

Blood and Fire

Published by the 63d Division Association

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BLOOD AND FIRE

July, 1951



YOU ARE NOW
PASSING THROUGH

The SIEGFRIED LINE

COURTESY
63^d INFANTRY DIVISION





This is Reunion Week!

? ? ?
WILL YOU ? BE THERE



Statistics

Gentlemen:

We are ending the year with a little over 600 members. We have managed to make out, but there is something disturbing in this picture.

We have 328 Lost Sheep.

328 fellows who didn't pay dues this year although they *DID* pay last year.

We cannot go on losing 328 members a year. In order to keep this thing going we have to keep *EVERY* man.

It costs us about \$900 a year for secretarial and clerical help. It costs us about \$300 an issue for this paper.

It costs us \$362.00 a year to dun you, answer your letters, and get out membership cards.

Add that up and it makes over \$2,400.

When we run short, we cut out some of the service. No one is going to pick up the tab for us. We need the money to keep going.

YOU 328 BASTARDS BETTER GET YOUR DUES IN HERE, PRONTO. THIS THING IS STILL IN THE QUESTION MARK STAGE.

THAT'S ALL WE GOT TO SAY.

This Is It

Every time we have a point to get across we have a habit of telling a story. We suppose this is a bad habit to get into, and we apologize if some of our stuff is a little corny. But we are NOT going to stop telling stories. In fact we have one ready now. It ended when we took the copy of the last BLOOD AND FIRE down to the printers, but it had its beginning a long time ago, way back in 1945, in fact.

A few of you may remember Saar Lauten and those wonderfully warm and comfortable foxholes. At the risk of revealing something of our identity, we will state unequivocally, that we were in command of a rifle company. We had recently come into this lofty position by the process of elimination. We were the only officer left in the outfit. At the time, our company was in regimental reserve and pulled back around a certain colonel's CP. In our company, at least, every time someone was carted off to a hospital, there was quite a scramble for the departed's equipment. The best foxholes were especially in demand, and if a fellow happened to leave behind a blanket, so much the better for his successor. We were pretty fair scroungers, ourselves, and we had acquired a right warm set of blankets to go with the deep foxhole we took over from the Captain. We made ourselves comfy and settled down to the enjoyment of guarding the regimental CP. It didn't last long. We soon received a phone call from the colonel who told us to get the hell back to our battalion and take over from Item Company. We passed the word along to get moving and then crawled out into the wind ourselves. We weren't too quick about the whole thing and we hated to have to roll up those blankets, but we did, in a nice big bedding roll. Then we took our ammunition bandoliers down off the tree on which we had hung them, inspected our carbine, and prepared to shuffle off.

Our foxhole was a little off from the rest of the company. (We were practicing because the manual said you couldn't ask a man to go out and get shot if you knew him too well.) We estimate that there were a good twenty yards between our hole and the radio man's diggings. While there was a woods roundabout, it wasn't a very thick woods and we didn't think there was anyone nearby. We had taken a lot of time in rolling those blankets and everyone else had wandered on over to the assembly area. At any rate, as we started to walk towards the assembly area ourselves, we took a long last look at our comfortable little nest. It was at the moment we were taking that look that this thing happened. From somewhere, we'll never know where, an object came hurtling through the air. It landed in the middle of the abandoned foxhole with a plop, slid a few inches, and stopped. When motion had ceased we were able to identify it as a book, a paper bound edition with a white cover. We looked around to see who had thrown it, but there wasn't a soul in sight. We were somewhat startled at this, so we looked closer. We are positive, now, that no one threw that book. There simply wasn't anyone near at hand to throw it. We stepped back into the foxhole and bent over to pick it up. We turned it over to look at the front cover and received the shock of our lives. There, in big red letters was inscribed "THIS IS IT". We turned and looked through the trees again, this time somewhat frantically. We didn't give it a casual going over. We gave it the old sniper search technique, finding no one there.

We won't go into detail about the rest of that day, or that week for that matter. When we were put into the line, we were inserted in just about the hottest spot on the Division front. In the first three hours we lost 107 casualties. We could see a man hit almost every minute, it seemed, and we went about waiting for the bullet with our number on it. We could see that damned book lying back there in the foxhole where we had dropped it. Once we went over to talk to a machine gun crew. We had turned to walk away and had gone only a few paces when a Kraut shell landed on the very spot we had just left, killing every man in the crew. There were other narrow escapes that first day, and when we finally went to sleep at night, we congratulated ourselves on having overcome the jinx, but the next morning we realized that Fate had no precise conception of time and that the moment of our demise was not necessarily meant to be on the day we found the book, but at sometime during our commitment. In other words, when we left the foxhole and warmth, it was for the last time. We would never return to comparative comfort again. This conception of our destiny was of absolutely no help because we were in the line for the next 24 days, during all of which time our battalion was in heavy fighting. As a matter of fact, on the 24th day, the battalion had only ninety-eight men left, including cooks and supply sergeants and we, now a first lieutenant, had become Sand Blast Blue Six, a polite name for battalion commander.

We worried about that little book for every minute of the twenty-four days, and we didn't relax until we were safely back in Division reserve. Then we managed

to dismiss it from our mind and turn to other, more cheerful thoughts. When we finally did receive our wound, much later, we never even connected it with that little white book with the big red letters. We didn't even recall the incident, as a matter of fact, until February of this year when we were negotiating with the printer for the delivery of the last issue of the paper. The printer, a new man to us, was properly flattering about the stuff we handed him and asked us if we had ever written any stories or books for popular consumption. We searched around for awhile and agreed that we had received forty bucks from Western Stories once for a rip roaring saga of the west. We had also banged out half a dozen books, none of them in print, primarily because no printer thought enough of them. The printer asked us if he could look at one of the books. He wanted to get into the book publishing business. He thought he could do a presentable job because he had printed a book once, one he had written himself, a book of poems about the nature of Geography. It was our turn to be polite and we asked him the name of the book intending to pretend we had seen it.

