William Ralph Holliman

Ralph Holliman retired a number of years ago as Vice President of Operations for American Bakeries Company, a firm he joined after World War II. During the war, he married on February 21, 1943 Motie Mae Chism, daughter of William Frank Chism and wife Neallie Belle Knights Chism. Motie was born April 24, 1925, and Ralph on July 3, 1924. This war time marriage lasted until her death in 2003.

Of that marriage came two highly educated daughters, Pamela Jean Holliman, b March 21, 1947. Pam Holliman, a Ph.D., teaches at Garrett Seminary in Chicago, after serving most recently as executive director of a counseling center in Philadelphia. Kathy Linda Holliman, b June 9, 1951, holds an M.A. in Education, and has a career in writing and publishing, most recently in the medical field. She lives in Philadelphia and has one child, Rachel Harbour.

Ralph, now remarried to Laura ????, makes his home in Gulf Shores, Alabama and remains fit and trim by playing golf.

forgot to mention that I recieved the picture of Virginia on her 88th birthday.  She is frail and looks very bad and I dont expect her to live much longer.  What a shame these things happen.

----- Original Message -----

**From:** Glenn Holliman

**To:** William Holliman

**Cc:** Grace Holliman

**Sent:** Tuesday, March 23, 2010 4:47 PM

**Subject:** Re: World War II

Uncle Ralph,

Well, I'll be....you wrote back!  We were taking bets whether you would or not, as you are the 'quiet one' of the seven siblings.  Thanks for doing this.  I assume you were a clerk or administrative supervisor as a sergeant with the Air Corp?

I wrote Patti but have not heard from  her yet about Melton.  Can you imagine how your mother felt with three boys over seas at the same time!?

Grace is going to write up your story.  Do you have a good photo of you in uniform.  Pam sent one but it is faded.  You spent your career with American Bread Company did you not?  Were you the company treasurer when you retired?

I have many extended family members since beginning this web log.  Last week, my grand daughter and I found the 1684 plantation of our ancestor, a great grandfather, Christopher Holliman Sr. near Ivor, Virginia.

I do appreciate this.  Carol Cornelius Morton sent me a photo of her mother today on her 88th birthday.  Did you get a copy?  If not, I will forward to you.

All the best, Glenn

----- Original Message -----
From: "William Holliman" <wrh@gulftel.com>
To: "Glenn Holliman" <glennholliman@embarqmail.com>
Sent: Tuesday, March 23, 2010 3:26:53 PM GMT -05:00 US/Canada Eastern
Subject: Re: World War II

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First of all I want to say that I never shot at or was shot at by anyone while in the service.  I am not a hero.  Having said that I will try to give a short history of my two and a half years in the service of our country. In late January, 1943, I visited the draft board to see where my name was listed and when I might be called up.  They always kept a list posted in the window.  Naturally when I found my name I learned that I would be the very next person to be called.  So in March, 1943 five months short of my 19th birthday I found myself at Fort McClellan in Anniston, Al.  (On the 21st of February Motie Chism and I were married). After a few days at Ft. McClellan I was moved to Ft. McPherson in Atlanta.  After a couple of weeks of physical, mental and other examinations I was on a train to an unknown destination.  To my happy surprise I realized we were heading south and to the Tides Hotel, Miami Beach, Fl. Also I was assigned to the Air Corps (later called Air Force).

While at Miami, we had basic training, learning how to shoot a gun, calisthenics, getting up at dawn and learning to say "yes, Sir" and salute.  After a couple of months there, I was sent to Denver, Colorado for further training.  Enroute to Denver, our train stopped in Birmingham, but I was not allowed to get off or call Motie, or Mama or Daddy. Army rules.  After Denver I was sent to Sacremento, Calif with the idea that I would end up in the Pacific.  As it turned out I was put on a troop train and traveled across the country to Newark, NJ (If you want a thrill, spend more than a week on a troop train with no air condition)

After Newark, in October, I was put on a troop ship headed for Europe.  One thing that I learned quickly was not to volunteer for anything in the Army.  I learned this when they asked for volunteers to stand watch on the ships gun turrets while crossinf the Atlantic, 4 hours on and 8 hours off. With no knowledge of of what to do while on duty it was fortunate that we did not encounter a submarine.  In the winter in the North Atlantic at 2 or 3 AM is not my idea of a cruise.With several thousand soldiers on board our living standards left a lot to be desired.  Our sleeping quarters were in stacks of 4 or 5 high and when eating we stood at a long table and when the ship changed directions our trays would slide down the table and would come back to us when the ship righted.  The weather and seas were not smooth and a lot of men would get sick and the line to the latrine was always long and after a visit to the latrine you would usually get back in line because you knew that by the time you could get in you probably would need it.

We landed at the Firth of Clyde, Scotland 21 days later.  After that I was stationed in Bournemoth, England on the English chanel until D-Day. On D-Day I was stationed in Oxford and later was moved to Creil,France, about 35 miles north of Paris.  At that time I was in the 326th Ferrrying Squadron of the 9th Air Force.  The 9th Air Force had the fighting planes (P47 and P51) planes and the 8th Air Force had the heavy bombers (B17 & B24).  While at Creil (Iwas a Staff Sgt by this time), the Germans decided to make a final thrust with Battle of the Bulge.  Due to the shortage of infantry men in the Army to meet this thrust, they began calling men from the Air Force.  Luckily they were calling men under the rank of S/Sgt and I missed this action.

Then the war finally ended and I was in Paris on V E day  You can imagine

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