Blood and Fire

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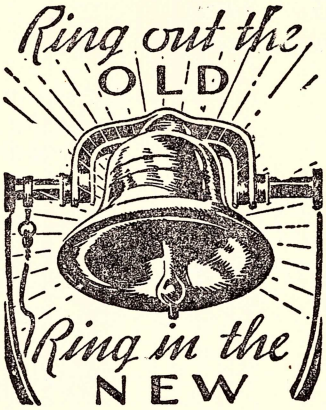
Merry Christmas !

Happy New Year !



C'mon, fellows - Let's RING IN For '52

This is Your Paper, so get GOING!

—PUT ME ON THE MAILING LIST—

Here's My $3.00 Dues For '52

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

COMPANY or BATTERY.....

At the last reunion in Cincinnati, Ohio, the following members were elected officers of the Association:

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PRESIDENT

LESTER A. NOEL, former 1st, Sgt, Company "L" 254th Infantry. Les' is now at the U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station, Huntington, W. Va.

1st VICE-PRESIDENT

FRANK E. ESSLINGER, formerly with the Division Military Police. Frank's home is at 228 Kalos St, Philadelphia, Penn.

2nd VICE-PRESIDENT

JAMES P. GAYNOR, formerly a member of 1st Bn. Headquarter & Headquarters Company, 253rd Infantry. His Address is S. Davis Avenue, Dumont, N. J.

TREASURER

GRANT D. SIMMONDS, former member of Company "H" 255th Infantry. Grant is at 214 13th St., N. E. Washington, D. C.. Grant is a banker.

SECRETARY

HENRY McNALLY, former member 254th Infantry. Henry now resides at 523 Buchanan Street, N.W. Washington, D. C.

AN EDITORIAL

—o—

Since my profession is that of a soldier and not a writer, I trust that readers of Blood and Fire will overlook the many flaws in this issue of the publication. First of all, I am sorry that all the news contributed by members of the association was unable to be published in this issue. But perhaps it will be squeezed in next time.

At any rate, I would like to extend a few words of caution about paying your 1952 dues. If you have not paid dues since last July 1, you are not—to put it bluntly, in good standing. Dues should be paid every June, so send in your $3.00 now and let's forge the membership to the greatest number ever.

Personally, I am not getting one dime for the role I am playing in the organization; furthermore, I want nothing — except to see the 63rd the biggest veteran service organization of them all. Also, if I can see that every member of the old outfit will have a common meeting place each year—namely, at convention time—then that will be for me the greatest recompense I could get.

LESTER A. NOEL
President,
63rd Division Association

REORGANIZATION OF THE 63rd DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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Because of the former national secretary, Ed Love's inability of publishing Blood and Fire, and his failure to answer the correspondence of members, the association president called a special meeting of the Executive Committee in Washington, D. C., last October 8.

The committee voted to transfer the National Headquarters from Washington to Huntington, W. Va., under the complete direction of the president. It was approved to have the president collect all dues, sign and mail membership cards, answer all correspondence and to see that the Blood and Fire is published and mailed to all members. The president is to turn over each month to Association Secretary Grant Simmonds all money with a list of names and addresses of members who have paid dues.

All correspondence received and answered will be turned over to the national secretary, Henry McNally of Washington, D.C.

The Executive Committee extends its thanks to Colonel and Mrs M. W. Schewe for their cordial welcome and fine display of southern hospitality at the special meeting in October. The Colonel is president of the Washington chapter.

The president thanks the following members who have demonstrated through diligence and cooperation that the association is going to be a success.

Wiliam G. Smith, 572 E. 351st Street, Willoughby, Ohio, former member of Company F, 253rd Infantry; Frank E. Esslinger, 228 Kalos Street, Philadelphia; Major D. H. Riel, Hdqt. Det. Arty., 1st AD, Fort Hood, Texas, former member of the 861st F.A.; and Gordon Scott of Route 3, Circle Drive, Rossville, Ga., for his list of names and addresses. Gordon is our wheelchair vet and has yet to miss a reunion.

The National Headquarters would like to see association members in the New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati areas to initiate local chapters. This office will cooperate by furnishing names and addresses in your individual areas. The Philadelphia Chapter is 200 strong and growing every day. Washington has 75 members, with another successful year in view.

This page is dedicated to the memory of former members of the 63rd Infantry Division who now are deceased. May these soldiers all rest in peace.

