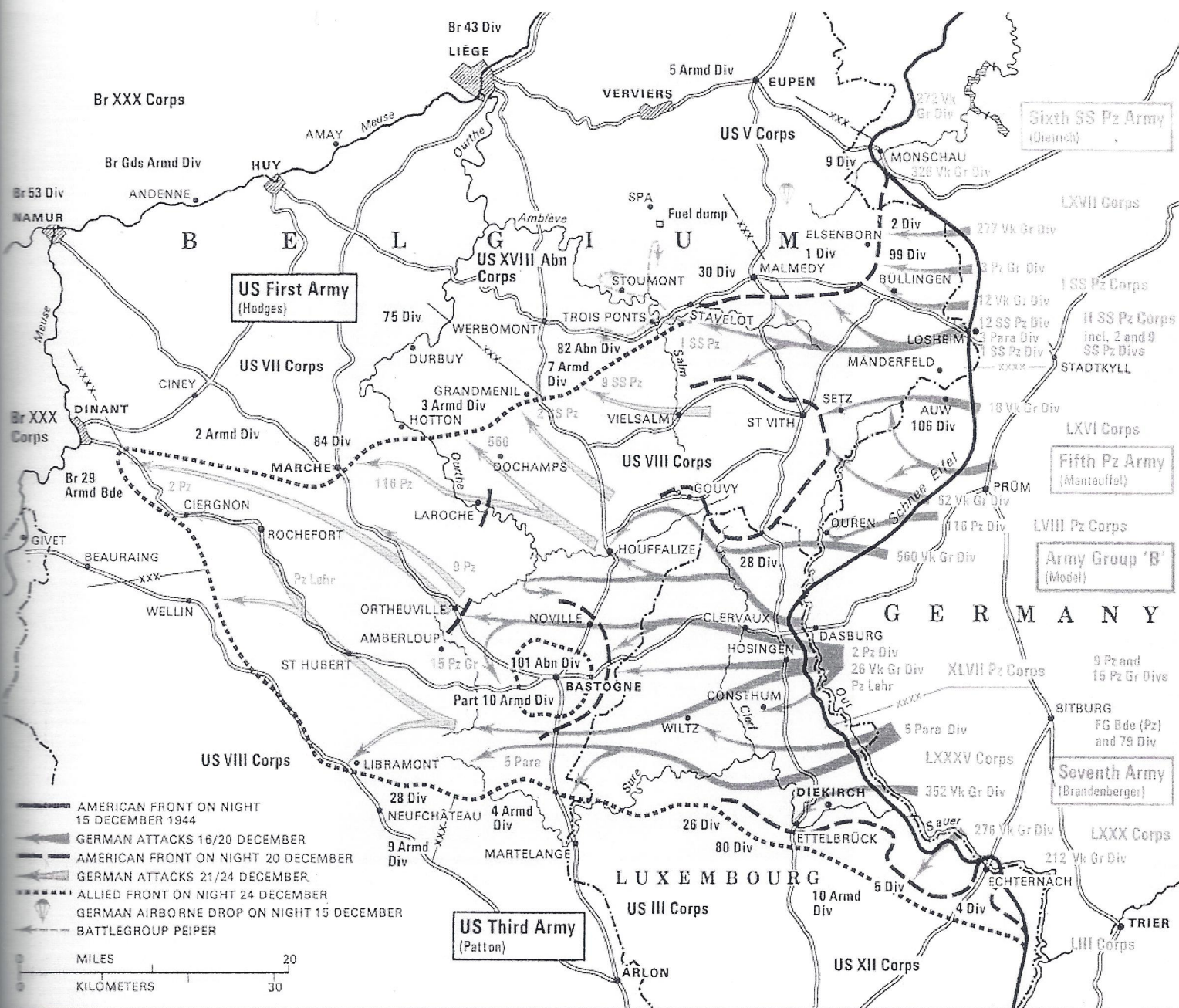
MILES 300
KILOMETERS 400

Western Task Force
(United States)





You may remember the very broken, mountainous terrain, uphill all the way to Troina, and the first German rockets, or the way our ships fired on our in M. Marshall







General Patton led Lieutenant Barratt's division to North Africa in 1942. At the landing site near Algiers, the division fought a fierce battle. Successful, the Americans worked their way across North Africa (which Harry remembers as a well developed area) toward the German Commander Erwin Rommel and his troops. The Germans had been fighting in Egypt and pushed back to Tunisia. There, the German forces under Rommel engaged Patton in tank warfare.

