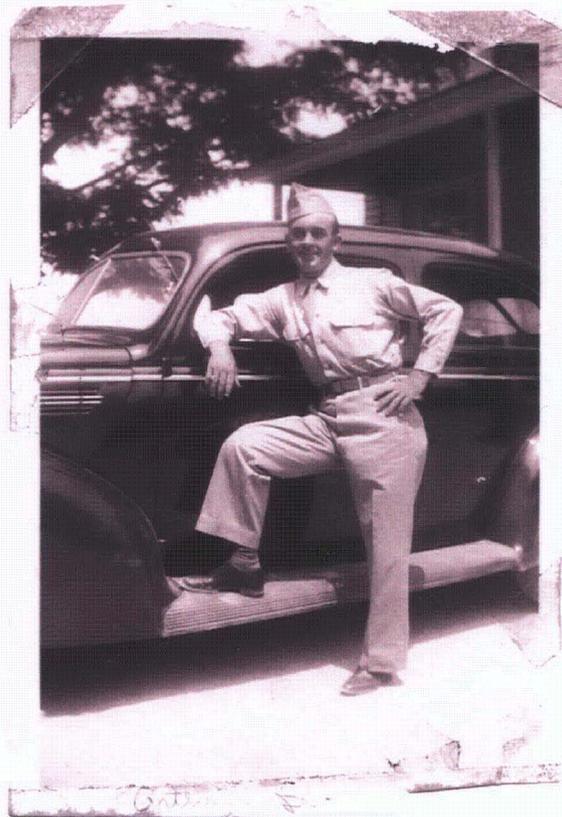


## **Love to All**

The World War II Letters  
of Arthur Mooring, Jr.



**He Came Home**  
The way seemed dark,  
Through that long year.  
The mother prayed,  
Through blinded tears.  
But now! The way  
Is bright with joy.  
He came home,  
Her soldier boy!

(The bottom photograph, with this poem taped to it, belonged to Arthur's mother)



**Love to All**  
**The World War II Letters**  
**of**  
**Arthur Mooring, Jr.**

Compiled by  
Phillip A. Mooring

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## **Dedication**

Compiled in loving memory of my Dad  
and dedicated to my Mom and family.

“It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me  
not from the battlefield but in the home repeating with him our  
simple daily prayer, ‘Our father who art in Heaven’.”

~ Douglas McArthur



## ARTHUR MOORING, JR

Born January 7, 1921 in Fremont, North Carolina, Arthur Mooring, Jr. was the oldest of nine children born to Arthur Mooring, Sr., a tenant farmer, and Obelia Blow Mooring. He grew up on a farm where he was taught the value of faith in God, the importance of family, and that work is honorable, three values that served him well throughout his life. He remembered the depression years and how, even though his parents lived with meager means they were quick to help others less fortunate than themselves. He was good student in school, but made better grades in math and science than in English, reading, and spelling. He graduated from Lee Woodard High School, Wilson, North Carolina on May 12, 1939.

In 1941 Dad moved to Nashville, Tennessee to enroll in the Anderson Airplane School, a school that provided vocational training in airplane sheet metal fabrication for the war effort. He was living in Nashville on December 7, 1941 and remembered first hearing that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor: "I was living in a rooming house with some other fellows, and I remember someone came running up on the porch yelling 'Pearl Harbor has been bombed. Pearl Harbor has been bombed'. Then we listened to the news on the radio."

While at the Anderson school dad completed courses in Layout, Hand Forming, Drill and Riveting, Practical Assembly Problems, Aircraft Standard Lectures, and blue print reading was incorporated throughout the courses he took. He received a diploma from the school, and in January, 1942 Mooring moved to Baltimore, Maryland to accept a job offer at the Glen L. Martin Company as an Assemblyman, working in the Final Assembly Department. He remained employed at Glen L. Martin until he received notice that he was being drafted into the US Army. A letter of reference from Glen L. Martin, dated April 11, 1944 indicates that as an Assemblyman, he "...lays out, locates, drills, reams, bolts, countersinks, rivets, aligns, adjusts, and assembles the various parts and sub-assemblies which comprise the completed unit. This position requires considerable experience in our own individual construction methods as well as the ability to interpret blueprints and use precision measuring instruments." The letter goes on to say, "He has proven himself a very efficient employee . . . Let us assure you that any branch of service that secures Mr. Mooring will be more than pleased with his ability."