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Robert Hazlett, former member of Company L, 254th Infantry; died on October 5, 1950 at his home in Huntington, W. Va.

Paul Carol Farran, unit unknown died on September 15, 1950 at his home at 702 West Elm Street, Taylorville, Ill.

Robert Massey, unit unknown, died in 1947 at his home, 6141 Maynard Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

James D. Bell, unit unknown, died January 16, 1949, at his home Route 1, Pasco, Wash.

Lein Nicholas, former member of Division Artillery, died February 3, 1950 at his home, 45 Dodge Avenue, Dodgeville, N. Y.

Ramirog Brossig, unit unknown, died at his home, 410 Park Street, Laredo, Tex.

Rowland P. Carberry, unit unkown, died of a heart attack at 113 Dickson Drive, Westfield, N. J.

Captain Carlos E. Benoit, former signal officer of the 563rd Signal Company, died February 16, 1951, died of leukemia at his home, 19 Centre Street, Hicksville, N. Y.

The above former members of the division have departed from our midst, but they will always be honored and revered by the National Associaton of the 63rd Division, which stands as a memorial to their mortal deeds. We of the association extend our most heartfelt condolences to members of the families of these men who have passed into the great unknown.

Hotel Netherland Plaza 1951

(Reunion in Cincinnati)

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Our hats off to Joe Mack, former member of Co. L, 254th Inftry, for being the first one to check in. He had such a good time he vows to never miss another one. He lives at Route 1, Lakeville, Ind.

James W. Echelberger, 342 Sandusky Street, Ashland, O., was the Number Two man to register.

At 9 A. M., July 6, the registration desk opened; at 1 P. M., the continuous flow of registrants made it appear a record crowd would attend; but then it happened everything stopped dead and the final count was 120 members in attendance. However, all said they had a great time, better than at the New York reunion. The entertainmen was top notch and with Max Pepper as master of ceremonies the aisles were rolling. Max, who hails from Philly, has assured us he'll be there in 1952.

L. C. Robinson, 440 Main Street, Knorville, Iowa, was the lad who had the most drinks! He chewed out a city policeman for hopping on a cab driver, who had parked in a no parking zone. What a man! Just like old times!

Ben DeBerg says he could never miss a reunion. As soon as he returns from one he begins to plan for the next one.

The Hall of Marrows won't forget Jim and Mrs. Hanselman. They danced the floor so thin, we hear it was necessary to replace it! Jerry Rosenberg & the Boss were there, too, as were the B. F. But-

lers, who sell enough gas each year to have one big fling. Mess Sergeant George Moses was on hand, also. George has a restaurant in Charleston.

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Our Next Convention In Philadelphia

The 1952 convention will be held August 22 - 24 at the Sylvania Hotel. Hotel mgr. Fred Wolf, is a member of the association. Frank Esslinger and the Philly Chapter are planning a big welcome, with all the trimmings. The chapter has more than 200 members and is contemplating an attendance at the reunion of around 1,000. The old saying is "the more the merrier," so let's all show up if at all possible—start planning on it NOW. More details will be published later.

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A TALK ABOUT DUES BY THE PRESIDENT

As you read through Blood and Fire, you'll notice I have made numerous reference—in a somewhat persistent manner—concerning membership dues. It is not my intention to "dun" any members, but the paying of dues is a necessity if certain functions within the association are to continue.

It has been agreed that all members, regardless of whether they're paid up, will receive this issue of Blood and Fire. But, hereafter the booklet will not be mailed to those who are delinquent in their dues. To date, a little more than $100 has been collected. This is partly due to the membership cards having been printed wrong last year. Here is the straight dope:

(a) The charter of the association states that dues for all members at large shall be three dollars a year. The fiscal year shall commence on June 30 of any year in which dues are paid and shall end on June 30 of the following year.

(b) A life membership shall cost forty dollars, the lump sum payment of which shall excuse any member from the further payment of yearly dues, and a life membership in the name of a man shall include a life membership for his wife.

And there you have it! As a parting shot, I'll tell you that the Blood and Fire depends on its existence in two ways: the paying of dues and your contribution to its pages. So send in your names, addresses and bits of news about yourself.

Incidentally, starting with this issue a feature of Blood and Fire will be a portion of one of the division's units. We start with the 254th Infantry since it was the only one immediately available.

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THE TRAIL OF THE 254TH INF., THRU BLOOD AND FIRE

—o—

JOSEPH H. WARREN, Colonel Commanding Officer

MARION W. SCHEWE, Lt. Colonel, Executive Officer

ROBERT E. TUCKER, Lt. Colonel, Commanding Officer 1st BN.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, Lt. Colonel, Commanding Officer 2nd BN.