Harry recalls being on a hill looking across a flat valley toward Rommel's forces positioned on the opposite ridge. Patton sent a message inviting Rommel to meet him personally in the valley below. Each would have a tank, and they would fight it out alone. Rommel answered simply, *No*.

The Americans won the battle in Africa. Rommel escaped and went back to Germany. Later, he was killed in a car accident. Captain Barratt regarded Rommel as a very intelligent, capable soldier, referring to him with a great deal of respect.



HELLO DADDY

"It's funny to
think of
a lock of my
hair over in
Africa," laughs
little
Marcia Ann
Barrett.



Lieutenant Harry E. Barrett
has been in Africa since Novem-
ber with the field artillery and
has been in action most of the
time. He is a graduate of the
University of Utah.

Two months old, little Marcia
Ann is living with her mother
at the home of her grandmother,
Mrs. Myrtle G. Walker in Amer-
ican Fork. Mrs. Barrett was
the former Miss Mary Walton.

It was a month and a half be-
fore she could get word to her
husband about the baby's ar-
rival . . . and only two of his
return letters have reached her.
The latest message was thanks
for the lock of the baby's hair
sent him four days after she
was born.



While Harry was stationed in North Africa, he contracted a bad case of malaria. He lost a lot of weight and developed yellow jaundice, along with a constant, homesick pang to see his wife. This longing deepened with the news of the birth of his first child, Marcia Ann. Her arrival was celebrated throughout the Barratt and Walton families back in American Fork, who posted an announcement in a local newspaper.

News of Marcia's birth reached Harry in North Africa two months after she was born (she was 2½ years old before they met). On June 21, 1943, he welcomed her into the world the only way he could — he wrote a letter expressing his love for her and her mother and explaining why he could not be there with them at that important time.

21 June 1943

My Darling Daughter Maria Ann

This is my first letter to you but I promise it won't be my last. You are a new-comer and we want to know each other ever so much better. I haven't seen you not even in a picture but there's one on the way. I really shouldn't say I haven't seen you because you and your mother are always in my dreams.

| First I want to explain just why I couldn't be there to help your mother when she needed me the most and also why I couldn't be there when you came to give you a hearty welcome. It seems that someone, who thinks he is even more powerful than God, wants to take from this world all that is good and worthy. People have tried to explain his mistake with words but he answered them with guns that brought death and destruction to families just like our own. Millions of people who know only the right way of life -- love, friendliness, righteousness, answered his challenge with the same measure for they knew he could and would not listen to any reason. Your daddy was one of those, who firmly believed and still does in our way of life and is fighting with

all his might to preserve those things
we cherish. It isn't something new!
Our fathers and great-grandfathers fought
for the same principals and through
their devotion to duty - love for family
as well as country - we are enjoying
all those things they fought for. Now
my dearest you can easily understand why
I had to be away. You have a big job
~~to do~~ to do also. Before I tell you what -
I'd better tell you something about the
person you are going to help.

Your mother is the most wonderful
person in all this world. She means
everything to me. Without her this life would
be empty. You were born of her and a
part of both of us. We have given you
a start in life that few children have -
good health. You have acquired the love,
tenderness, beauty and good disposition of
your mother. So you see my darling
you've really got a big job to do. Comfort
her in these long days she is witnessing
and when this war is over we can
spend the rest of our lives doing it
together. We'll be the happiest family
ever.

It's getting very late my dearest

and I'll have to close. Kiss Mother for
me and tell her I love her more than
anything else in the world.
Goodnight my sweetheart.

Your lonesome daddy





Rest and relaxation were occasionally on the menu during Harry's time in North Africa. Once, when Harry and his comrades were in camp enjoying some R&R, they noticed several approaching aircraft. The planes turned out to be German dive bombers - five or six in all. Quickly, the Americans manned their weapons to fight off the attackers.

