



★ CAMP BLANDING ★ CAMP VAN DORN ★

# Blood and Fire

## 63rd Division Association, Inc.

• ARDENNES / ALSACE • RHINELAND • CENTRAL EUROPE •



VOL. 64, NO. 2

MOROCCO, INDIANA 47963

MAY 2012

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## Ohio setting for August 2012 board meeting

Plans are underway for the IMOK Chapter to host the August Board of Directors' meeting in Columbus, Ohio.

It will be a three day event with registration on Thursday. All members who wish to attend are welcome to do so.

Board members will meet Friday morning and all attending are invited to the meeting. Thus, the members of the Association will hear first-hand the decisions made by the board.

A memorial service is planned for Saturday with a dinner that evening.

Will there be a history room? Probably. It might not be a large display but Bill Scott will most likely have something for you when you arrive in Ohio.

Hopefully Fred Clinton will be available to answer all your web questions.

A room in which you can gather to share experiences is really what you need. Surrounded by history and other Hot Shots is what it is all about.

Activities will be available and there is shopping nearby.

Departure for home will take place on Sunday.

Further information about the meeting can be found elsewhere in this issue of the *Blood and Fire*.

Many of you are asking about the future of this magazine. The *Blood and Fire* will continue

- CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

# Blood and Fire

Published by the 63rd Division Association to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades, to preserve the Esprit de Corps of the division, to assist in promoting an everlasting peace.

Three Issues Annually

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## FROM THE DESK OF THE PRESIDENT ...

Edward F. Fowle, Jr.

February 9, 2012

My Fellow 63er's,

I want you to know that you are all invited to attend the meeting this coming August in Columbus, Ohio. The November issue of the *Blood and Fire*, I believe, gave you the reason and purpose for this meeting.

While it is a gathering of the IMOK Chapter, it is also a meeting of our 63rd Board of Directors' meeting and of our 63rd Division Association officers. The unusual thing in this is that all in attendance will be given the opportunity to ask questions after the Board is finished with the general business of their meeting.

We all have some far-reaching decisions to make and what kind of a future the 63rd Infantry Division Association will have and what it will be like. I hope you can attend and contribute to the discussions.

As you will note in the *Blood and Fire*, we have planned some fun activities, good food at reasonable prices and in a beautiful hotel, where all rooms are suites. Embassy Suites has given us a package that is unbelievable and the best I have ever experienced in all my years in presenting reunion sites for the Association. Bring any of your family that you can and give them a treat and a chance to meet some of your Comrade in Arms and their families.

I have been extremely proud to be a member of the 63rd Infantry Division and our Association after the war. As we have aged, I believe, our friendship has gotten stronger and our desire "To perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades and to assist in promoting an everlasting peace" has gotten stronger. I also want to thank all of our Associate Members, our spouses and children for all of their help and efforts in helping to keep all of us together as the 63rd family.

I am looking forward to seeing all of you in Columbus. Until then!

"May God Bless You All"

Edward F. Fowle, President

**BOARD OF DIRECTOR'S  
MEETING TO BE HELD  
AUGUST 16 - 19, 2012  
EMBASSY SUITES COLUMBUS - AIRPORT  
COLUMBUS, OHIO**

## *Hot Shots enjoy an eventful mini reunion*

April 2012

Once again 23 Hot Shots had a joyful and eventful mini reunion.

In our previous *Blood and Fire* magazine, an invitation was extended to all 63rd Hot Shots to join us in Branson, MO. We had only one taker and that was Gail Hammond from

863 C Battery, hometown Salt Lake City, Utah. Gail expressed his thanks and gratitude toward the warm welcome everyone gave him.

Here are the events of Smitty's Hot Shots Mini Reunion held in Branson, MO this past March 19 to Saturday, the 24th of 2012.

Monday, the 19th – Hot Shots arriving and registering, in the evening Aguzzi and Fabiani took the whole group out to Olive Garden for dinner and then retreated back to the hospitality room to catch up on each other's lives, aches and pains.

Tuesday, the 20th – open day and in the evening all interested went to Florentina's Italian Restaurant.

Wednesday, the 21st – we had lunch at Keeter's Lodge, a restaurant run by the students attending College of Ozarks. After lunch, a college student that had gone and visited the battle sites of Battle of the Bulge gave an orientation on what he saw and learned, quite an experience. The visit of the College was well worth the time. In the evening we went to see the Show (Presley's Jubilee). Hilarious!!

Thursday, the 22nd – at 1:00 we had a lunch catered into our Hospitality Room. After lunch we had a Branson performer come to our hospitality room. He is known as Branson's Neil Diamond. Not only does he impersonate Neil Diamond but a multitude of different famous artists. He entertained the group for two hours.



Excellent!!

In the evening we went to see the Show Pierce Arrow. Supposed to be one of the hottest shows in Branson. Very enjoyable!!

Friday, the 23rd – We had Flash Photo Photographers take a group picture of the original remaining Hot Shots and then one of the whole group with the women.

At 5:30 p.m. we held a candlelight memorial headed up by Bob Bennett for 3 Fox Co. Hot Shots and one for all our departed Armed Forces personnel. (Taps were played).

At 6:00 p.m. Phyllis Bennett gave the invocation and following that we all enjoyed our banquet dinner.

Saturday, the 24th – all good things must come to an end and it is sad to say that we are calling it quits because of age creeping up on all of us making it hard to travel.

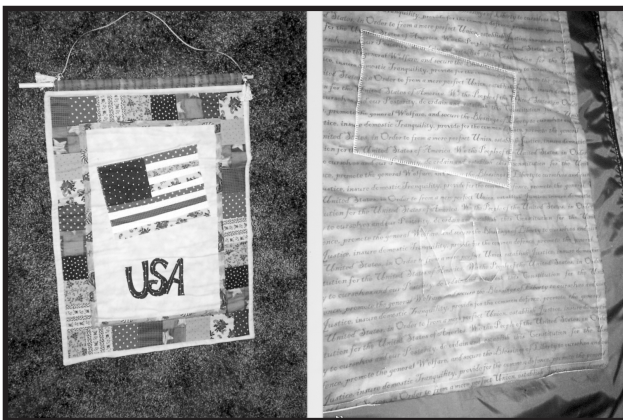
Let's face it, for decades we have been fortunate in having a wonderful camaraderie with veterans, their families and friends.

**ONE LAST THING - LET US NOT FORGET ONE ANOTHER.**

(Pictured above are Smitty's Fox Co. Hot Shots)

Submitted by Herman Fabiani, 820 Balmoral Ct., Inverness, FL 34453, Phone 352-637-2290, e-mail: hfabiani@tampabay.rr.com

## *The Uhls did it again!!!*



Jim and Sandy Uhl did it again! Sandy, with whatever help Jim was able to give, quilted an 18" x 24" banner with the American flag and USA on the front of it and the Constitution on the back side.

They made 23 of them - one for every Hot Shot attendee. We Hot Shots want you, Sandy and Jim to know how much we all appreciate the TLC you put into each and every banner.

Sandy and Jim are friends of Fox Co. Hot Shot Verlin Miller and his wife Lillian. They have attended past reunions with the Millers.

The photo shows the front and back of the banner. –  
Submitted by Herman Fabiani

# A letter to my 63rd Infantry friends . . .

. . . this day 5-15-11



I was Sgt. James B. Keeney of Co. B-255 and still am.

I lost my wife, Rebecca, who passed on 2-28-09. We traveled to many 63rd reunions since joining in St. Louis 1988. No one there from B-Co. 255, as each year went by and later reunions we met approximately 9-10 buddies of Co. B 255 plus their wives.

What great buddies they were and I will never forget our time together and the places the 63rd took us on reunions and eat together.

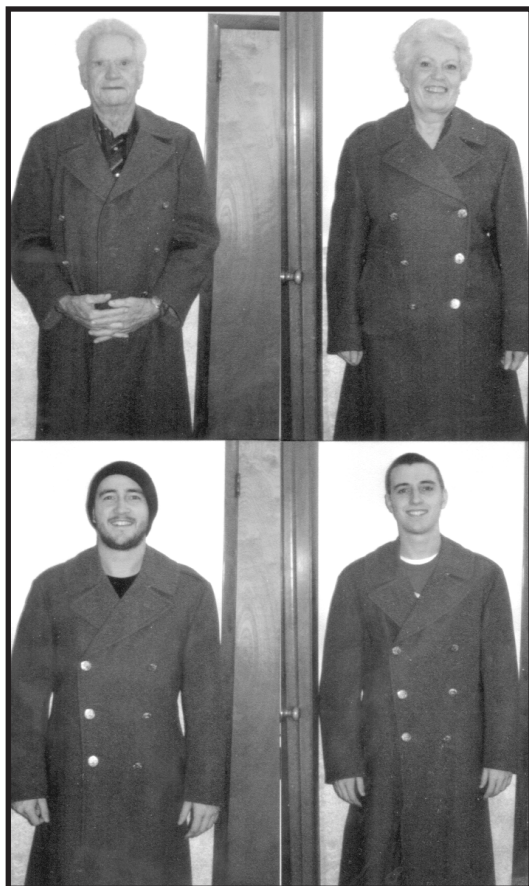
I retired from work after 41 years with my company and started with my wife Rebecca to travel to the reunions. Many wives and buddies are gone now, but still have a few we can talk to and reminisce. They are Chris Makas, Detroit; Mrs. Paul Taylor, Massachusetts; Ole Grib, New Jersey; Mary and Don Brocktel, St. Paul; Ray and Annett Miserendino, New York; Walter and Marline Pucker, Joe and Art Keith, Texas. I love and miss them all.

I am a life member. I am 88 now and my youngest son Vic, passed on and my oldest son Jim Jr. was 3 months old when I went to service in 1943. He and Linda, his wife, live in Pasa Robles, California with three children Kim, Tobe and Jim Jr. the 3rd. Tobe is married to Joshaw Morrow, who you might know as Nick Numan on *The Young and the Restless* (Soap). I see him most every day on TV.

I work on old furniture and play music with guitar in my western band.

Thank you, 63rd, for the magazine.

*James B. Keeney 37524668*



## *The coat lives on!*

When I was discharged from Bushnell General Hospital at Brigham City, Utah in 1945, I was issued this army winter overcoat.

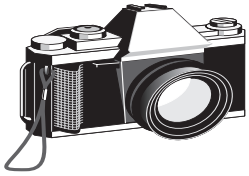
I returned home to Kansas, IL where I lived with my parents until I married in 1946. My mother maintained the family home until she had a stroke in 1995 and it was necessary for her to give up her independent living. As we were removing the many family items, we discovered, in a protective bag, the army overcoat.

Our daughter, Sheryl, was teaching in northern Wisconsin and requested the coat. She wore it through several Wisconsin winters before retiring and moving to Illinois in 2007.

Her nephews were asked if they would be interested in the coat, so the coat passed down to Drew and Derek Smidler. Derek wore it to his brother Drew's graduation from Purdue University in December of 2010. At present Derek is wearing the coat as he starts his college days at Indiana State University.

In the top photo – Bob and daughter Sheryl, bottom photo – Drew and Derek Smidler.

Robert F. Bennett  
63rd Infantry  
253 Regiment, Co. F



# BLOOD AND FIRE PHOTO GALLERY

## Men (and Dog) of Co. I, 254



P.F.C. Virgilio Brocchi, Co. I 254th Rgt., 63rd Division - taken June 23 Bivouac - Greglingen, Germany



Pictured above - Red Brocchi - Co. I 254. Pictured at left: Bill and Mack.



219th Quarter Master Corp. Mannheim  
(At left) – Top: Red Brocchi, Raymond Grabolski, Gerhardt, Richard Rikart. Kneeling: Bill Dunkin, Wallenscreek, Kentucky and Bill Alestock, Wheeling, West Virginia and MACK (DOG!)

(At right) – Ray Grabowski, Johnny Yannako (Altoona, PA) and Red Brocchi, White Plains, NY



# In Memoriam

## William Ellsworth Taylor

William Ellsworth Taylor, 92, of Manchester, died peacefully on Christmas Eve surrounded by family.

Bill was a first lieutenant, serving in the Aleutians, France, and Germany with the 63rd Infantry Division where he received the Purple Heart, Combat Infantry Badge, and other medals.

After the war, Bill earned a degree in aeronautical engineering from University of Minnesota, married, and moved to Connecticut where he worked at United Technologies Research Lab for 30 years. Aviation was a lifelong passion and after retirement, he became a volunteer at New England Air Museum. His proudest achievement was the 15-year restoration of the Lockheed Electra 10-A, which was completed and dedicated in April. He continued to volunteer at the museum until his death.

He will be greatly missed by his wife of 63 years, Mary Lou; son, Bill and his wife Robyn, daughter Deborah Duarte, and her husband, Sebastian and son, Clark; 4 grandchildren and his 4 great-grandchildren.

## Herbert Slate

Herbert "Vernon" Slate, 96, of Gouverneur, passed away on Wednesday, February 15, 2012 at E.J.Noble Hospital in Gouverneur, N.Y.

He entered into the United States Army on October 6, 1942 and served in the 63rd division during WWII until his honorable discharge in December 23, 1945. Vernon married Kathleen M. Emrich on September 24, 1941.

Vernon was a carpenter working for Robert Curtin Construction in Watertown for many years, retiring in 1982. He also worked at St. James as a maintenance worker for 10 years.

Surviving are three sons and a daughter-in-law Duane (Ernie) and Penny Slate of Antwerp, Steven Slate of Bellingham, MA and Neal Slate of Gouverneur; two daughters and a son-in-law.

## George C. English

George C. English, 87 of Pleasantville passed away on Friday, February 24, 2012 surrounded by

family in the home where he was born on July 27, 1924. His grandfather Leeds built the home 100 years ago. George was always proud of his hometown, Pleasantville.

George was a decorated WWII combat veteran who fought in the European Theater and liberated Landsberg Concentration Camp. He was a staff sergeant with the 63rd Infantry Division. After discharge from the Army, George enjoyed playing football with the Pleasantville Jokers, bowling, and later fishing on the English Queen. He worked for Abbotts Dairies for over thirty years before becoming Pleasantville City Clerk.

George married Victoria (Llavda) in 1951 and they shared 60 years of marriage.

George is survived by his wife, Victoria; two sisters-in-law; 6 nieces; several nieces and nephews and caregiver Donna Bunting. George is predeceased by his twin John and two brothers and one sister as well as two nephews and one niece.

Donations may be made to Trust for the National Mall – WWII Memorial Park, PO Box 96475, Washington, DC 20090 or at [www.nationalmall.org/donationform.php](http://www.nationalmall.org/donationform.php)

## William Francis "Frank" Arket

William Francis "Frank" Arket, a devoted husband and father, passed away on Saturday, the 28th of January 2012, at the age of 94. He was born on the 24th of August 1917 in Wampam, Pennsylvania, and was raised in Ellwood City, Pennsylvania. Frank is survived by his son, James J. Arket and wife Rita of Houston; son, Robert D. Arket of Austin, and daughter, Barbara J. Venable of Houston, along with his aunt Pauline Christie and many nieces, nephews and cousins in Pennsylvania, Texas, New Jersey, and Alabama. He proudly served his country for over 40 years as a career soldier and civil servant. He was a graduate of the University of Maryland.

Frank is preceded in death by his wife of more than 50 years, Dorothea Hill Arket of Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, in 1993. His son, William M. Arket, and his grandson, Eugene Arket, both passed away in 1971.

Frank began his military service in 1941 when he was drafted into the U.S. Army just prior to the United States entering World War II. He served 23 years in the

PARTIAL data compiled so far by 63rd Historians and helpers from AVAILABLE records

-----COMPUTER DATA PRINTOUTS AND COPIES-----

PLEASE PRINT!

	UNIT #1 Company,	UNIT #2 Battery, HQ?	COST/EACH
1943-45 Unit Roster of Men (W/rank, serial no., dates, medals, casualties, deaths, etc.).....	_____	_____	\$4 ea. _____
Today's Unit Address-Phone list (for members only).....	_____	_____	\$2 ea. _____
1945 Unit Medals List (w/WWII home towns) .....			\$2 ea. _____
1944-1945 Unit Itineraries (in Bn. group).....			\$3 ea. _____
Alphabetical List of CAMP BLANDING CADRE MEN with data.....			\$5 ea. _____
Today's Address & Phone List of CAMP BLANDING CADRE MEN (for members only) .....			\$2 ea. _____
Today's Address & Phone List by State.(for members only).....	State #1 _____	State #2 _____	\$2 ea. _____
1,030 Killed in Action, Died of Wound, & Non-Battle Death .....	ALPHA .....		\$5 ea. _____
KIA, DOW, NBD. with all known men shown and sorted by-----	ALL UNITS.....		\$5 ea. _____
KIA, DOW, NBD, best viewpoint .....	Sorted by' DATE, organization, unit .....		\$5 ea. _____
Casualty Summary compiled to date for ALL units with 8 categories.....			\$3 ea. _____
2007 Alpha list #35 with data on casualties, deaths, units, serial numbers, cadre, 70,258 names.....			\$74 ea. _____

-----MAP COPIES-----

11" x 17" 1:1,000,000 map of entire area of 63rd combat WITHOUT trail of 63rd units .....			\$1 ea. _____
1:200,000 1939 map of ALSACE, Lorraine, & SAAR areas thru Siegfried Line area.....			\$5 ea. _____
1:50,000 map of COLMAR Pocket & Vosges Mtn. area in France for 254th guys .....			\$5 ea. _____
1:20,000 map of SW 1/4 of COLMAR map area w/Kaysersberg, etc. for 254th guys .....			\$5 ea. _____
Three 1:25,000 maps from S. of Sarreguemines to Saarbrucken w/great detail .....			\$13 set _____
Two 1:25,000 maps of the 63rd's SIEGFRIED LINE area w/forts, from 1/45 aerial photos w/legends.....			\$13 set _____
1:27,000 colored map of the 63rd's SIEGFRIED LINE area w/forts and 103 hour battle penetration .....			\$7 ea. _____
1:25,000 BLIESKASTEL map that shows Kirkel, Wurzbach, & Biesingen .....			\$5 ea. _____
1:100,000 KAISERSLAUTERN map that shows Homburg, Langmeil & Grunstadt.....			\$5 ea. _____
1:100,000 KARLSRUHE map that shows Bad Wimpfen, Heilbronn & Stuttgart.....			\$5 ea. _____
1:100,000 ELLWANGEN map from Waldenburg & Schwabisch Hall to Oberbobingen.....			\$5 ea. _____
1:25,000 MOGGLINGEN map shows from Obergroningen to Oberbobingen.....			\$5 ea. _____
8.5" x 14" 1:250,000 map shows from Mannheim to Rothenberg and Heilbronn .....			\$1 ea. _____