During the time Dad lived in Baltimore, he would take the train home to visit his family back in Fremont. On one occasion, when it was time for him to be picked up at the train station, his sister, Louise, asked Myrtle Crawford, who was visiting the Mooring family, if she would like to ride with her to meet Arthur at the train station, and Myrtle went along. That was the beginning of their friendship and courtship. They began dating and in September, 1942 while they were on a date at the Wilson County Fair they talked about getting married. Dad returned to Baltimore, purchased an engagement ring, and sent it to Mom through the mail. They married in Goldsboro, North Carolina at 5:00 P.M. on Christmas Eve, 1942.

The next day, Christmas day, 1942 Mom and Dad returned to Baltimore by train. Their first home was an apartment located at 2815 Louise Avenue and owned by a Mrs. Krestell where they lived until October, 1943. Mrs. Krestell made a handmade sign, "Just Married, Please Do Not Disturb", and had it hanging on the door to their room when they arrived. Knowing that Mom knew nothing about Baltimore and where to find restaurants while Dad was at work, Mrs. Krestell would prepare meals from Mom and serve them to her in her room.

Dad began looking for a larger apartment, and after seeing a sign in a store window advertising an apartment, the newly weds moved to 2928 Sylvan Avenue to an apartment owned by Estell C. Miller. Miller had authorization from the US Office of Price Administration to rent the apartment, with one bedroom, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, and three closets, for \$9.00 a week. In a letter dated October, 1943 Dad wrote to his mother saying, "Mother, I sure am happy to-nite. Every since we've been back, and before I went home I've been looking for an apartment. And guess what today was my lucky day. I found one just one block from where we are now staying and I think it is very nice . . . I like it and Myrtle is really thrilled too. She hasn't seen it yet. We are going around tomorrow."

Mom and Dad made life long friends during their time in Baltimore, Harold and Mary Wilmer, who lived in the downstairs apartment on Sylvan Avenue, and Mark and Evelyn Coleman from Pennsylvania who moved into Mom and Dad's apartment when Mom and Dad moved out to return to North Carolina. Mom visited the Wilmers at their home in Florida in April of 2003 during a trip we took to Disney World, and she continues to correspond with Evelyn Coleman, the most recent received letter being Evelyn Coleman's Christmas 2005 annual family letter.

While living in Baltimore, Mom worked in the Time Keeping Department at Glen L. Martin, and also worked at the Bendix Radio Division where she received an Army-Navy Production Award emblem "For skill, industry and devotion on the production front of the greatest war in history..." After returning to North Carolina, Mom would again work in a war production industry, stenciling wooden mine crates for Hackney Brothers Body Company in Wilson.

During their free time, Mom and Dad rode the street cars to go shopping, bowling and to movies, and they enjoyed eating out. Dad especially liked oyster stew made with oysters from the Chesapeake Bay.

In the fall of 1943 Mom suffered a miscarriage. She was referred to the Women's Hospital at Lafayette and St. John or Union Memorial Hospital at 33<sup>rd</sup> and Calvert. Dad sent her flowers from Forthuber's Flowers with a card that read, "To the Sweetest Wife in the World. Hoping you a speedy recovery and thanks for trying. Love always your husband."

When his Selective Service classification was changed to Class 1-A by the Wilson County Local Selective Service Board in April, 1944 Dad and Mom had to return to NC. A family friend, Ralph Yelverton, sent a truck to Baltimore to move their furniture home. On May 2, 1944 Dad withdrew \$1,000 in savings from the Union Trust Company of Maryland and deposited it with Branch Banking and Trust Company in Goldsboro, NC. They were home once again.

