

The Fighting 36th

HISTORICAL Quarterly



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The Red Granite T-Patch
Stands Tall
at the State Capitol



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Vol. 1, No. 2

SUMMER 1981

Published by
The Historical & Records
Committee of the
36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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**Service Record
of the
36th Infantry Division
in World War II**

Activated 25 November 1940 at Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas, they were the first American troops to invade Hitler's Europa at Salerno, Italy, 9 September 1943. The 36th participated in 6 European campaigns: Naples-Foggie, Rome-Arno, Southern France, Rhineland, Ardennes-Alsace, and Central Europe. The division made amphibious assault landings at Anzio and Southern France. The 36th suffered over 27,000 casualties, third highest of any World War II division.

AWARDS and CITATIONS OF THE 36th...

Congressional Medal of Honor	15
Silver Star Medal	2,354
Distinguished Service Cross	80
Bronze Star Medal	5,407
Air Medal	88
Presidential Unit Citations	12
Enemy Captured	175,806



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The Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly is published for the members of the 36th Division in World War I and World War II. It contains the best of new stories by the men who served, and re-prints of previously published great stories of the exploits of the T-Patchers in both wars. It is available only on a subscription basis, to 36th Association members and all interested war buffs.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



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Charter Subscriptions are \$50.00 (3 years), annual subscriptions are \$12.00 for paid members of the 36th Association. War buffs and friends of the 36th Division are \$16.00 per year. Make checks to: Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly.



CONTENTS

The T-Patch Memorial Monument, Austin.....	7
A Classic Stratagem on Monte Artesimo by Ernest F. Fisher.....	13
Arnold Bjorklund, C.M.H. Winner.....	25
Engineer Jay Shook Remembers Great War by Mitchell Land.....	28
Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants, Cover Story from YANK, May 26, 1944.....	31
A Good Lesson Well Learned, by Oran Stovall.....	41
Attack! by William W. Eberle, 133rd FA.....	42
Ex-POW Recalls 16 Months, Newstory about Paul Bederka.....	45
My Father's War, by Peter B. Gallagher.....	47
The Spell of Morocco, A letter from Ben F. Wilson to wife.....	51
91st Infantry Salutes the 36th.....	56
Highest French Honor Paid 36th Division, American Order, French Croix de Guerre.....	57
Snows of Alsace Lorraine, by Vincent M. Lockhart, (T-Patch to Victory).....	61
Close Call for General Dahlquist, from Oran Stovall.....	63
The Hungry Angel, by Del Kendall.....	64
Editorial - Old Newspaper Clippings.....	66
Maurice K. Gordon Named The American Legion.....	68
Book Reviews.....	69
Old Sojer's Dreams and Nightmares.....	73
Operation 'Track-Down'.....	74
The H & R Committee Program.....	76

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



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COVER ART

The watercolor drawing on this issue's cover of the State Capitol are from the TEXAS SKETCHBOOK, a fabulous collection of sketches by E.M. 'Buck' SCHIWETZ, and published by The Humble Company (now EXXON) of Houston, in 1968.

This 82 year old artist is considered the greatest of all Texas artists in his class. He is also the same man that was chosen to sketch the T-Patch Memorial that has graced our T-Patcher masthead all these years. Col. Oran Stovall was godfather of this, and he had large copies lithographed (the kind you frame) and passed out as gifts. It also was adopted as official letterhead art for the association.



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T-Patch Memorial Monument



At West entrance
to the Texas State Capitol

The beautiful 11-foot tall 36th Memorial at the west entrance of the Texas State Capitol represents many years of planning, fund raising and lobbying for a choice spot on the capitol ground. As an engineer, Col. Oran Stovall was in complete charge of this project. He knew his way around in Austin circle, and was awarded a choice spot. He found a friend, James H. Henderson of the Henderson Monument Company who went that extra-mile to give us a great memorial. Assisted by Andrew F. Price and others, Stovall was successful in gathering the \$5,000 cost of the red granite stone. Ten years of planning went in to this project, and 36th Association is indebted to Engineer Stovall. Gen. Fred L. Walker said so, in a speech at the site during the 1966 Reunion at Austin. Read on.

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Ground breaking ceremony at the monument site of the west entrance of the Texas State Capitol took place in mid-1959. From left: Gen. Carl Phinney, Ernest O. Thompson, William Martin and Oran Stovall, who was solely responsible for the project. Dedication was held Nov. 11, 1959. The foundation for this great stone sits on 3 piers 20' long and a four foot thick concrete block.

T-Patch Memorial Monument



AUSTIN, Nov. 11, 1959 - (AP) The Capital city paused today to dedicate a red granite memorial to the 36th Infantry Division, which suffered the 3rd highest casualties of any American division during WWII.

The monument, facing the west entrance of the Capitol, is fashioned as a giant replica of the division insignia - a huge arrowhead with a large block "T" in the center.

Governor Price Daniel made the dedication speech, placed a red and white wreath of carnations at the foot of the monument. Mrs. Max Latham unveiled the monument. She is the daughter of Col. Oran C. Stovall of Bowie, who was instrumental in its erection.