-----HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS-----

2nd Bn.-253 4-12 April 1945 events, rosters & Pres. Unit Citation award .....			\$14 ea. _____
Regimental histories for January-May 1945 in binders, copied from monthly combat reports: 253rd ___, 254th ___, 255th ___:.....			\$13 ea. _____
General Order Copies for awards to individuals, such as badges and medals .....			NEW \$2 ea. _____
Reprint of 135-page 1986 softcover book. "With the 63rd Infantry Div. in WWII" by Col. James E. Hatcher of 254th and 255th.....			\$20 ea. _____
Unbound Xerographic copy of 1945 history & index for "The Trail of 254 Thru Blood & Fire" by Harris Peel, Vernon Kile, Algernon Keith & John Sontag.....			\$7 ea. _____
Bound English copy, w/o photos, of "LA BATAILLE DE JEBSHEIM" booklet of French residents' statements about the horrors. Written by Jean Scherer, and translated by Wm. C. Carter. 140 pages.....			\$20 ea. _____
Unbound inkjet color copy of 1945 "Victory in Europe" booklet.....			\$5 ea. _____
1943-45 combat history of 263rd Engineer Combat Bn. by Bill Snyder in binder.....			\$50 ea. _____
Jan-Apr 45 Combat Unit Journals of Hq 1st Bn-254 by date, hour, minute in binder.....			\$16 ea. _____
Ray Restani's Report of A-254 Attack at Eschringen, Germany, 15-Mar-45 in binder.....			\$8 ea. _____
Short 1943-45 History of Hq 1st Bn-255 with "after action report" in binder.....			\$8 ea. _____
Unbound Germany's Siegfried Line history, details, drawings, & photos.....			\$5 ea. _____
Unbound History 7th U.S. Army, 15-Dec-44 to 25-Jan-45, "The Other Bulge" .....			\$4 ea. _____
Unbound 1944 "I am a Doughboy" booklet on inf. co. & plt. equipment, weapons, & training .....			\$4 ea. _____
-----PATCHES, can be ironed on or sewn on caps, jackets, etc.-----			
(A) 3.5" x 2.3" 63rd Infantry Division for uniform .....			\$4 ea. _____
(B) 2.5" x 1.45" 63rd Infantry Div. with "BLOOD & FIRE" below.....			\$3 ea. _____
(C) 2.66" x 2.35" 63rd w/"BLOOD & FIRE" and "63rd INFANTRY DIV." below .....			\$4 ea. _____
(D) 2.25" high x 3.5" wide US flag .....			\$3 ea. _____
(E) 2.5" high x 3.5" wide 63rd Division Siegfried Line sign patch.....			\$5 ea. _____
(F) 3.5" high x 3.5" wide 253rd Infantry Regiment w/motto "QUINTA ESSENTIA" (The Quintessence).....			\$5 ea. _____
(G) 3.6" high x 3.4" wide 254th Infantry Regiment w/motto "DEATH BEFORE DEFEAT".....			\$5 ea. _____
(H) 3.5" high x 3.0" wide 255th Infantry Regiment with motto "COR FERREUM" (Heart of Steel) .....			\$5 ea. _____

-----1.2" CREST PINS w/2 clutch pins-----

253rd Infantry Regiment with motto.. "QUINTA ESSENTIA" (The Quintessence).....Not avail.  
 254th Infantry Regiment with motto.. "DEATH BEFORE DEFEAT".....Not avail.  
 255th Infantry Regiment with motto.. "COR FERREUM" (Heart of Steel).....\$5 ea. \_\_\_  
 Colored pin description w/honors & 63rd Div. emblems.....253rd \_\_\_, 254th \_\_\_, 255th \_\_\_ \$1 ea. \_\_\_

-----HAT PINS & BOLA TIES-----

63rd Inf. Div. Patch pin \_\_\_ Combat Infantryman Badge pin \_\_\_ Combat Medic Badge pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 Ranger Badge pin \_\_\_, Silver Star Medal pin \_\_\_, Bronze Star Medal pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 Purple Heart Medal pin \_\_\_, Presidential Unit Citation Badge pin \_\_\_, Infantry pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 MP pin \_\_\_, POW Medal pin \_\_\_, Field Artillery pin \_\_\_, Corps of Engineers pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 Quartermaster pin \_\_\_, Signal Corps pin \_\_\_, Ruptured Duck pin \_\_\_, 7th Army Patch pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 Europe Africa Middle East pin \_\_\_, WWII Victory Medal pin \_\_\_, Army of Occupation pin \_\_\_ .....\$4 ea. \_\_\_  
 Full Size Expert Infantry Badge \_\_\_, Full Size Presidential Unit Citation Badge \_\_\_ .....\$5 ea. \_\_\_  
 63rd Inf. Div. deluxe bola tie with black cord \_\_\_, gold cord \_\_\_ .....\$10 ea. \_\_\_

-----UNIT & ORGANIZATION AWARDS COPIES-----

Presidential Unit Citations copy: 2nd Bn.-253rd \_\_\_, 1st Bn.-254th \_\_\_, 3rd Bn.-254th \_\_\_ .....\$2 ea. \_\_\_  
 Pres. Unit Citation narrative for 3rd Bn. and Co. A & B-253rd Inf.....\$1 ea. \_\_\_  
 French Croix deGuerre w/Palm for 254th Inf:.....8.5" x 11" \$5 ea. \_\_\_

-----COMPACT DISKS FOR MICROSOFT WINDOWS SYSTEMS-----

95 of 1943-45 *Blood & Fire* issues \_\_\_, 63rd Div. General Orders for medals, etc. \_\_\_,.....\$10 ea. \_\_\_  
 853 page updated "Chronicles" history book w/photos, rosters, alpha list.....\$15 ea. \_\_\_  
 Histories w/photos, rosters, & other info: 253rd \_\_\_, 254th \_\_\_ .....\$12 ea. \_\_\_  
 255th \_\_\_, All Artillery \_\_\_, 263rd Engineer & 363 Medical Bns. \_\_\_ all with the "Chronicles".....\$12 ea. \_\_\_  
 Special Troops: HQ&HQ Co., Band, MP, QM, Recon, Signal, Ordnance \_\_\_ .....\$12 ea. \_\_\_  
 Combat Months Unit Morning Reports 12/44 - 5/45: 253rd \_\_\_, 254th \_\_\_, 255th \_\_\_,.....\$10 ea. \_\_\_  
 Artillery \_\_\_, 263rd Engineer & 363 Medical Bns. \_\_\_ .....\$10 ea. \_\_\_  
 Special Troops: HQ&HQ Co., Band, MP, QM, Recon, Signal, Ordnance \_\_\_ .....\$10 ea. \_\_\_  
 63rd Pictorial history w/1,000+ stateside, combat & occupation scenes.....\$12 ea. \_\_\_

-----DVDs FOR MICROSOFT WINDOWS SYSTEMS-----

Organization histories w/63rd photos, 63rd Div. general orders, combat unit morning reports, unit rosters, 63rd Div. pictorial history, WWII Blood & Fire issues, all as listed above to get organization information together on one disk for ease of viewing and storage at a lower cost.  
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 Light blue cap and bill, with adjustable blue rear net for spring, summer or fall.....Not available  
 The new 63rd patch emblem has "BLOOD & FIRE" and "63rd INFANTRY DIV," like the "C" patch on the other page.

-----CHALLENGE COINS-----

1.5" 63rd Infantry Division Antique Bronze Challenge Coin with plastic bag .....\$10 ea. \_\_\_  
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 3.5" x 3.5" x 1.25" Dark Blue Coin Presentation Case.....\$5 ea. \_\_\_

April 2012 Form #73 Check # \_\_\_\_\_ TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Mail To: BILL SCOTT, 63RD DIV. HISTORIAN, 407 S. WALNUT ST., SYCAMORE, IL 60178-2234  
 (Make check or money order to: 63RD DIV. HISTORY FUND) - - - PLEASE USE ADDRESS STICKER OR PRINT CAREFULLY

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ UNIT(S): \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET: \_\_\_\_\_ APT. \_\_\_\_\_ P.O. BOX: \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
 SPOUSE: \_\_\_\_\_ TELEPHONE: ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
 E-MAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ FAX: ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM THE: \_\_\_\_\_ OF \_\_\_\_\_

(SON, GRANDSON, DAUGHTER, BROTHER?)

63RD VET'S NAME



# - Letters and Opinions -

## PHONE CALLS ARE A RESULT OF STORY IN BLOOD & FIRE

The magazine is always great and we read it from cover to cover.

Since Ken's story came out, we have received two phone calls from guys who were in the 63rd, Kenneth Forshee from Utah and Dorrel Schleif from Hebron, Nebraska.

It was nice to hear from them and we plan to write them a letter.

It's getting harder all the time for Ken to get around.  
BONNIE ERICKSON FOR KENNETH  
ERICKSON - AT 255.

## MISSES MEMBERS OF 63RD

My memory is going down-hill fast!! Physically I am still holding up here at Friendship Village and feel fortunate to be here.

Looking forward to another family reunion in September for grand-daughter's wedding.

Miss seeing all of you. Love,  
BETTY BONIFIELD - ASSOC.

## DOING WELL AT AGE 86

I live alone. Frank has been gone five years and I still miss him.

I love working in my yard and have a lot of flowers.  
I'm 86 years old and doing rather well.

KATHRYN IZELL,  
WIDOW OF FRANK IZELL, FA 861

## WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM MEMBERS WHO REMEMBERS HUSBAND

Michael Cairo of Port Chester, NY died suddenly on December 5, 2011. He was 89.

He served in the Co. L 63rd 253rd Div.

He was wounded in Germany and awarded the Purple Heart and Campaign Medal.

We were married 63 wonderful years.

I would like to hear from anyone who remembers Mike. He took his training in Panama.

ROSE CAIRO,  
WIDOW OF MICHAEL CAIRO, CO. L

## FATHER MEDIVACED AFTER ACCIDENT

My dad was in the 253 Regiment/Anti-tank Company. He was Medivaced from Theater due to a night time jeep accident.

Dad's name was Pfc. Kenneth L. Chase, deceased.  
WILLIAM O. CHASE

## DISAPPOINTED DUE TO OMISSION OF HUSBAND'S DEATH NOTICE

When I received *Blood & Fire*, I was disappointed because I had written to you guys about my husband passing on in July 2, 2011 at age of 95 years old.

He was a lifetime member, he had a wonderful life. We were married 69 years this last year. We have a lovely daughter named Janet. She was born when my husband was in Germany.

She has four children and four grandchildren. We also have a wonderful son who served in Viet Nam, who is not married.

I forgot to mention that my husband was a sergeant in F63 Ord. and 63 Div.

I do hope this time I will see it in *Blood & Fire* magazine.

Thank you,

VITA PETRETTI

## GIFTED ATHLETE'S BASEBALL DREAMS PUT ON HOLD

Feb. 23, 2012

To the 63rd Division:

I was startled and touched to see my late husband's name listed with the deceased members of the 63rd in the recent issue of *Blood & Fire*.

I am writing to you to share a story of my husband

# Jesse Ott's war experiences continued

*(Prologue to the story of my military government years)...*

Many people, including many of our Blood & Fire associates think that wars are over when the last shot of the combat part of the war was fired.

No so! History is rife with examples of the victors thinking the war is over as soon as on one side has won and active combat ceases.

World War I is an example of this mistaken assumption. That war to end all war resulted in a peace that lasted only one generation when Europe and the world were again embroiled in a greater conflict than the one a generation before.

Our World War II post-combat prosecution of the war was just as important as the combat phase. Our job was to ferret out the perpetrators of unspeakable crimes against humanity, war criminals and all those who were active members of the Nazi party. Our need to restore equilibrium and fairness to government at all levels from the federal government down to that of the smallest town. To help alleviate starvation and suffering to the millions of victims of the war, including the average hard-working German.

There were hundreds of thousands of displaced persons to repatriate to their home.

When we win the post-combat parts of the war, our children are not likely to go into combat against the same people we had to fight in our generation.

After our drink with Generals Harris and McGaw, they presented our Silver Star medals, shook our hands and wished us well. We were dismissed and got out of there.

The personnel officer told us that military government was recruiting officers to help govern Germany in the American zone of Occupation. Hearing this, I made a beeline to the closest military government headquarters and applied.

They accepted my application and the orders transferring me to military government. The first duty assigned to all newcomers to military government was to military government orientation school. The purpose of this school was to teach us the organization of military government under General Lucius Clay as the military governor of all the U.S. occupied section of Germany.

We were given the organization chart from the U.S. occupied zone to the land (state) reguerangbezerks (regions of the state) and the landkreis (counties).

We were also given interrelationships between military government (MG) and the various

occupation forces units. Our most frequent contacts would be with the U.S. Army Constabulary, which was made of armor units with armored cars with 37 mm cannon and machine guns, plus foot troops to enforce American policy if needed.

From MG orientation school I was assigned to MCM of Land Bavaria, the southernmost state in Germany, which included the German Alps and the border with Austria and the Austrian Alps. This was the most beautiful part of Germany.

From land Bavaria I was assigned to Landkrois detachment stationed in the Landbrees seat of the town of Wolfratschausen. When I reported to the detachment, I found it was commanded by a Capt. Bischoff and consisted of Lt. John Kizer, the legal officer, another Lt. responsible for supervision of German law enforcement units and 4 or 5 enlisted men. I was assigned a room in the detachment quarters a German small hotel, I think, and was appointed motor officer in charge of all detachment vehicles and the MG garage, supply officer for the 4000 refugees we had in an explosive factories housing community for its employees and various other detachment jobs that needed to be done such as supervising the civilian employees (I was going to say German civilian employees, but our employees were from all over Europe.)

For example, my mechanic's crew in our MC garage were Hungarian Air Force ground maintenance crew which had escaped the Russian advance. After having kept Hungarian air Force planes repaired and flying, simple autos and truck engines were "duck soup" for them. They then had fled ahead of the Russian Army their squadron doctor had also come with them. I found that he had been appointed doctor for the refugee camp of 4,000 souls.

These refugees were from countries all over Europe. I had three Baltic Jews working in our refugee camps food warehouse and all of these refugees were survivors of concentration camps or of slave labor working in factories and fields in Germany.

One of our employees was of Luftwaffe (Air Force) trained translator. His name was Nortelski, which didn't sound very German to me, but he was excellent in that he translated verbatim what was said.

This assignment was the most interesting I had ever had as I got better acquainted with the people with whom I worked. For example: the three Jews who worked in our refugee food warehouse were stairsteps in ages. The young one was about 18 years old, the

# Ott continued . . . .

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middle one was 28 years old and the older one appeared to be about 60 years old. He was of stocky build with a lined face and snow-white hair.

When I asked his age, I was surprised at the answer: he wasn't 60 to 65 as I had guessed - he was 39 years old. I couldn't believe it. But they explained that the Nazi SS had broken into his home in the middle of the night and had killed his wife and children right before his eyes and that his hair had turned gray overnight.

The hell these refugees had lived through began to take on a new meaning to me.

These three warehouse men called themselves "The Three Klepsie". When I asked what "Klepsie" meant, they indicated with words and gestures that it meant being able to find and get needed things without requisitions -- what we in the military called "moonlight requisitions".

One of my first jobs was to get the cellar of our living quarters full of coal for the winter. We didn't have a truck, laborers to load and drive the truck or to unload the coal at our living quarters. So what to do. This coal supply job was assigned to me at breakfast and I didn't get any time limit to finish the job, so I don't know how long they expected it to take me to finish.

The detachment members finished breakfast and went to work at the M.G. office. As soon as they were gone, I got FranFuerstt, who was in charge of civilian employees at the detachment quarters and pressed her into service as my interpreter. She knew the location of an abandoned German Army dump truck, which I confiscated, filled it with fuel at our M.G. garage and drove the truck out of town to the refugee camp. We had a huge coal dump by the railroad tracks that ran right past the camp entrance.

The refugee crew on duty loaded my truck, which I drove to our quarters and had it unloaded into our basement. I thanked Fran Furstl for her help, took the truck back where I found it and reported to Capt. Beschoff that the job was done. The time was about 10 a.m. I could tell by his startled expression that he had given me the job to keep me busy for the rest of the week. But I had come from the field artillery of a combat infantry division did our assigned tasks immediately, not at a ho-hum pace as though we had the rest of the war to act.

I was assigned a desk in our office and had any secretary or clerk to help me who was not helping one of the other officers. I was promised my own secretary as soon as a suitable one was found and vetted to make sure there were no Nazi affiliations. It took a special kind of person to fill the job: one who was educated,

spoke fluent English, had some skill as a translator, spoke fluent German and at least one other European language and could keep her mouth shut concerning military government affairs. Obviously, much of our information and internal affairs operations were not for public knowledge.

Our problem of a secretary for me was solved unexpectedly by a major who showed up at our office with the perfect secretary. His M.G. unit had been merged with another one which meant that the personnel of the major's unit were fired. He was trying to find a job for his former secretary for whom he vouched as one of the best.

This solved both our problems. We were looking for a qualified secretary and he was trying to place his former secretary in a new M.G. job.

Thus Mrs. Hannah Nieland, the daughter of a German judge and wife of an attorney in the Soviet Zone of Occupation became my secretary on the spot.

Her education included a degree from a German University plus study at a university in England. She spoke better English than most of my American colleagues.

Mrs. Nieland was poised and efficient and inspired respect and confidence in the Germans with whom I dealt, which resulted in my getting a lot more useful information, which made my job easier.

About this time the personnel of our detachment were being shipped home because they were eligible for discharge from military service. Capt. Beschoff was finally due to ship out to the U.S., and was replaced by Major Steers from Regierungs-bezerk Oberbayern. He was a New York certified public accountant in the Quartermaster Corps. He brought with him a staff sergeant who was the son of the CEO of the IBM Company. I can't remember for sure, but I think his last name was Watson. At this stage there were only Maj. Steers, the staff sergeant, a corporal (Girdner)? and me left in the detachment. I believe we were an "E" detachment.

At this point in time small county detachments were getting down to one officer and one to none enlisted soldiers.

Major Steers did two things a little out of the ordinary: he recommended the corporal for a field commission to second lieutenant and sent our staff sergeant with a 2 1/2 ton 6x6 truck to the N.A.F.I. liquor warehouse with a requisition for liquor rations for a quartermaster mess kit repair battalion.

The corporal was approved for a field commission

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over the disapproval endorsement of the field colonel commanding our M.G. regiment and our staff sergeant came back from Belgium with a load of liquor stacked to the top of the stable sideboards of the truck.

Things were going along pretty smoothly until one day a policeman rushed into our M.G. office to tell us that the refugee camp was rioting and had attacked a German civilian car which was passing the camp.

We immediately called the closest constabulary post for troops to put down the riot and get the refugees back in camp. The constabulary sent a squad of infantry and an armored car which was armed with a 37 mm cannon and a machine gun plus the side arms of the crew.

The infantry squad took up position at a bridge on the highway between camp and town. As the rioters boiled out of camp and headed to town, the squad leader ordered "fix bayonets". The leading ranks of rioters saw the bayonets turned and tried to retreat back to camp. The momentum of those following the leaders pushed said leaders into the bayonets thus inflicting some minor wounds to their backsides before the advance could be stopped.

The squad advanced on the rioters until they were

back in camp.

By this time the armored car had arrived. It stopped in front of the entrance of the camp where Maj. Steers and I were standing. The sergeant in command of the armored car dismounted, saluted us, took his place in front of the car and started to lead it into the camp to find the ringleaders of the riot. We did not want to inflict any damage on the people we were tasked with caring for before they were repatriated to their home countries.

We found that some communist agitators had infiltrated the camp and stirred up a riot with a bunch of misinformation.

The family in the car that was attacked were from the Soviet Zone of Occupation. In the course of our normal operations, we made it a point to debrief any one from the Soviet Zone and put the information in the weekly intelligence reports we sent to our regional M.G. Office.

Eventually the refugee camp for displaced persons (DPs) was turned over to UNRA (a civilian organization for repatriation of DPs).

As things got better organized, repatriation convoys were sent to each country whose citizens we had.

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# World War II - P.O.W.

*True experiences as told by Roland H. Hiles, Jr.*

## INTRODUCTION

My daughter, Lisa Hiles O'Brian, encouraged me to write about my experiences during the war. She said, "*Your children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and others in your family should know what happened to you during the war.*"

Time has robbed my memory of many things, but I have tried to tell this story to the best of my ability. I should have written this long ago, as the years have gone by, where I do not know.

After completing this brief synopsis of my life as a young soldier, I tried to reflect all that had happened to me. I think a lot had been bottled up inside of me, and maybe I didn't want to recall many of the things that had happened. I lost some very close buddies, while I survived.

The National Library of Poetry held a contest for

aspiring poets. I entered a poem which was accepted for publication. A lot of time had passed but the words seemed to just flow out of my mind.

Now I know "why" I was able to come back home. I know that the power of prayer is by far the strongest force in this world.

This is my poem:

*Why?*

Bodies lying on the beach

The sand and water's stained with blood

Their lifeless eyes star at the sky, as if they still could see

Tis not a glamorous thing this war, that's being fought to set men free

The shock of seeing old friends die preys on your mind

You question "WHY"

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Then you realize there is a greater power -- "That from above"

God alone is in control, the reason "WHY" you need not know

You gird yourself with prayer to face each day

Then place yourself in His hands

God is strong, man is weak

There is no other way.

-- Roland H. Hiles

THIS STORY IS NOT JUST ABOUT WAR, BUT ALSO ABOUT SADNESS AND JOY, TEARS AND LAUGHTER, GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES,

TIMES OF

LONELINESS AND

DESPAIR, BUT ALWAYS, THERE WAS HOPE,

AND FINALLY IN THE END, VICTORY AND

PEACE.