"This Is It", he said, in a soft voice. "I don't suppose you've ever seen it. There were only a few hundred copies printed."

"Was it a little white book with big red printing on it?"

"It was."

"You mean it was a book about Geography?"

"It was."

We guess he must have thought we were impolite because we just let out the biggest damned laugh anyone ever let out. At the rate of one year per day, we had lost exactly twenty-four years of our life over this guy's book. We just didn't have the time to tell him what we knew about it. We got out of there and took the BLOOD AND FIRE back to our old printer.

Anyone can see that we lost all these years off our life over practically nothing. At least we think anyone can see we lost it over nothing. Now we want to tell another story. About eighteen months ago, when we first decided to go ahead and put this Association on an active basis, we felt that we needed the advice of an experienced man. We went downstairs in the Pentagon Building to where we knew a secretary-treasurer of the 34th Division Association was holed up. He was a nice guy (HE WAS NOT THE GUY WE REFERRED TO IN OUR RECENT DUNNING LETTER), but he was a little bit sour. He said to us that we should NOT start a 63d Association. We'd lose our shirts. We'd lose our minds. We'd lose our wives to some slick character at the convention. Well, we thought, as we left him, what he says may be true of the 34th Division, but it CAN'T be true of the 63d. So we started the damned Association anyway. Things were pretty good last year. They were better than we ever hoped for. We ended up with a nice little balance in the treasury and, a few months ago we stood on the threshold of another year. At that time we took ourselves down through the bowels of the Pentagon to thumb our nose at the 34th Division. He was kind and gentle with us, we left without a single hand to forehead he was so nice. But he threw that damned book at us again. "THIS IS IT", he said, in effect. Now is the time we really catch hell. Everyone is enthusiastic with that first reunion and first paper, but wait and see what happens when you hit these guys again. As we licked postage stamps we did so with some trepidation. THIS IS IT.

Well, the last time we had this feeling, we moved up into the hottest part of the line and before three hours had gone by, we were pretty sure the book had the right dope. As we intimated before, we lost 328 fellows out of last year's 718 members. That's like getting 107 men hit out of 150. In that kind of going, we can't last very long. Within a week or two after you receive this paper, the 63d Division Association will convene at the Hotel Netherlands-Plaza, in Cincinnati. Last year we had about 400 people in attendance. If we only have 175 there, you can bet this is the last BLOOD AND FIRE you will ever see. We have a feeling, somehow that THIS IS IT. Since our first year there has been a notable decrease in enthusiasm. Everyone, even General Harris, is a little disturbed by it. It's just about like that old hand, the 34th Division man said.

Now, we want to tie these two stories we've told together. We have a feeling of optimism. We think that last year's reunion was GOOD. We think that most of the fellows who came to New York will come back. We think that we were unnecessarily alarmed when that book dropped into our foxhole.

We guess that's about all we have to say. Is history going to repeat itself, or are we on the up and up. THIS IS IT, gentlemen. WILL YOU BE IN CINCINNATI ON JULY 6-7-8, or is that Kraut shell going to drop at the correct moment? We repeat ourselves, THIS IS IT. Frankly, we're scared to death, while we're waiting to see what you're going to do.

This Year's Convention

As we just finished saying, we don't have the slightest idea how many fellows will show up at the 1951 reunion. We wish we knew so we could go out on the limb and hire a certain fan dancer we know. We're willing to wait and see how it turns out, but don't be surprised if we don't get that old King Cole Orchestra to play for the dance. We're not going to dwell on all the benefits of attending the reunion as a lot of you fellows have already been to one. Most of you already know that nothing is ever accomplished in the numerous bull-sessions, but that no one gives a damn anyway. Up until this moment we've heard from about half the fellows who came to the New Yorker last year. Every single one of the fellows tell us that they will be with us from start to finish. Their reactions have ranged all the way from describing the 1950 meeting as "the best single week-end I ever had in my life" to "an annual must on my list." We think that this 175 will show up again. As you can guess, we're worried now about the other 175. Maybe they're just close mouthed, maybe they didn't have a good time. Anyway, we'll know on July 7th.

The convention program has been changed very little. It is as follows:

FRIDAY, JULY 6th:

8:00 AM to 9 PM—Registration
9:00 PM to ? —Mixer

SATURDAY, JULY 7th:

10:00 AM—First Business Session
7:00 PM to ? —Banquet and Dinner Dance

SUNDAY, JULY 8th:

10:00 AM to 12:00 Noon—Final Business Session

The cost this year will be as follows:

Registration fee	\$2.00 (men only)
Mixer	\$2.00 (per person)
Banquet and Dinner Dance.....	\$6.00 (per person)

If there are no further questions, we'll see you in the bar nearest the registration desk.

Here's Your Picture

The Engineers say they are the guys who should receive credit for it's being there. The Ordnance Company put it up. This particular sign was the last of about seven, each one neater than the last. We received forty-nine different versions of it, and chose this one. There were also pictures of several of the other signs erected at the same spot and by other people. If the information we have here refreshes your memory, maybe you can fill in a few more details for us in the next issue.

The next question before the house is a request for information about the parade we staged in the rain for Ben Lear at Van Dorn. How many of you fellows can remember that, and your feelings. We'll publish the best letters and any pictures that come our way.

Personal Notes

Some of the men appearing in this issue are new to BLOOD AND FIRE. Some are old. Some have sent us nice big news items. Some still persist in just giving us their name and address. We print what we get. Let's have more stuff for the next issue.

Division Headquarters and Headquarters Company

We hear from General Lauer every now and then. We've had TWO letters from him recently. Most of the dope we printed elsewhere on the history came from him.