Three wartime commanding generals of the 36th were introduced by Gen. Carl Phinney - they are: Gen. John E. Dahlquist of Washington, Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker of Arlington, VA, and Brig. Gen. Robert L. Stack of Rochester NY.

Lee Allison of Rock Springs, president of the 36th Division Association presided and got a laugh from several hundred in the crowd by saying he was probably the only man to serve in WWII and Korean War, only to die in the Alamo. Sporting a heavy beard, Allison had a role in the John Wayne movie, "The Alamo." A colorful parade of 45 military and civilian organizations preceeded the ceremony. Thousands watched the parade in warm, fall weather.

The Lone Star Capitol

AUSTIN:



Short Course in Texas History

Wear your walking shoes when you visit Texas' Capitol in Austin.

The imposing Capitol has 18 acres of floor space, all crowded with Texas history.

Surrounding the pink granite building are 25.9 acres of grounds. You may stroll by 11 memorial statues, twin cannons, a mineral water fountain and a grotto fish pond.

The Capitol and adjoining state buildings are Austin's No. 1 tourist attraction. Springtime brings to the Capitol complex busloads of children from throughout the state as schools give pupils an educational change of pace. The influx of tourists is largest in summer, with 60,000 visitors expected this year.

Just a block from the Capitol is the governor's mansion, built in 1856 and furnished with antiques which belonged to a succession of Texas chief executives.

Also in the complex immediately surrounding the Capitol and its grounds are nine buildings which house Texas agencies and state offices.

The 1847-vintage Land Office Building, for example, houses museums of the Daughters of the Republic and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Lone Star Capitol



Relics and records of Texas Republic years and the Civil War are on public display.

Most imposing of all is the Capitol itself, where free guided tours are offered Monday through Friday.

The 1876 Legislature agreed to sell public lands to obtain money to build a home for Texas' government. Builders of the Capitol were paid with three million acres in 10 Panhandle counties. At the time, the land was valued at a dollar an acre. Texas' famous XIT Ranch was developed from these Panhandle acres.

The original design called for the Capitol to be constructed from limestone, but after the 1,600-pound cornerstone was laid on March 2, 1885, plans were changed. The owners of Granite Mountain near Marble Falls in Burnet County donated 15,000 carloads of red granite for the outer shell of the building. The granite was moved to Austin by oxen and over a railroad built especially for this purpose by 500 convicts.

The dome above the rotunda is described as a floating inner-outer dome, one of three in the world. (The other two crown St. Peter's Basilica in Rome and Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris.) An inner dome of limestone is surrounded by a metal outer dome constructed in Belgium.

The Capitol is Doric in architecture, shaped like a Greek cross and protected by a copper roof. It was dedicated on May 16, 1888. When first occupied, it was said to be the seventh largest building in the world. *It stands seven feet higher than the national Capitol in Washington.*

Topping the dome is Texas' most famous mystery woman: A 16-foot-tall lady made of zinc. Evidently nobody knows who she is or why she graces the dome. Some records call her the Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World, others the Goddess of Victory and still others the Goddess of Wisdom. She holds the Lone Star of Texas in her uplifted hand, and a sword in the other hand.

Historians aren't sure whether she was cast in Belgium, or France, or Spain, or the basement of the Capitol. They don't even know who designed her. One fact is certain: She was erected Feb. 26, 1888.

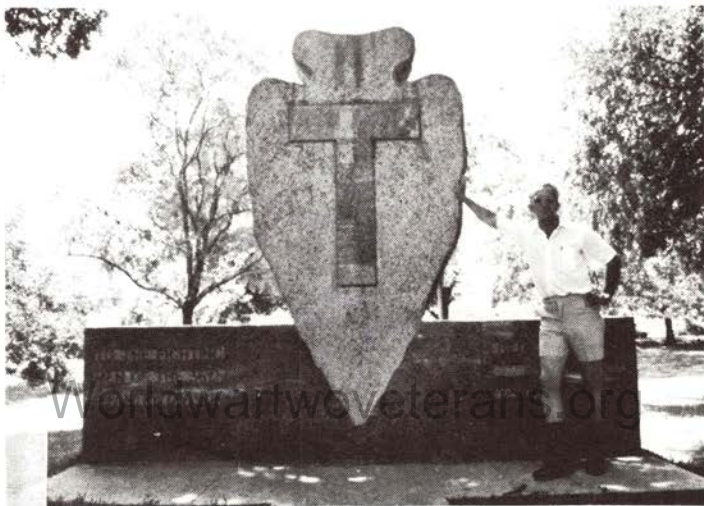
Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

The Capitol grounds are enclosed by a wrought-iron fence that cost \$35,000 when it was constructed in 1890. The Lone Star is an integral part of the fence pattern. On the south lawn are twin cannons presented to the Republic of Texas in 1836 by Maj. Gen. T.J. Chambers. The cannons were used in the Texas Revolution and later in the Civil War. Also on the south lawn are memorial bronze statues commemorating the Alamo, the Confederate dead, volunteer firemen, Terry's Rangers and the Statue of Liberty.