DONALD R. MITHESON, Lt. Colonel, Commanding Officer 3rd BN.

A UNIT HISTORY

Dedicated to every man who has ever assigned to our unit. But above all it is dedicated to those who fell on the long road to vicory. It is with the hope that these men will be remembered, not for the war in which they fought, but for a new lasting peace for which they died that this book recounts the history of the 254th Infantry.

FORWARD

This is the story oof one regiment, or rather it is the story of the men of one regiment. Undoubtedly the world took little note of the 254th Inf'try. To them we were merely a number a small unit which lost itself in a mutitude of small units a forgotten integer in headlines which screamed only of corps and armies and theaters of war.

But to those of us who fought in the regiment it was the army, the theater, the war, when our casualities were high, the war was a tough one; when we moved rapidly and the land fell to us like wheat before a reaper, the war was going well.

Our regiment has one hundred and twenty five days of combat to its credit. Each of these days could be a saga in itself. Because of both time and space limitations, it has been necessary to deal only with the most important engagements — for the most part, those in which the entire regiment participated.

There are no names in this history. In our records there are countless cases of individual acts of heroism. We know that there are countless others of which we have no record. In the last analysis, no man is more gallant than he who despite a heart gripped with fear remained to do the task that was of him.

As this book goes to press, there are only a few of those left who helped make the 254th a regiment of which we could be so proud. We hope that as you read this book it will bring back, in some measure, the days we — the regiment and you — spent together.

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CHAPTER 1
THE PREPARATION

One chapter in the lives of each of us is now complete. That episode, whether it marks a prominent or a lowly place in our life's story, will be entitled by all." The 254th Infantry Regiment." For a few, it began on the northern bank of the Danube River just as we were being pulled off the front line

for the last time; for another few, it began on the day of activation at Camp Blanding, Florida, for the majority of us there was a place, a time somewhere between.

In the early part of 1943, slightly a year after the United States declared war on Germany, the three great leaders of the anti-fascist nations gave birth to plans at the Casablanca conference for the defeat of the Nazi cancer which was gnawing at the democratic organs of the world. Unknowingly as these men released their famous promise to our enemies "Bleed and burn in expectation of their crimes against humanity," they inspired the conception of a new United States Division to be known as the Blood and Fire, 63rd Infantry Division.

June 15, 1943, was a hot, sultry day at Camp Blanding, Florida, as the entire contingent of men assigned to the 254th Infantry Regiment from the 390th Infantry Division listened to their commander, Brigadier General Louis E. Hibbs, promise that the new division would someday see combat.

At this time the unit consisted of the 139 officers and 276 enlisted men commanded by Colonel Paul T. Baker who had as his Executive Officer the man who was later designated to lead the 254th Infantry into combat, Lt. Colonel Joseph H. Warren The first two months following the activation of the regiment were days spent in training the cadre and the occasional "fillers" who merely trickled into the organization.

The first order of movement was to Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi, and was completed four days after its start on August 21, 1943. Men began to pour into the unit from reception centers all over the country as an intensive training schedule commenced. These were the days of life in tar paper shacks, lectures on our favorite maneuver. Build up a base of fire flanks to the right or left, of pine sloped hills resounding with the noise of shovels in sandy clay and men's laughter, of week-end trips to Baton Rouge with their inevitable mile long bus line, of double chocolate sundaes atop bottles of 3.2 beer, of K. P. for the lower brackets and C Q for the upper brackets, of hurried furloughs that never lasted long enough, of Saturday parades which always made us too hot or too cold, of cooling showers which we dreamed of though the 5, 10, or 25 miles of dust and sweat and tired feet, of welcome cries of take ten, accompanied by the sound of a hundred matches striking, of 2-day bivouacs in the rain under a leaky shelter half, and of squad runs.

But all was not as carefree as the above paragraph may sound. It seemed as if the regiment was plagued with bad luck. Every time a group of men felt as if they trained together long enough to make a good combat team a new Special Order called for all PFC's and Privates, and many times a good portion of the non-coms. Three times the regiment was built to full fighting strength, three times it was broken.

Around August 1, 1944, came the order that we had so long awaited, some of anxiously, some of apathelitcally, and some of us

dreadingly: the alert for overseas movement, the great exodus for the train station at McComb began as mass furloughs were granted. After our hectic ten days at home, wives, mother, and sweethearts were left in tears at the station as we departed with the "this is it" attitude.