Seems to us we've printed something about Martin Chrapciak jr. in this sheet before, but we can't find it anywhere. You can reach him at 89 Parkway, Maywood, N. J.

J. J. Granger writes us that he hopes to be in Cincinnati. He now lives at Barksdale AFB, Shreveport, La. This probably means that he has deserted the infantry and is collecting flight pay. On the other hand he may be the base garbage collector. Inasmuch as he neglected to tell us anything more about himself we guess we can take the liberty of guessing a little bit. If you want to really find out, send a letter to PO Box 728 at Barksdale.

Henry Slade didn't rise to our bait when we put him in here a couple of issues back. That is, we know nothing more about him now than we did then. Our sole piece of factual information seems to be that he has three bucks stashed around his house every year. His house, incidentally, is still at 7135 Joliet, Baton Rouge, La.

Herb Peck, we finally found out, has a street address. It is 656 Frost Ave., Rochester 11, N. Y.

We'd like to state right now that we have a simple minded staff. We'd like to say, also, that we can say THAT without undue modesty. Gentlemen, we, the editors ARE the staff and if we want to call ourselves simpleminded, we guess we can. Anyway, when we started to run this thing we set up a lot of system which would enable us to keep from making any mistakes. Names and addresses and companies on the OUTSIDE of every envelope. Checks at appropriate points along the line. Now and then we find that our SYSTEM IS NOT FOOLPROOF. For instance, Tom Hocter dug up a guy in his American Legion Post #8, in New Rochelle, N. Y. The man was Frank Mulligan. Hocter not only dug Mulligan out of the limbo, he collected three bucks and sent them into us. Unfortunately this is where our damned system broke down. He wrote Mulligan's name on the inside of his letter so we marked \$3.00 on the outside of Hocter's envelope, tabbed his addressograph plate, and noted that one, Tom Hocter had paid his '52 dues. Mulligan remained on the INSIDE of the envelope and didn't get his card. After Tom Hocter wrote two or three letters we finally looked the whole case up and straightened it out. We hope to God that Tom isn't too discouraged with us and that he actually WILL pay his '52 dues. Incidentally, Tom expects to be in Cincinnati and he has sent us some other news. He says that Bill Pollard has bought a new Buick and will drive it to Cincinnati. Harold Michaelson is already on his way from Sunnyside, Washington, to Cincinnati. Others that will be at the reunion, according to Tom, are Frank Esslinger and Clarence Douglas. Tom seems to be a news center, so you'd better keep in touch with him. His present address is 60 Soundview St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

The first man to reserve a room at the Netherlands-Plaza was our old pal, Ed Miller. His address is 900 No. Kresson St., Baltimore 5, Md.

Morris Sibelman was one of the organizers and early boosters of this Association. After regular attendance at all the Washington chapter meetings, he suddenly that Morris had been seriously ill. We're happy to report that he is now getting disappeared from view. We wondered about that for a long time, then found out back on his feet and that he is as staunch a supporter as ever. Drop him a line at 3407 Cutshaw Ave., Richmond, Va.

Anthony Crisci leaves no doubt about it. He WILL be in Cincinnati. His address is still 1777 Tenbroeck Ave., New York 61, N. Y.

We guess Bartow Kelly really belongs here, all right. He sent in his dues and said he belonged in Div Hq. His address as per two issues ago, is 80 Putnam Park, Fitchburg, Mass.

Special Troops

Headquarters

If we've said anything about Leslie Ray Anders before, it doesn't count. He belongs HERE, according to the last note we had from him. His address is still 35 R Street, Columbia, Mo. We thought he was OUT of that place by now.

63d Quartermaster Company

Ray Larivee will definitely be in Cincinnati. His address is still the same, 11151 Charlemagne, Detroit, Mich. He says he is responsible for all that food that used to go INTO the mess kits we used to have to eat out of. We'll get even with him on the night of July 6th.

Bob Griffith is still a stoic. Sends in his dues and says nothing. Lives at Whippany, N. J., on Troy Hills Road.

763d Ordnance Company

Dwight E. Kleist jr. says he reads every word in this paper. His address is 204 So. Main St., Telford, Pa.

Ray Oakley is the man responsible for SOME of the information accompanying the picture of the SIEGFRIED LINE PICTURE. Ray says that he won't be able to make the Cincinnati reunion, but WILL be in Philadelphia. You can write him at 2040 Boulevard, Jersey City 5, N. J.

We had a swell letter from Alex Kaempfer, 3314 Cedar St., Del Paso Heights 2, Calif. He wants to know where Sgt. McCain is.

63d Recon Troop

Last year we asked J. J. Mannimen whether he lived in Bellevue or Pittsburgh. He didn't say. As far as he is concerned, the address is still 624 Roosevelt Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

563d Signal Company

Ernest Porter was in New York last year and will be in Cincinnati this year. He can be reached at 5148 Edenhurst Road, Cleveland 24, Ohio.

We've printed news of Colonel Gibbs in here before, but we neglected to give his address. He's still in the Far East and you can buy an air-mail stamp and write him at HQ Jap Log Command, APO #343, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

363d Medical Battalion

A Company

Richard K. Hyney jr. still lives at the same old stand. His address is 204 Kent St., Albany 5, N. Y.

James P. Conlin has finally joined the Association. He lives at 40 Dongan Hills Avenue, Dongan Hills, S. I., N. Y.

Ben Butler and wife will be in Cincinnati. We KNOW that for sure. There's still time to reserve a drink from Ben's bottle. He can be reached by mail at Rt #7, Box 519, Greensboro, N. C. The rest of you guys can enjoy Ben. We intend to spend our time with his wife, a more loyal 63d Division booster never existed.

Herb Strumpf has moved since last year. He's no longer getting the New York money. He now live at 795 So. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

263d Engineers

B Company

Henry H. Rulapaugh has joined for a second year. His address is still the same, 430 Chestnut St., Reading, Pa.