## FORWARD

August, 1943

The young man gazed out of the dugout across the broad expanse of Yankee Stadium. His dream had come true. Here he was, pitching for the New York Yankees, "The house that Ruth Built". How many times had he read of the exploits of all the great Yankee players, he was one of them.

He had practiced many hours, starting as a boy of ten, with his father showing him the way, until he had developed into a pretty good ball player.

He awoke, startled, looked at the ceiling, gazed around the room, then realized that it was just a dream. The game was today and a pro scout was going to be there. It had been a restless night as thoughts kept running through his mind about his chance to show his stuff. Other thoughts ran through his mind as he sat on the bed and began to dress.

The country was at war with Germany and Japan. His cousin and the rest of his buddies talked about going into the service, wondering if they would ever return home again. Somehow, the game didn't seem very important, but then again, maybe the war would end sooner than expected and everything would be normal again.

The day was hot and muggy. His coach did not start him, but called him to relieve the starting pitcher in the

third inning. The team was two runs down with two men on base and one out. Maybe the thoughts of the scout being in the stands made him try too hard. Before the inning was over, the opposing team had scored four more runs. After the butterflies had settled, he was able to pitch a scoreless ballgame the rest of the way. His team rallied but fell short by two runs. The game was over!

It really did not seem that important after all. Would the war interfere with his life? Would he still be able to pursue his dream? Little did he know that would be the last game he would ever pitch. The war kept going on and he entered the Army.

Following you will find his story.

## PREFACE

Since I was a child and learned to read, I read everything I could get my hands on.

Having had the privilege of always being able to read any and all things and then having that privilege taken away, upon my imprisonment, was one of my worst experiences.

So my little New Testament, which I was allowed to keep, and was with me at all times, was a source of inspiration every day. As days went by, I could devour and hungrily pour over every word. When things looked dark and I was down, it was in these times that I could rely on the Words in my New Testament to bolster my spirits and keep me going.

Without a doubt, I was able to withstand any and all obstacles that came my way, only by being able to read the words that have been given to us . . . that whosoever believeth in Christ Jesus would not perish but have everlasting life.

## INDUCTION ... THIS IS IT!

On September 16, 1943, a typical fall Indiana day, at the age of eighteen, I reported to Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana, for induction into the U.S. Army.

The first day wasn't too bad. The day consisted of getting processed, weighing in at 147 lbs., 5'8" tall. I was assigned to a barracks and issued clothing. When I received my shoes, the supply sergeant asked me what size I wore. I told him eleven, he tossed me a pair of

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twelves. I told him I had never worn anything but elevens, he said

The second day I was picked for K.P. Duty. It happened to be Thursday night, and you guessed it! Fish was the order of the day for Friday. Three other fellows and I stood there and cleaned fifty-five hundred small fish. We all made a vow never to eat fish again. We were on duty until four in the morning. I think I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow, only to be awakened at six o'clock a.m. to report for duty again. That day I learned a lesson. The sergeant asked if anyone could drive a truck. My hand shot up. I was joined by several others. We were taken to an area where each of us was given a wheel barrow which was piled high with sod. We hauled sod all day long. You can bet I never volunteered for anything again. I thought if the army was going to be like this, I wanted something else. But I had been sworn in, my fate was sealed. I was in for the duration.

The third day I was picked for guard duty to be at the main gate. My folks; Mom and Dad and my three sisters, were able to come out and visit me and see me in uniform. I had received orders to be sent to Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi for basic training. I told my folks, *"Don't worry, I'll be home before you know it."*

Some of the fellows I went in with had failed the I.Q. test. They were bedded down in tent city where they were tutored, then given the test again. If anyone had ideas of not passing the I.Q. test, they were sent down to tent city again. I imagine they soon changed their minds, especially in cold weather.

The train ride to Camp Van Dorn was long, especially since we had to pull off on side tracks to let troop trains go by, then resume our travel again. We finally arrived at our training camp. I was assigned to Co. A, 253rd Regiment of the 63rd Infantry division. The barracks were quite crude with a row of double bunk beds on each side of the barracks and one stove in the center of the long room.

We started basic training which would last thirteen weeks. Up at five-thirty in the morning to stand reveille, where each platoon would report each man present, then we were dismissed to go to the mess hall for breakfast. After breakfast, back to the barracks to make up your bunk, then fall out in ranks for the order of the day. Talk about hot and humid, they can give that state back to the Indians!

A platoon consisted of four squads. Each squad, commanded by a buck sergeant, a corporal as his assistant, totalled twelve men.

We received our rifles, gas masks, and field pack, which included a shelter half, to pitch a tent, when paired with another man. We also received a mess kit, raincoat, and a blanket.

Your rifle was your best friend. You were taught to keep it clean and in good working order. At night we would heat linseed oil on top of the space heater then rub the oil into the gun stock so it would resist any rain or moisture you would encounter. You learned all parts of the rifle until you could take it apart and put it together again while blindfolded.

We started training by taking a hike of five miles. We carried our packs, containing our mess kits and raincoats. You would be surprised how heavy it felt for the first time. The next morning we were a little sore across our shoulders, but we gradually began to get used to the straps and also increased the load we carried. The hikes gradually got longer and we would hike ten, fifteen, twenty, and finally twenty-five miles.

We were taught the manual of arms which consisted of using the rifle to present arms. We practiced day after day taking the rifle from a position with the butt on the ground to bringing it up to our right shoulder then upon command, transfer it to our left shoulder then back to order of arms again with the butt of the rifle on the ground again.

Next in line was close order drill where we finally learned to keep in step with the sergeants barking, *"Left! Left! Left, right, left!"* We drilled every day until we finally began to halfway resemble a decent outfit.

Calisthenics were also done each morning and night. Running in place, leg squats, and push ups, sometimes with field packs on our backs. We worked hard each day until we finally started to get into shape. We could hike the twenty-five miles with ease. We also would go on a speed hike or forced march of five miles in forty-five minutes. This hike was the most grueling as our legs would tighten along the shin area, but we finally were able to hike this type of moving from one area to another with ease.

On the firing range, we started with an exercise called a "dry run". You were taught to squeeze the trigger, not to jerk it. One sure way to learn to squeeze the trigger was that your instructor would slip a

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dummy shell in your magazine. You would fire one, two, or three times, then the dummy shell. If you jerked the trigger, you would only get a clock. You would then know that if that was a real shell you would have been way off target. We started at the one hundred yard range, then two, three, and last, five hundred yards. We fired from all positions, squatting, kneeling, sitting, prone, and last of all, a standing position. The standing position was probably the hardest one of all. At five hundred yards, the target was really small. We also took turns in the target pits. You would raise a target, then after a man had fired, you would lower the target to count the holes the bullets had made to tabulate his score. As the bullets would go overhead and through the target, they would make a loud popping noise. If a man missed the target, we would raise and wave a red flag which was called "Maggie's drawers". We fired what was called a round, day after day, until we could fire the eight rounds quickly and with as much accuracy as possible.

We drilled the parade grounds until we finally began to somewhat resemble soldiers.

Another phase of our training was learning how and when to use our bayonet. Our first target was a gunny sack filled with straw. You learned to use the rifle butt to smash into you foe, then bring up the butt in a sweeping motion, then bringing the bayonet down in a slashing (or sweeping) Motion, ending with a thrust at your foe's throat. We gradually worked our way into going one on one with each other. You really had to bear down and watch yourself as several men were cut on the arms and legs as we trained in those close combat manner. I'll say one thing, you learned fast this way! Also, we were taught several judo moves to help in close combat without weapons. One thing you were taught. . . kill or be killed! You were taught every trick in the book to try and help you survive.

Along with all your training, you were faced with K.P. duty. If your name appeared on the bulletin board, you were given a large sign with the letters "K.P." on it. You were to hang this on the foot of your bunk.

About four o'clock in the morning, the company clerk would go through the barracks, grab you by the foot, shake it, then whisper, "*Soldier, time to get up and report to the Mess Hall.*" Your job was to assist the cook by peeling potatoes, shelling eggs, and any other chores the cook wanted you to do.

After washing pots, pans, cans, dishes, and all of the

plates, cups, and silverware, plus mopping the floor and cleaning all of the tables, it would be around eight o'clock at night. Needless to say, it was a long and tiring day. When you finally dropped into your bunk, you sure didn't have a hard time going to sleep, and the next morning rolled around awfully fast.

I remember one incident where we had "lifted" a large round of cheese, along with a carton of crackers. We hid them under the barracks. At night, we would use our bayonets to chop off a hunk of cheese, grab a handful of crackers, and then slip back in the barracks and settle down for a real feast. There was one problem, we didn't count on the rats getting in to the cheese, too. Anyway, we had a good thing going for awhile until the rats came. We had to haul the cheese and crackers to a field away from our barracks.

Sundays were always a welcome day. You could sleep if you weren't pulling some kind of duty. This was also the day to wash clothing, write a letter, take in a movie, maybe wander down to the P.X. and listen to the juke box, or just goof off.

We went on several bivouacs, learning to pitch our tents. The best bed we found was pine needles. They not only cushioned you, but had a pleasant smell.

We also ran simulated battle problems in the field, making a frontal assault while one unit would be in reserve and another unit would flank our supposed foe.

The thirteen weeks of basic training passed by quite fast. The big day was at hand. We had been confined to the post for over fourteen weeks, if we passed inspection, we could get a three-day pass and make our first trip to town. Everyone was chomping at the bit as here was a chance to get away from the army routine for just a short while. As the inspection team moved through the barracks, everything seemed to be going smooth. *(I neglected to mention the Day Room which*

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## NOTICE

It is no longer necessary for Life Members to pay a surcharge of five dollars annually. That policy was in effect for one year, and that year ended in 2004.

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was situated in the company area. There we had a pool table, several chairs, and a desk where you could write a letter, or just relax and listen to the radio.) As the inspecting officer finished with the barracks, he headed for the Day Room. As he stepped inside he uttered a loud oath. Someone had deposited a large bowel movement behind the door. His face turned red, he stomped from the Day Room, approached our company commander, and said, "You are giggered!" That meant no passes to go to town. Everyone was downcast . . . What a disappointment! We had worked so hard to try and pass inspection and one person or persons had fouled up the works. As we lined up that evening, our company commander made a short speech. He said, "If you find out who is responsible, my head is turned, you deal with him as you see fit." We never did find out who the culprit was, but you can be sure if we had found him, he would have paid a price.

Two weeks went by before we faced another inspection. This time we checked and double checked everything we could possibly think of. Everything was going fine until the inspection team reached the Mess Hall. The same officer who had giggered us before, walked around the Mess Hall. He called for a ladder, climbed it, and ran his white glove across the top of the rafter. He showed our captain the dirt on his glove and left, telling our commander, "You have failed again." Boy, what a break, we were really teed off this time. We reacted by wishing we were overseas and in combat . . . anything to get away from this kind of routine. We scrubbed everything in sight! *Looking back on all of these problems, I think we were being prepared to get hardened to face anything in the future.*

Another week went by, this time we went over our barracks with a fine tooth comb. The latrine was scrubbed from top to bottom, and the Mess Hall was all but turned upside down. The inspection team looked over everything and everybody. This time we passed with flying colors. We all made a mad dash to company headquarters to get our three day pass.

I boarded a bus for McComb, Mississippi, about an hour away . . . this I will never forget. I stepped off the bus and headed for the Busy Bee Cafe. I entered the front door and walked into a hornet's nest. A brawl was going on and I was caught in the middle. A beer bottle came flying out of nowhere, hitting me above the right eye and knocking me to the floor. I

struggled to my feet, blood running down my face and onto the front of my dress uniform. Just then the M.P.s arrived. I was grabbed along with several other guys, loaded into a jeep, and taken to the stockade. What a way to start my first time off the Army post! I called for the officer in charge to try to tell him my side of what happened. I explained to him that I wasn't drunk, had not drank anything, and had walked into the cafe unaware that anything was going on. He looked at me, I think he probably thought I was nuts. I asked him to smell my breath, he did and said, "Soldier, I believe you're telling me the truth. I'm sending you back to your barracks."

As I sat on my bunk, I couldn't believe what had happened. It was like a bad dream. I had a three-day pass, wasn't in town ten minutes, and here I was back at camp again, only this time I was alone in my barracks. I wound up going to a movie. Sunday night, as everyone returned they all said, "Where did you go?" I said, "You probably wouldn't believe me if I told you." That was the end of my first pass.

The following weekend, I got another pass, but this time, I steered clear of the Busy Bee Cafe'. There really wasn't much to see in this small town, so several of us went on back to camp. One of my buddies came from Jackson, Mississippi. His mother had a plantation there. We went there the following weekend. It was composed of large cotton fields. About eighty blacks lived and worked on the lower end of the plantation, and lived in small shacks. It was like a small town. The "Boss Nigger", as he was called, was in charge of the settlement. My buddy said sometimes on Saturday night, "Boss Nigger" would be challenged by another man, but he was always able to pound the other guy into submission. My buddy showed me around the plantation, and as we wandered through the workers' area, they all treated him like royal family. They thought the world of his mother. He told me his mother said she'd better never catch anyone mistreating her workers. We ate good old southern cooking, then spent time just relaxing and lying around. It sure felt good to get away from all the hustle and bustle of the Army and its routine.

I was able to visit Natchez and Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The prettiest place, I thought, was Biloxi, Mississippi. The beautiful old homes brought back memories about the old south I had read about when I

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was a young boy.

Christmas approached and we were looking forward to a big feast. Our menu was as follows:

*Cream of Celery Soup with croutons*

*Roast Turkey/Sage Dressing and Giblet Gravy*

*Cranberry Sauce*

*Mashed Potatoes - Buttered Peas - Creamed Corn*

*Head Lettuce with Russian Dressing*

*Mince Pie or Chocolate Nut Cake*

You can imagine how everyone tore into this meal! I could hardly get up from the table. I had stuffed myself. I went back to the barracks, wrote a few letters, then loafed around the rest of the day. We all turned in at the usual time. I don't think I had been asleep but for an hour or two when I awoke with a terrible cramping in my stomach. I heard the latrine door slam several times. I made my way outside. Guys were digging holes and squatting everywhere. The latrine was full so the only place you could go was on the ground. We all had a bad case of food poisoning. We found out later they had thawed the turkey, froze it again, then re-thawed it and proceeded to cook it for our Christmas dinner.

The next morning we fell out for reveille, and only sixteen men were able to report for duty out of about two hundred. We started out on a ten mile hike and every now and then you would see someone taking off for the woods with a trench shovel and some toilet paper. We finally stopped for what we thought was the last time. The officer in charge said, *"Everyone try one more time to get it out of your system. I don't want anyone else to drop out. Let's get back."* We hadn't been hiking for ten minutes when this same officer made a mad dash for the woods! We all had a big laugh over him making a big-to-do about not stopping again . . . he sure set the example. We finally got back to our company and everyone was weak. There were so few of us that could get around, the company commander decided to give us a day off. We heard that D company was worse than our outfit. They only had six men able to answer roll call. We all had enough to last us the rest of our lives.

As the New Year rolled 'round, rumors were spreading that some of us were going to be shipped out to another division. It's a shock to be sent somewhere else after eating, bunking, and training with each other as a unit. To be transferred didn't make much sense, but that's the way the Army operates.

My name was on that list, goodbye to the 63rd

Division and off to the 90th Division at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. The 90th Division consisted of three regiments, the 357th, 358th and 359th. There were three battalions in each regiment. I was assigned to Company L of the 357th Regiment in the 3rd Battalion. This outfit had been on desert maneuvers, and also had jungle training, but since we were on the east coast we knew we were probably going to Europe. We were assigned to our respective units and started training the same as before. Close order drills, hiking, and any other exercises to keep us in shape.

I'll never understand why, but we turned our rifles in and were issued new ones. It seemed like we had lost a part of ourselves as we had to break in our new weapons again. That meant rubbing linseed oil on the stock again, also out to the firing range again to zero our rifle in again. The range at Ft. Dix was several miles away from the base. We rode in small flatcars on a narrow gauge railroad to get there. It had been snowing that day, so by the time we were ready to go to the range it was bitterly cold and the snow was about ten inches deep. We had to scrape out a place in the snow to place our shelter halves to be able to lie on. The wind was blowing. Your eyes watered so bad you couldn't see the target, let alone the bullseye! Chilled to the bone, we make it back to the barracks, took a hot shower, and hit the sack. I didn't have any trouble going to sleep that night.

The holidays were over and I was getting homesick to see my family. I hadn't had a leave since I had been in, so I put in a request for a furlough. They informed me that before I could get my leave, I had to pass the obstacle course. As luck would have it, just as we got there it started pouring down rain. The snow had melted a couple of days before, so this added to the mess. Let me explain the obstacle course and how it was set up. Machine guns were set up to fire thirty inches above the ground as you crawled along -- I mean scrape your nose against old mother earth. The machine guns kept up their steady firing over your head. Then, an explosive charge would go off on your left or right side, jarring your senses and splattering mud everywhere. Then there were strands of barbed wire, so you had to turn over on your back to "inch" your way forward, lifting the wire to keep from getting it tangled up in your clothing. When you turned on your side to get on your back, it seemed like you were sticking up in the air. Those machine gun bullets seemed awfully close. When we got to the finish line we were all approved, then, back to the barracks, a hot shower, and again, I didn't have any trouble going to sleep.

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I passed the obstacle course and was granted a ten day pass. The only problem was, four days were spent in travel time. It sure was good to get home to see my folks. They still had the Christmas tree up with all the usual Christmas decorations just waiting for my homecoming. All of my friends were in the service also, so I had quite a lot of time to just be with my family. I spent my time just lying around, sleeping, eating, and taking life easy. The days flew by so fast I couldn't believe it was going to be over -- almost before it started!

My leave was over. Back at Ft. Dix, our exercises consisted of hiking, close order drill, and any other kinds of exercises they could dream up. I guess not only to keep us in shape, but also to keep us busy. The time was near to go overseas, everyone could sense it, we just didn't know when it would be. January and February was really cold, with mixture of rain and snow to fight everyday. It seemed like it had been a long winter and we were all looking forward to spring.

Finally, orders arrived to go to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, our port of debarkation. We spent hours climbing down a rope ladder of a make-believe ship until we were blue in the face. We received our impregnated clothing, typhoid shots, and listened to security lectures.

About four o'clock one morning, we were awakened and told "*This is it,*" and all at once we were on our way. We boarded trucks and were taken to the pier where we boarded our ship. The ship, H.M.S. Dominion Monarch, had been an Australian luxury liner before the war, and had been pressed into service as a troop ship.

The 357th Regiment, about three thousand men, were all on board, heading, we knew not where. I had told my folks I would write them a letter when I arrived, and if I was in England, I would ask them how my Uncle Paul was getting along. I thought I had a code worked out -- when we did arrive in England, we were told we could not write and let anyone know where we were, so my little game did not work after all.

The month of March is a very rough time of year to be on the Atlantic Ocean. As we left our shores, it didn't seem too bad. We were able to buy Pepsi until we passed the five hundred mile mark from our shores. After that, the only drink we could get was

Lemon Sour, sold by the English, and it was sour! I got all the Pepsi I could, then sat down to play cards. The next day, the sea started getting more rough. We rocked back and forth, then up and down at the same time. As I dealt the cards, I saw not only one but two cards, then three, then the whole ship seemed to spin like a huge gyroscope. About that time, my stomach turned upside down and I headed for the top side. I vomited on the man in front of me, the guy behind me did likewise. I finally got to the ladder and climbed top side. Men were everywhere vomiting, then slipping, sliding, and falling everywhere. The stench was something else. I made a vow right then, no more liquids the rest of the voyage. The waves were so high you could not see the other ship in our convoy. The water could come crashing across the deck and we were ordered below before someone would be washed overboard. The smell was even worse when we got below and it took a lot of cleaning up to get our living quarters in shape again. I ate nothing but bread and meat and would just wet my lips and take one swallow of water. I couldn't sleep in the hammocks as they swayed too much, so I found a place in the galley where I could lie between the struts of the mess tables to keep me from rolling around.