Dame Rumor became the new Commanding officer as each barracks had its quota of those who either got it straight from a guy who practically runs division personnel" or "was just down at S-1 when this phone call came in, see." Around November 1st, when it was a certainty that we were leaving very soon, the camp was divided into two almost equal groups. those who knew we were going to Fort Ord, California, and those who were positive it would be Camp Kilmer, N. J.," After standing an average of three show down inspections each day, at each of which someone managed to lose a shoe string, we boarded the train on November 6, 1944.

Here most of us learned for the first time that we were headed for Camp Shanks, New York. Several thousand dollars worth of bets cancelled between the "Ord" and "Kilmer" Men. Three days later we detrained at our destination. The race began immediately to make our unit qualified for POE. The world became one of seemingly endless inspections, life-boat drill, must movies and last minute range firing. Throughout all of this we had only one primary thought, passes. Many of us lived within commuting distance of New York City, and a big portion of our eighteen hours was spent in traveling between our homes and Grand Central Station. Some of us had managed to have wives stay in the city while we remained at this camp. For the rest of us there was an endless pilgrimage from one bar to another from one night spot to the next, from show to show with occasional stops at the Pepsi-Cola bar for refreshment prior to another attempt to call home from the Serviceman's Telephone Exchange.

Two weeks after our arrival at Camp Shanks, we left carrying our duffel bags loaded with complete GI Equipment and a personal horde of cigarettes and chocolate bars. A short ride brought us to the Brooklyn Army Base New York Port of Embarkation. While on the dock we stuffed ourselves with doughnuts and coffee which were served us by the American Red Cross and managed to find somewhere among our baggage a place to put the gift bag we received.

As we climbed the gangplank and entered the boat each man was shown his stateroom, which consisted of one canvas bunk in a room with a hundred other canvas bunks. For most of us it was our first ocean voyage and the adventure of feeling of homesickness. Our first curiosity, that which concerned our boat and its history, was soon satisfied. We found that we were on the "M. S. Saturnia," a former Italian luxury liner which had surrendered to the British with its entire crew. We walked down to the bowels of the ship to peer at the huge Diesel engine which we were told was the largest afloat.

The sea was fairly calm and the voyage was rather a pleasant one.

A limited program of calisthenics and training combined with an extensive entertainment schedule supplemented the many card games we played and the books we read. The regimental orchestra gave daily shows on the aft deck. It didn't take us long to catch the seamans slang and in two days all directions were given by port, aft, for'w bow and stern. The theme song of each show was "I Lost My Chow On The Bow."

Late mornings, late afternoons, and late evenings saw the rails lined with men viewing the awe-inspiring scene of tumultuous green waves dashing themselves against the other ships of the convoy, silhouetted against the dark blue sky.

Early mornings, after mess, the rails were also crowded with men viewing the awful scene of tumultuous green waves dashing themselves against the green ships of the convoy, silhoueted against a green world. The nights were ever heralded by the raucous voice of one of the Italian crew members announcing over the loud speaker system, "atenshione, atenshoine, light showing starboards, ameed sheeps."

Undoubedly, the most beautiful scene of the entire trip was the night of Delember 6th when we passed through the straights of Gibraltar. To our left we could see a few lights blinking on the rock itself and the shadow it made from the light of the full moon, to our right it seemed as if the entire coastline of Northern Africa was a blaze of lights as our ship scurried through the mined waters.

On December 8th, we entered the harbor of one of the most beautiful of all port cities—Marsielles. In the harbor we could see the famous Chateau D'If, while our ship nervously plied its way through the fifty ships which had been scuttled in the harbour by the Germans.

The following day we disembarked and marched through the streets of Marseilles to await transportation to whatever destination was in store for us. Although the town, particulary the water front, had been heavily bombed and shelled, the city was in good enough shape to see its rare beauty. We marched to an assembly point which was just outside the prisoner of war enclosure. Here for the first time most of us saw caged copies ofthose we later fought.