Upon their return to North Carolina, Mom moved in with her father who was a barber at the Seymore Johnson Field in Goldsboro, NC. They lived in Apartment 30-G, Government Works Housing Project.

Arthur Mooring, Jr. was inducted into the United States Army at the Reception Center, Fort Bragg, NC on Thursday, May 25, 1944. In a letter to his mother the following day he wrote, "I was sworn in yesterday at 3:00. Today we started off taking an I.Q. test. After that a few of us were picked to take a radio telegraph test. I don't know how I made out. This afternoon we got our clothes. Part of mine fit pretty good. After we got our clothes we got a shot in each arm, I haven't gotten sore yet but I know I will." He continued, "They are feeding us pretty good and I'm getting as much as I can eat. Guess what. I shaved off my mustache today. They didn't ask me to but they hinted so I cut it off before they said too much about it."

Soon after induction, he reported to Camp Croft, South Carolina for basic training. During the time he was there, Mom moved to South Carolina to be near him. His training was interrupted briefly in June, 1944 when Mom's mother, Betty Cooke Crawford, became very ill. Mom's sister, Cassie, telegraphed Dad at 4:53 on the afternoon of June 23 saying, "MRS W A CRAWFORD IS VERY ILL. BOTH YOU AND MYRTLE COME HOME AT ONCE". A second telegram followed at 10:10 P.M. that was sent to Mom by her brother, Earl read, "DEAR MYRTLE MOTHER IS DEAD WIRE WHEN LEAVING FROM HOME". At 5:17 P.M. the next day, June 24, Dad telegraphed his father-in-law, W. A. Crawford, "WILL ARRIVE ABOUT 11."

In a letter dated November 8, 1944 Dad wrote, ". . . I'll start by saying I'm finished with maneuvers, and I'm feeling O.K. . . . we left out there this morning at 2, o'clock walked 20 miles and got in around 9. I sure was surprised at feeling so good. I wasn't really tired at all. But I'm plenty tired now. We haven't been to bed since Thursday nite . . . The General said we came in with more spirit than any group he had every seen. Not a single person fell out on the 20 miles it was so nice and cool that helped a lot."

With basic training completed in November, 1944 Dad was able to return home to Fremont for a short leave of ten to twelve days. He was then assigned to Fort George Meade, Maryland, and Mom was able to go with him. He wrote to his Mother in a letter dated November 25, 1944 about his trip to Fort Meade. "Well we got to Baltimore Tuesday nite about 11:30. We had a seat together all the way which made us the trip so much better . . . This sure is a nice place where we are staying. It's

almost like a hotel . . .and eats I mean they really feed us good. We had oyster stew for supper to-nite.”

At Fort Mead Dad got a “G.I.” haircut, was given “new clothes, shoes, boots, etc.”, and continued his training. He wrote home, “We will probable go from here to New York.”

On November 28, 1944 Mom said goodbye to Dad and returned to North Carolina and Dad was moved to New York. On November 30 he wrote his mother, “. . . I sure hated to see her go one way and me the other for I sure enjoyed her being with me that far. But I wouldn’t be able to be with her any here.” In the same letter he informed his mother, “. . .my letters from now on will be short and dry, but our mail will be censored from now on so we won’t have much to write about.

Dad wrote of visiting New York City, which he didn’t care for very much and in a December 3, 1944 letter he wrote, “And take it from me its no good. Anyway, I don’t like it, there is plenty to see and some large buildings but its to crowded for me.” He walked around the city and “. . . went to a show.” He did write that, “The prettiest thing I saw and what I enjoyed the most was crossing the Hudson River on the Ferry & the way it was lighted up.”

On December 10, 1944, Dad departed the United States on a troop transport ship headed for Europe. He wrote home on December 19 that he was getting “use to the boat ride” having been in route for over a week, and that he was no longer sea sick. He commented that he was glad he was not a sailor, “. . . at least the ground stands still while you are walking around and I’m getting old enough to go to sleep at nites without being rocked.” He arrived in France on December 23.