Francis Cremer has paid his second year dues. His address is still calmar, Iowa. OK McMahan. It's your turn, now.

Fred W. Vanderpool has joined the Association. He can be reached at 706 West Harris St., Madill, Okla.

C Company

The ENGINEER part of the information we have on the picture story came from R. R. Kretschmer, who lives at 1420 Division St., National City, Calif. Kretschmer is now in the National Guard, in the Anti-Aircraft, of all places. Maybe he's smart at that.

253d Infantry

Headquarters and Headquarters Company

We'll start off by notifying all you guys that Henry P. Park has moved to a new circle. His address is now 116 Acton Circle, W. Asheville, N. C. Don't they have any streets down there in Carolina?

Howard Baker was the first man to get a reservation at the Netherlands-Plaze for the convention. His present address is 445 No. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis 4, Indiana.

Peter Zill is back in the fold again. He is still at 1267 Stadium Ave., New York 61, N. Y.

Medical Detachment

Yipes, men! We have a friend where it counts most. Fred Koffman is now the constable for the city of Newton, Mass. If you get in trouble in Massachusetts you ought to have no trouble at all. With Fred as constable in the most hoighty toighty section of the state and with Ed Cronin up there in the State House, we should be able to spring you in no time at all. Fred's address is 60 Boyd Street, Newton 59, Mass.

Service Company

Howard Connolly has moved since last fall. His new address is 18 Longview Road, Livingston, N. J.

Another man from this outfit who wasted no time in joining up is Sylvester Herbst, 4807 28th Ave., Long Island City 3, N. Y.

Cannon Company

We don't know where the Cannon Company has been for the past year, but we finally got one to join up. Ralph Moore is the first and he lives at 741 California Terrace, Chicago 14, Ill.

1st Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company

We are about to spend a little time getting Jack Plattner straightened out. We wouldn't spend so much time on him except that he is an editor himself and, as such, deserves a little special attention. He is at Northwestern University, a school that is regularly walloped by the University of Michigan, a school from which we graduated many years ago. He expects to get married in October, an experience we had some seventeen years ago. We can tell him everything he wants to know from the moment the minister lowers the boom to the most efficient way of changing a diaper. Just about the only thing we can't tell him, we guess, is guess our identity. If he is an avid reader of a certain magazine and studies style closely, he might find out. Of course, if he REALLY wants to know, the cheapest way is to come to the reunion. (Don't let us scare you, John. The magazine is *Amazing Stories*. They paid us forty bucks once when we told them how we got to be a sergeant). However, we won't carry on HERE about our five kids. We have to pass on some news of interest. Ralph Smith, the stinker, wrote us a letter and never mentioned his virility. He's a FATHER, spelled D-A-D-D-Y. Herman Shpater is in Medical School and Lt. Jordan is in plastics. Jim Carey was our host at dinner in New York recently. He puts the FULL in Chock Full Of Nuts. THAT's a Hot Dog Business, you outlanders. Bill Shier and Kritman are married, God Knows To Whom, and Capt. Whallon has opened a practice in Great Bend, Kansas. So much for the news, a la Plattner. Any other hot poop will have to be secured by writing Jack at Students Publishing Company, Harris Hall, Evanston, Ill.

James P. Gaynor was at the New York reunion and expects to be in Cincinnati. He lives at 50 Davies Ave., Dumont, N. J.

A Company

Pete Kohler will be in Cincinnati, we expect. He will have to come a long way. He lives at 56 Mina Ave., Clifton, N. J.

You might call the story of Bill Rice a saga. He wrote us and asked about the Association, as noted in the last issue. Now he is a member in good standing. He still gives his address as 2136 No. Kenmore Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

Just to remind you that Ralph Morales is still working on the A Company history and still needs information. Send it to 3407 Moffett St., San Diego 10, Calif.

Orville Helmbold was carted off feet first early in 1945. He hasn't seen any of the old gang since, although he keeps hoping one of them will drop into his gas station on Chicago's south side where he has been trying to make ends meet for the last five years. He especially wants John Jambor to drop him a line, so get busy John. Orville says that he has been in touch with Ed Hooven in Philly at 1030 E. Cheltenham Ave. Ed has only recently gotten back on his feet and would like to hear from the boys. As for Orville, his address is 6958 S. Western Ave., Chicago 36, Ill.

Marvin Horowitz attended the New Yorker reunion, but we didn't print any address in our note of that occasion. We have the address now, along with three bucks. The address is 8746 23d Ave., Brooklyn 14, N. Y.

B Company

Ed Masterson sent in his dues from 611 North St., Woodland, Calif.

John Mutzabaugh will definitely NOT cook the meal we eat at Cincinnati, but he WILL help dispose of it in the good old fashioned way and we hope he learns something about putting together a turkey dinner. John is still dishing it out with the 3d Armored Division and lives at 408 Central Ave., Elizabethtown, Ky.

Unofficial secretary for all cooks and bakers and all B Company men is Mary Sharon, wife of a former prominent B Company man, John R. Sharon. John is a swell guy to have gotten such a swell wife. Mary has written to every B Company man she can find to get the boys out for the Cincinnati shindig. You B Company fellows can expect to see a lot of your old gang because of Mary and John. They live at 144 W. Third Ave., Columbus 15, Ohio, if you haven't heard yet.

Scott Brown will be shot if he doesn't come down to the Netherlands-Plaza. His address is 4079 W. 8th St., Cincinnati 5, Ohio. Scott has been silent a long time, which may mean he is back in the Army, but he joined the Association so we guess he likes us.

We put an advertisement in here for Woodward roofs a year ago and Loyce sold so damned many he missed the convention. He still lives at 233 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass. (Apt. 414), but if any of you so and sos get a leaky roof before July 6th, will you PLEASE send your wife up to put her finger in it until after the convention is over?