As darkness fell we began to feel the extreme cold which an icy wind blowing from the north brought with it. By the time the trucks finally arrived to take us to staging area Number 2, Delta Base Section, most of us were willing to label as malevolent propaganda the stories we had heard concerning the sunny Mediterranean climate. As we began our 20-mile march for our first overseas location, we wondered if combat could possibly be as dangerous and miserable as the truck ride at unbelievable speeds along the icy mountain roads which curved toward our new destination. No matter how cynical had been our expectation of what to expect at Staging Area Number 2, all of us were disappointed. We found that the installation which bore the splendiferous name was nothing more than a bald clay hill with one kitchen shack along the main road

approximately every one hundred yards directly behind them at a distance of about five hundred yards was a similar row of latrines the space between these two types of huts was designated as our living quarters.. Here we sumptuously pitched our tents.

Although no passes were formally given to any of the members of the regiment it took no time at all for everyone to learn that Marseilles and its surrounding towns were within easy hitch-hiking distance. Here on passes most of us met our first real French women, drank our first French champagne, and gave our first cigarette and chocolate bar in answer to the pleading children with their "Cigarettes pour papa, chocolate pour babe"? We were amazed to find that a package of cigarettes would buy almost anything that the average one of us wanted.

The first defensive action in which the regiment engaged was caused by a lone German observation plane which flew over our camp about 3 days after our arrival In a matter of seconds all of the hundred of fires which dotted our hill were extinguished and men who had always somehow gotten out of digging foxholes while in the States began to frantically make a personal entrenchment.

Our stay at Delta Base section was'nt a long one and we left there on December 16, with Camp Oberhoffen, near Bischweiller, France, as our destination. We were taken by trucks toward a small railway station close to the staging area.As we began to leave the trucks some of the more observant men noticed the famous "40 and 8" railroad box cars. They pointed them out as the quaint conveyances upon which our fathers had ridden in the last world war. Originally designed around 1900, they were supposed to hold 40 men and 8 horses. All of us laughed and wondered how either 8 horses or 40 men could be put in these tiny, rediculous looking vehicles. We were not laughing nearly so hard a few minutes later when we learned that we were going to take a four day trip in these cars. Twenty-five men in each made for slightly crowded conditions, but it increased the much needed warmth considerably, there being no method of heating the boxcar.

Amazingly we found that the trip was much more enjoyable than we would ever have anticipated. The large sliding doors made it possible for almost everyone to see the country through which we were traveling. Numerous stops made it simple to attain bottles of champagne in exchange for a pack or two of cigarettes. The most notable towns we passed through were Lyon, Dijon, Epinal, and Saarburg. Throughout France we found, however, that many buildings, factories, roads and bridges were destroyed beyond any chance of re-

pair or salvage. This gave us our first sight of the true effects of war and many of us vowed that the Germans would pay for the destruction they had so wantonly wrought throughout the country of this almost prostrate ally of ours. We reached Camp Oberhoffen on December 20th after a truck ride from Saarburg where the railroad ended. Oberhoffen, which translatde in English means "Always Hope', was an old Napoleonic cavalry camp which had been used by French and Germans, in various stages of history, for over 200 years. When we first heard that Camp Oberhoffen had been taken only 6 days before our arrival we felt almost like veterans. At this time we were part of Task Force Harris, which consisted of 3 infantry regiments of 63rd Div. and a Division Headquarters detachment.

The first field order which was issued ordered us to duty with the 7th Army, and prepared us for early patroling of the Rhine River near Strasbourg, France. Our first alert was given in the form of a message from G-2 at 22:15 on December 23, 1944. It read; 'Be on the alert for enemy paratroopers. Number dropped during recent alert between 2100 and 2130. Paratroopers probably in U.S. uniform. Be careful of future drops during night," Although several of us while standing guard imagined the silky white unbrella shaped objects falling toward us in the moonless night, there was never any great reason to suspect tha parachutists were dropped in our area.

December 24th came and went as most every other day, with a full training schedule, only the quietness of all those around us reminded us that it was Christmas Eve. The following day after a delicious turkey dinner, we received our second mail call since being overseas. This, combined with a post exchange ration, boosted our morale from its probable lowest ebb.

The orders for our attachment to another unit came on December 28th, announcing that effective the 27th the 254th Infantry was attached to the 3rd Infantry division, First French Army, VI Army, Group for active duty.

The next day the movement berounds Ville, French,eetaoin se seh gan toward the area which surrounds Ville, France. Just a trifle over a year and a half later the regiment had been activated, it was moving toward the mission it had always known that it would someday fulfill — combat with the enemy on his own ground.

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To be continued in next issue

PERSONAL NOTES

(Some of the contributors to this issue of Blood and Fire are new, some are old, but regardless, we would like to hear from each and every member. Many send names and addresses only, still others come through with newsy items. We print what we get, so let's have more material for the next issue.)