Our trip lasted fourteen days. The convoy zigzagged back and forth to better avoid the German U boats, which preyed on all ships as they made their way toward Europe. We finally arrived at Liverpool, England and encountered the expected fog. We laid anchor in the harbor that afternoon and all night. We got rid of our life preservers and each man was issued three K rations. *A K ration was a small rectangular box which contained a small round can of cheese and bacon or meat spread. Also, it contained a package of four crackers, a compressed bar of dried fruit, and finally, a package of instant coffee or lemonade.*

The ship moved next to the dock and we began unloading. We went from the dock area to board a train which was ready to go. The train ride wasn't too good, but at least we didn't get seasick.

We arrived at a place named Kinlet Park, located not too far from Birmingham. This was a large ancestral estate owned by a British family. There was an old chapel, built around 1090, located on a road approaching the large house. This property was part of the gifts that William, the Conqueror gave his loyal Normans after they took Britain in 1054. The house was

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a typical Georgian home built in 1729. At the time we were there, it was used as a home for blind boys during the war emergency. We settled in tents, four men to each one. We also received British rations for the next thirty days. At that time, I said I'd never want to see anymore mutton and brussels sprouts again. They said it wouldn't be long before we would get good old American food. When we finally did get our American rations, we sure did appreciate it.

We started hiking the next day, five miles the first day or so, to get our legs back in shape. I didn't realize how the fourteen days at sea had affected us. At the end of a week we were hiking fifteen miles with full battle gear. We also would go on speed marches by having a jeep at the head of the column. We would follow, hiking five miles in forty-five minutes. I was told that we had joined a motorized outfit. It was motorized alright! We would board trucks which would take us out twenty-five or thirty miles from camp -- then we would hike back.

Spring finally arrived. The countryside was beautiful, but we still hiked the five or ten miles each day. The only problem was the weather. The mornings were either foggy or raining, then in two or three hours, the sun would come out and then rain again in the afternoon. At Kinlet Park we were fenced in. The English people would come by and stop and look through the fence at us. I sometimes felt like I was in a zoo. We were quarantined for thirty days after we arrived there.

At last, we were able to go to town. This was a chance for us to get away for a little while from the Army routine and meet the English people. I can remember one time several of us went to the nearby town of Kidderminster. We went to the Black Boy Hotel where we had a feast of fresh eggs and sausage, both of which were black market. That meal cost us about \$10.00! I guess just the idea of getting away from powdered eggs and such was worth it. However, I'm sure the Army diet and routine paid off . . . *at this time, I was a robust 184 lbs. and had grown about 1 inch in height.*

At night we could hear the Germans bombing Liverpool. Although it was quite a way from our camp, we still headed for our fox holes, which we had dug when we first arrived. Hiking on the hot back roads was a daily chore, as was a daily routine of calisthenics and close order drill.

We received orders to move out again. We marked

all of our things and departed for Chepstow, Wales. This camp was called Camp Race Course. Today, they still race horses there. We thought we would get a little rest there but how wrong we were! The race track was a mile oval and each day, around and around we would hike until we covered the fifteen miles each day. After a week or ten days, we were able to get a pass to go to town. I had a chance to visit the famous Chepstow Castle. Those castles were so cold, the rooms so large, and the ceilings so high, I don't see how they could have ever been warm.

Everyone knew the time for the invasion of France was getting close -- we each got a crew hair cut! We departed from Chepstow and arrived at Cardiff, Wales, where we boarded our ship, which was named "Explorer". The weather was rough and everyone was seasick again. This time it wasn't too bad, as we were given seasick pills. As we huddled there in the storm, talk centered on our making it to land without getting wounded, but strange as it may seem, not killed.

## D DAY - JUNE 6, 1944

It is D Day, and our troops have landed along the beaches of Normandy. June 7th - we are still in the channel and ships are everywhere. I've never seen so many planes in the air at one time. I was trying to relax while down below, when it seemed like the side of the ship buckled. There was a loud boom and it sure didn't take me long to get top side. We all thought we had been torpedoed. They thought a sub was trapped in the channel and a destroyer had dropped a few deep charges. The concussion in the water was a resounding boom and the ship would feel the affects of the explosion. One of the ships next to us, the Susan B. Anthony, hit a mine and sank in about two hours. There was no loss of lives as all were rescued by other ships. Now everyone was getting jumpy. About that time, a landing craft pulled along side our ship. As we climbed down the rope netting, I realized the hours we had spent in training doing this same thing, now sure came in handy. The landing craft swung around and headed for the Beach. This was D Day, plus two. The beach was supposed to have been secured by other units of our division, but no one was there. The guys running our L.C. (landing craft) pulled up short of the beach and yelled, "Let's go"! He dropped the ramp and we headed

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for the beach in about waist-deep water. I was loaded down with my full field pack, my ammo belt, and also several bandoleers of ammo strung over my shoulders. All of the sudden, I plunged down in a bomb crater. I clawed my way up the sides of the crater, choking and thinking what a way to die. I finally managed to crawl the rest of the way to finally lie there for a bit as I was exhausted.

We all finally got ashore and began to slowly advance inland. The area was strangely quiet. As we made our way up a road, all of the sudden we received our baptism of fire. The 88 guns which were the Germans' best weapons, came screaming and exploding on the road which we were on. Three men were hit, but the rest of us were lucky. When I refer to the 88, it is a German artillery shell almost three inches in diameter. Its tremendous velocity is equal to a bullet fired from a rifle. You could hear it being fired and almost at the same time, hear the shell as it screamed overhead and exploded to the side or rear. This gun was used as an anti-tank, anti-aircraft, or anti-personnel, with a very demoralizing effect. The shell landing to the side or rear wasn't too bad, but one exploding in front of you was effective and deadly. Our training came in handy as we hit the ditches on each side of the road. We were supposed to march about eight to ten paces apart, so if a shell came in, we stood a chance of not getting a lot of casualties. Our only chance to escape the artillery was to advance as fast as possible. The Germans usually wouldn't shell too near their own troops. We proceeded up the road at a run. Our first objective was St. Mere Eglise. Signs of the battle that had taken place between the 82nd Airborne and the Germans was everywhere! Some of the paratroopers never made it to the ground. They were hanging in the trees, caught in their chutes, never having a chance to even fire a shot.

Bodies of German soldiers and also livestock were lying everywhere. Some of the men were just as young as we were. I shall never forget that first encounter. The men, German and American, lying there, their eyes open but not seeing - some with the look of surprise or fear on their face, or at least it seemed that way. The initial shock having worn off, seeing your friends who were like family, struck down in the wink 2: an eye, made you a little hardened toward death, but you still never get used to it.

We were supposed to hook up with members of the 82nd Air Borne and relieve them. The remnants of the paratroopers were sure glad to see us. We shared some K-rations with them as we dug in. Our first day came to an end, we welcomed the night, hoping to get some rest since we had been awake about forty eight hours. Each man dug a slit trench then fell asleep for a short time. It was still dark when we were awakened and assembled together, our next objective, the small town of Ampreville. As we approached the town, German snipers started taking pot shots at us. We were like sitting ducks. We, again, hit the ditches on each side of the road. Then here came the artillery fire. We knew we had to get out of this area. On each side of the road was a hedgerow. The fields were bordered by the hedgerows also. The hedgerows consisted of about three feet of dirt with the thick hedges growing out of the embankment. The fields were about 75 to 100 yards square. Sometimes we fought all day to advance one hedgerow, only to have the Germans counter attack and drive us back. Then, the following day, the same ordeal all over again. We had many casualties as the German 88's poured in our positions. We finally drove through the German lines only to meet heavy resistance as we approached the town of Gourbesville. We dug in to hold our positions. We had been digging a foxhole and each man to his own, until D company had the Germans infiltrate their lines.

The next morning about eight or ten men were found with their throats cut. From then on we had two men to one foxhole. One man could get a little sleep while the other was on guard. One night my buddy and I took a barn door from a French Barn and put it over our foxhole, then covered it with dirt and brush. It would have taken a direct hit to get us. Also, we would be able to heat coffee and also our rations under our makeshift roof. The next day it started raining and our comfortable home became a mud hole. It kept both of us busy dipping water out with our helmets. We received orders to move out the next day. It was still raining and we were pretty miserable since we hadn't been able to have any dry clothing.

As we advanced further inland, we again met murderous fire and we had many more casualties. We were trying to break out of the Cotentin Peninsula, while the Germans were trying to bottle us up.

The rain finally let up and the sun was a welcome

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# Letters . . .

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Coleman L. Burns and hopefully give his buddies (those who still survive), another reason to be proud of the 63rd.

As a teenager my husband was considered a very gifted athlete, so gifted he was scouted by the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants. Both sent letters requesting he come in for tryouts and interviews. There were many boys (hundreds perhaps), all there for the same reason. It was a long process of elimination, but he stuck them out. Before any hard choices could be made, he joined the Army and any dreams of a career in baseball were put on hold, along with all those boys who were trying out with him.

He served with the Medics and toward the end of the war he lost his right arm. He refused the Purple Heart Award because it would mean notifying his mother and he wanted to cushion that blow for his family in person.

When he came home, he finished high school, then Temple University, then a very successful career in teaching.

Through all those years the letters framed and hung on the wall were his proudest possessions. After he died and I could think again, I knew I wanted to find a home for them – someplace where they would be taken care of and honored. I took a chance and called the Cooperstown Baseball Museum and to my surprise they were thrilled to get them. They are there now – forever a tribute to him and all the boys whose dreams were interrupted.

It's part of his history that he shared for an unforgettable time with the 63rd Division as one of their own.

He carried his Medic Badge all of his life.

*Sincerely,  
Joan Burns - his adoring wife*

## LOOKING FOR UNIT MEMBERS

My name is Bill McGowan.

My uncle was Lawrence "Larry" McGowan, S/SGT Company 'A' 254th. He was 2nd squad leader, 1st Platoon.

He was wounded on January 25 and 26, 1945 and was KIA on April 12, 1945. He was originally listed as MIA but later changed to KIA.

I am looking for unit members that may have known him or knew of him.

I have copies of his service records which have been

a great help.

Please advise as to what else you may require.

I can be reached at [cookie16823@hotmail.com](mailto:cookie16823@hotmail.com). My home address is 350 South Eighth Street, North Wales, Pennsylvania 19454.

Thank you,  
William McGowan  
SFC USARET

# *Young pastor fatally shot Was a 63rd Associate member*

Jaman Iseminger, age 29, was shot at about 7:00 a.m. Saturday, May 19, 2012 at Bethel Community Church in Southport on the south side of Indianapolis and later died at a hospital.

A woman described as homeless fatally shot the pastor in his church.

The woman, age 46, was captured a short time later and was booked into the Marion County Jail.

After being shot, Iseminger made it just outside the door of the church before collapsing.

He had recently returned from an AIDS mission to South Africa. He was married with a 2-year-old daughter.

The Pastor was at the church so early because members of his congregation had volunteered to clean up a nearby cemetery. Iseminger had been a pastor at the church since 2005.

Pastor Jaman was a grandson of Donna and Harold LaCosse, F-254, of Morocco, Indiana.

He is also an Associate member of the 63rd Division Association.

Memorial contributions may be made to Loving South Africa, P.O. Box 30795, Indianapolis, IN 46230 ([www.lovinglsa.org](http://www.lovinglsa.org)) or Purchased, P.O. Box 531965, Indianapolis, IN 46253 ([www.purchased.org](http://www.purchased.org)).

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## Have a safe summer!

# France honors Brookhaven WWII veteran

By Noreen Lewis Cochran  
ncochran  
@neighbornewspapers.com

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 2012 – Crosses signifying the rank of Knights of the Legion of Honor, France’s most prestigious military decoration, were pinned to the lapels of 15 American veterans in a ceremony at the Lenox Building in Buckhead last week.

Pascal Le Deunff, the consul general of France in Atlanta, carried on a tradition of rewarding American bravery defending French soil during World War II.

“You participated in the liberation of France as a private first class machine gunner from the 253rd Infantry Regiment,” he said to Brookhaven resident and Brooklyn, N.Y., native John E. Rogalewicz. “The objective of your unit was to get across the Saar River into Germany. For your brave and courageous efforts on Feb. 22, 1945, you received the Bronze Star medal. For wounds you suffered on April 5, 1945 in Germany, you received the Purple Heart.”

Le Deunff said although the events described occurred more than 65 years ago, in the scheme of world events they are fresh in his countrymen’s minds.

“We, French, we never forget. You were there in 1944 and 1945 when hope was disappearing,” he said. “France remembers the American soldiers who helped her recover her liberty and her honor.”

In addition, the ceremony is an affirmation of two nations’ friendship, Le Deunff said, harking back to the American Revolution and standing “shoulder to shoulder” against current threats.

“Without each other, neither country would be what they are today,” he said. “Our two nations owe each other their existences as free countries.”

Rogalewicz, 90, said he was touched by the recognition from France.

“I appreciate it,” he said as Le Deunff awarded him the medal.

After the ceremony, Rogalewicz’s daughter, Patty Bormolini, who lives near Rogalewicz’s assisted-living

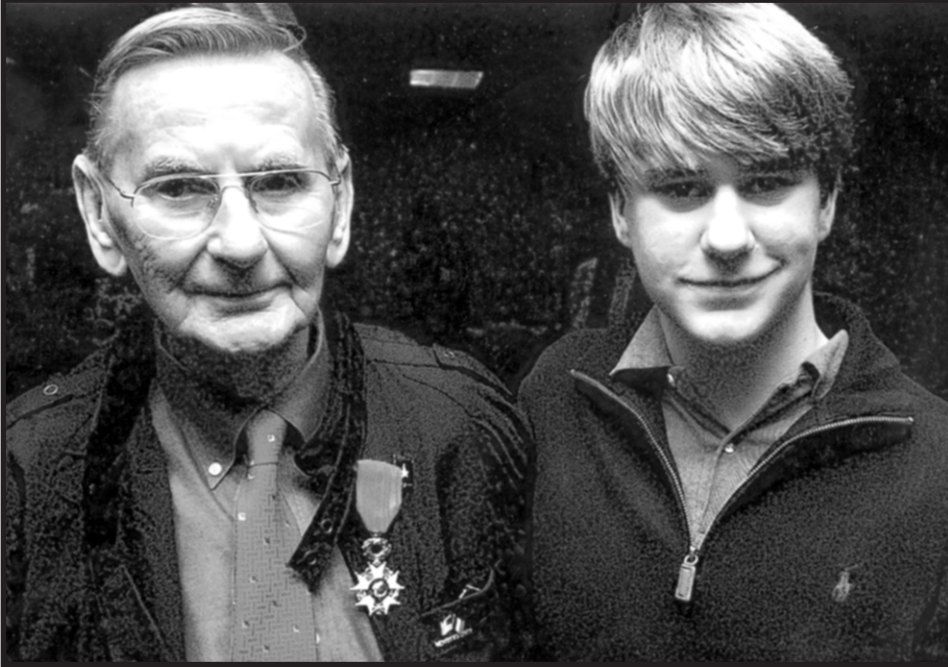


Staff/Nathan Self

*French Consul General Pacal Le Deunff, right, places the Legion of Honor Medal on John E. Rogalewicz of Brookhaven for brave acts to help France during World War II.*

# France honors . . .

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*John E. Rogalewicz - G/253 PCF and his grandson John A. Bormolini.*

residence Merrill Gardens of Dunwoody, said her father was thrilled when the consulate informed him of the impending honor.

“He was very excited about it,” she said about the career Army veteran, who retired as a sergeant first class in 1964. “He was telling all his friends and neighbors.”

Other honorees from across the Southeast included Georgia veterans Rae E. Preston and Marion W. Mills of Athens.

South Carolina residents honored were Charles W. Stockwell, Eiba H. Begemann, John Hernandez, James McCabe, and Richard A. Welke.

From Tennessee, Joseph Thompson Jr., Robert P. Mechling, Johnnie M. Walters, John B. Payne, and Lorenzo D. Crews attended.

Mississippi was represented by Robert P. Mims, Joseph E. Stockwell and John C. Bell.

Information: To nominate a veteran for the Legion of Honor Medal, call (404) 495-1660 or e-mail: [info@consulfrance-atlanta.org](mailto:info@consulfrance-atlanta.org).

*(This article was written by Senior Staff Writer Noreen Lewis Cochran, Photographer Nathan Self and the Neighbor Newspapers. Permission to re-print this article was given by Neighbor Newspapers News Editor Everett Catts and was submitted by Fred Clinton.)*

## Jesse Ott . . . . .

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When word of each convoy was posted, that country's people began celebrating going home at last.

Of course, with four or five thousand DPs we had to send several convoys of a few 2 1/2 ton trucks to get each country's people sent home.

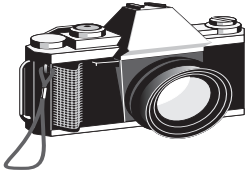
When the convoy to repatriate the Russians, there were great celebrations of the news they were going home after serving as slave labor in Germany. As the convoy pulled out, the air rang with patriotic Russian songs.

A few days later another convoy was slated to go home to Mother Russia. The trucks arrived but it was strangely quiet with not a Russian DP in sight. The

trucks finally gave up hope of seeing any Russians and returned to their unit.

As asked over three “Klepsis” to find out what had happened because we still had hundreds of Russians to send home. Their story was hard to believe, but it proved to be true. After the truck convoy gave up waiting and departed, the camp again filled up with Russian DPs. The first convoy taking Russians home was met by Soviet troops, but instead of a glad welcome, the troops lined them up and accused them of collaborating with the enemy.

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# BLOOD AND FIRE PHOTO GALLERY

## “Hot Shots” mini reunion



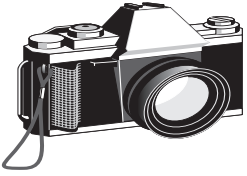
**Joe and Margaret  
Aguzzi, Sharon Banner  
(background)**

**Dan and Sharon Banner  
(Sharon is the daughter of  
Max and Millie Hostclaw)**



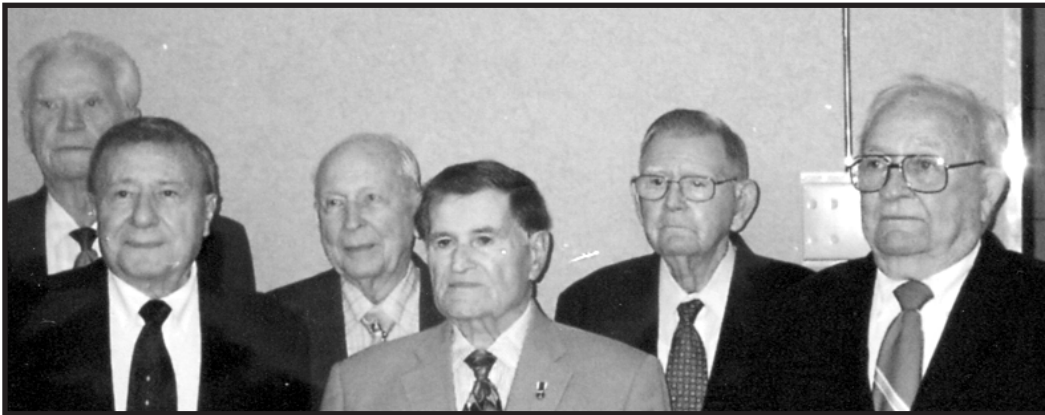
**Herman presenting a personalized clock  
to Kathi Bennett, assistant manager of  
Grand Oaks Hotel.  
The clock was made by Fabiani.**



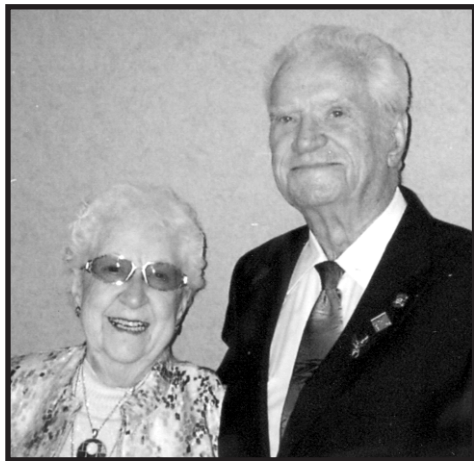


# BLOOD AND FIRE PHOTO GALLERY

## “Hot Shots” mini reunion



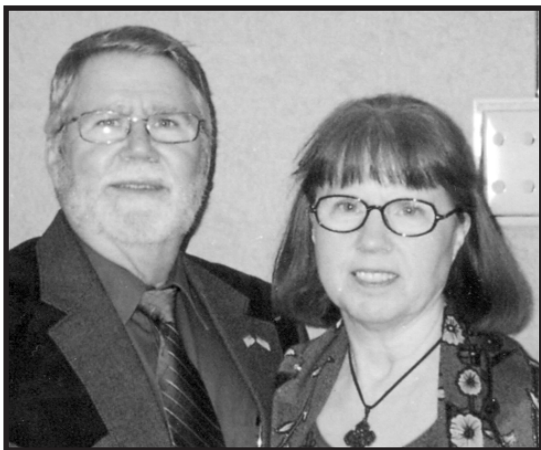
(Left to right)  
Bob Bennett  
Herman Fabiani  
Gail Hammond  
Joe Aguzzi  
Dave Montgomery  
Bob Bane



Phyllis and Bob Bennett



Regina and  
RoseAnne Aguzzi  
(Joe Aguzzi's daughters)



Harold and Linda  
McKeehan  
(Harold is the son  
of Ray McKeehan)



David and Betty Montgomery

# Jesse Ott .....

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Some of the DPs were shot on the spot and the rest were put on a train to Siberian prison camps where to stay as slave labor for the rest of their lives. Enough reason not to go back to Mother Russia. This was the bleak picture was brought back to our DP camp by two or three who had survived their “warm” welcome by the Red Army.