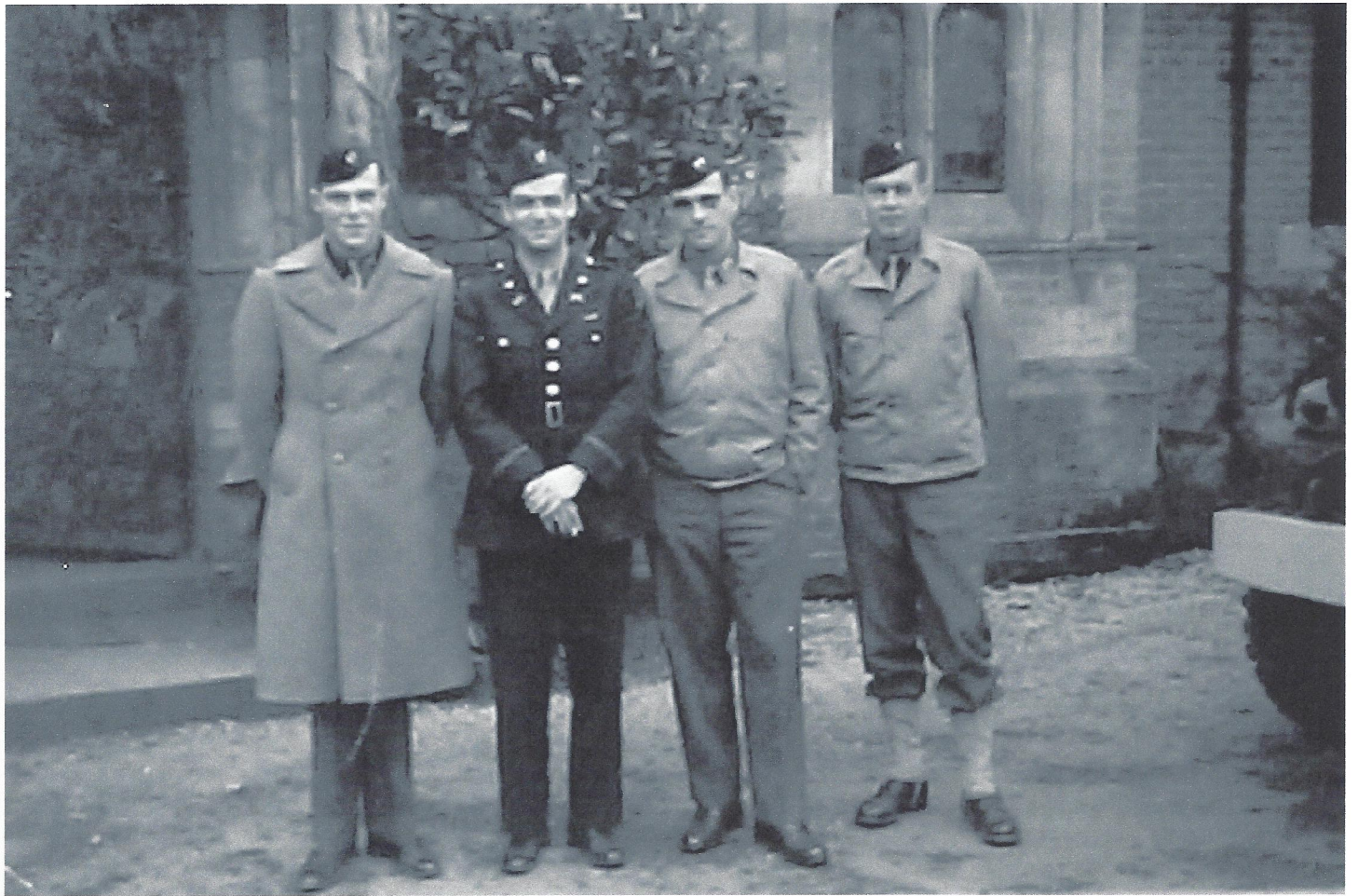
Harry can still remember watching a German pilot laugh as his guns bore down on the group. Seven of Harry's men were killed during that attack. Harry himself suffered a knee injury. When the war was over, the army awarded him a pension for that injury. He still receives a monthly check from the military.