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

We have just learned that Colonel Frederick Harris' new address is: Headquarters, Second Army, Fort Meade, Md. See you at the next reunion in Philly, Colonel, and best of luck on your new job.

We have received a letter from Colonel Widmer, who has just returned from a 60-day TDY trip to Korea and Japan. Good to have you back, sir. Sorry you received that card—it was a mistake.

We would like to thank the Rev. William J. Guinan, the Division Chaplain, for his check for $6.00 Father Guinan said in his letter to use what money was left over from paying his dues toward publishing Blood and Fire. Thanks again Father. His address is 3223 Perry Avenue, New York, N. Y.

John M. Cello (General Hibbs' mess orderly) has sent in his three bucks for dues. John's address is 503 South Eleventh Street, Newark N. J.

Edgar C. Miller is residing at 900 North Krusson, in Baltimore, if anyone woud like to write. He says his business is very dead; the reason being probably that he works for an undertaker!

763rd ORDNANCE COMPANY

Robert J. Kerr and James S. Kellman, the two Buckeye boys, are wondering where the other members of the outfit were at the reunion in Cincy. They said they had a good time and will be in Philly next August.

563rd SIGNAL COMPANY

The 563rd was represented at the reunion by enough personnel for a basketball team (meaning Baines, Porter, Beringinas, Grant, Selfridge). Let's have enough for a football team in Philly; what do you say, 563rd?

63rd MILITARY POLICE DETACHMENT

Only two of the boys, Frank Esslinger and Rowe Maxwell, made the Cincy whingding but they had everything under control. As you already know, Frank was elected vice-president of the national association and president of the Philly Chapter. (I visited the Philly Chapter last November 8. The boys are planning to make the reunion there he best yet). Fred Wolf, a member is sales manager of the hotel where the next reunion will be held. But there will be more on that in the next issue.

263rd ENGINEERS

T. S. Jinson and John E. Hawawatt of Michigan were in Cincy, both had a good time and looking fo a better one at Philly.

363rd MEDICAL BATTALION

Edward C. Jackal was at the reunion and hopes to see some of the old gang at the next one. His address is 321 Park Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

253rd INFANTRY HEADQUARTERS

John W. Platner and Edwin Piatt have renewed their membership. Platner's address is 2368 Victory Parkway, Cincinnati; and Piatt hails from South College Avenue, Washington, Pa.

253rd FIRST BATTALION HGS and HGS COMPANY

This unit had the distinction of having one of it's members, James P. Gaynor, South Davis Avenue, Dumont, N.J., elected second vice-president of the association. Ralph B. Mindick, 14015 Hale Avenue, Clevelaand and John J. Toth, 1083 Card FFRD Nanty-Glo, Pa., would like to hear from some of you.

COMPANY A, 253rd INFANTRY

We hear that Len O'Connor is working for Radio Station WMAQ, NBC, in Chicago. Of course we're inferring that Len can give us some plugs when we have our reunion there in 1953. John R. Sharon, 144 West Third Avenue, Columbus, and Scott Brown, 4079 W. Eighth Street, Cincinnati, attended the reunion. Both are of Company B. Also, we received a letter from Orville Helmbold, 6958 South Western Avenue, Chicago 36, Ill.

COMPANY C, 253rd INFANTRY

Warren S. Esneart traveled all the way from Gramercy, La. to Cincy for the reunion. He would like to see some of you Company C guys in Philly.

COMPANY F, 253rd INFANTRY

These boys were really on the ball. Why? There were seven of them at the reunion. William G. Smith has been doing a great job by contactng former members to renew their membership. The company expects to have 20 delegates in Philly. Other members in Cincy were Richard E. Woodhams, 122 Bristol street, Canandaigwa, N. Y.; George Cangas, 2557 Georgetown, Teledo, O., Tony Masgatta, 2587 Spurce, Union, N. Y.; Vincent DeVita, 32 Forrest Avenue, Limbrook L. I., N. Y.; William N. Shelby, 629 Finley Street, Finley, O., and Clark D. Richards, 4816 Eastern Avenue, Cincinnati, Also Company F has more paid up members than any other unit; thanks to First Sergeant Smith.

COMPANY G, 253rd INFANTRY

We hear that Joseph N. Reesor is parking at 2800 Narragansett, Louisvile, and Maurice D. Portman is hanging his hat at 655 Brookside Drive, Columbus. Both would enjoy getting some letters.

