


History of my Great Grandpa Jorgenson

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My great grandpa Glen Dale Jorgenson was born on the 17 March, 1925 in Ephraim, Utah to Enoch and Elvira Nielsen Jorgenson. He was fifth of seven children. His family had a farm. When he was 12 or 13 years old he would stay in the mountains with their 350 sheep and their lambs in the summer.

The family had 300 laying hens. During the school year Glen and his younger sister Letha would come home right after school everyday to clean eggs to sell.

When Glen was 14 years old his mother died because of cancer and his younger brother was dying because of complications. His brother died when he was 16 years old.

After graduating from high school he wanted to be a pilot or to join the paratroopers with his friends but his dad would not sign for him. He was 18 years old when he enlisted in the Army in 1943. The United States was in WWII. He went to basic training and then enlisted in Special Forces to become a building engineer.

The Sunday before he left for the Army his sister Vera had the family over for a chicken dinner. His family was crying when he left for the Army to fight the Germans.

He went to basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia. Then he was sent to Colorado School of Mines in Golden, Colorado.

Then war took a turn for the worse and they pulled all the new recruits out of special training and he was put in the 66th Infantry Division. They were called "The Black Panthers".

In November 1944 they were sent overseas in a huge Convoy of large boats. The Convoy had to zigzag across the ocean to keep away from the German submarines.

They landed in Southampton, England. On Christmas Eve the cooks had turkeys roasting for their dinner and they were happily waiting for their wonderful and well-deserved turkey dinner when they got their orders to leave immediately for the Battle of Bulge in Germany. They had to leave before their dinner was ready.

Their trucks got lost in the fog on the way to the transport ship. Glenn's group was supposed to ride in the English transport, Leopoldville but since they were lost, they were late, so another group was loaded on the ship instead.

On its way across the English Channel the Leopoldville was hit by a German torpedo and sunk. 802 men were killed.

Glen and his group landed in France. So metimes during night watch duty, Glen would hear his mother voice telling him were to go to be safe, and it saved his life.

Glen was fighting and his life was in danger many times. Lots of his friends were killed or hurt this was very hard for him to talk about.

When the war in Europe was over Glen (now a Staff Sergeant) was in charge of a big group of German prisoners. They were rebuilding the railroad yard in Salzburg, Austria and making hospitals out of German army buildings.

He treated the prisoners the best way he could. He would give them the Cigarettes and chocolate from his rations.

They worked very hard and did very good work. Glen knew they didn't want to be there and he didn't either, so they both did the best they could do to get the job done.

Glen was very sad that the war happened, but he never hated

the soldiers that he had to fight.

Glen said, "Sometimes in life we all need to forgive and forget. If you don't it will canker your soul and foul up your life."

When it was time to leave the army the POWs made beautiful going-away gifts for Glen. When they gave these gifts to him they told him they appreciated how kind he had been to them. These gifts meant so much to Glen he kept them hanging on the wall in his bedroom the rest of his life.

When he returned home he married Ruth Marie Hermans. He went to school to be a dentist.

He worked as a dentist til he was 78 years old. Glen and Ruth had 6 children. He lived to be 91 years old.