Members of the 32nd Field Artillery Unit stationed in Italy were each given *A Soldier's Guide to Italy*. The small book outlined general objectives and informed the troops that Italy was the enemy but only until the Italians laid down their arms. After that, they were to be treated as friends.

Harry was still trying to recover from malaria. At one time, he weighed only 130 lbs.

In March 1943, Harry received a promotion to the office of Captain of the C Battery of the 32nd Field Artillery Division, in which capacity he faithfully served to the end of his military career. As a captain, he directed the supply and transportation of equipment and had the responsibility of approximately 100 men.





Once, while enjoying leave in England, Harry, Frank Silva, David Haight and another member of the 32nd Field Artillery decided to put on their own fashion show. They made quite a handsome sight, each modeling one of their four issued uniforms. People took pictures of them as they paraded the streets.





D-Day is arguably the most momentous action in American military history. On June 6, 1944, Allied forces stormed 50 miles of beaches in northern France, a crucial step toward freeing Europe from German occupation. Under the direction of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, plans were made to cross the English Channel in a great armada of vessels.

General Eisenhower and other military and political leaders knew how costly this operation would likely be. With their backs to the sea and without benefit of heavy artillery, infantrymen would depend on numbers and surprise to secure beachheads fortified by the Germans. Prior to the soldiers' departure, Eisenhower watched thousands of paratroopers boarding landing crafts, anticipating that most of them would become casualties. After saluting them as they left for France, the battle-hardened general turned aside in tears.

Shortly before retiring on the night before D-Day, Sir Winston Churchill, England's Prime Minister, said to his wife, Clementine,

Do you realize that by the time you wake up in the morning, twenty thousand men may have been killed?



D-Day

The Allied landings in Normandy, June 6, 1944

On the eve of June 6, 140,000 Allied soldiers assaulted a 50-mile stretch of the Normandy coast, launching a pivotal effort against the Axis forces. The Allied armada of 7,000 warships and 2,700 support ships with 2,500 landing craft showed up in the beaches. In the first six days, 326,000 men, 54,000 vehicles and 104,000 tons of supplies were landed.

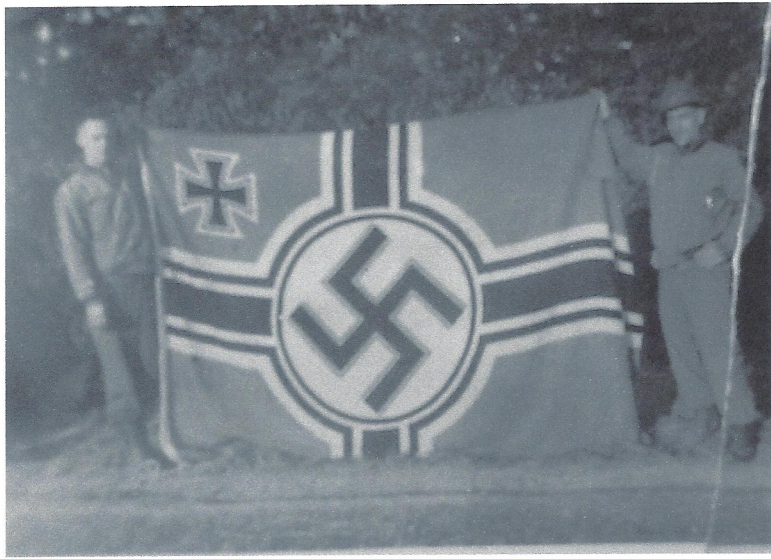




Morning, June 6, 1944, found Harry, his unit and thousands of other men waiting in flat-bottomed boats to land at Omaha Beach. In the thick fog, the soldiers, carrying seventy pounds of wet battle gear apiece, jumped neck-deep in the water and waded ashore. One American soldier said,

We hit the sandbar, dropped the ramp, and then all hell poured loose on us.

Harry led his unit as they struggled to secure the beach. Some soldiers survived — some didn't. The Germans had mined the waters and camouflaged machine gunners on the ridge above the beach. Harry remembers his comrades falling on all sides as German machine gun fire *mowed down* the American advance. He called it a *bloodbath*. More than 2,000 GIs were killed or wounded securing Omaha beach that day. When asked how he felt about their assignment at Normandy, Harry answered, *we did what we had to do*.