Bill Donaldson lives on Route #1, Bulger, Pa. He hopes to see a hell of a lot of you guys in Cincinnati.

C Company

We've said many nice things about the Forty Thieves and we still remember sitting around with the boys and talking that last Saturday night in New York. We had a letter a month or two ago from Pat Cummings and he tells us he will be in Cincinnati. His address is 561 W. 140th St., New York, N. Y., in case any of you birds want to find a method of getting Magnus Froberg's bourbon down the hatch. We still haven't heard from DAMNED MURPHY, boys. You've got a few days left to work on him.

Ken Horlacher doesn't say which platoon he belonged to, but if he's a member of C Company, that's all right with us. His address is 49 Fairview Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Leo Gettlin gives his address as 8213 Fayette St., Philadelphia, Pa.

And our good pal, Elmer Kisner still lives on National Pike East, Brownsville, Pa. We have a drink waiting for you, Elmer. Come and get it.

D Company

Abe Green says that he is now in the undertaking business and asks us to remind all the boys what a risk they were taking with him as their aid man. Abe can be reached at 927 Grand St., Bridgeport, Conn.

WE DID RECEIVE PAUL HUSEMAN'S DUES. WE REPEAT! WE GOT 'EM PAUL. Paul lives at 7623 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., in case anyone wants to find out how he got his membership card.

Another D Company man that makes two issues in a row is Frank Donckers who has been in business since 1866. We'll give you the old gentleman's address and maybe you can get through to him. We don't seem to be able to. The place to write is 607 No. 3d St., Marquette, Mich.

E Company

According to Maurice Liberatore, all the boys are fat and married. This is true of Maurice and us, but we don't mention it any more. A woman is sensitive about her age and we are sensitive about our appetite. We still go into a store and order size 30 shorts and then catch hell from our wife for squirming all evening. Maurice confirms our suspicions that we aren't the only ones in this same boat and he ought to know because he is in the formal wear rental business and he knows just how big around a guy can get. In spite of Maurice's girth, whatever it is, he has proved that a fat man is SOME good. He has a daughter two and a half. He lives at 280 Newark Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.

J. E. Breinich runs a sports shop in Idaho. Gentlemen, a sports shop in Idaho ought to have a moose in the front doorway. Breinich is no moose, but he'll sell you all the shotgun shells you need to go out after the rest of Pilla's Gorrilas who haven't joined up. He gives his address as 312 No. First Ave., Sand Point, Idaho.

Ed Rinaldi is a regular contributor to this damned paper. He also sends his dues in regularly. Manages to get off to us just about the most printable letters we receive. After looking over our last issue, Ed wrote us some pertinent remarks, which we have extracted the paragraph below. In case you want to get in touch with Ed, his address is 453A Central Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Now read what he has to say:

"The picture of the 1951 edition of Camp Van Dorn is certainly interesting. How well I remember that water tower and the palatial air-conditioned well-heated huts that stood on those lonely looking concrete pilings. I remember being on C.Q. at Regiment on Sunday morning in winter when the Co. F D.O. made his report. After stating the inspection made was satisfactory he commented as follows:— 'Barracks cold, Space Heaters living up to their name, heating only the space around them.' I thought that was a perfect description."

One guy who will be in Cincinnati, we think, will be Phil LaCance. We've given his address before as 316½ So. Clay St., Sturgis, Mich. Get on the ball, men and drop him a jibe at his current address.

Ever since we printed the first issue of this sheet we've been writing letters back and forth with William G. Smith (Sgt. Smitty). He has become our most consistent correspondent in the two years we've been running this thing. He sends us names and addresses, digs up new members, and makes reservations for people at the hotel. He says F Company will have the biggest turn out in Cincinnati. If you agree with him, you'll find him at 572 E. 351st St., Eastlake, Ohio.

We had a letter from Fred McLafferty who is now a chemist with the Dow Chemical Company and lives at 709 Cronkright St., Midland, Michigan. He says that he retraced the route of the Division in Europe last summer and that everything sure looks peaceful these days, although some of the 63d foxholes are still in existence around Buchhof. Maybe he'll get to Cincinnati and tell us more.

G Company

Tom Cameron sent us three bucks from Route #2, Box 52, Mexia, Texas.

H Company

We guess Captain St. Clair didn't like what we said about him and the bank's stationery last year. This time he used one of OUR envelopes to get his money in. He also sent us his home address which is 4543 Newton Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

L Company

Seymour Freedman is another regular in the Association. He lives at 94 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

M Company

John S. Array has joined up. He lives at 490 Byram St., Byram, Conn.

254th Infantry

Medical Detachment

As usual, one of the first guys to get on the band wagon again this year was Alvah (Al to you) Kenah. He is still selling paper and still lives at 22 Madison St., Glen Ridge, N. J.

And Bernard M. Evans can be reached in New Jersey, also. His address is 675 Ward Ave., Westwood.

William N. Isaacson has been trying all year to make up his mind whether he can have as good a time in Cincinnati as he had in New York. He can. He lives at 211 E. Avon Road, Chester, Pa., and the trip will be long, but worth it.

Service Company

Now we've got everything. The 63d Division boasts an Abraham Lincoln, an Andrew Jackson, and here is John Hancock to join the list. John lives at 3818 Hatcher, Dallas 10, Texas.

Cannon Company

BILL MAGEE still pays his dues on time and still lives at 6012 Fillmore Place, West New York, N. J.

Everyone will see a lot of Bob Portune at the reunion. He is one guy we know who spent ALL those years in the Army and didn't learn NOT to volunteer. He stuck his neck way out and will now be our little assistant in Cincinnati. Seriously, you guys, Bob is a real enthusiast. He has been teaching since the war and is now married to a mathematics teacher. We don't know what that is liable to do to their children, but we have our suspicions that they will be little geniuses, or else school teachers. Bob is also trying to be a writer. About that we can give him some advice. We tried it for twenty years and look where we ended up. We are going to save part of this letter for another time, but we thought that everyone would like to know that Cannon Company did NOT drop that short round on K Company. Bob can prove it. If you want him to, drop him a line at 308 West Main, Mt. Sterling, Ohio.