On Christmas Eve, 1944 Dad went to church, “. . . had a good chicken dinner”, and he and some friends walked around the small village they were in. In a letter home he thanked his Mother for the Christmas package she had sent him that included a fruit cake and some candy, and reminded his mother that it was “. . . two years ago today that Myrtle & I were married. Those are all wonderful days to me. But I’m having to celebrate them in France, alone with a lot of other fellows. But Mother pray for me that it won’t be many more xmas before we can be with you again.”

Christmas Day, 1944 Dad wrote home, “Mother I opened my package from you today. I passed the box of candy around and each one in my room had a piece, some had some of the raisins, and I gave my pals some of the fruit cake. It was the only xmas box in the crowd and we enjoyed it so much.” He was grateful that the destruction he was seeing was in France and not on his home shores. “Mother, I’ve really seen some signs of this war. I’ve seen several towns here in France. I’ve seen Marseilles, [*the name of the next town was censored by the military*], and others they are all blown up. We really have something to be thankful for that the U.S. isn’t like this.”

In a letter dated December 28 written from "somewhere in Luxemburg" Dad wrote of being in a warn room and getting plenty to eat, 'even had hotcakes for breakfast and they were good.' He wrote, "Thanks to the Lord I am safe and well."

He wrote of how the homes in Luxemburg had lots of pictures on the walls, most of them being religious pictures. He found the furniture and stoves interesting and different than the kinds used at home. And, he wrote about having his "money changed to French money" although he had yet to "spend a penny."

Dad's December 30, 1944 letter to his mother informed her that he was staying in a warn house, that he was writing her by candle light, that he was getting a newspaper everyday so he could keep up with the news, and that he was getting plenty to eat. "We aren't going lacking for anything." He wrote that he had attended church the day before, that he like his Chaplain who was a good preacher, and that "One fellow got saved."

The following are excerpts from letters Dad wrote to his mother during the period January 3 to February 1, 1945:

January 3 - "I haven't seen anything but snow since I got off the ship. Not very deep here but [it's] here. And plenty cold too. You should see me after I get all my clothes on you'd think I was Humpty-dumpty, but I stay warm."

January 5 - "I'm just looking forward to the Lord to bring me safely through this, and to bring nearer the day which will end this and I don't feel that it is very far off . . . Believe me these busted up houses look good every time we come in from fox holes but we are learning to make houses out of them [*fox holes*] now. And we have plenty of snow for nice white roofs."

January 18 - "I couldn't hardly wait to tell you what a wonderful day I had last Saturday when I got a letter from you three from Myrtle and a xmas card from Aunt Bertie . . ."

"I know you are glad you are through with hog killing, but I know you enjoyed some good fresh meat. Guess Daddy is through with the corn by now."

"I want to thank you all for every prayer you pray for me. I know that is what is bringing us through. Mother I do my part of praying too."

January 19 - "We really had a good supper to-nite. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes, string beans, fruit cocktail, bread & coffee and it sure was good."

"We were washing, shaving and cleaning up to-day and got to talking about haircuts. I said well my daddy and my daddy inlaw are barbers maybe I can be. So I cut the Sergeants hair, but just to do something new and we have to have a laugh. It doesn't look to bad."

"Well, I had something else new tonight. One of the fellows came in with a can of milk and I made some chocolate flavored snow cream and it was really good."

"Tell Elmer [*his youngest brother*] I bet we have something here he would like to have. We have two tame rabbits with us. Are had he rather have his calf and pigs."

January 21 – "Well I didn't get a chance to go to church but I've been thinking good things, of you and did my part praying and that's what makes me feel good."

"Mother, how did the new year start things at home. I mean in the way of getting things. Are the stores pretty well supplied, or is it the same old thing with things hard to get. I will be glad when this thing is over so things will be right again and we all can get home."

