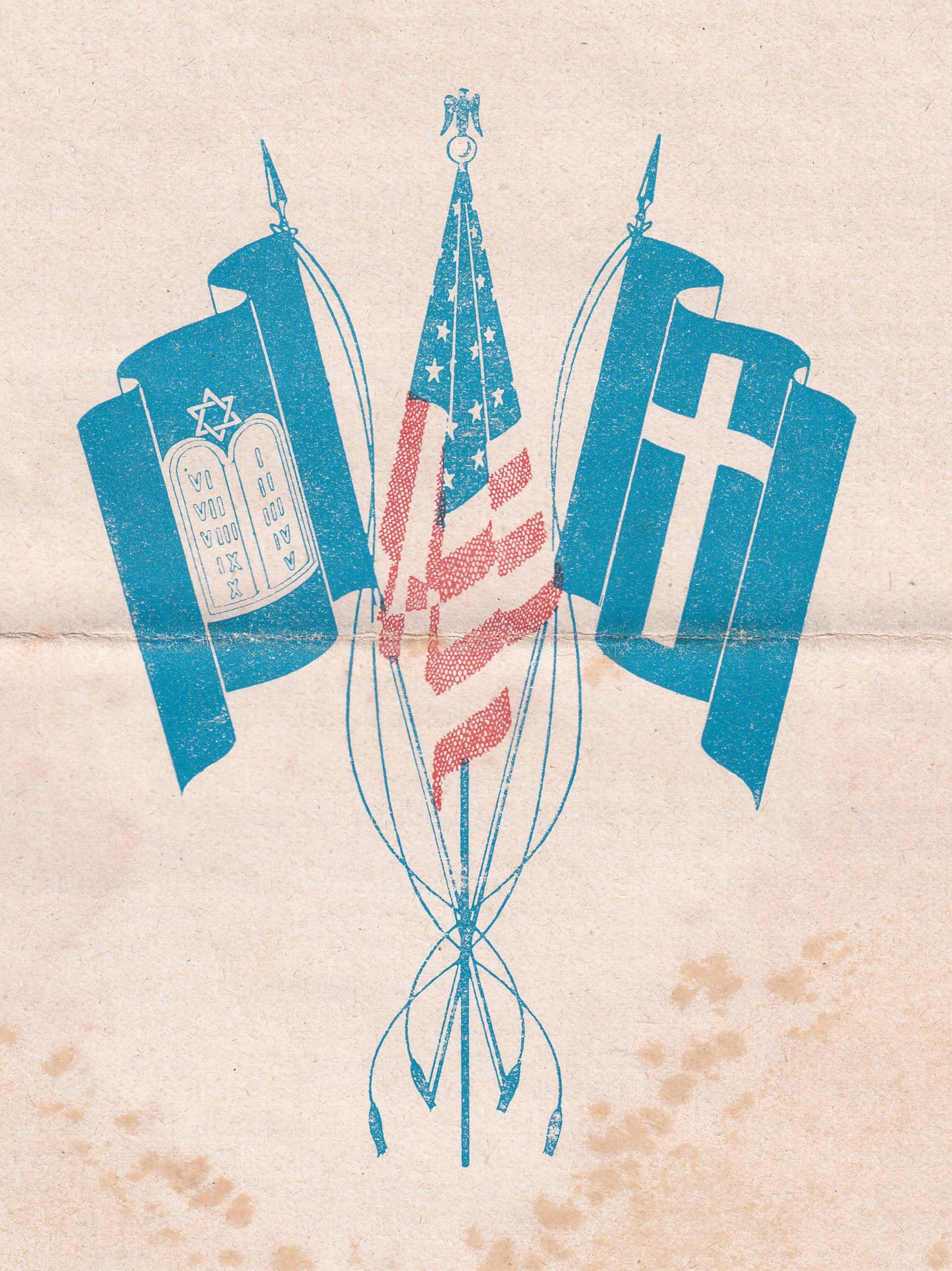
331 st INFANTRY



MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

MAY 27, 1945

MEMORIAL SUNDAY TO OUR SOLDIERS AND THEIR LOVED ONES

INMEMORIAM

This Sunday we are setting aside to honor our Comrades-in-Arms, who have died in battle since the landing of this Regiment on the Normandy shores last June. Many of us here now among the living owe our lives, and all of us owe a great deal of gratitude, for their unselfish service and sacrifice on the field of battle. Our Country and our Allies the World over are assembling today in prayer to honor and pay tribute to our gallant dead. We of the Regiment have assembled here to salute you, our fallen Comrades-in-Arms. Your work is well done. Be Thou at Peace.

Henry Neilson, Lt. Col. Regiment.

"Now that the war in Europe is at long last over, it is only fitting and proper that we, the living, give pause from our duties to remember our comrades and buddies who made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of freedom. We know the hardships and rigors of combat they suffered in this cause and it is a just burden for us, the living, to insure that they have not fought and died in vain. At this time, let each of us resolve that until we rejoin them across the Great Divide, we will leave nothing undone to prevent a reoccurence of the living hell in which they perished."

Martin L. Kuhlmann, Lt. Col. 1st Bn.

On this memorial day our thoughts go to those of our comrades who have left us, never to return. Their exemplary conduct on the battlefield and their contributions to the cause of justice and freedom will long be remembered. The heritage they have left us must not be sullied. We are determined to carry on

Our hearts ache as we think of our fallen buddies. We will always revere their memory and pray that Almighty God, in his manifold and great mercies, has taken them into his service.

To the kindred and friends who are far away we offer our heartfelt sympathy. We know how you grieve. Perhaps it will comfort you to remember, as we do, that no greater love can a man show than to give his life for his country.

Lawrence A. Laliberte, Major, 2nd Bn.