The Normandy Invasion was a turning point in the liberation of Europe from Hitler and his fascist, genocidal philosophy. In little less than a year, the war in Europe would be over.

At one time, as Harry and his men advanced eastward, they found a Nazi Flag in the hedgerows somewhere in Germany.

Though the Allies were making good progress in their push to Berlin, the risks were still extreme. In Germany one day, Harry was walking between two of his buddies along a railroad track. All of a sudden, a mortar shell exploded right in front of them, blowing to the right and to the left. Both men at Harry's sides fell, but he was uninjured. Another time, Harry witnessed a friend trained as a concert pianist take a mortar shell to his abdomen and die instantly – memories that are never forgotten.



Captain Harry Barratt received a number of medals and citations in recognition of exemplary service attending to the safety of his men and fighting for the welfare of his country.

Presidential Unit Citation

The entire 32nd Field Artillery Battalion received the *Presidential Unit Citation* after stopping the German 10th Panzer Division in Tunisia in 1943. The citation is given to a unit displaying such determination and esprit de corps in action against an armed enemy as to set it above other units participating in the same campaign. The War Department's official statement commends their outstanding performance.

Sometime between dark, 22 March, and 0430 hours 23 March, the entire 10th German SS Panzer Division... deployed to attack 18th Infantry and 32nd Field Artillery Battalion positions. At daylight the enemy commenced a violent attack accompanied by heavy shelling and other weapons fire. Enemy tanks and infantry advanced to within 300 yards of the battalion's positions turning back only by a concentrated artillery barrage. Constant heavy fire rendered wire communications practically useless, despite heroic efforts of the wire crew. Enemy tanks were so close to the batteries that they were under minimum range and could not be engaged...



The situation was extremely serious. From 0500 hours until approximately 1800 hours, the enemy attacked with continuous intensity, directing withering tank, mortar, machine gun and small-arms fire on the battalion personnel. Enemy armored and infantry elements finally overran forward infantry and artillery observers' positions and persistently thrust ahead. The 32nd Field Artillery Battalion was particularly effective in its destructive fires against enemy armored elements and following-up infantry...

At 1640 hours, the 10th German SS Panzer Division (Reinforced), after a heavy aerial and artillery bombardment, launched its final attack... After battalion gun positions were overrun, artillery personnel, grimly fighting as infantry, were forced to withdraw to the cover of El Keddab Hill. The artillerymen fought stubbornly and gallantly, and exacted a punishing toll on enemy infantry...

The combined effort of artillery and tank destroyer fire was the decisive factor in the defeat of the enemy... By 3400 hours, 24 March, the Battalion again was in action with 10 howitzers in position. The extraordinary fortitude, magnificent courage, and unexcelled heroism displayed by 32nd Field Artillery Battalion personnel contributed materially to the outstanding success of the 1st US Infantry Division in the El Guettar operation and are deserving of the highest praise.





Silver Star

In addition to receiving the Presidential Citation with his unit for exemplary service during the March '43 Tunisia battle, First Lieutenant Harry E. Barratt was personally recognized with the Silver Star. This medal is given to a soldier demonstrating distinctive gallantry in action against an enemy. The citation reads as follows.

For gallantry in action in the vicinity of El Guettar, Tunisia, 23 March 1943. Although his battery was almost completely surrounded by enemy troops and he was under severe small-arms and shell fire, Lieutenant Barratt placed two howitzers in a direct laying position to defend the area. He continued firing his guns until enemy machine-gun fire from the rear made this position untenable.





Bronze Star

Captain Harry Barratt received the Bronze Star on July 22, 1944 for his actions on D-Day. Under the U.S. military code, the medal recognizes meritorious service while engaged in action against an enemy.

For heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy in the vicinity of St. Laurent-ar-Mer, Normandy, France, 6 June 1944. As leader of an advance landing party, Captain Barratt executed vital reconnaissance missions while under intense fire and selected and made ready for occupancy positions for his battalion. Captain Barratt's skill and courage were invaluable to the invasion effort.