January 23 – "I've been here one month to-day. I never dreamed I could go so far and do so much in one month.

"This sure has been a long month and since the 26<sup>th</sup> of Nov. has seem a life time for that was the last time I saw Myrtle and I'd give the world to have a chance at home again, but I'm trusting the Lord it won't be long before I can be with that Darling girl and you again."

January 25 – "Mother, I won't to tell you about a dream I had the other nite. I dreamed I went home, got you, daddy, Myrtle and Mr. Crawford to go to church with me and I got saved. I feel that the Lord save me, and mother I'm living the best I feel this life will let me. I just want to keep feeling this way."

"Mother, are you keeping up with the war news? We are getting some pretty good reports now, don't you think? It sure will be a happy day when this is all over."

January 25 – "I'm well, getting plenty to eat and sleeping in a house by a warn fire and I think that is the best a fellow could ask for overhere, don't you?"

"Well I got a chance to go to church yesterday and I enjoyed it very much. We had communion services, and a big crowd was there. I sure do like our chaplain, he just a young fellow but he does some good talking and I believe he's a good fellow."

"Mother, I made private first class the 12<sup>th</sup> of this month, and I was told last nite that means an increase in pay of \$4.80 a month. Isn't that a lot? Well, every bit is a help."

January 30 – ". . . the worst thing I've run into is this cold weather and it sure isn't like the sunny south. I can say one thing when this thing is over I'm staying in the south. I'm afraid there is going to be another farmer."

February 1 – “Mother I’m getting plenty to eat and good eats too. We manage to find someplace out of the cold so we are doing as good as we could expect... We are still praying for this thing to end and look for the lord to bring s through and nearer the day when we can get home again.”

In his last letter home before becoming a casualty of the war, a letter dated February 1, 1944 Dad wrote, “I’ll start by saying I received a nice long letter from you to-day and I was glad to get it... I also got two letters from Myrtle. I also got the stationary to-day from Lillie Mae this is part of it I’m writing on. Mother, I’m glad you had such a nice xmas and I’m glad you got so many presents I wish it had been so I could have given you something. Mother I thought about your birthday. I mentioned it in my letters maybe you got some of them by now.”

He went on to write, “But as you know, I’m not in France anymore. I’m in Luxemburg. I sure was surprised and glad to get a letter from you as long as this one. I sure enjoyed reading it, I’ve read it 3 times and haven’t had it but a couple of hours. Tell Daddy & all I said hi. Write to me when you will & can. I love to hear from you all so much.”

On February 8, 1944, Dad sustained serious and life threatening injuries when a shell from a German 88 mm gun exploded near him. His right leg, as he described it in a letter to his mother, was “. . . blown off about 9 inches below my knee, and two pieces of metal hit my thigh.” He was captured by the Germans and taken as a prisoner of war. He commented in the same letter that the Germans “. . . took very good care of me”. I remember Dad telling of how the Germans did take care of him and were friendly toward him. According to Dad they inquired as to whether he was of German descent, telling him that they thought his last name was a German name, and the fact that he had some German coins in his pocket at the time of his capture seemed to make them curious. Dad told of one occasion when a German hospital staff came to his bedside and, as Dad told the story, “He sled his hand under the edge of the covers and left me a piece of chocolate candy. He just wanted me to have some candy.”

A hospital discharge summary, written on a pre-printed form in German, reported that the patient was a 24 year old soldier by the name of Arthur Mooring, a PFC, serial number 34864411 who was admitted March 11, 1945. The report indicated that the he was wounded February 8, 1945 by shrapnel from a German 88 mm gun. “A well developed male who is slightly pale and has lost a moderate amount of weight. The lower half of the left leg has been amputated. The patient has an amputation of the right leg at the middle. The stump is fairly clean with large pink granulations. The interior right thigh has healing wounds – mid portion – 2x1/2 – 2 x 1/2 - 4 x 1 inch dimensions. Patient has a moderately clean amputation stump with clean wounds anterior right thigh as well. To have dressings and Marfanil Powder only”.