Today, wherever Americans are, men and women pause in their work to say a quiet prayer. It is their memorial to the soldier-men who have given so much, who have made the supreme sacrifice. To them, they were husbands, sons, brothers, sweethearts, friends. To us, they were Comrades-in-Arms, closer because we shared the same dangers and suffered the same hardships, in France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany. They left us, but the memory of their sacrifices and the glory of their deeds can never be forgotten. There is little we can say to further honor them. The victory and the peace they have won will forever be their memorial. In prayer we thank them, eternally we salute them.

Frederik J. Bailey, Jr., Lt. Col. 3rd Bn.

"Our Comrades who have made the supreme sacrifice of their lives and their Homes who have bravely changed their stars from blue to gold, will rise, not in monuments of marble and bronze, but in the grateful memories of people who owe to them their lives, their liberty and their peace."

Chaplains of the Regiment.

PROGRAM

Music is turmshed thru the courtesq of 83rd Military Band

Jewish: Chaplain Jacob Ott

Note: The place of these various Services will be announced at each formation.

DEDICATION

"To Christ, the risen soldier, I pledge my life, that no soldier die in vain, and that each may say:

I am the risen soldier, I have come
From out a thousand towns, the city blocks,
The factories, the fields of this fair land
Whose name I whisper with a strange delight
Beneath these alien skies. Many am I,
Yet truly one, the son of many streams
That poured their wealth into a common cup — —
The wide and golden cup of Liberty.

I am the risen soldier: though I die
I shall live on and, I ving, still achieve
My country's mission -- Liberty in truth
And truth in Charity. I am aware
God made me for this nobler flight and fight,
A higher course than any I had deemed
Could ever be; and having found my course.

Nor change my plan of life till God has sealed My papers with His seal. And if it be My blood should mingle reverently with Christ's, His Son's, in this my final missioning, Shall I not whisper with my dying breath — — "Lord, it is sweet to die — as it were good To live, to strive — for these United States, Which, in your wisdom, you have willed should be A beacon to the world, a living shrine Of Liberty and Charity and Peace."

Francis J. Spellman

SOLDIER'S MESSAGE TO HIS LOVED ONES

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