1st Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company

Al Lewin sent in his dues from 8352 Fountain Ave., West Hollywood 46, Calif. We suppose he either works for the movies or grows vegetables.

John F. Bowen lives at Apt. B7, 96 Perry St., New York 14, N. Y.

A Company

Elmer Strothkamp sent us a copy of the picture. He still lives at 2160 East Tremont Ave., Bronx 62, N. Y.

John Jay Burney jr. has moved. His new address is 1516 Chestnut St., Wilmington, N. C.

Alfred K. Hulén sent us three bucks from 3008 Bombay, Dalls, Texas.

We got a swell letter from Bob Kelly. He says he reads these papers over and over, but can't do anything about getting to a reunion until we hit Chicago. His address is 1228 30th St., Bettendorf, Iowa.

B Company

Art Johnson lives at 333 No. Midvale Ave., Madison, Wis. He is going to school at Wisconsin University and is married, but not a father. If his wife knew what he told us, would her face be red. Art is a PFC in the reserves and proud of it. He says that is the least he can do for the good old USA. We're sort of proud of Art, even if he hasn't been able to produce a little Johnson yet. Just keep on trying, Art. That's one place where a little effort is a lot of fun.

C Company

Bill Light has paid his dues. He lives at 525 Rockaway Pkwy., Brooklyn, N. Y. That's for those guys who missed the last issue.

2d Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company

One of the real precious possessions we have received came from Jasper Miller, Route 2, Maynardville, Tenn. We printed a few items in here to see if anyone was reading the paper, and, by God, they were. Jasper didn't have any pictures of the 63d's hole in the Siegfried Line, but he did have a copy of one of the OLD BLOOD AND FIRES. We've had a picture made of it and will print it in an early issue of this paper. Incidentally, Jasper also solved another mystery for us. Chappie Frank Rustemeyer lives in Collierville, Tenn.

We guess its about time to give you one of those other addresses we have on Fred Kroesen. It is 46 Riverbank, Burlington, N. J. This means, we're afraid, that Fred is overseas. He had been taking a course out at Fort Knox until late in March and when we got the old address change, using his family's place, we just put two and two together. He says he hears from John Whitney, 5 Cranmore Road, Norwood, Mass., every now and then, also from Frank Donovan, 63 Oak St., East Hartford, Conn. Well, Fred, you're better than we are. We still have to get word one.

Dan Van Sant has moved across the Ohio River to 860 Webster Road, Berea, Ohio. Now just move down a bit, no up. There! That's Cincinnati. We'll see you there, Dan.

F Company

Old Ben DeBERG is still spewing up names and addresses in an effort to get someone in F Company to the reunion this year. He can be reached at Kelsey, Iowa.

H Company

Three or four issues ago we told you all the things you could buy from Gordon Kerr. Well, the other day we got Gordon's dues, and what do you think he's gone and done? He's a politician, the old b——d. He's gone and got himself elected to the Illinois Legislature. Write him at Brookport, Ill.

3d Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company

Horney Robinson will be in Cincinnati. He now lives at 440 Main St., Konxville, Iowa.

Lewis G. Groebe has sent in his dues from 77 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill. Distance doesn't disturb Tom Adams. Although he lives way out there at 2023 Monroe St., Corvallis, Oreg., he keeps right on sending in his dues.

I Company

Ed Green can be reached at 596 Westminster St., Fitchburg, Mass.

K Company

Bill Kile is still attending the University of Southern California, a THING which he didn't tell us when he paid his dues last year. His address is still 23417 Maribel Ave., Wilmington, Calif.

Laurence B. Walters sells Insurance and Real Estate in Angola, N. Y., where he lives or does business at 27 North Main St. He evidently had a poor year last year because he finished making out his income tax on March 14th. He WILL BE IN CINCINNATI.

L Company

Vince Negri has a bar and grill at 704 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. The drinks are on the house to 63d men and Vince will carry a fifth to Cincinnati.

Joe Mack expects to be at the reunion. He lives on RR #1, Lakeview, Indiana. Dan Marccone sent us some addresses from his home, 232 Grant Terrace, Mamaronek, N. Y.

John Good jr. is something called a public accountant these days. His address is Box 174, Myerstown, Pa. If you write him there you will probably get an answer in bilious green ink.

M Company

Alex Janos has climbed on the bankwagon. He lives at 301 Summit Ave., Conshohocken, Pa.

Harry B. Nolen lives at 56 Church St., Mt. Holly, N. J. He is indignant about being left off the mailing list for last year's reunion. Hope he's indignant enough to get to Cincinnati.

We finally caught up with Al Hamblen. When he got moved from Wisconsin to Georgia, we'll never know. In fact we don't even know if he's still in Georgia. You can give it a try at 42D Battle Park Homes, Columbus, Ga.

255th Infantry

Headquarters and Headquarters Company

We can't remember when we said it, or where, but we have a distinct memory of having given M/Sgt. Ed Johnson a plug in here at some remote time in the past. We haven't heard from him in at least a year and we were pretty sure he was in Korea. Imagine our surprise, the other day, when we got a letter from him written at Vance AFB, Okla. The only thing different about his address is the box, which is now Number 72. To tell the truth, Ed really was in Korea, but he's back now. Ed wants to know if anyone has seen Colonel Chazal or Colonel Schewe lately, or Bill Huggins. If anyone can help him or us with this problem, drop us a line.

Medical Detachment

Dr. Bill Davis is practicing in Mounds, Minn. He tells us that Norm Carlson left Yellowstone Park and is now practicing in a nearby town in Minnesota. Both hope to make this year's reunion.