On March 30, 1945, Dad penned two letters, one to Mom and one to his Mother. In neither letter did he mention the seriousness of his battle injury, saying only, “I was

wounded the 8<sup>th</sup> of Feb. . . and with the help of the Lord my wounds are doing nicely and I'm up and around. But what I'm the happiest about it is, that I was captured by the Americans and now I'm back where I can write my Darling again."

While in an American Evacuation Hospital he was visited by Captain James Bizzell, a medical officer from Goldsboro, in Wayne County, North Carolina where, according to a local newspaper account of the time, "A good dose of reminiscence of Wayne County and North Carolina followed." His desire to return home to the United States and to Wayne County only increased. He wrote his Mother asking her to inform his younger brother, Elmer, to ". . . start getting those pigs growing I'm getting ready for some Bar-Becue". And in a particularly touching sentence, he wrote, "And Mother, I want to see your table where I've been dreaming about. I've been getting plenty to eat but I've dreamed of how you use to fill your table with everything good to eat. Mother, a fellow really has something to go home to." On April 9, he wrote to his Mom, "Tell Marvin to be a good boy I'm praying he will never will have my experience."

On May 7, 1945, what remained of the German government surrendered unconditionally. The next day, May 8, was proclaimed Victory in Europe Day – "VE Day" – and the allied countries rejoiced and celebrated.

On May 4, 1945, Dad boarded the US Army Hospital Ship St. Mihiel, a Naval transport ship that was built in 1920 but decommissioned in November 1942 and transferred to the Army for use as a hospital ship. He began his journey home arriving in the United States on May 19. He was admitted to Walter Reed General Hospital, Army Medical Center, Washington, DC, where he received continuing medical care, was fitted with a prosthesis, and received rehabilitation services. While at Walter Reed, Mom and his Mother and Daddy went to visit him and see their son and husband for the first time in nearly seven long and eventful months.

In September, 1999 I took Mom to visit Walter Reed for the first time since Dad had been a patient there. As we drove on to the grounds of the hospital she remembered seeing hundreds of soldiers and their families sitting out on the hilly lawns surrounding the hospital, and was able to point out the building where she had visited Dad the first time. She recalled, "I waited in a room to the right while they went to his room and pushed him out in a wheelchair to see me." Dad told of being visited at Walter Reed by Eleanor Roosevelt and given a handmade, burgundy and green afghan, which is still in the family. He wrote home that he hoped for the day that he could be fitted with his new leg because he would not be able to go home for a visit until that happened, and that in the mean time he was bored. "This is one place where there isn't anything to do but sit around. It doesn't work you to death but it worries you to death."

While in the hospital his thoughts turned to future employment and he wrote home inquiring about a job as a mailman that his Dad had heard might become available. He wrote that he thought he would be very happy working as a mailman, but

expressed concern that the job would be filled before he could be discharged and return home. "... I'm afraid a job is going to be a hard thing for me to get."

On December 17, 1946 Corporal Arthur Mooring, Jr. received an honorable discharge from the United States Army at the Army Medical Center, Washington, DC. He returned home to Mom and his family and friends in North Carolina. Once home, Dad spent time with Mom, and was finally able to sit down at his Mother's table to the meal he had dreamed about for months. One can only imagine what a time of thanksgiving that must have been, as he sat at that table with "every good thing to eat", surrounded by those who loved him and had prayed fervently for his safe return.

I recall other stories Dad told about his experience in WWII, of seeking refuge from the cold in livestock stables where the manure on the floor was frozen so hard they could just sit on it. As a machine gunner, Dad had to carry a .30 caliber Browning Automatic Rifle, that while very accurate because of its stable mount, was extremely heavy for an infantryman. On one occasion, his unit was crossing a flood swollen stream and because of the weight of the gun Dad had trouble climbing the embankment. He slid into the rain swollen river but was rescued by a buddy who happened to turn and see Dad slipping into the water. Dad said, "He just grabbed my arm and pulled me up on the bank."