These DPs scattered all over western Europe where they lived out the rest of their shattered lives.

Years later one of my lab instructors had been drafted and served in the regiment commanded by Colonel Sage. I’ve often wondered if he ever made General.

When Major Steers went home, I was the only U.S. officer left in the detachment.

Our detachment quarters the home of the Nazi Munster of foreign travel and recreation, who at that I believe was being furnished living quarters by the allied war crime and tribunal. This home was in a little farm village in the foothills of the German Alps. We could step out the front door of the house and ski for about one quarter mile. Once or twice we drove as far up one of the Alps and ski down to the valley below. Our German driver would bring the car back down to the valley.

About this time a new regimental commander took over our M.G. Regiment and things began to happen for the better. He began holding regimental meetings of all officers in the regiment in the various resort areas of our region of Oberbayern. He also reviewed the 201 files of every one eligible promoted. I went from 1st Lieutenant to Captain thus giving me a little better income with which to support my family.

In 1946 or 1947, the Army began allowing dependents of American personnel to join their husbands stationed in Germany. When I was joined by Nelda with Linda and Jesse Jr., we were assigned a house in the military community of Harlaching in Munich Bavaria.

Not long after we moved in, Louis Homfeld, a fighter pilot flew his plane in from his air base many miles north of Munich, for it needed some repairs that couldn’t be done at his base. While waiting for his plane’s repairs, he came by our house and visited with us. Louis had been a classmate of mine in Wascott High School. He was the son of our local rural route mail carrier.

We promised to visit him and his family and later traveled by German railway. When we arrived our children and theirs wanted to go outside and play in the yard. Nelda and I thought that would be great.

The yard was fenced and just a dirt yard. No lawn or shrubs.

Louis’ wife would have none of it. She maintained that people had been used by generation for who knew how many centuries and was bound to be a hotbed of germs of fatal diseases.

In addition to our regional monthly meetings, we had time on our days off to visit sites of interest on our own. The most impressive of these were Hitler’s house and compound and Eagle’s Nest down in the Alps. What we called the Eagle’s Nest was called by the Germans, the Tea House.

The Eagles Nest was reached via a tunnel large enough to drive a full-sized military truck into. At the end of the tunnel was a two-story elevator, or so we were told by our tour guide. The top story was filled with Hitler’s SS body guard then raised to Hitler’s lower story to load him and his guests. That way the body guard was dispersed to check for any intruders and give the “all-clear” so Hitler and his guests could enter the building. On the way down the occupancy of the elevator was reversed, so the guard could check the tunnel and surrounding area before Hitler again left the elevator.

Goering and other top Nazi’s also had homes in the compound. There were also the usual deep underground bunkers in case of air raids or other forms of attack.

While my family was with me, we visited many of the tourist attractions, including all the famous Alpine resorts, all three of the castles, King Ludwig of Bavaria had built - only one of which was ever completed. This completed castle was a small, fairy-tale-like castle was Lenddehofl. It was so small (compared to the other two) that it could have built for a fairy princess.

The other two castles were Neuschwanstein, built on the spur of an Alp, just outside the town of Fussen, Bavaria. Fussen was my last assigned Landkries before returning to the United States.

The claim made about Neuschwanstein was the King Ludwig had the castle designed by a leading artist, not an architect. Another claim made by the Germans is that it is the most photographed building in the world. I’m sure the King had the drawing turned over to an architect to provide the actual building plans and supervise the actual construction.

Neuschwanstein is the only one of the three castles that looks like my fantasy medieval castle.

The third castle was started as a replica of the French Louis, the sun king’s palace at Versaille. Louis was

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## Jesse Ott .....

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Ludwig's hero, thus the replica of Versailles. This castle was built on an island in the large lake, Chiemsee, south of Munich.

There are two islands in the lake, Fraunchiemsee, the small one, and Herrenchiemsee, the large one where the castle is built.

This castle in Versailles has a facade facing the drive up to it plus wings running back from this broad front. Ludwig got the wide front of the castle built but he was deposed before he could finish the rest of it. Spanning the entire width of this front is a grand ballroom with a ceiling about two stories high. It has several huge chandeliers suspended by heavy chains from the ceiling. When this castle was built, the main part of the light used at night was candlelight so these fixtures were lowered to the floor where the hundreds of candles were lighted before being raised back up into position.

Most of you have seen pictures of the castle or have visited it so you know the whole front of the castle is full of huge windows. On the wall opposite these windows are matching mirrors to make the ballroom bright and gay day or night.

I never visited Berlin in the Soviet Zone of Occupation but did visit Vienna, in the Soviet Zone of Occupied Austria. These occasions were to visit Major Steers (now a civilian employee of the Army, who was stationed there as a comptroller of the American building commission of the tripart military government of Vienna, the capitol of Austria.

The only way into Vienna was by night train from Munich. When the train got to Austria, the shades on the passenger car windows were drawn so we couldn't see out and outside couldn't see in.

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## Ohio setting ....

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published.

The number of issues will depend on the amount of information received from the members and other sources.

Martin Beer reported the Upper Midwest Chapter is no longer active and Herman Fabiani sent word Smitty's Hot Shot's will no longer meet. Sorry to hear news like this but we are probably all headed that direction.

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sight, since our clothes would get dry. As we fought our way across a large field, we could see a big castle ahead. We had practiced hour after hour back in England attacking a castle just like this one we were approaching. There was a stream across the front of the broad expanse of the castle and we made a frontal attack, as we had done 50 many times in England, with one company running a flanking movement and a third company in reserve. We approached the castle just as we had done many times in training. The Germans had left one man behind. He was firing a burp gun, spraying the area to our immediate front. We were pinned down for a short while, but our other unit attacking with a flanking movement soon captured him. I think they thought the Germans would have this as a stronghold. I guess they didn't think it was worth defending. We drove on past the castle, but again ran into withering machine gun fire. We were pinned down by the machine gun next, but finally crawled forward to a deep ditch. To my amazement, I glanced to my right flank and saw a Frenchman pedaling his bicycle down the road toward the German lines. Bullets were flying everywhere, but he didn't seem to pay any attention as he rode on down the road. It wasn't long before he came pedaling back from the German lines, still oblivious to the bullets flying everywhere. I thought to myself, *I wonder if he gave our position away.* I brought my rifle to my shoulder and started to shoot him. I would have had to shoot him in the back, but thought, *I can't do that.* How I wish I had blasted him. It wasn't five minutes when I heard an explosion and saw a huge cloud of smoke at the other end of the ditch, then another at the other end. They had us zeroed in. I yelled, "Come on guys, get out!"

We were just able to crawl out when a barrage of mortar shells began raking the ditch back and forth. Too late now, he had given our position away, the damage was done. We learned a valuable lesson that day, never trust any outsider, if anyone enters the battle zone, shoot. We called for artillery fire to help us out.

The machine gun that had us pinned down either was hit or they pulled back and we were able to advance to a crossroad bordered by hedgerows. A statue stood at the crossroad. We dug in a machine gun emplacement to partly use the concrete base for a shield. We had the Germans trapped in a valley. Every two hours, we would send out a patrol to keep in contact with the

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# *Engineer helped free concentration camp*

**CARL V. ANDERSON, 1925 - 2012**

By MARK ZABORNEY  
BLADE STAFF WRITER

Carl V. Anderson, 86, an Army veteran of World War II who was still a teenager when he fought in the Battle of the Bulge and helped liberate a concentration camp, died Thursday, May 10, 2012 in Hospice of Northwest Ohio, Perrysburg, Township.

He underwent treatment for salivary gland cancer last year. He seemed to be recovering, but he learned six weeks ago that the cancer had spread.

"It was such a shock when it came back," his wife, Kathleen, said.

Mr. Anderson of Waterville, a metallurgical engineer, retired from Chrysler Corp. in 1980 as a supervisor of product engineering at the Toledo Machining Plant in Perrysburg Township. He was a consultant at area foundries until 1990.

In 1943, he was a senior at Redford High School in Detroit when he was drafted and required to begin Army service before graduation.

"They took me from high school and gave me an all-expense-paid trip to Europe," he joked in an interview given in 2008 for the Concentration Camp Liberators Oral History Project at the University of South Florida.

He rarely spoke of the war at home.

"My husband said in later years, 'If you want to see hell, spend it in the Battle of the Bulge,'" his wife said.

He was in the 63rd Infantry Division and shipped out from New York in November, 1944, landing in Marseille on December 1, he told the oral history interviewer. His rifle company was in Sarreguemines, France, when the German forces began their campaign of attacks on American positions along the Belgian-German-Luxembourg border. His company of the 63rd Division helped provide infantry protection as Gen. George Patton's forces headed north into the Ardennes.

"Well, it was cold, and we did a lot of fighting," Mr. Anderson told the interviewer.

By the end of April, Mr. Anderson and his comrades were at the western edge of Dachau, a

concentration camp near Munich. He'd heard of the camps, from the newspapers and from counseling in the Army, but didn't know a lot about them. Then came the sight – and smell.

"We actually saw these people leaning over the fence rails as we approached the camp and waving – those that could," he told the oral history interviewer. "There were a lot who couldn't even get off the ground. And they looked like skeletons, really. It was quite a shocking experience."

Most of the prisoners had white and red or white and black striped clothing. They'd been eating whatever seemed edible – grass, roots, trees.

He and other U.S. soldiers stopped their trucks and handed out "anything we had to eat in our possession" – K-rations, chocolate bars, water.

There wasn't much talk among the soldiers. "It was just the disgust that we had for what we saw," Mr. Anderson said. "I told my wife later that the people in Germany and around that area said they didn't know what was going on. I said the smell alone should have told you something was really bad going on. It was bad,

"You don't forget it . . . I tell my grandchildren the stories about it, so that they know," he said in the oral history. "And it just grinds me to no end, these people who deny the Holocaust ever existed."

He had three Bronze Stars, including one with Oak Leaf Cluster.

He and his wife visited Europe five times, including a tour in 1979 of the Dachau area. For more than 20 years, the couple attended regular reunions of the 63rd Infantry Division Association and took part in the regional chapter. Last year's reunion was announced as the Association's last. Too few members remain. But a gathering will accompany its board meeting scheduled for August in Columbus. Mrs. Anderson hopes to attend.

He was born June 5, 1925, in Detroit to Grace and Leroy Anderson. After the war, he attended the University of Michigan and the University of Detroit on the GI Bill and was a graduate of the Chrysler Institute. For years, he attended night school.

"He would study until 3 in the morning and get up at 6 [for work]. He was a very determined man," his wife

# P.O.W. . . . .

enemy troops. Ahead on a small rise was a church and a small cemetery. From this point, we could see the Germans walking around across the valley. We estimated they were about twelve hundred yards away. We had the battalion sniper attached to our company. He was a crackshot from Iowa. As we observed through field glasses, he pulled down on the troops and, with a little luck, was able to hit one. That brought a hail of machine gun fire toward us. We sought refuge in the church as the gunfire continued. The officer who was with us said, *"I hope the good Lord forgives me but I've got to take a crap"*. As he began straining and grunting, an 88 came crashing through one of the windows and exploded against the wall. He didn't have any trouble going all over his shoes, and it didn't take him any time to pull up his pants and yell, *"Let's get out of here"*. We made a hasty retreat back to our lines to make our report. We could see the importance of trying to keep in contact with the enemy.

Each day at ten o'clock in the morning an artillery barrage would come crashing in. We had no casualties, but it kept you on edge just the same. Our third day at this position brought more action. The machine gun crew at the crossroad spotted a German Panzer tank approaching. We had a man with a bazooka at the corner. I ran back to our rear to alert our anti-tank team that a German tank was coming. Our anti-tank outfit had a 37 millimeter gun. They hitched the gun to their truck and headed for the rear. I ran back to the crossroad just as our bazooka team fired a round. They had forgotten to pull the pin on the shell and it bounced harmlessly off the turret. The tank set its tread, spun around, and the 88 was lowered into position. They fired four rounds into our position behind the statue. Our machine gun crew opened fire, everyone was firing their rifles. It was like shooting a pea gun at an elephant. For whatever reason, we'll never know, the tank stopped firing, turned, and retreated. We looked in amazement at the statue. Although the base was chipped, the statue itself didn't have a nick on it.

There were reports that our Regimental Commander, Colonel Sheehy, who had just assumed command of our unit, and his jeep driver were killed in ambush as they were proceeding to front line positions. Myself and two other men were sent out to try and find Colonel Sheehy's body to confirm his death. We found both bodies and the overturned jeep in a ditch. Any attempt to get to the bodies to retrieve them was met

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with intensive machine gun fire. I was able to secure Colonel Sheehy's helmet and return to the main unit make a report that indeed our commander was dead, as suspected.

We were replaced by fresh troops and told we were getting a brief rest and would also get some replacements. We pulled back, dug slit trenches, and having just settled down, were told orders had been changed, we were to move to another line on the 359th flank. As we made our way across a large field a machine gun opened up. We all headed pell-mell for cover. As I headed for the hedgerow I was knocked off of my feet. I felt a burning sensation on my left foot, then numbness. I crawled over to the hedgerow, knowing I had probably lost my foot. Much to my surprise, a bullet had split the sole of my boot, making a burn mark on the bottom of my foot. My boot was ruined but my foot was intact. At least I could still get around. About that time another artillery barrage hit us, plus heavy machine gun fire. One of my buddies had been hit in the arm and had made his way toward a tree where he sat facing us. I started to try to get to him and bandage his arm, when my lieutenant said, *"No, let me help him"*. About that time there was a blinding explosion. I looked up and the guy who was sitting against the tree was looking at me with a blank stare. Blood trickled down his forehead and dripped off of his nose. Shrapnel had pierced his helmet, and he probably never knew what hit him. Another shell screamed in, then another. It seemed like you couldn't get yourself close enough to the ground. Another shell came in. I faintly remember my lieutenant making a grunting sound, and the next thing I knew I felt like I was spinning off into space. I heard a roaring sound then it seemed peaceful and quiet. I felt something warm running down my cheek and chin. I was bleeding from my nose and ears, and my wrist was throbbing. I felt like someone had hit me with a baseball bat in the back of my head. My lieutenant who had moved over on my left to try to help the man sitting against the tree, had a huge hole in his right side. But for the grace of God, it could have been me there instead of him. I finally made my way over to the hedgerow. I had a splitting headache and my wrist was really throbbing now. My rifle stock had been shattered completely in half, which could have been my arm. About that time, a

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medic came along, bandaged my wrist, then helped me to the aid station. (The aid station was an abandoned farm house. The floor was covered with blood because we had suffered so many casualties again.)

Since I wasn't hurt that bad, I acquired another rifle and left the aid station to rejoin my outfit. I sure didn't want to get separated from my outfit, if possible. I arrived back at my outfit and found we were almost wiped out.

We reorganized. I was given a battlefield promotion to the rank of Sergeant. I was a squad leader with ten men and an assistant squad leader. We pulled back to a rest area this time for a short rest. I was thankful because my wrist was still quite sore. The next day a medic looked at my wrist. When he removed the bandage there were two pieces of shrapnel lying in the wound. He sprinkled some sulfa drug on my wrist then bandaged it up again.

It is D Day, plus nineteen, and our troops have captured Cherbourg. We were planning to jump off to attack right before dawn. There are so many casualties as we try to muster our men and try a counter attack ourselves. The artillery fire is murderous so we try to advance toward the German lines. We had learned that the Germans, unlike the Americans, would not pull their artillery fire back toward their lines. Machine gun fire again has us pinned down. Their next move was to lob in their mortars. We had one chance, try to get to the machine gun nest. I picked two men and crawled along the field on our left flank. Our other men laid down fire across the field to try and give us a little chance to get close enough to use hand grenades. We surprised the Germans as we threw our hand grenades and fired our rifles from our hops. We were able to overrun the German position and reached the German machine gun crew. There were several dead Germans lying around. The rest of them had fallen back. For this action I was awarded the Bronze Star. We pressed on for the first time and had them on the run. As we made our way forward, we found a young German officer lying in a wheelbarrow. His lifeless eyes stared at the sky, his leg had been blown off at the knee and the stump protruded from his uniform. Evidently they had been trying to get him back to the rear. They very seldom left their dead behind, but we had advanced so fast this time that they had no choice. I

stopped for a brief moment to look at him. I thought what a shame and he was so young, but it could have been one of us. After all, this is war, you finally get hardened to the facts of life or death. You really can't get caught up in the thoughts of life or death - you just try to press on and try to survive.

It is June the 25, 1944 - my nineteenth birthday. As I sat here in my foxhole, I thought, *I won't live to see another birthday*. For a fleeting moment the thought enters your mind that, as you look down the sight of your rifle and pull the trigger, you're sending another human being into eternity. There is no time to give anymore thought to such things as another barrage of 88's come crashing in.

It's raining again, you keep on dipping water, it seems like it comes in sometimes faster than you can get rid of it. We tried to move forward from one hedgerow, maybe a hundred yards away. You fight all day, then get driven back and try to take the same ground again the next day. The Germans have had years to build emplacements and prepare their line of defense. If you can be successful and drive through to the next hedgerow, they callback, but they have foxholes with ammunition and food waiting for them. You can't move a jeep, truck, or tank, without drawing artillery fire. Our casualties continue to mount and you wonder if you're going to be next.

The risk of the Germans using poison gas was over so we discarded our gas masks. I kept the mask carrier to carry packages of instant coffee and lemonade. A lot of guys didn't want the instant coffee so I had accumulated quite a lot. We were sending out patrols at hourly intervals to keep contact with the units on our right and left flanks. I left my mask carrier (with my coffee inside), supposedly in a safe place and went patrol. When I returned, my carrier was gone and I asked where it was. Everyone had turned in their carriers while I was gone and the guys pointed to a pile stacked about four foot high. Needless to say, I didn't even bother looking for it!

We were issued new grenades timed to explode in three seconds. The old style was set to go in five seconds, and if thrown too soon, could be tossed back at you. Normally, you would pull the pin, let the handle go, count one, two, three, and then throw the grenade. Now that we had the new ones, there was no way to know if they were mixed with some of the old ones, so there was

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no more counting. We just pulled the pin and let it fly!