A granite and bronze memorial to Hood's Brigade stands on the east lawn, and memorials on the west lawn honor Spanish-American War veterans, the Texas cowboy and veterans of the 36th Infantry, Texas National Guard.

North lawn statues are dedicated to the Ten Commandments and World War I dead.

Five hundred trees in 50 different varieties shade and beautify the park-like Capitol grounds, adding a lacy green counterpoint to the pink granite symmetry of the Capitol and the bronze and stone monuments scattered across the lawns. ★



This photo of the 36th Memorial Monument at Austin will illustrate the size of this beautiful red granite memorial honoring the fallen men of the Fightin' 36th. Sgt. C. W. Russum of Fuquay-Varina, N.C. (Co. D 142nd) sent this photo when he visited the State Capitol a few years go. Over 50,000 visitors make the Texas Capitol part of their "seeing-Texas" each year. If you've missed this great monument we urge you to add this to your long list of vacation attractions.

A CLASSIC STRATAGEM ON MONTE ARTEMISIO

By Ernest F. Fisher



Gen. Walker

Passage of a lightly held or unguarded sector of the enemy's lines by stealth and at night is an ancient stratagem—as old as the history of warfare.

In the Bible the Hebrew chronicler describes (in Samuel I, chapters 13 and 14) how, when King Saul and his son Jonathon besieged the Philistines encamped in Michmash, that Jonathon, accompanied by his armor bearer, slipped through the pass at Michmash, between Bozez and Seneh, to a place high up, about “half an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow.” There they surprised the sleeping Philistines who, when they awoke, thought that they had been surrounded by the armies of Saul and fled. Saul then attacked with his whole army. It was a great victory for him; his first against the Philistines, and “so the Lord saved Israel that day, and the battle passed over into Beth Aven.”

In another Palestinian campaign, this one during World War I, a British brigade found itself before the same Michmash, with orders to attack toward Jericho and drive the Turks across the Jordan. Pondering the Scriptures the night before what promised to be a costly frontal attack, the brigade major and his commanding officer came across the account of Jonathon's stratagem at Michmash. Determining that the terrain had changed little since that time, the brigadier decided to lead his troops over the path taken by the ancient Hebrew King. Moving up the mountainside under the cover of darkness, the British passed through the lightly held pass of Michmash to rout the Turkish garrison as the dawn's first light broke over the ancient town.

Familiar, too, is General Wolfe's clever tactic before the French stronghold of Quebec when he led his men up the slope of a woody precipice to overpower a small detachment at the Anse du Foulon, and to appear the next morning with his entire army drawn up on the Plains of Abraham before the eyes of the surprised French garrison.

The Allied campaign in Italy in World War II also produced a notable example of this stratagem, worthy of joining the three just cited in the annals of military history. This was the successful passage of the German lines at Monte Artemisio in May 1944 by the 36th Infantry Division, then commanded by Major General Fred L. Walker.*

This 'Classic Stratagem' written by Dr. Ernest F. Fisher is a re-print from MILITARY REVIEW, February 1963. Dr. Fisher was assigned to the Office, Chief of Military History, Department of the Army in 1959. He served with the 101st Airborne Division in WWII, holds a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin and was for five years with the Historical Division. This article has been drawn largely from material which appeared in a volume in the Mediterranean series of the official history of the US ARMY IN WORLD WAR II.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Hard Luck Division

The 36th Division, a battered veteran of the American 5th Army's winter campaigns at San Pietro and along the Rapido, had acquired among American troops the reputation of being a "hard luck" division. Ever since September 1943, when it had come ashore on the Italian mainland at the ancient Roman settlement of Paestum near Salerno, the 36th Division had known difficult and costly missions. After being relieved from the Rapido front in February 1944, the division had been resting and training at Maddaloni and near Avellino where it had engaged in extensive mountain training in preparation for the 5th Army's May offensive across the Garigliano between the Liri Valley and the Tyrrhenian Sea, which was designed to link up with the Anzio forces and to capture Rome.

Anxious that General Lucian Truscott, his 6th Corps commander on the Anzio beachhead, have adequate strength for his breakout offensive, General Mark W. Clark, the 5th Army commander, changed his plans and sent the 36th Division instead to join the 6th Corps.

At dawn on 23 May 1944, General Truscott hurled the seasoned 3d Infantry Division and the 1st Armored Division against the center of the German 14th Army's defenses at Cisterna. After 24 hours of some of the costliest and bitterest fighting in a campaign which had long been characterized by such fighting, the two divisions broke through the German defenses on either side of Cisterna and swept up a three-mile-wide corridor, flanked by the Alban Hills on the left and the Lepini Mountains on the right. The object of the 6th Corps' drive was the town of Valmontone, an important road junction on the Via Casilina (Highway 6), the main line of communications between the German 10th Army, opposing the bulk of the 5th Army, and the city of Rome.