Dad's concern about employment and being able to provide for his family was soon allayed. Within months of returning home, Mom and Dad moved to the Gold Street Apartments in Wilson, a public housing project constructed by the government for veterans. He secured employment with the North Carolina Employment Security Commission where he worked for the next forty-one years. Throughout his career, he was able to provide all his family ever needed, and assisted thousands of individuals in finding suitable employment.

Dad's faith in God continued to grow, and he demonstrated his gratefulness for God's mercy by living a life of devotion to the cause of Christ. He loved his church denomination, the International Pentecostal Holiness Church, and the churches he attended, the First Pentecostal Holiness Church on Pender Street in Wilson, and then the Westmoreland Pentecostal Holiness Church where he and Mom were charter members. Throughout the community Dad was known for his kindness and goodness. He was an encourager, and cared deeply about people. When ever I had a need to go to Perry Auto Parts on Barnes Street in Wilson, the owner, Mr. Perry, would always say to me, "You're Arthur Mooring's boy aren't you? That Arthur Mooring is a fine man, yes sir, a fine man." I am still proud to be known as "Arthur Mooring's boy."

I was born November 15, 1947. About two years later, Dad and Mom built their first home that was located at 1000 Corbett Avenue in Wilson. My brother, Steve, was born December 14, 1951. I married Avis Jordan of Suffolk, Virginia and we have two sons, John and David. Steve married Linda Taylor of Stantonsburg in Wilson County and they have a son and a daughter, Jonathan and Allison. And though Dad did not live to see his first great grandchild, Caroline, born to my son John and his

wife, he would have loved her and prayed for her everyday of his life. And he would have loved John's wife, Tracy Mizelle of Bertie County, and David's wife, Tracy Murray of Guilford County.

My brother and I were blessed to grow up in that two bedroom, brick home on the corner of Corbett Avenue and Grove Street in Wilson. As we were growing up, we were blessed that Arthur Mooring, Jr. and Myrtle Crawford Mooring were our parents, parents who loved us, provided for us, prayed for us, and taught us to love God.

One of the fondest and most important memories I have of Dad during the time I lived at home is that of him keeling by his bed at night before turning off the light and going to sleep. He prayed every night and somehow I believe that in every prayer he gave thanks that God had granted him the favor of being one of those who came home.

Dad died on June 30, 1994 at age 72. A few months after his death, I drove to Raleigh to the J.E. Hanger Company, where I had accompanied Dad on occasion to have adjustments made to his "leg", to return several artificial legs that Dad no longer needed. The Hanger Company sent Dad's used legs to a missionary to Africa who provided victims of mine explosions with artificial limbs. As I drove away I knew Dad would be pleased.

Dad is buried in Maplewood Cemetery in Wilson, but he is alive in the memory of all that knew him and loved him. Mom continues to live in Wilson where she continues to love us, pray for us everyday she lives, and bring us joy.

#### **Military Record Summary**

Arthur Mooring, Jr., serial number 34864411, was inducted into the United States Army at Fort Bragg, North Carolina on 25 May 1945. He completed basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina. His Military Occupation Specialty was Rifleman and he served with Company G 22 Infantry. He qualified as a Rifle Expert on 12 August 1944, IMG 2n CL Gunner on 13 September 1944, and received the Combat Infantry Badge GO 7 on 26 February 1945.

He saw combat action in Rhineland, Ardennes, and was wounded in action on 8 February 1945 in the European Theatre. He was awarded the Purple Heart on 15 April 1945, the World War II Victory Medal and Good Conduct Medal on 12 December 1945.

He was discharged 17 December 1945 with one year, six months and twenty-three days of active duty service, seven months and eleven days of that time being in foreign service.

Phillip Arthur Mooring



Camp Croft, South Carolina – 1944

(Arthur Mooring, Jr. – Front row, first from the left)