We receive replacements and regroup to launch another attack. It is the Fourth of July. Talk about fireworks! Only these are the kind that aren't nice to look at, these kill and maim. We are in reserve, watching the planes dropping bombs. Our artillery is lying down a murderous barrage. We are in an apple orchard as planes pass over us completing their bombing run. One P-47 still has a bomb fixed to his wing. He starts shaking the plane, trying to dislodge the bomb. I squatted there watching the bomb come loose. I realized it was headed right for us. I dove for my foxhole. Just as I dove in, it felt as if someone was grabbing me by the neck and shaking me. It was a deafening explosion. Fortunately no one was injured, but everyone was yelling at the plane as if the pilot could hear us. We are told our company has been picked to come in behind our artillery fire. For a change, we really moved out. The Germans were caught by our sudden onslaught.

We captured the Cotentin Peninsula. However, Hill 122 still remained a commanding terrain of the upper peninsula. In the center of the peninsula was a large swampy area called *Prairie Marecaguses de Gorges*. This area virtually denied all military traffic through it and divided the peninsula into two sectors. Locked to the western portion of the *Prairie*, at the village of Beau Coudray, was the *Mahlman Line*. It was along this line that the enemy intended to make his stand.

From Beau Coudray, west to Hill 122, on whose southern slopes was the *Foret de Mont Castre*, then westward to the sea, was the gate to victory! At this point, our objective was the town of Beau Coudray.

The "cream" of the German armies manned the gate while guns bristled from every hedge, ravine, tree, and bush. The defending forces had sworn an oath of fealty to their Fuehrer and determined to stand to their death. Beyond this line, no man would pass.

Thus, the 90th Division was assigned the task of smashing the *Mahlman Line*. At the *Foret* itself, the center and core of resistance, the "crack" 15th German Parachute Regiment was sent to try to stop our advance.

No wonder we were always under fire. From this vantage point it seemed like you could almost see back to the beachhead. Also, from this elevation the Germans could see our every move. We are about five miles ahead of any other outfit. Meeting very little

resistance, we drove through the town of Beau Coudray. There we made a fateful decision. Should we pull back and dig in, knowing we would have to take the town again, or should we dig in and hold the ground we had fought so hard for? After a look at the situation, orders were given to dig in and hold our ground. We had to not only watch our flanks, but our rear also. Each man dug a foxhole as we prepared to hold our position.

It was almost dusk when I saw three Germans running along on our left flank, about a hundred yards away. I grabbed two men and started firing as we made our way across the field. We were about halfway across when machine gun fire opened up. There was an L-shaped trench in the middle of the field. We headed for the trench on the run. With another burst of machine gun fire, I heard one of my men cry, "*I'm hit!*" I jumped into the trench, and just as I did, he fell in my arms. I told him I'd try to get a medic, but he said, "*It's no use, I'm hit bad.*" He died in my arms. He had been hit eight times. How I kept from getting hit, I'll never know. I was right next to him!

Darkness settled in. There I am, one other guy, and our dead comrade. We could hear the Germans talking on one side, the Americans on the other. One of our officers called out, "*Is anyone alive?*" I yelled back and identified myself. I told him we had one dead, but there were still two of us. I yelled out we were going to make a break for our lines, so don't anybody get trigger happy. I said, "*Here we come,*" and we made a mad dash for the hedgerow, up and over to fall into friendly arms.

The next problem that faced us was -- *where were the Germans?* We soon found out! We were surrounded. At daybreak shots rang out from all directions. Every time we sent out a patrol to probe the German lines we met stiff resistance. We still had radio contact and we were told they would try to get some tanks to come to our aid. We later learned that they had bogged down and were picked off like sitting ducks. Each man was told to try to ration his food. We had a few D (high energy) bars with no relief in sight. Our water was also running low. There was a pump in the village square so several attempts were made to try to get water. German snipers picked off each man who tried to get near the pump. Two days have gone by and we are still holding our positions, but we are also low on ammunition. We have had two sleepless nights. The Germans have tried to

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penetrate our line of defense, but each time we were able to fight them off. We were inflicting a lot of casualties on the enemy, but we were suffering a great number ourselves. We were outnumbered about five to one and had no tanks to help in our defense.

We have been trapped for three days now. We can hear tanks in the distance, but they are not ours. Each man is told not to fire unless he can see the enemy. The sun has been beating down on our foxholes all day. It has been rough on the men who have been wounded. The Germans have been throwing hand grenades as they have moved in a little closer.

## CAPTURED - JULY 7, 1944

It is late afternoon, we are really low on ammo and food, plus we are completely out of water. A tank just rumbled into view on our left flank. They fired their 88's directly into our position. Another tank appeared on our right flank then two more burst through to our rear. Hand to hand fighting broke out. Our ammunition was gone and we were surrounded on all sides. It seemed like the end of the world. With the tanks rumbling in on our positions, we were completely run over. Our last frantic call for artillery was in vain. They said they didn't have shells to use on such a vague target. We had asked them to just throw the artillery in the town in hopes that we could possibly break through. The tanks stopped any thought we had to escape the trap. With our ranks depleted, we were down to about thirty men out of our two hundred. (After the war, I found out we were called the "Lost Battalion").

We had to, at last, drop our arms as we were swamped by the German troops and their armor. One of our officers ran up a white flag on a stick, right there the war was over for us. The end had come so fast it seemed like a bad dream. We were lined up in the town square to be searched. Just then it seemed like the sky fell in. The field artillery unit that backed us apparently had found some ammo. Their shells came crashing in, killing five of our own men and wounding three others. Several Germans were also hit. I ran into a nearby building trying to collect my thoughts. I crawled along a hallway toward the rear of the building. Just as I reached the rear, I ran

directly into a rifle poking me right between the eyes. As I got to my feet a German officer came running in behind me. Although I couldn't understand what he was saying, I could tell by his face he was angry. He must have used every cuss word he could think of. After three days of constant bombarding and gunfire we were all exhausted. I'm sure I could have gotten away, but it seemed like my brain was numb. I couldn't believe this was happening. We were all searched again. My mother had given me a little New Testament with a metal shield on the front cover. I always carried it in my left shirt pocket. They looked at it then said, "*Oh, a prayer book,*" then gave it back to me. Handing that New Testament back to me was the best thing that happened to me in the whole war.

We were herded into an old farmhouse surrounded by German soldiers. Like I had said, we had been three days without sleep and very little food and water. As darkness crept in, I sat there against the wall. Hot tears ran down my cheeks. It was the first time I had cried since I was a boy. Could we have done anything different? I just couldn't think anymore. As fatigue overcame me, I fell asleep.

I awoke still trying to put the pieces together. Out of the twelve men in my squad, I only had two men left. It was a numbing experience. Try to get a grip on yourself, make an attempt to try to escape, if possible. Being a non-commissioned officer, I was separated from the other men. Two other sergeants and myself were interrogated. "*What outfit do you belong to? How many divisions were there in our front? . . . and on and on.*" I was also interrogated about our bazookas. *When did we land? Where did we train?* In the meantime, I wasn't given anything to eat, just a little weak coffee. Another night and I guess I was still physically and mentally exhausted. As I lay there on the floor, hot bitter tears again ran down my cheeks and I drifted off to sleep.

The following morning we were awakened, each man was given one slice of bread and some weak coffee. This coffee was made from roasted wheat and barley. They called it ersatz. We then proceeded to move out, marching along the road flanked by guards. I guess we covered about fifteen miles a day, then they would put us up in a farmhouse, with guards at every window and also at the back and front doors.

In one particular area, we were housed in an old barn adjacent to a railroad. A small trestle had been

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# P.O.W. . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

damaged by the bombing. We were ordered to carry bricks over to try to bolster up the trestle. We got our heads together and said, "Okay, if you carry four bricks over, bring two back to the pile." We worked all day long, but at the end of the day the trestle was in the same shape as when we started. I'll never forget the expression on the German officer's face. He said he had never seen anyone work so hard and accomplish so little.

The Germans gathered us together, they wanted to stress that if anyone escaped, ten men would be shot for each man that escaped. The next place we stayed was a large two story house. I was on the second floor. My buddy and I could see a drain pipe outside the window. We thought we could slip out, slide down the pipe, and maybe, make a break for freedom. It was raining and pitch dark outside. If ever there was a chance to make a break for freedom, this was it. I slipped out of the window onto the roof, slid down the drain pipe to the ground. I turned to make my way along the house, but came abruptly to a halt. A German guard held a rifle against my forehead. I thought, *this is it, I'm dead!*

We were taken into the basement of the house. It was damp and cold with no lights. The following morning we were taken out and lined up in front of the machine gun squad. I thought, what a way to die! I shall never forget my lieutenant. He ran out in front of the machine gun squad. He begged the German officer to let us go.

He said we wouldn't try to escape again. The German officer walked back and forth. At last he said, "Alright, I'm going to let them go this time, but the next time we will show no mercy." I could hardly walk, but I was alive. If only someone else didn't have to pay the price.

We started walking again that day. As we made our way along the road, out of the clear blue sky, a P47 appeared along with two P38's. We had a large white sheet with a red cross in the middle of it. We spread it on the road. The P47 turned then came in at a steep dive, spraying bullets everywhere. Each bullet pounded into the ground like a sledge hammer. When he started to come at us, we hit the ditch on each side of the road. Empty cartridge fell all around us as he was ending his strafing run and pulled out of his dive. When he made his run at us, he rocked the plane back and forth covering more ground that way. Only one man had been hit, his leg nearly torn off by one of the fifty caliber shells. The "red cross" was torn to pieces. Why he didn't return, I'll never know, unless he realized he had made a mistake. Anyway, it didn't make us mad. I thought, *now is my chance to escape.* I crawled into the field, only to run right into three Germans who had also sought the safety of the field.

We reached Alencon, France, and were housed in a large complex that looked like a plane hangar. Several other nationalities were there. We had to sit outside in the hot sun all day and there was no shade to get any

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## *Changes to our regular web site notice*

Visit the 63rd Infantry Division Website at <http://www.63rdinfdiv.com> to find a detailed history of the 63rd Infantry Division. Included in the over 580 pages of the website is a listing of unit awards, descriptions of battles, a listing of battle and non-battle deaths, a description and view of all 63rd Infantry Division memorials and many other items of interest.

There are also over 2800 pictures of 63rd Infantry Division soldiers in training, combat and on occupation duty.

You will also find a list of memorabilia items for sale, information about reunions and inquiries from members and relatives searching for information about members and buddies. There is also an alphabetical listing, by unit, of active 63rd Infantry Division Association members, a listing of related websites and other information of interest to veterans.

Webmaster, Fred Clinton (D 254th Inf.) is seeking photos and memorabilia images to be added to the website.

Send photos by e-mail to [joyclint@comcast.net](mailto:joyclint@comcast.net) or by regular mail to:

Fred Clinton,  
102 S. Jenkins Street  
Alexandria, VA 22304.

Fred's phone number is 703-751-7548.

All items will be returned when processing has been completed.



# In Memoriam

## Arket . . . - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

U.S. Army infantry, and was a World War II veteran of combat in France and Germany during 1944 and 1945. He was a member of the original cadres of the 9th, 82nd, 84th, and 63rd Army divisions and served in combat with the 63rd division in France fighting in the Battle of Colmar Picket. Among his awards and decorations during his years of service include the Combat Infantryman Badge, the Bronze Star, and the Oak Leaf Cluster.

After the war, he trained as a special agent in military intelligence for the Counter Intelligence Corp. or CIC and was assigned as an army warrant officer to a detachment in Munich, Germany to investigate suspected war criminals and displaced persons. Later, he worked on classified projects to counter cold war objectives against the United States by the Soviet Union, in Germany, Panama, and numerous stations within the United States.

His service included extensive international assignments; moving his family throughout Europe, South America, and the United States. He was stationed in Washington, D.C. at the Pentagon as an agent for The Army Security Detachment. His service also included protection of the then President and former General, Dwight D. Eisenhower for the meeting of the 24 Presidents of the Western Hemisphere in Panama. He served as the U.S. Army Intelligence Officer to the American embassy, the Secret Service and The Guardia Nationale of Panama.

In 1960, Frank was assigned as the undercover agent for the CIC as well as a civilian civil servant at the White Sands missile range in New Mexico, and moved his family to El Paso, Texas. There he was responsible for preventing any Communist espionage of classified military secrets at the highly secured military installation from 1960 until he retired from both active military duty and civil service in 1981.

Frank relocated to Houston, Texas, in 1995 to be with his family. He was a man of many interests, including playing piano, painting, woodworking and photography. He also authored a book, "The First Born" about his military and war time experiences.

His country called upon him as late as 2006 to assist the Justice Department in testimony for the ongoing pursuit and investigations of suspected war criminals located in the U.S. that he had investigated up to 60 years prior in Europe.

The family wishes to express their sincere

appreciation to the nurses at A-Med Community Hospice, the staff of Atria Westchase, and his caregivers from Heaven Sent Home Care for their care and compassion.

At a later date, the family gathered for a private interment service at Restlawn Memorial Cemetery in El Paso, Texas. In lieu of customary remembrances, the family requests that contributions be made to the A-Med Community Hospice, 3535 Briarpark Dr., Ste. 220, Houston, TX 77042; or to the Wounded Warrior Project, 4899 Belfort Rd., Jacksonville, FL, 32256; [www.woundedwarriorproject.org](http://www.woundedwarriorproject.org).

## Mildred Ruoff Field

Born September 23, 1915 - Passed Away May 9, 2012

Mildred was one of the main leaders to establish the Camp van Dorn WWII Museum which was dedicated in 2004 to the 40,000 63rd Infantry Division veterans who trained at Camp van Dorn just outside of Centreville, MS city limits.

Mildred worked very diligently along with many other Centreville, MS citizens to establish the Museum to Fruition and dedicated in the year 2004.

We, the 63rd Hot Shots, salute Mildred and all the other volunteers in establishing the Museum, at which point in time is still being manned daily by Centreville volunteering citizens.

*- submitted by Herman Fabiani*

## Carl V. Anderson

Carl V. Anderson, 86, of Waterville, OH, died May 10, 2012, at the Hospice of Northwest Ohio in Perrysburg, OH. He was born June 5, 1925, in Detroit, MI to Leroy and Grace (Miller) Anderson. On June 28, 1947, he married Kathleen (Chryson).

Mr. Anderson was a U.S. Army veteran serving in World War II in Europe and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Waterville.

Mr. Anderson was an avid golfer and played with Arnold Palmer. He attended the University of Detroit, and was a graduate of the Chrysler Institute.

Mr. Anderson worked 30 years as a chemical engineer, and ran a business consulting firm for 20 years.

He is survived by his wife, Kathleen; his daughter, Sandra Hobbs of Lowell, IN; his son, Kenneth (Jayne)

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# Celebration of Life



Joseph F. Africano, Associate, died April 27, 2010.

William F. Arket, HQ 253, died January 28, 2012. Daughter-in-law Rita reported his death.

Ervin S. Armour, B 253, date of death unknown.

Sam Beaman, 18 FA, died September 10, 1945.

Albert J. Bova, HQ 253, died September 7, 2011.

Clint Brown, F 253, died September 15, 2011.

Jack Collette,

Robert W. Corll, F 255, died March 2012.

James RJ Cross, F 255, 2011. Died December 25, 2011, His widow Dorothy J. lives at 9009 Osage Lane, St. Louis, MO 63114.

Jean O. Denault, F 253, died August 7, 1990.

Salvatore L. Dirubbo, Med 253, died April 7, 2007.

Dwight Early, AT 254, died March 2011. Widow June, lives at 200 Wyndemere Cir., Apt. W 200, Wheaton, IL 60187.

George English, B 718, died February 24, 2012. His Widow Victoria, lives at 5 W. Leeds Ave., Pleasantville, NH 08232.

Robert J. Freiwald, FA 862, died June 9, 2006.

Peter C. Greggerson, HQ 253, died October 10, 2008.

Keith A. Hinsman, D 254, died July 23, 1989.

Herbert B. Houghtaling, HQ 253" died June 4, 2011.

William Hughson, Associate, died July 3, 2010.

Charles R. Jeffery, G 255, died May 26, 1994.

Kenneth Kellogg, A 255, died March 31, 2011.

Shirley Carl Kemmerbing, HQ Batt. Div. Art" died December 2010.

Joseph A. Kosin, MP Platoon, died April 27, 2011.

Dwight E. Leist, ORD 763. Died December 23, 2011.

Leo Lamgenback, B 254, died December 14, 2010.

Frank Lookabaugh, D 254, died March, 11, 2012.

Donald C. Meeker L 253, died December 19, 2011.

George A. Michna, Associate, died January 30, 2007.

Arther Morthorst, HQ 3<sup>rd</sup> Batt. 254, died May 5, 2011.

James Wade Mouton, B 254, died April 2, 2011.

Edgar Moutoux, G 253, died October 2011.

Samuel Nyer, F 254, died May 24, 2011.

Kenneth W. Ormsby, B 255, died February 28, 2011. Reported by daughter Barbara Ormsby Friis.

Theodore W. Paulson, USAR, died November 2011.

Charles Petretti, ORD 763, died July 22, 2011. His Widow, Vita, lives at 124 Rosewood Lane, Green Acres, FL 33463.

Silvia E. Petricciani, AT 253, died September 16, 2011.

Leon Sanchez, G 255, died February 3, 2011.

Irvin Schwartz, I and L 253, died August 2009.

William H. Sears, B 255, died February 25, 1999.

Herbert V. Slate, H 254, died February 15, 2012,

Gerald A. Smyth, 861 FA, B batt., died August 5, 2011. His widow Margaret B. lives at 804 Mohawk Parkway Unit 120, Cape Coral, FL 33914.

James Storer, RECON 63, died August 20, 2011. His son James Storer, Jr., lives at 398 Southridge Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15241.

William Taylor, HQ 253, died December 24, 2011.

Simon Tenenholtz, L 255, died 1992.

Jean F. Thierry, A 862, died March 22, 2005.

John L. Wilson, F 254, died December 24, 2011.

Carl Anderson, E-253, died May 10, 2012. His widow Kit, lives at 876 Cherry Lane, Waterville, OH 43566.

Pastor Jaman Iseminger, Associate Member, died May 19, 2012. His wife Amanda and their daughter Belle, reside at 135 South St., Indianapolis, IN 46227. His mother and father, Gina and Scott Iseminger, live at 2414 E. Southport Road, Indianapolis, IN 46227.

## DEATH OF SPOUSE

Frances E Brown, wife of Clint Brown, died September 15, 2011.

Helen Gourley, widow of Max Gourley, C 253, died November 26, 2011.

Diana Reimers, wife of Albert Reimers, Associate, date of death unknown.

Lucille Reisen, companion to William M. Neuner, I 254, died December 6, 2011.

Edna M. Shaw, widow of Bruce Shaw, F 253, died March 14, 2008.

Mary Storer, wife of James Storer, Rec. 63, died

# P.O.W. . . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

relief from the hot rays. At night it cooled down quite a bit. We had no blankets to lie on either, just the cold concrete floor. We were there three days. Ten men would be given one loaf of bread. The bread was dark and heavy. They called this military brot, meaning military bread. One man was designated to slice the bread in ten equal pieces. The slice of bread you received was about three-fourths of an inch thick. The first gnawing pains of hunger were beginning to hit us.

## PRISON CAMP - STALAG XIIA

We were rousted out the fourth day and herded into box cars of a train, I mean, crammed in like sardines, about fifty men to a car. In each car was a five gallon milk can and a bucket about two gallons in size. There was very little light in the car. If you were sitting down around the wall of the car, other men were sitting there with their legs across yours. A British fellow had to go to the toilet. He used the five gallon can which was intended for water. This wasn't very much for fifty men.

It was stifling hot and the stench was also pretty bad, especially with that many men who hadn't had a bath and also with the men that couldn't get to the bucket for toilet use. They just sat there and urinated on the floor. Other men had diarrhea. Soon the floor was like a cesspool. There were few cracks from which very little light could come in.

Everyone's nerves were getting a little on edge. An American paratrooper was getting on the British fellow for using the wrong bucket. It seemed to get hotter as we pulled off on a siding to let troop trains pass by to go to the front. We were out of water and getting weaker and weaker. As we sat there, everyone started yelling, "*Water! Water!*" the door was opened by a guard and we were allowed to fill the bucket. Everyone tried to get some water and it was gone before we knew it. There wasn't any leadership to speak of. We knew if we didn't band together we weren't going to make it. Each man was trying to be on his own, but that wasn't going to work in a situation like this.