Oak Leaf Cluster to Silver Star

Army regulations provide that if a soldier already holding a Silver Star *again* demonstrates distinctive bravery in action against an enemy, then that soldier will receive a bronze oak leaf cluster to his Silver Star. Captain Barratt earned his Silver Star for his service in North Africa, so his distinctive performance in France a few weeks after D-Day entitled him to the Oak Leaf Cluster.

For gallantry in action in the vicinity of Marigny, Normandy, France, 27 July 1944. Encountering severe artillery fire while leading a reconnaissance party across densely mined terrain, Captain Barratt calmly deployed his men into positions of safety and, at the risk of his life, completed the important mission alone. As a result of Captain Barratt's gallant action, his battery was enabled to move into strategic locations and provide effective support for a large-scale infantry attack.





Soldier's Medal

A few months before Germany surrendered, Captain Barratt received another medal for service involving the voluntary risk of life.

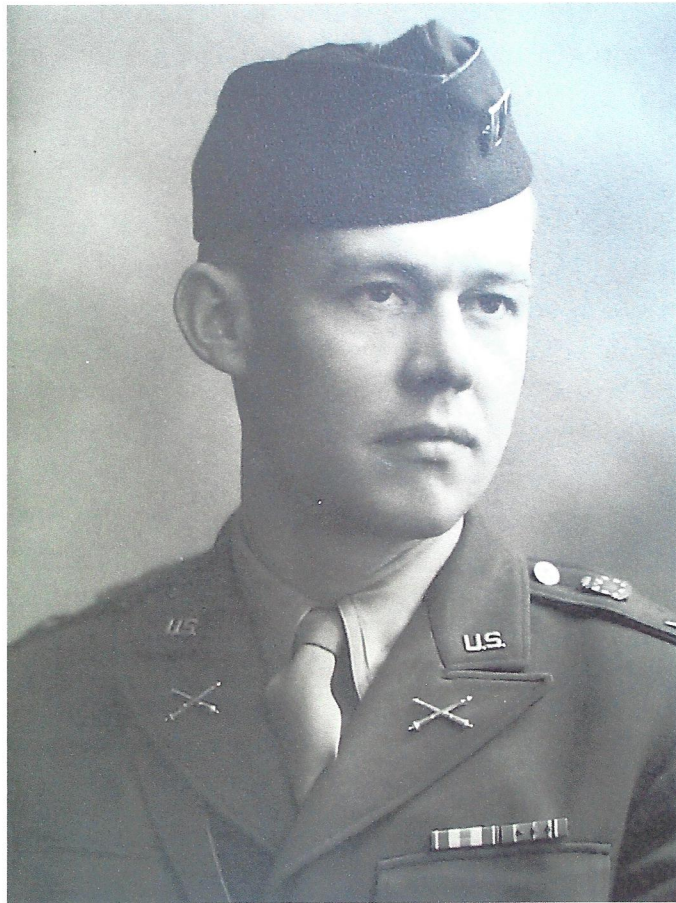
For heroism in the vicinity of Leiberg, Germany, 2 April 1945. When a Soldier accidentally contacted a live high-tension wire and was rendered unconscious, Captain Barratt, with utter disregard for personal safety, unhesitatingly went to the aid of the injured man and, although painfully burned and shocked by the current, succeeded in removing the victim from the wire. Captain Barratt's heroic actions exemplify the finest traditions of the service.



Guidon of the 32nd Field Artillery Battalion

A guidon is a flag carried by Army units for identification, especially in drills and ceremonies. Captain Barratt was given his Battalion's guidon on June 26, 1945. Unfortunately, the guidon presented to Captain Barratt is lost. The citation itself provides some description of what the guidon looked like.

As a token of the gratitude of the men and officers under your command in World War II, and of the battalion commander, you are hereby presented with the guidon which the battery you so ably commanded carried in action. The Glory of the Red and the Gold of the Artillery colors, although it did not fly in actual combat in this war, will be carried on due in great measure to your efforts. You have added a chapter in history to the hallowed traditions of the service, and this trophy should forever remind you and yours of that fact.