253rd HGS and HGS COMPANY, 2nd BATTALION

David Isaacson was very much alone at the reunion, as far as members of this unit were concerned. But David feels more will turn out for the Philly rendezvous.

COMPANY I, 253rd INFANTRY

R. W. Mertz, 731 Calawissa Avenue, Sunbury, Pa.,was a little down hearted that only two representatives were in Cincy. R. E. Harder, 229 Adams, Loudonville, Ohio, also was there. Drop these boys a card and let'em know about yourself.

COMPANY K, 253rd INFANTRY

Jack Wainslie, 528 Florence, Medina, N. Y., paid us a visit. Come on King Company, let's show them next year.

COMPANY L, 253rd INFANTRY

Seymore Freeman, our police officer from New York, had a dandy time at the reunion until he visited good old Kentucky, wonder what happened? When Freeman's not walking his beat, you can find him at 94 Rockway Parkway in Brooklyn. Allen Rankin was there to keep Freeman company. Allen's address is 980½ Finley, Zanesville, Ohio.

COMPANY M, 253rd INFANTRY

Joseph W. Able, 1515 Buffalo, Erie, Pa., says no matter what happened at Cincy, he'll be in Philly in August.

254th INFANTRY HGS and HGS COMPANY

Gordon Hensley, Reading, Pa., and C. W. Schaaf, 5758 Rolling Ridge, Indianapolis, have renewed their membership. So has John W. Taylor but we don't know his address. Neal W. Demshie would like to see all of his old pals in Philly.

SERVICE COMPANY 254th INFANTRY

Jack Otto, who lives at Fort Thomas, Ky., just had to cross the river to make the reunion. Jack has his own business, a garage, so let's keep'em rolling, fella. Woodrow W. Ely sent in his dues and some news for Blood and Fire — thanks. We. have the news that Walter Sharp has got himself hitched, plus organizing his own band. Best of luck on both undertakings, Walter. Henry J. Pressley of Port Arthur, Texas, visited last summer with Aaron Gentry up Indiana way. Gentry is the boy who wrote the Bronze Star Medal citations. Alfred J. Cecchini has been promoted to Warrant Officer. Congrats are in order if you'd care to drop him a line at 216 Stone Street, Clinton, Mass.

CANNON COMPANY 254th INFANTRY

James W. Echelberger tried hard to be the first to register at the reunion in Cincy, but had to settle for second place. His address is 342 Sandusky Street, Ashland, O. Robert Portune, whose address is harder to keep than the money one makes nowadays, may now be reached at 264 Clevers Warsaw. Cincinnati. Frank E. Dean, 714 North Jefferson Street, Robinson, Ill., sends us his good wishes; also his dues.

COMPANY G, 254th INFANTRY

Robert J. Carr, 607 Yale Avenue, Terrace Park, Ohio, and Dorn Carter, 1717 Thirteenth Avenue, Lawrenceville, Ill., say they had a good time at the reunion.

COMPANY F, 254th INFANTRY

Charles Cadle Came down from West Virginia; he has never missed a reunion and will be in Philly. Old Ben DeBerg came all the way from Iowa, drop him a card to Kelsey, Iowa; he'd be tickled.

COMPANY H, 254th INFANTRY

Gerson Felder has sent in his dues from 282 Hawthorne Avenue, Newark, N.J. Victor F. Zelinskas, Lawrence Sullivan, A.J. Reed and Stanley Krekeys were visitors to the reunion.We would like to thank Lawrence for the hard work he is

doing in preparation for the next get-together in Philly.

254th 3rd BN., HGS and HGS CO.

L. C. Robinson, 440 Main Street, Knoxville, Iowa, was the happiest man at the reunion—that is, until he met the city police. But everything turned out for the best. Jim and Mrs. Hanselman and Jerry and Mrs Rosenberg were here, too. All you had to do was to look on the dance floor and there they were. Jim's address is 3226 Sixth Street, Springfield, Ill., and Jerry's 910 Forrest Avenue, Willmette, Ill.

COMPANY I, 254th INFANTRY

We are very proud to learn that J. Arthur Hanna has prefixed his name with a title—it is now the Rev. Hanna and he has his own church; Oak Hill Presbyterian Church, Oak Hill, Ohio. The Rev. also has been appointed a chaplain in the association. Charles Jenkins, 1 Morningside Drive, Columbus, Ga., won the dark horse prize at the reunion. He donated $20 of the $30 prize money back to the association—a very nice gesture!