The Alban Hills

General Clark had long been concerned that his 5th Army reach Rome before the Allied armies landed in northern France. A possible solution to Clark's problem lay in the volcanic mass of the Alban Hills towering above the beachhead. This high ground provided the Germans with excellent observation which enabled their artillery to harass the 6th Corps stretched through the valley below. And through these hills ran the Appian Way (Highway 7), the most direct road from the beachhead to Rome.

It was to this area, then, that General Clark directed his attention and hopes for a speedy capture of Rome. Accordingly, on 26 May—one day after the linkup with 6th Corps had been accomplished—Clark ordered Truscott to turn the bulk of his corps to the left and to attack the German defenses along the southern slopes of the Alban Hills between Lanuvio and Velletri.

At 1100 on 27 May with the United States 45th Infantry Division on the left astride the Via Anziante, the 34th Division in the center south of Lanuvio, and the 1st Armored Division on the right, most of the 6th Corps wheeled left and attacked the German positions in the Alban Hills. ONLY the 3d

A Classic Stratagem

Infantry Division and the 1st Special Service Force, a brigade-strength commando force assisted by an armored combat team from the 1st Armored Division, continued the offensive in its original direction toward Valmontone and Highway 6 (Figure 1).

For the next few days the one armored and two infantry divisions launched a series of attacks against stubborn German defenders along the Velletri-Lanuvio-Campoleone line. Instead of breaking through quickly to "the most direct road to Rome," the 6th Corps struggled fruitlessly for four precious days along the southern slopes of the Alban Hills, and at the end found itself no closer to Rome.

Moreover, the relatively weak force which had continued northeastward toward Highway 6 in the original direction of the beachhead offensive had also been checked when elements of the Hermann Goring Division counterattacked between Valmontone and Ardena. As night fell on 30 May, the 6th Corps offensive had definitely stalled on both sectors.

Meanwhile, the British 8th Army had captured Frosinone, the last major road junction on Highway 6 south of Valmontone, and the Allied invasion force in England had moved into its final assembly areas preparatory to the long-awaited invasion of northern France.

General Clark was understandably concerned about the unexpected delay in the offensive and realized that unless the German defenses in the Alban Hills were cracked within the next few days, he might have to wait for the 8th Army to pull abreast and join his own army in a coordinated attack on Rome.

On 26 May General Walker's 36th Division had relieved the 1st Armored Division in the sector immediately south of Velletri. It was General Truscott's intention then to use the 36th Division as a holding force and to shift the 1st Armored behind either the 34th or 45th Divisions to exploit any softening of the German defenses in the Alban Hills.

General Walker moved his command post from the Nettuno area into the shattered buildings of a dairy farm near Torrechia Nuova, about two and one-half miles northeast of Cisterna and five miles southeast of Velletri, while his 141st and 143rd Regiments began the relief of the 1st Armored Division.

On 28 May Walker learned that Truscott now planned to use his division to relieve the 34th Division which had bogged down in a costly stalemate before Lanuvio. Recalling vividly an earlier bloody frontal assault against a well-entrenched enemy along the Rapido River, the 36th Division commander did not relish a repetition of this experience. He began, therefore, to search for a possible alternative to simply taking over from the 34th Division an apparently hopeless task.

General Walker had studied the forbidding bulk of Monte Artemision both from the cabin of an artillery observer's aircraft and from the forward observation posts of the 141st Infantry, then holding a line along the road at

A Classic Stratagem

the base of the mountain. The division staff had also made very detailed studies of aerial photographs of the terrain before them and had found no evidence of enemy activity. When reconnaissance patrols reported on the 27th that they had found no enemy positions on the slopes of Monte Artemisio, General Walker called the division engineer, Colonel Oran C. Stovall, to the command post to discuss the possibility of locating a suitable trail leading over the mountain and through the German lines.

Conference

Meeting Colonel Stovall on the road just outside the dairy farm command post, General Walker held an alfresco staff conference, using the dusty road as a situation map. He explained to Stovall the problem facing the division and a possible solution. As he traced on the ground a rough map of the division's sector, the general confided to Colonel Stovall his concern that the corps commander might send the division into the 34th Division's sector, not to exploit a breakthrough, but to relieve a battered division whose repeated frontal assaults had gained only a few yards after two days of costly fighting.

The division commander now turned to consideration of the enemy's dispositions. The unexpectedly strong defense encountered by 6th Corps between Campoleone Station and Lanuvio and the appearance of the Hermann Goring Division in the vicinity of Valmontone led him to conclude that in order to build up these two sectors General Albert Kesselring must have thinned out a sector which he believed secure. Monte Artemisio, the heavily forested mountain wall to the front, seemed to the 36th Division commander the most logical sector for Kesselring to have left lightly guarded (Figure 2).