No serial number on this year's dues, but Bob Smith's envelope came through right on time. This ought to prove something. The address is still the same, Box 684, Columbus, Miss.

Although he didn't tell us so we know that Bill Craig will be in Cincinnati. His present home address is 4825 Bertha St., Indianapolis 21, Indiana.

Service Company

We forgot to mention that this whole business of Camp Van Dorn started with Erastus Ross of Pelahatchie, Miss. He was the one who sent us the first article from which we secured our picture.

Harold H. Chandler writes in from 12 Dieffenbach Court, Indian Head, Md., to ask us if we've heard anything on Bob Stuart of ANTI-Tank. We haven't. If anyone else has, let Harold know. Also us.

Anti-Tank Company

See next item above.

Pete Mercurio is now a member of the Association. His present address is 355 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

Cannon Company

Hiram Cotton writes us that he went back to school after he got out of the Army and finally graduated as a Chemical Engineer. At present he is employed as a metallurgist with the American Steel and Wire Company of Waukegan, Ill. He also has been otherwise employed because, when he last wrote us, his wife was about to present him with a child of some kind. Test tube babies to the contrary, we'll bet Cotton isn't THAT kind of an engineer. He lives at 2719 Elizabeth St., Zion, Ill., in case you want advice on the old fashioned way.

Bill Farmer, at last report, was in the Army. He sent in his dues along with an address that read Lt. William I. Farmer, Co. B, 80th Inf. Bn.(s), Fort Bragg, N. C.

1st Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company

Horace B. Fyfe paid up for the second year. His money came from 1616 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

We just had our annual communication from Willard LaMorte of 87 Grandview Blvd., Tuckahoe, N. Y. He sends along a lot of news, as usual. Vic Albrecht is back in the Army as a Lieutenant and is now probably in Korea. You can reach him at 87 Rowland Ave., Hackensack, N. J. Arthur Packard, formerly of C Company, lives at 490 Sherbourne Road, Portsmouth, N. H. Luke Shaltz appears to be married, according to LaMorte, who wants to know how the miracle came about. Every time we hear from someone, old Luke gets kicked around. We wish he'd kick back sometime. Incidentally, LaMorte is very anxious to get in touch with Bob Armstrong. Anyone help us?

We think Frank Ginsburg is a lawyer. He sends us his address as Delaware County National Bank Bldg., Chester, Pa.

A Company

We suppose Owen Ikemire is sort of discouraged by now. We gave him the old treatment of dunning him twice for dues that were already paid. He is in the Pontiac selling business at 202 No. Hefferson St., Robinson, Ill., these days.

B Company

Maurice Pettigrew informs us that he hopes to be in Cincinnati. His present address is 143 Wilfred St., West Hartford, Conn.

We expect every man in the Division to wear a Cavanagh hat. Ken Jewell is supported by these top pieces and if everyone buys a hat now and then, maybe we can get Ken's dues regularly. Ken can be reached at 217 Rumsey Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

C Company

Floyd Davis jr. now lives on RR #3, Chrisman, Ill.

We have a good story to tell on Luther Allen who now lives at 1115 Highland Ave., So. Saint Paul, Minn. He paid his dues last fall, but forgot to sign the check. We guess that every bank between Washington and the Twin Cities missed it, but not the Drovers Bank where Luther keeps his money. They caught it and threw it back at us and we sent it to Luther and he signed it. Funny thing about all this is that in all this exchange of punts, we haven't found out anything more about Allen than that his face is red.

D Company

We've uncovered another Buick man in North Carolina. If Carrow won't come through with a car, maybe V. O. RIGGS will. Riggs can be reached at Box 361, Jacksonville, N. C. He says that Bryant better keep those cracks about Shaltz

and Tucker to himself and stick to running his own platoon. They were hard enough to handle and if Bryant gets some Schnopps in him and tries to run that hardware store, Riggs hates to think what will happen.

Chester Hayward wants to know if the 63d is liable to fight in Korea. As of this writing, we'd say no, but look at Iran, men. You may get a CHANCE yet. Hayward's current address is 414 So. First, Vinita, Okla., and we think he is bottling grape pop these days.

F Company

Last year we ribbed Walter Howell because he didn't put his zone number in his address. He fixed us. He moved. His new address is 11 Anderson Road, Greenwich, Conn.

Windall N. Aguillard has joined the Association. He gives his address as Route #1, Box 187, Jennings, La.

G Company

We may get Henry E. Crapps to Cincinnati. His present address is 901 Center St., West Columbia, S. C.

H Company

R. T. Ferguson jr. lives at 204 Altondale Ave., Charlotte 7, N. C.

Although we noted that George Cohen attended last year's reunion, we failed to record his address for posterity. It is 45 Addington Rd., Brookline, Mass.

I Company

Abraham Eisenman sent in his three bucks from 1157 E. 14th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

K Company

Mike Gannett is back from Europe or Timbuctoo. In fact he's been back for some time. His latest address is Office of Eastern European Affairs, Department of State, Washington 25, D. C.

The simplest way to straighten us out when we are not sure of your address is to move and start over again. However, you don't have to move as far as John W. Brown jr. did. He now lives at 457 Midvale Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Division Artillery

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery

As most of you've probably heard by now, General McGaw is in Iceland, commanding that new force we sent up there. For the moment we have no Icelandic address on him, but if you drop him a line at The Berkshire, Apt. 6066W, 4201 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington 16, D. C., his wife will probably forward it.

One of our staunchest supporters is Harry H. Heck, 400 Hambaugh Ave., Birmingham 9, Ala. As most of you know, Harry married into the Red Cross at Van Dorn. He and Jean have the patter of little feet around the house, as Harry tells it. The feet belong to a Spaniel. He (Harry), works in the trust department of the Birmingham Trust National Bank. We suspect that he takes care of the widows. He reports that Wayne Nelson is still around Birmingham and that he hears from Mahlon Geisinger and Joe Evano every now and then. So much for the news from the DEEP south. And Happy New Year to you, too, Harry.

