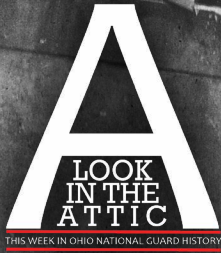


July 26 - August 1, 2021



18672



THROUGH THE LENS July 30, 1918

American snipers of the 166th Infantry, 42d Division can be seen picking off Germans on the outer edge of Villers-sur-Fère, France.

WEEK IN REVIEW:

July 28, 1918: The 166th infantry, on the left of the 42d Division, attack German defenses along the Ourcq River.

July 31, 1876: **Troop C, 2d Squadron, 107th Cavalry Regiment** is organized in Hillsboro as the Scott Dragoons.

July 31, 1943: Pfc. Frank Petrarca of the Medical Detachment, 145th Infantry and Pvt. Rodger Young of Company B, 148th Infantry, are both killed during the Battle for Munda Airfield on the island of New Georgia. Both would be awarded the Medal of Honor for their final heroic deeds.

August 1, 1943: Col. Addison Baker, formerly of the 112th Observation Squadron, is shot down in his B-24 Bomber over Ploesti, Romania and is later awarded the Medal of Honor.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

"I MARCHED WITH RODGER YOUNG" BY TECH. SGT. WALTER RIGBY

"I first knew Rodger Young when I was nine years old. I went to school with him in Green Springs, Ohio. He and I were in the National Guard together, took our training together, sailed overseas together, and went into combat together.

I'm one of the men he marched among. I guess you could say he fought for me and I know, he died for me – me and the other men in the rifle platoon I was leading that day on New Georgia in the summer of 1943. I know he died for us because I saw him die.

It's hard to believe that Rodger's name has become a household word. He was the kind of guy who always kept himself in the background and, like most Infantrymen, he'd have been embarrassed to be called a hero. But he was a hero if I ever saw one. I don't mean just because he got the Congressional Medal of Honor for what he did. After you've fought as long as I have, you don't measure your heroes by what you read in citations. You measure them by what you've seen on your right and on your left. I've seen a lot of bravery, and my standards are pretty exacting. I saw about as much of Rodger Young in action as any man who's alive today, and it didn't take the song to tell me he was a hero. I watched him flinch when the first machine gun slug bit into him as he crawled forward alone. He kept crawling forward. I watched him flinch again when the second burst of fire caught him. The machine gun was concentrating on him, but he still kept advancing. I watched him move in on that enemy gun, inching along painfully until he was within grenade range. And then he let his grenades go right into the position – just as a third and final burst cut him down for good. He wasn't thinking of any medals then. He was thinking of all the rest of us, and none of us will ever stop thinking of him as long as we live."