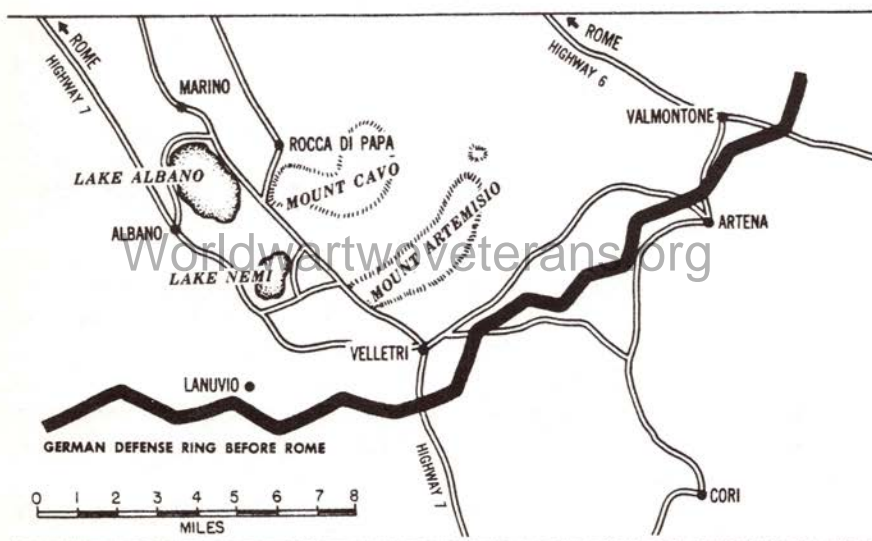


Figure 2.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

If the 36th Division could climb Monte Artemisio and slip in behind the German defenses, Walker explained to Stovall, Kesselring's grip on the Alban Hills would be broken. Walker doubted that the Germans would be able to establish another defense line south of the Tiber.

If two of the infantry regiments climbed the mountain and passed through the enemy's lines, Walker believed that he would also have to move armor and artillery in to support them if this action was to develop into a genuine breakthrough. Infantry alone would be unable to close the escape routes leading northward from Velletri; and he did not wish to expose the right flanks of the attacking regiments to possible enemy thrusts from the northeast. The force cutting the German withdrawal routes north of Velletri must be strong enough to check such counterattacks, as well as any attempt by the garrison to escape from the town. Moreover, until Velletri was taken, the infantry would be dependent upon a line of communications extending eight miles over a 3,000-foot mountain which possessed no roads and only a few foot trails.

Success of the plan, as Walker saw it, turned upon the construction of a road adequate for tanks and tank destroyers as well as the necessary supply trains. Walker wanted to know if the engineers could build this road.

Unable to give an immediate answer, Colonel Stovall put his staff to work at once to study the terrain. From the air, from forward observation posts, and on aerial photographs the wooded slopes of Monte Artemisio were carefully searched for the most promising trail. The next day—the 28th—Stovall reported that the engineers had located a suitable route up the mountain and could do the job.

A Gap

What General Walker and his staff had discovered was a gap, approximately two miles wide, between the left flank of the German 1st Parachute Corps and the right flank of the 76th Panzer Corps. Since the night of 27-28 May General Wilhelm Schmalz, commander of the Hermann Goring Division, had been agonizingly aware of this gap. Patrols, sent out by his right flank battalion, had gone as far as a fork in the road just northeast of Velletri before encountering troops of the 362nd Division on the 1st Parachute Corps' left flank.

Although Schmalz had observed American patrols scouting this area during the 28th, there was little he could do to close the gap; his own division's front had been stretched to the breaking point. Realizing, however, the peril which this gap posed to the entire Caesar Line, Schmalz committed his right-wing regiment's last reserve, an engineer platoon, at Castel d'Ariano on Monte Artemisio, a small force hardly sufficient to close the two-mile gap.

The Hermann Goring Division's commander also sent an officer-led patrol to occupy a small group of houses at Menta on the corps boundary, and from the 28th through the 30th repeatedly requested 14th Army

A Classic Stratagem

headquarters to direct the 1st Parachute Corps to establish contact with his right flank by means of a similar patrol. His pleas were unheeded.

Even as Schmalz was reporting the gap to his superiors on 28 May, Walker notified General Truscott of the apparent German weakness in the Monte Artemisio sector, and mentioned to the 6th Corps commander that he had directed patrols to take and hold any unoccupied ground. Although General Walker had not yet fully developed a plan to exploit this weakness, he informed the 6th Corps chief of staff, Colonel Don E. Carleton on the afternoon of the next day that he would keep on trying to work his way to the northeast, above the town, and approach the position from the rear. Colonel Carleton agreed that if the 36th Division could do this "the Boche i there (Velletri) would find themselves in a tough situation, and the town might just cave in."

Another Plan

Although prospects now appeared brighter for the developmeent of Walker's plan, the corps commander had a plan of his own. Summoning his division commanders to his command post late in the evening of 29 May, Truscott confirmed General Walker's fears with an order for the 36th Division to move the next day into an assembly area in the rear of the 34th Division preparatory to taking over that division's sector on the night of 31 May-1 June. Returning to his own headquarter later in the evening, Walker issued warning orders for the move to his staff and, at a conference the following morning, a final oral order to his subordinate commanders.

While the division prepared for the move to the Lanuvio sector, General Walker and his staff continued to develop a stratagem to exploit the gap discovered on Monte Artemisio. The more they considered this plan and compared it with the situation they expected to encounter before the enemy stronghold at Lanuvio, the more convinced they became that their plan offered a better chance to penetrate the enemy's defenses at far less cost.