COMPANY K, 254th INFANTRY

Lawrence B. Walters is hankering for some of the fellows to drop him a line. His home is at Angola, N. Y. The same goes for Robert R. Caron, 6 Wainwright Drive, Dayton, Ohio, and John E. Whitsett, Cormi, Ill.

COMPANY L, 254th INFANTRY

This is my company, and although we were represented only by four members at the reunion, we did have the honor of having the first one there—namely, Joe Mack, Route 1, Lakeville, Ind. We also located Allen Whaling, who did'nt know we had an association—but he is a member now. Allen is an outstanding golfer (a second Sammy Snead) and no doubt you have read about him on your local sports pages. George M. Cohn is working with me here in the office. He is a Master Sergeant, is married and has four kids. We're not insinuating anything, but Geo. does have a rabbit farm and is doing well with them. He helps a lot with the association work and will be in Philly.

COMPANY M, 254th INFANTRY

Edward E. Eldus and John D. Erhaudt have paid their dues. Wonder where the first sergeant of Mike Company could be? Have not heard from him as yet.

255 INFANTRY MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Edward Cronin, association past president has sent a list of members from his home state of Mass. He has corresponded with all of them. Hope they're 100 percent at the reunion, Ed.

COMPANY A, 255th INFANTRY

Gordon Scott, 3 Circle Drive, Rossville, Ga., may be "tied" down to a wheelchair, but nevertheless, he has'nt missed a reunion. Says he'll be in Philly and woud like to get some mail from you guys.

255th INFANTRY HGS and HGS COMPANY

Sending in dues were Loren Phillips of Gallipolis, Ohio, and T. C. Hughes of Birwin, Pa.

COMPANY F, 255th INFANTRY

Heard from (with dues) Hal N. Dabbs, Jr., who is in the Coca Cola business with his father. Just write the old second platoon member to Quitman Coca Cola Bottling Co., Quitman, Miss.

COMPANY H, 255th INFANTRY

Also saying they will be in Philly were William Daly, 1 Louis Place, Lynbrook, N. Y.; John W. Finley, 439 Oak Street, Richmond, Ky.; John R. Graves, 1824 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington D. C.; and Grant D. Simmonds, Jr., 214 Thirteenth Street, N. E. Washington, D. C.

COMPANY I, 255th INFANTRY

John L. Gibson, 3206 Bainbridge Blvd., Norfolk, Va., and Damil F. Funk, 2038 Emerson Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, posted their dues.

COMPANY K, 255th INFANTRY

Of course you guys remember George W. Moses, 219½ Treslow Street, Charleston, W.Va., who has the mess sergeant. Well, he is still following the culinary arts, being the proprietor of a restaurant called the Lobby in Charleston. It is located just behind the State Capitol on State route 60. Drop in if you ever get the chance, and you're liable to run into Bill McNemar, too. Bill is a lawyer there and his address is Box 283, Pineville, W. Va.

COMPANY L, 255th INFANTRY

.. Simon N. Tinewholtz was in his own backyard at the reunion, he lives at 841 Hutchinson Avenue, Cincinnati. And Louis T. Breslin, 1023 East Second Street, Maysville, Ky., was only 50 miles away. Both will be in Philly.

861st F. A. BATTALION HEADQUARTERS BTRY

Edward A. Musical has written from 2810 Komensky Avenue, Chicago, that he is interested in organizing a local chapter there. Come on, fellas, you're not in the Army now so pitch in and give Ed some assistance. Names and addresses of Chicago members will be here. Have heard from Erskine, Lee, Cassedy, Andishman, Banks, Kupchella, Menoli, Cruse and C. D. Wilkerson. (Addresses will be supplied on request Captain David H. Reed, Richard Taralaro, Lyle Henderson, Willis Sandbrink and William Durskin all made the reunion.

862nd F. A. BATTALION

John C. Corwin and J. F. Therry have mailed their dues; also attended the reunion.

863rd F. A. BATTALION

Alfred J. Cellucci dropped us his dues and wants to get some letters from you. He wants to meet the old gang in Philly on August 22.

718 F. A. BATTALION

Also requesting mail were Earl N. Moulott, Route 1, Newcomertown, Ohio; Robert Ronk, Route 4, Massilon, Ohio, and Patrick A. Fusco, 351 Porter Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

——o——

Peter C, Kohler
56 Mina Ave
Clifton, N.J.

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