Captain Barratt was well-regarded by the men in his unit. A fellow soldier, Reny, wrote a letter to Mary Barratt in 1945 while he was recuperating from injuries in Chicago.

I was the Mail Clerk and was in the CP with your husband... You never realize just how much the old timers like Captain Barratt. He sure is an officer, who is tops. He's always there with us no matter what happens. I never saw us shelled, bombed or anything that he was not the first one out to see how everybody was. Don't think the fellows forget these things... When I left the outfit, Capt. Barratt was fine. I heard from him and a few of the fellows several times. You should be the proudest lady in Utah to have a wonderful husband as Capt. Barratt...

Reny also acknowledged Mary and her support of Harry while he was at war.

He did look forward to his mail. I for one knows you never let him down by not writing. That was the big thing for all us fellows. There sure no one but you.



Captain Barratt was released from the U.S. Army about two months before the war officially ended. From Germany, he traveled by train toward the English Channel. It was slow-going because his travel westward was considered low priority. Many times the tracks had to be cleared for trains headed for the front, or Harry's train was commandeered for more pressing purposes. Finally, after six weeks, he arrived in England. He boarded a Liberty Ship and, over two weeks, sailed back to America.

Once in America, Captain Barratt went to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City for a physical examination. He was treated for trench mouth, a bacterial infection. Each veteran received fifty dollars cash and the coveted white piece of paper discharging him from the service, along with the advice to take it easy, have confidence in God, and help build a better America.



Captain Barratt returns with a very fine spirit, is in good health and already is arranging to establish himself in some line of work to go ahead and live a normal American life with his wife and young daughter.

A newspaper article about Captain Barratt makes his return to family life in American Fork seem easy and natural. But, no doubt, it was challenging to make the transition from war to peace. Harry and Mary reestablished their marriage, their life together, and their family, always demonstrating integrity, loyalty and hard work.

Working with his brothers and father at Barratt Builders Supply, riding horses in American Fork Canyon up Tibble and down Mill on his favorite quarter horse with friends and associating with family and friends became the order of the day. Harry and Mary followed the Army's advice to released soldiers; they took it easy, had confidence in God and helped build a better America.









AFTERWORD

Twice in my life, I have visited Arlington National Cemetery, seen the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and watched the Changing of the Guard. These sobering occasions were moments to reflect on my heritage as an American citizen. As I passed by countless white crosses marking the graves of soldiers, I felt a deep sense of gratitude that I was one of the fortunate ones who saw her loved one return from the fighting. When my father came back from World War II, he and my mother renewed their friendship and love and continued their family. I have four sisters and a brother — we are a family. We have memories together; we grew up knowing the security of a home where integrity, hard work and commitment were a part of daily life in a land of opportunity and freedom.

For the past two years, I've sat with most of my immediate family and all of my grandchildren on the 4th of July. We have talked about our freedom as Americans, its meaning, its price and its expectations. We have shared together the pictures of my father, who is their great grandfather, and the part he played in the war. We have talked about the words of Moroni, the Book of Mormon leader, who created the Title of Liberty that said:

In memory of our God, our religion, and freedom, and our peace, our wives, and our children...

We have discussed how this Title of Liberty was posted on every tower in the land and became a symbol of freedom and a reminder of what must be done to secure that freedom. Likewise, our American flag represents the bravery, loyalty and commitment of soldiers and citizens



everywhere and is flown as a symbol of our liberty. It serves as a reminder of our heritage and the price that has been paid over the years by brave men and women.

We paralleled the similarities between Hitler and Amalickiah, a leader during the Book of Mormon times. Both men used treachery, murder and intrigue to rise to power, each fulfilling their own selfish ambitions. Both men met their defeat due in large part to the combined efforts of people who did, in Harry's words, *what had to be done*. Captain Harry Ellis Barratt, my father, of Battery C of the 32nd Field Artillery Battalion was one of those men.

This book represents a small but momentous part of my father's life. I have felt it imperative to preserve his experiences and pass them on to future generations so they can understand, even in times of peace, the price of freedom. We will always love and honor Harry and Mary Barratt and will always hold dear their contribution to America and to our family.

*Marcia Ann Barratt Smith
October 29, 2000
American Fork, Utah
United States of America*



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