Since time was running short, General Walker resolved to lay the plan before the corps commander at the earliest opportunity. Walker's opportunity came when Truscott visited division headquarters shortly before noon on 30 May to inspect preparations for the move. The 36th Division commander outlined the division plan, pointed out its advantages, and requested that it be substituted for the mission which Truscott had already assigned.

The plan was simple. The 142d and 143d Regiments, with the former in the lead, were to pass through the lines of the 141st Infantry during the night of 30-31 May to seize the Maschio d'Ariano and Hill 931, two prominences at the northeastern end of Monte Artemisio. After reaching the crest, the 142d Infantry would advance southwest along the crest of the mountain to positions about two miles north and west of Velletri, where roadblocks could be established across the two remaining routes of withdrawal left to the enemy garrison in Velletri.

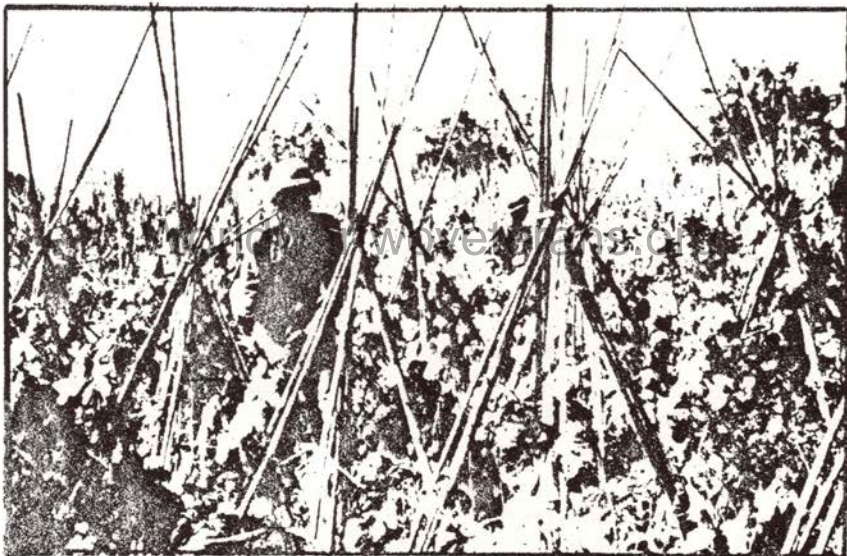
Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

The 143d Infantry, meanwhile, would move northwestward to seize Monte Cavo and the Rocca di Papa, the highest points within the Alban Hills. After the two regiments had reached the summit of Monte Artemisio, the 141st Infantry would shift its attack to the west and capture Velletri by an encircling maneuver in coordination with the 142d Infantry. With the enemy garrison virtually surrounded, the 36th Division could then quickly destroy the remaining defenders of this part of the Caesar Line, and the "shortest" road to Rome would be open.

General Walker concluded with the statement that his reconnaissance had located a suitable cart trail crossing the enemy lines about three miles northeast of Velletri, and that his engineers were confident that this trail could be enlarged to enable tanks and trucks to follow the infantry closely.

General Truscott carefully questioned Colonel Stovall about his proposals to construct a road up the mountain, and having satisfied himself that it could be done, agreed to discuss the plan at once with his staff at corps headquarters. Despite strong objections from the corps engineer concerning the plan's feasibility, General Truscott phoned Walker at 1300 not only to approve the plan, but to place the 36th Engineer Regiment to support Walker's division.

There was no time to be lost. Walker promptly issued a new warning order to his staff and called a meeting of his unit commanders at 1500 at division headquarters to give them final instructions for the operation which was to take place that night. The 142d Infantry was to move after dark by truck from its reserve position to the division's right flank where it was to pass through the 141st's lines and scale Monte Artemisio over the trail



Vineyards on the lower slopes of Monte Artemisio

A Classic Stratagem

which the engineers would mark. The 143d Infantry in line before Velletri was to be relieved by the attached 36th Engineer Regiment. The 143d Infantry was then to move by truck via Cori to the right flank where it was to follow the 142d up the mountainside.

Colonel Stovall now moved his own engineer battalion into position to support the attack, and selected Captain Orval W. Crisman's Company B to construct the road up the mountainside. A minelaying platoon from Company B was attached to the lead infantry battalion to assist the infantrymen in establishing roadblocks behind Velletri.

As his division prepared to move against Monte Artemisio, General Walker noted that "our operations for tonight and tomorrow have promise of being spectacular. We are taking chances, but we should succeed in a big way."

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Infiltration

At 2255 on 30 May, the 142d Infantry, commanded by Colonel George E. Lynch, crossed the line of departure in a column of battalions. Aided by a new moon, whose light was just sufficient to enable the men to pick out the trail, the leading company reached the road at the base of Monte Artemisio by 0130. From there the troops followed the trail up the lower slopes of the mountain through lush vineyards which provided welcome concealment. On the left the men heard the distant chatter of machine gun fire. This was the 141st Infantry Regiment probing the German defenses on the outskirts of Velletri.