The next town we pulled in to, we managed to pry a board from the wall of the car. We were yelling we needed water. A German officer appeared alongside

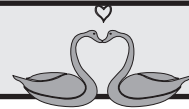
the car. Just as I stuck my face at the hole, he pulled his pistol and stuck it against my forehead. All the fellows were pressing forward against me. I couldn't move. I thought here we go again, how do I get myself in these situations. He withdrew his luger, then told us the next time we tore any boards loose he would give orders to shoot. They nailed a board over the hole. We were given some water and also enough bread to have one slice per man.

We have been on the train for ten days now. Our conditions are getting worse. We have two men dead and if we don't get off soon, I fear for all of us. We are stopping now, we have finally arrived at Limburg. The prison camp here is Stalag XIIA. This camp was more-or-less a stop-over before being sent deeper into Germany. We were processed here and give a dog tag with a number assigned to each. We were able to take a bath at last. Everyone stripped off their clothes. We were lined up and then took turns sudsing down and rinsing off. Trying to find your own clothes and shoes was another challenge. We were housed in tents, about fifty men to each one.

At this camp, each man was interrogated again. Each non-commissioned officer was separated from the enlisted men. I was drilled about what unit I was from and again, they wanted to know about the bazooka. Several hours went by, I gave only my name, rank, and serial number as we had been instructed. I was put in solitary confinement, telling me if I would cooperate I would be able to return to the rest of the men. Time passed by ever so slowly. This cell was just big enough to lie down, or I could stand and look out a small window. The window was about sixteen inches high and four inches wide. I had no light, only what could come in the window during the daylight hours. I made up my mind, I was going to survive. I tried to prepare myself mentally for any ordeal I would have to face. It seemed like a lifetime. I was taken out each day and drilled for one or two hours, then back to solitary again. The German officer who was interrogating me, finally said, "*You are a dunkolf,*" (or in English - a dummy). I was content to let it go at that since I had been in solitary four days when they released me. The sun was shining so bright it hurt my eyes. But I was alive and it felt good to be back in the tent again. In this camp, the Germans had appointed an American Master Sergeant, by the name of Keating, to be in

- CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

# Happy Anniversary



## MAY

- 1: D'Arline & Charles Driemeyer - I 253 - 1954
- 2: Audrey & Ralph Alexander - G 253 - 1953
- 5: Marie & Joseph Pacelle - K 253 - 1944
- 5: India & James Rathburn - I 255 - 1951
- 6: Ann & Sam L. Redfield - G 253 - 1961
- 7: Antoinette & Robert Barnard - FA 861 - 1959
- 8: Marlene & Walter Pucher - B 255
- 9: Helen & Edwin Smith - ENG 263 - 1948
- 13: Lillian & Ernest D. Howard - HQ 253
- 15: Jean & James S. Settineri - H 254 - 1948
- 15: Rosemary & Wm. Smeigh Jr. - Assoc. - 1948
- 24: Fannie & George Millis - HQ 63 - 1952
- 24: Marie & Benedict Parenti - L 255 - 1952
- 25: Lourene & Elmer Bellor - HQ 255 - 1946
- 28: Mary & Charles Dolan - A 254 - 1949
- 28: Marlene & Ray W. Peterson - HQ 255 - 1947

## JUNE

- 1: Nancy & Bob Ross - G 254 - 1946
- 2: Ernestine & Allen Agnew - H 255 - 1950
- 2: Herminia & Stephen Shores - MED 363 - 1951
- 5: Cleda & John Dumont - HQ 63 - 1948
- 6: Marjorie & Charles Ewart - AT 253
- 6: Mary & Edgar Torrence - G 254 - 1942
- 6: Vera & James F. Jordan - HQ 254 - 1944
- 7: Donna & Edward Fowle - FA 862 - 1944
- 7: Gladys & Joe Perez - C 253 - 1952
- 7: Rachel & Donald Reents - FA 863 - 1969
- 7: Ruth & William Murray - AT 718 - 1944
- 7: Lacey & Melvin Stahl - E 255 - 1951
- 9: Mary & Jan C. Mennig - USAR - 1979
- 10: Elaine & Angelo Davis - F 254 - 1949
- 12: Catherine & Glen Foster - A 253 - 1946
- 12: Thea & Wm. Beckett - HQ 254 - 1942
- 18: Nathalie & Irving Gittleman - RECON 63 - 1953
- 22: Claire & Bill Hughson - Associate - 1947
- 23: Betty & Marvin E. Karr - C 253 - 1948
- 23: Helen & Linwood Fogg - C 255 - 1950
- 25: Ernestine & Allen Agnew - H 255 - 1950
- 25: Marion & Charles H. Malloy - MED 255 - 1955
- 25: Marion & Albert Safranek - FA 861 - 1944
- 26: Dorothy & Robert Gross - HQ 253 - 1949
- 26: Florence & Sheldon Toder - CN 254 - 1952
- 27: Joan & Lewis Germain - L 254 - 1952
- 28: Kit & Carl Anderson - E 253 - 1947
- 28: Edith & Edward Karcheski - B 254 - 1941
- 28: Mae & Domenick Pecchia - H 255 - 1947

- 30: Iva & Richard Schulz - FA 718 - 1956
- 30: Eileen & Robert Titterington - K 255 - 1948

## JULY

- 1: Carol Ann & Jim Crum - HQ 253 - 1951
- 3: Joyce & John J. Best - L 254 - 1953
- 3: Irene & Vernard I. Riggs - D 255 - 1946
- 4: Melba & Geroge Dodson - K 255 - 1951
- 7: Mamie & Douglas Shaheen - FA 863 - 1946
- 8: Rita & Louis Maslinoff - G 253 - 1953
- 9: Audrey & Fred Consolmagno - H 254 - 1948
- 13: Charlene & Gene Hollifield - Assoc. - 1991
- 14: Mary & Ernest H. Klimek - D 255 - 1956
- 15: Margery & Joseph Olinde - H 253 - 1950
- 15: Wanda & Harold G. Heavins - A 254 - 1946
- 16: Naomi & Gordon Rintoul - L 255 - 1983
- 17: Jo & Thomas Lazare - I 254 0 1948
- 18: Jane & Wilbur Braithwaite - A 253 - 1952
- 23: Carolyn & Sam Taylor - F 254 - 1949
- 26: Alberta & Melvin Gobel - I 254 - 1980
- 26: Helen & Robert E. Parke - B 254 - 1943
- ?: Grace & John Harmon - MED 363 - 1947

## AUGUST

- 5: Imogene & Alf L. Crutchfield - I 254 - 1947
- 5: Josephine & Harold D. Betts - HQ 253 - 1943
- 7: Helen & John Bradley - A 253 - 1954
- 11: Helen & George Putman - FA 718 - 1995
- 12: Arlene & Robert Williams - F 255 - 1948
- 13: Helen & Max Gourley - C 253 - 1948
- 13: Deatra & Jonpatriock Anderson - USAR - 1995
- 14: Iona & James A. Gregg - I 253 - 1947
- 14: Helen & John H. Bradley - A 253 - 1954
- 15: RaeAnn & Donald L. Wirth - USAR - 1958
- 16: Gina & Scott Iseminger - Assoc. - 1975
- 18: Betty & David Montgomery - E 253 - 1950
- 19: Jean & Bill J. Moss - B 254 - 1946
- 19: Janice & Glen Rovenhagen - M 255 - 1951
- 20: Lillian & Dick Mertes - I&R 254 - 1949
- 20: Marion & Anthony Nargi - Band - 1960
- 22: Della & Lewis Disbrow - E 255 - 1940
- 23: Susan & William J. Stratton - Assoc. - 1975
- 25: Billie Jean & Jack H. Haight - HQ 255 - 1956
- 26: Dorothy & Robert L. May - K 255 - 1950
- 27: Laura & Arthur W. Harckham - HQ 253 - 1949
- 29: Gertrude & Ernest Morrell - L 253 - 1958
- 30: Cele & Bill Scott - E 254 - 1949

# Ott continued . . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

At the border of Austria's Soviet Zone of Occupation, the train was stopped for the Soviet soldiers to check the papers of all passengers. These were sleeping cars so we could get a regular night's sleep. When we awoke, the train was sitting in the Vienna railroad station.

Vienna is a beautiful city but at that time there were still piles of rubble from damaged and destroyed buildings. Everything was still gray and neglected looking. I was disappointed with the "Vienna Woods" so famous in song because it also showed its neglect during World War II.

During my three years as a military government officer and my fourth year as a state department as a civil affairs officer doing the same job in both services I was able to visit Paris and other French areas, the Austrian capital of Vienna, the French and British occupied zones of Germany and the German-speaking area of Switzerland. I had the opportunity to drive through the Alps to Italy but declined to do so. I could also have visited Great Britain, but again had no desire to do so.

## EPILOGUE

After coming home from Germany, I completed my university education and worked at the California State University at Los Angeles on the teaching faculty and then administrative faculty a director, University Audio-visual service center providing audio and visual instructional support to the teaching and administrative faculty so this assignment gave me the opportunity to learn something of the cultures of Kenya, Africa, Iran and China (Taiwan).

Kenya and Iran sent government officials to the U.S.A. to learn how we supported teachers with audio-visual equipment and materials.

# Engineer . . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

said.

He worked at Chrysler's Highland Park, Michigan, headquarters for years, first as a metallurgist and then as a supervisor of product engineering at the manufacturing plant there, said Charles Holland, a Chrysler colleague.

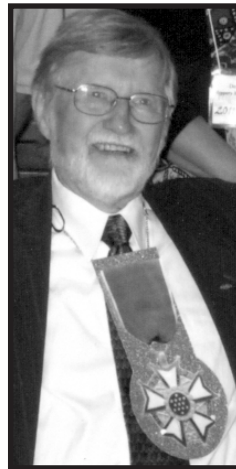
"He was strong in the technical side of engineering," Mr. Holland said. "He was a good boss. He was easy to get along with."

Mr. Anderson came to northwest Ohio in the late 1960s after the Perrysburg Township facility opened.

I also had two Japanese students as interns while they were at the University as foreign exchange students.

Of course cultures are different because of many factors but it is comforting to learn how much all of the cultures have in common to make us more alike than different. The official from Kenya was slated to become Minister of Education in the National National government. The woman from Iran was to become the national government's head of audio-visual educational services. She finished her stay with us and returned to Iran not long before the Shah's government was overthrown by the Imams. I often wondered what happened to her.

Even after moving from southern California to southwest Missouri we were able to learn much of the culture - the myths, legends, fairy tales and family values from the Congregation of Vietnamese priests and brothers. We learned of these things from our English language students while practicing their English. The U.S. Assumption Province headquarters is in Carthage, Missouri.



## *A reunion moment . . .*

Fred Clinton shown with his award from the 2011 63rd Reunion.

He golfed from childhood on. In the late 1970s, Chrysler plant managers arranged a flight to Georgia so he could play with Arnold Palmer in a Pro-Am tournament: "It was the biggest thrill of his life," his wife said.

Surviving are his wife, Kathleen, whom he married June 28, 1947, daughter, Sandra Hobbs, son, Kenneth Anderson, five grandchildren, and three great-grandsons.

*(Reprinted with permission of The Blade, of Toledo, Ohio)*

## *Celebration of Life . . .*

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

August 31, 2007.

Anne Weiss, widow of John Weiss, died March 19, 1991.

Thelma G. Welte, widow of Leroy Welte, C 253, died October 31, 2004.

Rhonda Wolverton, widow of Harry Wolverton, F 254, died January 20, 2012.

Ann Zozzaro, wife of James Zozzaro, Med 363, died 2012.

Mrs. David Froberg died 2011.

Mildred Field died May 9, 2011.

Diane Ott died April 1, 2012. She was the wife of Jesse Ott, A-863, who lives at 2510 Clinton St., Carthage, MO 64863.

## *In Memoriam ...*

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

### **Anderson ...**

Anderson of Gainesville, FL; his grandchildren, Andy (Amanda) Hobbs, Karen (Steve) Lazenby, Becca Anderson, Bethany Anderson, and Donald Anderson, and his great-grandchildren, William Hobbs, Dylan Hobbs, Joseph Lazenby, and Kaleb Anderson. He was preceded in death by his parents, and brother, Harlen.

Visitation was held Monday, May 14 at the Peinert Funeral Home, 7220 Dutch Rd., Waterville, OH.

The funeral service was held May 15 at the First Presbyterian Church. Burial followed at the Wakeman Cemetery.

To leave an on-line condolence, please visit [www.peinertfuneralhome.com](http://www.peinertfuneralhome.com).

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# Lost Sheep Need To Be Found



John Sprosty  
1420 Temple St.  
Clearwater, FL 33756-2355

Frances Parker  
2800 Croasdale Dr.  
#A123  
Durham, NC 27705-2539

Stanley Pajka  
6707 Virginia Ave.  
Paxna, OH 44129-2629

Bernard Meyers  
3701 Turtle Creek Blvd.  
Apt. 11C  
Dallas, TX 75219-5534

John Toom  
502 E. 1st St.  
Pella, IA 50219-1822  
FA718

Louis Farruggia  
309 W. Stanage  
Champaign, IL 61820

## *Befriending a Polish prisoner of the Landsberg Concentration Camp in Germany*

*By George C. English*

*July 2010*

*Pleasantville, NJ*

In April of 1945, my buddy, Walter Mastej of Michigan, and I helped liberate the Landsberg Concentration Camp in Germany while with the 63rd

Infantry Division. While there, we befriended a Polish prisoner of the camp. Walter could speak some Polish, so it was a great help in conversing with the prisoner.

We took him to the doctor's house we were occupying. We gave him a warm bath in a portable

- CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

# Minutes of the 2011 Board Meeting

The 63rd reunion of the 63rd Division Association met at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Indianapolis August 18, 19 and 20, 2011.

Ed Fowle called the meeting to order at 9:00 a.m. on Friday, August 19, 2011 and the Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison.

Roll call was answered by John Downes, Gale Hannad, Bill Byrnes, Al Diaz, Tom Chattom and Beveley Houghton with proxy voters Robert Bennett, Milton Houghton and Harold LaCosse.

Officers present were Ed Fowle - president, Donna LaCosse - secretary-treasurer; Bill Scott - historian, and Fred Clinton - webmaster.

Minutes of the 2010 meeting were read by Harold LaCosse. Motion to accept was made by Al Diaz, seconded by Bill Byrnes and carried.

The treasurer's report was given by Harold LaCosse. Al Diaz made a motion to that the treasurer's report be accepted after the corrections were made. Beverly Houghton seconded the motion and it carried.

Donna said she did not have a *Blood & Fire* report ready for this meeting but would have one ready for publication in the next issue of the *Blood and Fire*.

The treasurer reported she had listed the band fee twice and would correct that error before the report was printed in the November issue of the *Blood and Fire*.

Al Diaz reminded the treasurer that liquid assets should be used instead of total assets since computers and other materials are not included in the report.

Bill Scott's historian report was accepted by a motion made by Al Diaz, seconded by Bill Byrnes and carried.

Fred reported he had sent past records of the 63rd to California.

Fred reported he had sent the flags to California where they should have been sent.

Board members decided keeping a record of members on index cards was not necessary since all information is posted elsewhere, along with the secretary, the historian and the webmaster.

Al Diaz made a motion that the secretary shall keep a record of all members and delete what was written in the by-laws pertaining to keeping records

on index cards.

The motion was made by Gale Hammond and carried.

A discussion concerning the continuation of the reunions took place with board members deciding this 2011 reunion be the last one to be held.

Al Diaz made a motion to have the *Blood and Fire* available to all people free via the website. Gale Hammond seconded the motion and it carried.

Al Diaz made a motion the publication to be changed to approximately November, February and May so that Donna has more flexibility. Seconded by Beverly Houghton and it carried.

A discussion ensued concerning the associate members and their eligibility to hold an office and/or have voting rights.

Al Diaz made a motion that associate members have voting rights, seconded by Gale Hammond, carried.

Al Diaz made a motion associate members be given the right to hold an office. Bev Houghton seconded the motion and it carried.

Bill Scott was asked to continue keeping and making history items available to the members.

Fred Clinton reported he had inquired about the Association presenting a plaque at one of the museums and if the Association wants him to get further information to do this he will do so and report back to the Board.

~~~~~  
*Heartfelt Thanks*

I would like to take this time to thank each and every one for the prayers, messages and calls since my return home from the hospital. Your thoughtfulness was very much appreciated. – Donna LaCosse

~~~~~  
The family of Jaman Iseminger would like to take this time to thank each and every one for the many prayers, cards, calls and thoughtfulness in the loss of our loved one.

*Harold and Donna LaCosse*  
*Scott and Gina Iseminger and family*



# A word from your buddies . . .

## 253

I have cancer but doing okay. I lost my wife Carmella 8-24-2011. – CLEMENT CAPASSO - 253-E

Assigned to 63rd Division 253 Inf. Regmt. Co. A as a replacement in 1945. Went overseas on the Queen Mary troop ship and landed zig-zagged in about 3 days from N.Y. to Glaskow, Scotland. Traveled from Glasgow, Scotland to South Hampton, England. Crossed the English Channel to France. Saw action in central France and central and southern Germany. Service Nov. 27, 1942 to April 1, 1946. – CHARLES MOSKOWITZ

I came down with pneumonia, which knocked me down for a loop and then with shingles which still bother me. I have been in touch with Mr. Clinton; he gave me ideas in what to say in my application for the French Medal. After applying for the medal I received a letter from the French Ambassador in Washington, D.C. that it was approved. I will be awarded the medal on the 12th of January at the French Consulate in Atlanta, Georgia. There will be a group of 16 (sixteen) other men who were awarded the medal; going to be a big crowd of people. I notified Fred Clinton that I was named to receive the medal, hoping there will be others from the 63rd Infantry Division in this group. I live in an Assisted Living Complex, my new address is: John Rogalewicz, 1460 S. Johnson Ferry Rd., Apt. 325, Atlanta, GA 30319. – JOHN ROGALEWICZ, CO. G.

I wonder if there are any left from B Co. 253. Max Gourley and Milburn Arth were in my squad. – JOHN C. HARTH - B253

Shipped over with 63rd, 253/L; 40 years eng./marketing in aerospace/defense. Worked on numerous top priority programs at Sperry, Connair, Lear, Gyropyne, RCA, Itt Gilfillan, Raytheon, Goleta, CA.; developed 1st PPV helicopter for USN in 1962; 1st unmaned A/C for USAT in 1970; after war to 100th in Stugert - ran NCO Club; to 78th in Berlin in 1945 as acting 1st Sgt for a company. Mechanical eng. 1950 from Brooke Polytechnic. Helped develop 1st USAR air-to-air radar guided missile. – JOHN SPAGNOLI - 253/L

I'll be 86 years old in April. I still deer hunt, turkey hunt and trout fish and my wife and I take long walks frequently. – ERNEST E. MORRELL - L Company 3rd BN

## 254

I am 76 years old. I still get around okay. Take care of my yard work or what needs to be done. Like to fish when I get time. My wife Juanita and I will be married 64 years March 26. – JUNIORE. MEDANIEL

Saving Jesse Ott story on back of receipt form. Co. I 254 Inf. attached 3rd Div. colmar packet Jan. 45 3rd pl. I was reading Jesse Ott, was a same experience for me. Flash backs. – JAMES WATSON

I am 86. My wife, Billie Jean, 83. We will be married 66 years the 1st of May, 2 p.m. - 4 children, 2 boys, 2 girls, 8 grandchildren. Lots of great-grands and 2 great-great. Do you know is Harris Goldman and Mannie Wise deceased? – CHARLES R. HARDING – L-254

Sorry to hear of your illness. Take care of yourself. We need you, you do a great job. We had to sell our house and move into Senior Living, but doing fair for our age. – RICHARD SCOTT

Retired. My wife passed away 8 years ago. We had no children. So ---- I am by myself. – RALPH M. MORALES - Co. A

## 255

I am 85 and my wife Eleanor is 82. Still doing our own housework. She had two hip replacements earlier this year. Our four children and grandchildren check on us every day. Life is still good. – STANLEY A. KOZLOWSKI, CO.-I 255 INF.