We hear from Mahlon Geisinger, too. In case you missed it the first time around, he lives at 313 W. 11th Ave., Conshohocken, Pa.

Howard W. Olson can be found at 2045 Webster, Topeka, Kans.

We dropped in to see Fred Wolff in Philadelphia a few weeks ago. He is Banquet Manager of the Hotel Sylvania and that is where we expect to have the 1952 convention. You'll be hearing more about Fred in the months to come.

718th Field Artillery

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery

Bill Woods sends us a lot of stuff every few weeks. Some of it has to do with the 63d Division, some of it with the city of Montesano, Washington. Although he was only a mail clerk in this battery, it begins to look like Bill runs Montesano. He is connected with the First National Bank, the only independent bank in this whole county. He manages this institution. He says that he saw Don Selberg of A Battery not long ago. Don lives near Montesano these days. Bill won't get to Cincinnati this year, but he says he will get to a meeting sometime before he dies. His address in Montesano is 233 No. Main and he wants to hear from all the boys.

George Putnam is still in the Army as a Major. When we last heard from him

he was an instructor with the Maine National Guard and his address is 74 Sweden St., Caribou, Maine.

Colonel Unger has asked us to forward his mail to JSAG, Joint Chiefs of Staff, The Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C.

Service Battery

Warren H. Luckel still lists his address as 16 Oak Ave., Marlton, N. J.

A Battery

Earl N. Marlatt says, as follows: "I was not at the New Yorker. I hope to be in Cincinnati. I expect to be in Cincinnati. Damn me, I WILL be in Cincinnati." Earl's address is R #1, Newcomerstown, Ohio.

Add Jerry Dunne to those who have revisited Van Dorn. He did it this year and sent along some pictures for us that he took. We'll keep them and use them some day. Jerry still hopes to get to the reunion. His address is still Convent, N. J.

J. F. Gillespie was sort of mad because he didn't hear about last year's reunion in time to get to it. He doesn't say whether he'll get to Cincinnati or not. His present address is 5 Wright Place, South Hadley, Mass.

B Battery

Mike McKillop takes us to task for punching the wrong letter on our addressograph machine. He says he wants his address in here, too. It is 317 Hamilton Ave., Riverhead, N. Y. Consider the thing done.

C Battery

Andrew Jackson is not dead. He was in the 63d Division and lives at 19927 Coventry, Detroit 3, Michigan.

861st Field Artillery

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery

Art Lee says he is going to be sure that Headquarters Battery has the best turnout in Cincinnati. For that reason he has been going after the boys hammer and tong since last year. He also sent us some addresses so we could work on them. Art lives and practices law in Bellevue, Ohio. His address is The Union Bank Building, Bellevue.

Frank Miller took time to drop us a long letter. He was in Germany in CID work and other types of police shennanigans until last year and is now going to school. His present address is Box 105, Beaver Dam Road, Point Pleasant, N. J. He says Wallace White of A Battery married a Swiss gal, has had one child, and is living in Garmisch. He also pulled one that we hadn't thought of before. He says that if he doesn't see you birds at the reunion, he'll just have to visit you at home and some of the stories he has to tell about you might not sound so good in the par... He'd better get to Cincinnati. Frank especially wants to see ... accommodate him.

Philadelphia 15, Pa.

Chicago from the last

Philadelphia.

He'll

B Battery

Al Boris has settled down at 4664 Mansion St., Philadelphia 27, Pa.

Spencer Hockaday may be back in the Army by this time. Until we hear definitely, however, we are advised to keep writing to 120 Wickes St., Williamsburg, Va.

862d Field Artillery***Headquarters and Headquarters Battery***

Latest address on Clarence Ax we have is 1417 No. 24th St., Lawton, Okla.

A Battery

Boice W. Hodges lives in Elmore, Minn.

863d Field Artillery***Headquarters and Headquarters Battery***

Seymour Clare has sent in three bucks along with his latest address. He lives at 90-10 149th St., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Frank Marshall spent over two years in the hospital after he was hit in 1944 and has finally gone back home to 2137 No. Emerson, Indianapolis, Ind., to live. He'd like to hear from some of the gang.

Vincent C. Immel will be at the reunion. His present address is 302 So. Main St., Ada, Ohio.

And Wes Epstein will definitely be at the Netherlands-Plaza to greet you. He will make the trip from 801 W. Lindley Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Incidentally, Wes peddles Studebakers these days.

Herman Junge has joined. His present address is Higby Lane, Babylon, L. I., N. Y.

Colonel Britt now is in Fort Leavenworth (not the Prison). You can reach him at 6 Reynolds Ave., Ft. Leavenworth, Kans.

Medical Detachment

Charles Coleman sent in his dues from 1244 Merryfield St., Pittsburgh 4, Pa.

Service Battery

Gordon Head corrects his address. It is really Box 384, Worcester, N. Y.

F. D. Coile has joined up. His present hangout is way down yonder almost to New Orleans. It is, to be precise, 1826 No. 15th St., Baton Rouge, La.

Arthur Ash can be found at 5809 No. Front St., Philadelphia 20, Pa.

A Battery

Jesse L. Ott lives at 10600 So. Manhattan Place, Los Angeles 17

C Battery

We had a hell of a time ...
His present address is ...

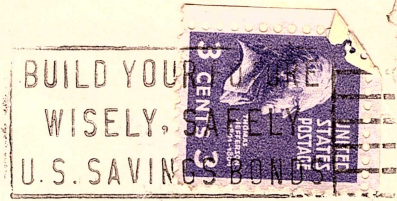
Arvid J. ...

Geo ...

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28 КИЇВ УЛАНСЬКО
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First Class



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63rd

Peter C. Kohler
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