As the silent columns passed darkened and presumably deserted houses, the bark of a nervous dog set off a cacophony of howls, punctuated by the braying of a jackass. Occasionally, a shot rang out, followed by moments of breathless anticipation as to what would follow. About 0300 the menacing rumble of aircraft engines shattered the night. Friendly antiaircraft fired a sparkling display at the invisible enemy aircraft which, in turn, dropped hundreds of flares illuminating the surrounding countryside for miles around.

Everyone hugged the ground and waited in silence. Bombs fell and strafing was heard in the direction of Velletri. Fortunately, the regiment had not been discovered; the aerial attack seemed to be aimed at the troops south of Velletri. The flares lasted about half an hour; as the planes roared away, the men scrambled to their feet and resumed the march.

It had been a close call, and the delay had cost the regiment valuable time. Dawn would soon be breaking, and the bulk of the mountain still lay before the marching columns. About 0415, as the first gray light began to obscure the stars, the lead battalion began to cross an open field, fortunately shrouded in an early morning haze. Tension increased as the troops started to climb the steeper slopes just below the summit. As the men saw their goal looming before them they quickened their pace, and by 0635 the advance

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

guard, accompanied by artillery observers, scrambled onto the summits of Maschio d'Ariano and Hill 931. On the first peak they surprised and captured three German artillery observers—one was taking his morning bath. Not a shot was fired.

Even as the lead battalion of the 142d Infantry had begun its ascent of Monte Artemisio, Captain Crisman's company of engineers, under cover of darkness, moved forward to begin work on the trail. The phenomenally rapid improvement of the trail into a rudimentary one-way road—but, nevertheless, a road—was largely the work of three bulldozers manned by skilled and determined operators.

Counterattack

Ironically, as the two regiments moved up the mountainside toward the Maschio d'Ariano, the German engineer platoon commander from the Hermann Goring Division, unaware of the size of the American force, reported to his battalion commander only that he had been engaged by some American infantry—nothing more. Consequently, General Schmalz was not immediately informed of the breakthrough, the danger of which he had so long foreseen. Not until the Americans were well established atop Monte Artemisio during the afternoon of 31 May did Schmalz receive from 14th Army an order to counterattack an enemy force which had penetrated the line between his division and the 362d Infantry Division.

But now the unfortunate general had only four or five operationally fit tanks left in his division, and they were engaged near Valmontone. The best General Schmalz could do was to throw a battalion of his *panzergrenadier* regiment into the breach late in the day. Already weakened by heavy losses, this battalion was no match for the 142d and 143d Regiments. The counterattack failed, and the Americans continued to widen and strengthen their penetration.

While the engineers worked on the trail throughout the morning, the 1st and 2d Battalions of the 142d Infantry moved southwest along the crest of Monte Artemisio toward the Maschio dell' Artemisio, overlooking Velletri from the northwest. Despite the German counterattack in the afternoon, the 142d Infantry continued steadily toward its objective, which it occupied by 1930.

Enemy tanks and 20-millimeter flak guns in the vicinity of Lake Nemi northwest of Velletri now opened fire on the regiment which held its ground throughout the night. But well supported by tanks and self-propelled artillery, the US infantry set up roadblocks north and west of Velletri and by dawn on 1 June had virtually surrounded the enemy garrison. Over 3,000 US infantrymen were firmly entrenched on the heights above Velletri in the enemy's rear (Figure 3).

The move had come as a complete tactical surprise to the Germans. American casualties had been relatively light. The 142d Infantry Regiment

A Classic Stratagem

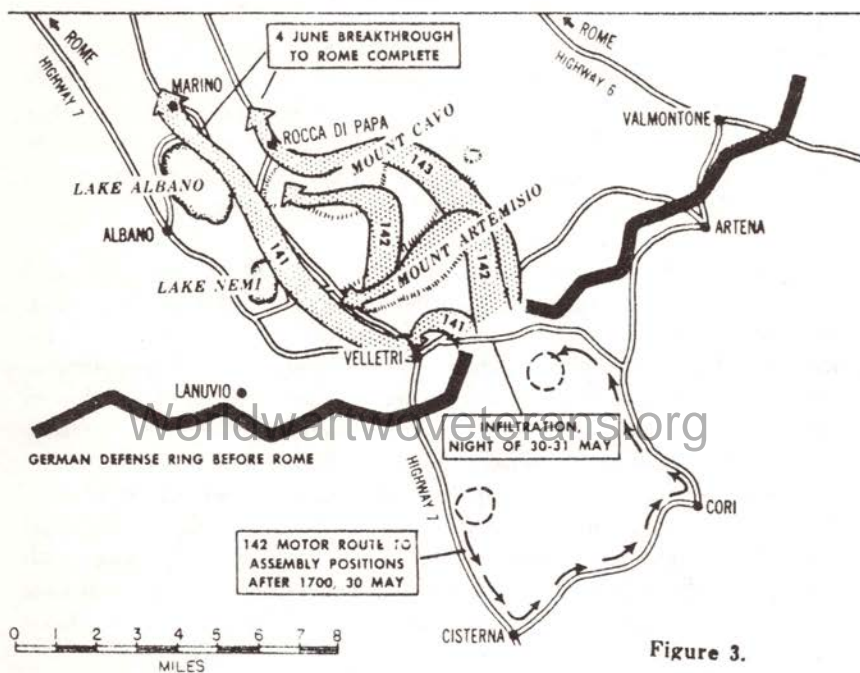


Figure 3.

had lost eight men killed, 52 wounded, and one man missing. In the 143d three men had been killed, 94 wounded, and 11 missing—a relatively modest price for the ground gained.