I am a 1925 model with 4 by-passes and a new valve 2005 - running like a 1936 Plymouth. Enjoy the mag. Good job and God bless! – ALBERT AYER.

Nancy and I are both doing well. We really were sorry not to be in attendance at the last reunion. We

# A word from your buddies . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

were signed up to come but illness in the family necessitated our need to stay away. – JOSEPH PALMER - "C" 255th

I am doing very well considering that in a few days I'll be 86. My only medical problem is neuropathy caused by sciatica. Donna, keep up the wonderful work you do for our Association. – RICHARD GUTIERREZ - D-255

I am retired court clerk of municipal court. Married 63 years to Janice. Her health has prevented me going to the last few reunions. My health is still good for an 86 year old man. I still enjoy reading the *Blood & Fire*. – THEO MATHIS - E/255

## 861 FA

In the B.N. 63rd Infantry Blood and Fire Division called "Hot Shots", served in Ardennes/Alsace-Rhineland Central Europe. Received American Theatre Service Ribbon. Also: European African Middle Eastern Service Ribbon, Good Conduct Medal, World War II Victory Ribbon, Carbine Sharpshooters Award. U.S. Army, 63rd Division – JOSEPH B. MUELLER

Our anniversary June 11, 2012, 64 years - 1949. We are unable to travel because of age and health problems. We are 87 years young. We wish the best for the 63rd. – EUGENE MOORE

## RECON.

I am a D.D.S. (retired) and a grad of the University of Illinois. My last buddy in Recon died very recently (James Stover). We always were proud of the 63rd Blood and Fire. – DR. IRVING GITTELMAN

## MEDIC

We both have been blessed with good health so far this winter for which we are so thankful. On October 19th we became great-grandparents to our first great-grandson Marcus Andrew. He has two sisters Riley (7) and Jane (5). So now we have 3 great-grandchildren who we so enjoy when we get to go to Harrisburg to visit them. We were in Harrisburg when Marcus was born so got to hold him in the

hospital. Now almost 4 months old, he smiles at you when you talk to him. – MICHAEL JUGAN JR - Medic 253

## ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

I have become adjusted to living alone with the help of my children. My daily walk is for the exercise and shopping. The VFW Boxes for Troops has continued with fewer packers and less output. I marched on Memorial Day, 4th of July, Veterans' Day and St. Patrick's. Eight grandchildren are in college ranging from beginning freshmen to the Masters degree program. Over the year, I wrote articles on WWII and after for several Division Associations newsletters, The Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Association and two books in progress. I still volunteer to be available to answer school children with assignments on the Great Depression, WWII and rural life with outhouses and a one-room school. I will be 90 in April and my 10 children and 18 grandchildren are planning a family reunion. – HALO'NEILL

## Befriending . . .

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

tub, shaved him, and cut his hair. Then, we dressed him in the doctor's clothes, which, needless to say, just hang on him, as he was a skeleton of a man. Still, he cried with happiness. I then went up to the attic and cut down hams and cheeses the doctor was hoarding. I put them in a pillowcase together with more clothes and gave them to the poor soul.

After we fed him very slowly, we took him to the Army Depot for his return to Poland. Walter and I gave him what little money we had, and I gave him my watch. He continued to cry and thanked us so very much for helping him and kissed us both goodbye. Then, we cried.

I am now 86 years old and sometimes forget, but this is one memory I will never forget.

S/Sgt. George C. English  
Chief of Section,  
718 F.A. - Btry. B  
63rd Inf. Div.

## Hotel Registration Form

**Board of Directors Meeting - August 16<sup>th</sup> – 19<sup>th</sup>, 2012**

**63rd Infantry Division Association Members and IMOK Chapter Members**

Mail /Call or use the 63<sup>rd</sup>'s Hotel Web Page to make hotel reservations:

**Embassy Suites Columbus – Airport**

**2886 Airport Drive - Columbus, OH 43219**

**614.536.0500**

**Mention: Group Name: 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association or Group Code: 63D or use the web page address: [http://embassysuites.hilton.com/en/es/groups/personalized/C/CMHATES-63D-20120816/index.jhtml?WT.mc\\_id=POG](http://embassysuites.hilton.com/en/es/groups/personalized/C/CMHATES-63D-20120816/index.jhtml?WT.mc_id=POG)**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_

**Telephone (     )** \_\_\_\_\_ **Sharing room with:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Arrival Date** \_\_\_\_\_ **Time** \_\_\_\_\_ **Departure Date/Time** \_\_\_\_\_

**SPECIAL REQUESTS:**

King Bed \_\_\_\_\_ Two Queen Bed \_\_\_\_\_ Wheelchair Accessible room \_\_\_\_\_

*Embassy Suites has designated smoking areas and some rooms are designated.*

**RATE:** \$119.00 per room + State and Local Tax \*

\* Check in 3:00pm; check out 12:00pm Rates are for 2-day pre/post meeting

**Complimentary cooked-to-order Breakfast daily** included in the price of the room.

**Complimentary nightly Manager's Reception cocktails**, (subject to OH state and local laws. Must be of legal drinking age) and appetizers.

**Complimentary shuttle service** to and from Columbus Airport (call **614.536.0500 for pickup**), Easton Town Center (shopping), and anywhere within a 5 mile radius of the hotel

**198 Two-Room Suites** with separate living area with a sofa bed & private bedroom, private bath with walk-in shower or tub, two- 42inch HDTV televisions, refrigerator, microwave, coffeemaker, wet bar, iron with board, & laptop safes in guest rooms. 24/7 fitness center, an indoor pool, whirlpool, and sun deck.

**Live streaming flight information** in lobby with capability to print boarding passes

**CUT OFF DATE: July 13, 2011.** Reservations received after this date will be processed on space available basis, at the same rate.

**GUARANTEE:** Reservations must be guaranteed by credit card for first night lodging (no personal checks accepted)

MC \_\_\_\_\_ Visa \_\_\_\_\_ American Express \_\_\_\_\_ Discover \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card Number \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**CANCELLATION POLICY:** Cancellations must be made 24 hours before arrival date.

**SIGNATURE:** (same as credit card holder)

\_\_\_\_\_

# 63rd Infantry Division Association Board of Directors' Meeting and IMOK Mini-Reunion for 2012

To all 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association Members and Associate Members, (Family/Friends),

This year, since there will no longer be a reunion, the IMOK Chapter Mini-Reunion will be held in conjunction with the Board of Directors Meeting in August in order to meet constitution and by-law requirements. All board members and the association's officers will be required to attend this meeting.

The IMOK Chapter will be hosting the meeting which will be a day longer than usual and take place from Thursday afternoon/evening, August 16<sup>th</sup> through Saturday August 18<sup>th</sup> evening dinner buffet with checkout on Sunday morning, August 19<sup>th</sup>. All members of the 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association are invited to attend this meeting. We have some far reaching decisions to make. **The IMOK Chapter would love to see everyone in August!**

### **Accommodations:**

**Embassy Suites Columbus Airport Hotel, 2886 Airport Drive, Columbus, OH 43219** is located 2 miles from the Port Columbus International Airport. It is accessible to major freeway systems. (Registration forms & directions enclosed) The rooms with amenities are \$119.00 plus state and local taxes per night. Amenities include: complimentary cooked-to-order breakfast daily, complimentary nightly Manager's Reception (subject to OH state and local laws) with appetizers, **complimentary parking and shuttle service** to Columbus Airport, Easton Town Center, and anywhere within a 5-mile radius. More amenities listed in detail on hotel registration form. **The reservation deadline is Friday, July 13, 2012. Any reservation received after the 13<sup>th</sup> will be offered based upon availability and will receive the group rate.**

**Registration Fee** will remain the same at \$35.00 per member and per associate member (spouses excluded, donations are welcomed).

### **Per day per person charges as follows:**

- Thursday – Meet Your Buddies, Hospitality Room – No Charge
- Friday – days events, lunch, dinner and entertainment – \$55 per person per day
- Saturday – days events, lunch, dinner and entertainment – \$60 per person per day

We would like to offer a tour for those who are interested and able. The tour is to the **Motts Military Museum**. In order to reserve the bus (handicap accessible), we need a minimum of 18 participants. The tour will be on Saturday, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1:30pm until 4:30pm. The cost, which includes the bus and entrance to the museum, is \$32 per person. The deadline is May 1st for this information (number going with payment). The May 1st deadline is only for the Motts Military Museum Tour. Please respond to Mary Fran Collier, IMOK Treasurer, collierfm@sbcglobal.net, call **312.497.7785**, or send request to 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association, 10812 S. Kenneth Ave., Oak Lawn, IL 60453. A short summary about the Motts Military Museum follows in this issue.

*Edward F. Fowle, Jr.*

Edward F. Fowle, Jr.

President, 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association

*Judith "Fowle" Schaefer*

Judith "Fowle" Schaefer

1<sup>st</sup> Vice President, 63<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division Association

# Directions to Embassy Suites for the 2012 Board of Directors' meeting

**Directions to Embassy Suites Columbus-Airport,**  
2886 Airport Drive, Columbus, OH 43219,  
614-536-0500

- **From Port Columbus International Airport** - East on International Gateway Drive to 670 West to Exit 9 Cassady Avenue through the light onto Airport Drive hotel will be on the right.
- **From Downtown Columbus** - I-670 East exit #9 Johnstown Road / Airport staying right at the fork onto Johnstown Rd. Right on Cassady Avenue left on Airport Drive hotel on right.
- **From the North** - I-71 South to I270 East to I-670 West exit #9 Cassady Avenue through light on Airport Drive, hotel on right.
- **From the South** - I-71 North to I-670 East-Airport, exit #9 Johnstown Road, stay right at the fork onto Johnstown Rd, right on Cassady Avenue, left on Airport Drive hotel on right
- **From the East** - I-70 West to I 270 North to exit #35 I-670 West to Cassady Avenue exit #9 through the traffic light onto Airport Drive hotel on right
- **From the West** - I-70 East to I-71 North exit #101A left hand exit toward Cleveland, take I-670 East exit towards Airport, Exit #9 Johnstown Road, stay right at the fork onto Johnstown Rd, right on Cassady Avenue, left on Airport Drive hotel on right

The **Embassy Suites Columbus Airport** brings you the quality amenities and services that you've come expect from a Hilton family brand. Additional property features:

- 198 two-room suites offering a separate living area with a sofa bed and Private bedroom with Serta Suite Dreams™ mattresses featuring our Embassy Essentials Bedding™ Collection
- Complimentary cooked-to-order breakfast daily and a complimentary nightly Manager's Reception (subject to OH state and local laws. Must be of legal drinking age).
- Complimentary parking with complimentary shuttle service to Columbus airport and Easton Town Center, an upscale lifestyle center with numerous restaurants, shopping center, spa and other amenities
- Private bath w/ Blooms Energy Collection™ bath products, walk-in shower or tub
- Two 42-inch HDTV televisions with in-suite movies
- Wired and wireless HSIA, and Complimentary wireless HSIA in all public areas

- Refrigerator, microwave oven, coffee maker, wet-bar, iron with board, and laptop safes in guest rooms
- Spacious desk with ergonomic chair and mobile furnishings so guests can create their own living space
- Open air-atrium with a signature water feature and full service restaurant
- 24-hour complimentary BusinessLink® Business Center and Sundry shop
- Enlarged 24/7 fitness center featuring leading-edge cardio and resistance training equipment from Precor® and an indoor pool, whirlpool, and sun deck

**A short summary – Motts Military Museum** was founded in 1987 by Warren E. Motts of Groveport, Ohio who established the museum as a not for profit tax exempt educational organization. The mission of Motts Military Museum is to: "To educate the public on the importance of America's military past through the documentation, collection, interpretation, and preservation of tangible artifacts and personal stories of the men and women who served and are serving in the United States Armed Forces." Originally established in the Motts family's 1870 residence, the museum moved in 1999 to a more modern 5,100 square foot facility with near four acres of land. The new building and grounds were given to the Museum through the generosity of Columbus Attorney Robert R. Richards who was a former special agent of the War Department during World War II. The next several years the museum grew in leaps and bounds. Donations poured in from veterans and their families. The museum secured many vehicles, military aircraft, and a Higgins Boat from World War II. In 2001, the museum broke ground for a new wing and as funds were available the museum's volunteer crew, many of whom were professional carpenters, electricians and other skilled tradesmen, worked on the 5,200 sq. ft. area. By 2006, the entire structure was completed and paid in full. Currently items are being selected and installed in this new wing.

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## *Need to replace your DD 214?*

**A website has been established to provide veterans information on how to replace lost, destroyed, or never-issued DD 214's.**

**The website is:**

**[www.members.aol.com/forvets/dd214.htm](http://www.members.aol.com/forvets/dd214.htm).**

**63RD INFANTRY DIVISION BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING REGISTRATION**  
**63rd Infantry Division Association Members and IMOK Chapter Members**  
**COLUMBUS, OHIO AUGUST 16 - 19, 2012**

Listed below are all registration and meal costs for the Board of Directors Meeting. **Please enter how many people will be participating in each event & total. Send that amount payable to 63rd Infantry Division Association, 10812 S. Kenneth Ave., Oak Lawn, IL 60453.** In the form of check or money order (no credit cards or phone reservations). Your canceled check will serve as your confirmation. All registration forms and payments must be received by mail on or before **July 13, 2012**. After that date, reservations will be accepted only on a space available basis. Make a copy of this form before mailing.

**REGISTRATION CUT OFF DATE: JULY 13, 2012**

**Complimentary made-to-order Breakfast Daily 7:00-10:30am**  
**Sunday 6:30 - 10:30am**

**# Attending**  
**(Please fill in for headcount)**

**Thursday, August 16th**

Dinner on your own

Cocktails - Manager's Reception 5:30pm - 7:30pm Complimentary

Meet Your Buddies 7:00pm - 11:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

**Friday, August 17th**

**Days events, lunch, dinner and entertainment \$55 per person** \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Board of Directors Meeting 9:00am - 12:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

Lunch Italian Buffet with voucher 12:30pm - 1:30pm \_\_\_\_\_

Bingo with prizes 2:00 - 4:30pm \_\_\_\_\_

Cocktails - Manager's Reception 5:30pm - 7:00pm Complimentary

Dinner - Ohio Buffet 7:00 - 8:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

Beef Brisket Montgomery Inn BBQ

Pan Seared Chicken w/Smucker's Marmalade

Lake Erie Walleye w/Lemon Caper Sauce

Comedian Ventriloquist 8:00 - 9:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

**Saturday, August 18th**

**Days events, lunch, dinner and entertainment \$60 per person** \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Memorial Service 10:30am - 11:30pm \_\_\_\_\_

Lunch Soup/Sandwich/Salad Buffet w/voucher 11:45am - 1:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

Cocktails - Manager's Reception 5:30pm - 7:00pm Complimentary

Dinner - Prime Rib Buffet 7:00pm - 8:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

Prime Rib of Beef with Au Jus

Honey Glazed Salmon

Chicken Marsala

Band and Dancing with Cash Bar 8:00pm - 10:00pm \_\_\_\_\_

**REGISTRATION FOR 2012 Board of Directors Meeting**

**63rd Infantry Division Association Males \$35.00** \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(Widows of 63rd Vets & spouses do NOT pay registration fee)

**Associate Members \$35.00** \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**GRAND TOTAL DUE TO 63RD INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION**

\_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Nickname:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Unit/Co.** \_\_\_\_\_

**Spouse Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Guest Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Street Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**City:** \_\_\_\_\_ **State** \_\_\_\_\_ **Zip:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Shuttle from the airport to the hotel:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Free Shuttle - Contact #: 614.536.0500**

**Emergency contact:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone Number:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CANCELLATION AND REFUND POLICY**

\*Cancellation of refund activities made prior to cut-off date will result in a full refund.

\*Cancellation made after the cut-off date will be refunded to the fullest extent that the commitments and guarantees do not result in a liability by the Association.

\*Cancellation of your hotel reservation does not cancel your reunion activities.

**OFFICE USE ONLY**

Check# \_\_\_\_\_ Date Rec'd \_\_\_\_\_

Name Tag Completed \_\_\_\_\_

Package Completed \_\_\_\_\_

# Moving?

**P**lease let us know six weeks before you move what your new address will be. Be sure to supply us with both your old and new address. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office and we must pay 70¢ for each returned *Blood & Fire*, and pay \$1.36 to mail a copy to your new address.

*Please remember to notify the Editor when you send out your "Change of Address" Cards.*

**Important - Change of Address, etc.**

*Please send ALL CHANGES, (address, zip, phone, death notice, new and discontinued membership, etc.) to:*

*Donna LaCosse, P.O. Box 86, Morocco, IN 47963*

## Did You Remember To Pay Your Dues?

## RECEIVED TWO COPIES?

If you received two copies of this issue of the *Blood and Fire*, please notify the editor as soon as possible. You don't need two copies and we don't need the added expense.

Thank you so much.

Donna LaCosse

**send all articles and photos to:  
Donna LaCosse  
PO Box 86  
Morocco, IN 47963**

**HELPFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS**

DEPT. OF VETERANS AFFAIRS  
VA BENEFITS - 1-800-827-1000

VA LIFE INSURANCE  
1-800-829-8477



### 63rd DIVISION ASSOCIATION DUES FORM

PLEASE PRINT OR USE MAILING LABEL

**TO: DONNA LaCOSSE, P. O. BOX 86, MOROCCO, IN 47963**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ 63rd Unit \_\_\_\_\_ Rank \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ P.O. Box \_\_\_\_\_ Serial No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Wife's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail \_\_\_\_\_

Annual Dues \$10.00  \$20.00 2 yrs.  One (1) Year Subscription \$15.00

**BOTH ARE DUE ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 1 EACH YEAR**

Tell us about yourself \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## 63rd Division Association

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Donna LaCosse, Secretary/Treasurer

Post Office Box 86

Morocco, Indiana 47963

PRSRT STD NON-PROFIT ORG. U.S. POSTAGE <b>PAID</b> WABASH, IN PERMIT NO. 233
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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To ensure prompt delivery of the 63rd Blood and Fire and all mail, please advise National Secretary of any change.

## P.O.W. .... - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

charge of all prisoners.

He had been a boxing champ in the Army. Each day he would conduct several fights among the men. He would tell each man if he boxed, the winner, he would get a half of a loaf of bread. You can imagine what that meant! A guy would try to kill his opponent for a hunk of bread that big. He had a sadistic nature which was very obvious as he stood by the side of the ring and watch the men try to half kill each other. He also would give you half of a loaf of bread for a ring or wrist watch. He had bushel baskets full of rings and watches. He also lived in a small building and ate German rations. I thought, someday you'll get what's coming to you!

In this camp we were on a diet of grass soup and the usual slice of bread each day. At this point, I felt myself getting weaker each day. A Russian was cutting grass one day next to our compound. My buddy, who was Polish, asked him what he was doing with the grass. He said, "*Look at your soup tomorrow.*" Sure enough, we reached through the fence, picked up a piece of grass and compared it with the grass in the soup. It was the same thing! On a diet of this type you also would get dysentery. Every man had diarrhea. Each time you had a bowel movement, you passed blood, also. There was no doctor in the camp and also no medicine.

One day to everyone's surprise, we received a Red Cross parcel. The box consisted of one five-ounce Hershey bar, one ten-ounce can of Spam, one box of crackers, one tin of corned beef, one tin of sardines, one tin of peanut butter, one can of instant coffee and five packs of cigarettes. Cigarettes were money in prison camp. We were supposed to get a Red Cross parcel once a month, but due to the allied naval blockade, the Germans said they wouldn't be able to get them to us. That was the only whole parcel I ever received. Any parcels we ever got again had to be divided among five or ten men. Each day a shipment of prisoners came in and we were getting very crowded. The move to send more prisoners deeper into Germany began to take place. As each group would leave, Master Sergeant Keating would tell the men to leave their parcels of food with him and he would then have them forwarded to their new location. Several of us got together and decided we would never see the food parcel again. We sat there and each man ate the whole contents of his parcel. Talk about a group of sick men, although happy for a while. The men who had intrusted the parcels to the sergeant never saw any of the food again.

*- to be continued in the next issue -*