

A Man
of Peace
Goes to
War
a memoir

Isaac “Harold” Storey
with James Arthur Douglas and Dekie Hicks

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*To the countless lives of friends, brothers, and heroes defending freedom
itself against pure evil. To those who have walked before me and those who
follow behind, here is our story.*

Isaac "Harold" Storey

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Preface

James Arthur Douglas



Friends and family, old and young have lined the edges of the yard with hundreds of small American flags placed in the ground; their colors brightly reflected under a blue, cloudless sky. A young man at heart holds one small American flag between his aged hands, which, seventy-five years ago, defended the very freedom it represents. Although the man with the flag will never admit it, he is a hero. He has saved hundreds of lives, led young American soldiers into the toughest battles in human history, and made incredible sacrifices for his country and mankind. I am also lucky to call him my friend, especially today, the afternoon of his ninety-eighth birthday.

I have known Mr. Storey my entire life. Raised in Rome, Georgia, I got to know him as a beloved member of our community and church. From my earliest memories, I remember being greeted by Mr. Storey with the biggest smile and kindest words. Moving on to high school and then to college, this never changed. To this day, Mr. Storey is always one of the first faces I see when I return home, and he never fails to enthusiastically exclaim, “Hey there, Sport!” every time I walk in his front door.

One afternoon, I received a phone call from Mr. Storey asking me to “get on over” to his house. He showed me down to his basement where he had organized his old uniform, helmet, and canteen, along with hundreds of handwritten notes, newspaper clippings, magazine articles, books, and pictures that all described and depicted different stories and tales of his service in World War II. Over the next few hours, he took the time to describe the significance and story that went along with each piece. Mr. Storey then sat me down and said, “Hey, Sport. Thank you for coming over. For over seventy years, hundreds of people, like you, have come over to listen to my stories. I wanted to ask if you would help me to write them all down in a book that I can give away to many more people who don’t know my whole story.

It took me a few moments to process the question that had just been asked. I was honored to help in any way that I could, but there was one problem. As we walked back upstairs, I said, “Mr. Storey, I think that this is a fantastic idea, but I do not think that I am qualified. First of all, I don’t know much about World War II. Secondly, I think the longest paper I have ever written was about junior year of college... and I think that one was only about eight pages.” He slowly turned around and handed me a frame that displayed a Purple Heart and a Silver Star. He looked back up at me, put one hand on my shoulder and simply said, “Sport, don’t worry about all that. If there is one thing that I do know, I already like the way you will help share my story.

And so, we started from the very beginning and compiled each story one by one. I would usually take these stories back home to write, but every so often, I would mix up a few stories and have to go ask for clarification. There was one day that I drove up to Mr. Storey’s house and all of their cars were gone. I have him a quick call and said “Mr. Storey, are you home? I need to ask you a few quick questions.” He said, “No, I am not home now, I am running errands all over town and currently trying on new clothes at the mall. I should be back later this afternoon.” This was shortly after his ninety-seventh birthday. I just laughed at the fact that I usually do not even have enough energy to go to the mall.

A Man of Peace Goes to War is just that: a compilation of the very stories Mr. Storey has carried with him for over seventy-five years, shared with thousands of people through writing and oral interviews, and repeated again to me. In order to help “fill in the gaps” between his stories, I have included sections of a piece titled *The History of Company C, 10th Infantry U.S. Inf. Fifth Division, in the Battle of Europe*. Lieutenant Robert Dunn worked closely with Mr. Storey and several other members of the company shortly after the war to compile and write *The History of Company C*. This piece tells the complete history of Mr. Storey’s company during the war and gives a thorough overview of the locations and dates that correspond with Mr. Storey’s retellings. *The History of Company C* was never published, and only used as a reference between the veterans of Company C after the war.

It took me a while to wrap my head around the fact that I started working on this project at twenty-one years old, the same age as Mr.

Storey when he left for Europe. With great help from author and editor Dekie Hicks, as well as members from Mr. Storey's family, I am honored to help tell his story.

If there is one thing I have learned, friendship knows no age. And so, this is the story of my friend, a hero.

James Arthur Douglas

Foreword

Bill Henderson



Nowhere can we learn more of the experience of World War II than through the eyes and ears of a soldier. These pages reveal an inside view of the challenges facing a soldier, an everyday young man from the hills of North Georgia. Harold Storey was a student at the University of Georgia when the news came about the war. He tells his story, sometimes with bare and sordid detail, as if writing to his home folks. After reading this, we can say, as did General Sherman, “War is hell!”

Inside these pages you will read about the irony of this soldier landing in the same town where his father of an earlier generation landed on European soil for “the war to end all wars,” World War I.

You will read about frightening assignments, impossible odds, intensely personal loyalties along with the lands of France, Germany, Belgium, and Luxembourg and the hospitals of England when the almost inevitable yet unbelievable occurred for Harold Storey, “Wounded in action!”

The most important things to learn in these first-person accounts are the processes and decisions that made this war the decisive event in history that won our freedom. Yes, there are decisions in the boardroom, the war room, but there are also the unusually personal and seemingly insignificant daily decisions that one Georgia boy had to make without any more preparation than a good heart, a trusty sense of love and duty, and an ability to see what had to be done and the courage to do it, no matter the cost personally or nationally.

This is the story of a soldier. This is the story of a courageous man. This is the story of all of those who when faced with a cruel and outrageous event in our world, even continents apart, will stand up tall and say, “Send me!” Read these details and think about the many individuals all over this nation—the families, the factories and farms, the schools and neighborhoods—who produced and nurtured their hearts, their

minds, and their will. Think of the many Americans who willingly went then, and those who would go now, to defend our precious freedom. Then imagine yourself along with them.

W. G. Henderson Jr., 1LT, U.S. Army Reserves (son-in-law)

Introduction

Harold Storey



As I recall the experiences I have had over the ninety-eight years of my life, I realize that just as my ancestors who, as blacksmiths, shaped raw metal to produce the tools and equipment needed by the farmers and others in their community, so have I tried to use my talents and skills to meet the challenges of life in a way that might bring harmony and peace to my family and everyone I meet.

As in everybody's life, there have been difficult times in mine, but times of peace and harmony are worth fighting for. I am thankful to have known many caring, committed people and join them in trying to make the right things happen.

I have always felt “protected,” as though I have a guardian angel on my shoulder who watches out for me. I have spent my whole life trying to help others not only in my community of Rome, Georgia, but as an infantryman in Europe in WWII and as one of the heirs to my father's lumber business. I prefer to work with people who have a clear vision and a goal and then help them to succeed. I do not aim for leadership, although somehow it seems as though I always end up in a leadership role.

The guys I was with in combat were amazing human beings. The people they are and were provide me with an inspiration to tell their story as well as mine and is one of the many reasons that drive me to write this book. These words are dedicated to them—to the countless lives of friends, brothers, and heroes defending freedom itself against pure evil. Seventy-five years later, they live on with me and in the stories of brotherhood, fellowship, and combat that you will soon read.

This book is also dedicated to those who have entered my life in the last seventy-five years. Snippets of my time overseas are compiled in many books, school projects, oral interviews, and hearts of those who take time to listen.

To those who have walked before me and those who follow behind,
here is our story.

Isaac “Harold” Storey