Withdrawal

The 143d Infantry, which had followed the 142d up Monte Artemisio, had meanwhile marched straight across what had once been the floor of the ancient crater to capture Monte Cavo and Rocca di Papa, the two highest points in the Alban Hills. Deprived of their most important observation points overlooking the 6th Corps front, the Germans had no alternative but to fall back on Rome and beyond the Tiber.

American artillery observers accompanying the infantry quickly established themselves on these two heights to take full advantage of the excellent view they had of the German-held area. It was an artilleryman's dream, and throughout the day they kept their guns busy pouring destruction and confusion onto the crowded network of roads behind the German lines.

Meanwhile, General Walker's communications people intercepted an order from the 4th Parachute Division to the 12th Parachute Regiment to withdraw from the town and fall back to the far bank of a stream about half a mile west of Velletri. Forewarned of the enemy's intentions, the 142d Infantry supported by tanks moved swiftly to cut off their escape.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

It was now the 141st Infantry's turn to attack. Two of its three battalions closed in on Velletri over terrain made treacherous by numerous vineyards and orchards which restricted observation and made control of smaller units extremely difficult. Fighting back a last enemy counterattack early in the afternoon, leading elements of Colonel John W. Harmony's regiment entered Velletri at 1630, and one hour later had penetrated to the center of town.

The place was in ruins. Enemy dead and material littered the streets, and in the remaining buildings numerous dead and wounded were discovered. Hundreds of prisoners were routed from the extensive fortifications, tunnels, and reinforced gun positions—mute evidence of the important role Velletri was to play in the German defense plans. Despite the stubborn resistance of the survivors of the enemy garrison, the 141st Infantry incurred few casualties—one man killed and 38 wounded.

General Walker's stratagem had worked. An entire American infantry division now moved into the Alban Hills. Field Marshal Kesselring's last defense line south of Rome had been shattered, and General Truscott's 6th Corps, led by the 36th Infantry Division and the 1st Armored Division, now pursued the Germans across the fabled Roman Campagna toward the historic city.

"This was," General Truscott later remarked, "the turning point in our 'drive to the northwest.'"



A mopping-up patrol of the 143d Infantry in the Velletri area

For Conspicuous Gallantry..



**BJORKLUND WAS HERO BEFORE
HE RECEIVED MEDAL OF HONOR**

**Young Lt. of 142nd
Awarded for Action
at Altaville, Italy
on D-Day Plus Four**



AWARD OF MEDAL OF HONOR

ARNOLD C. BJORKLUND, (01287993), Second Lieutenant, Company "I", 142nd Infantry Regiment, 36th Infantry Division, United States Army. For extraordinary heroism in action. On 13 September 1943, in the vicinity of Altavilla, Italy, Second Lieutenant BJORKLUND led his platoon in an assault on an enemy occupied hill in the face of concentrated machine gun and rifle fire. Moving well out in front in order to encourage his men, he was the first person into the enemy position, which he reached by skillfully advancing up a steep slope with little cover and with severe enemy fire directed at him. Moving forward midway between two hostile machine gun positions, he destroyed both with his carbine fire and hand grenades, thereby permitting the advance of his platoon. His bravery and intrepidity so inspired his men that they were able to overrun the enemy position and seize the high ground. Continuing his advance, Second Lieutenant BJORKLUND observing an enemy mortar position on the reverse slope of the hill, worked his way to the flank and succeeded in destroying this last emplacement, thereby allowing the successful advance of his platoon. Second Lieutenant BJORKLUND'S courage and inexorable determination, as well as his ability to inspire his men and set a superb example for them to follow, exemplify magnificent qualities of leadership. Entered military service from Clinton, Washington.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

In the post war years, your association historians have tried all of the 15 C.M.H. winners. Many have been 'lost', and quite a few were 'posthumous' awards.

Arnold J. Bjorklund was unknown for a long time, until in 1980; we received an obit clip from the Portland Oregon newspaper: "WORLD WAR II HERO DIES". This was sent in by Jess Shinn, 394 NW Maywood Drive, Portland OR 97210, but no date was given. Shinn served with Hqs. 155th FA.

A story of this was printed in the Aug. 1980 T-Patcher, page 11. A month later, we received a dispatch from Wood Jenkins (1st Lt. Co. E, 142nd) with this report:

"As I remember the situation, Bjorklund and two other officers of 142nd were at the Coconut Grove (Boston) on that tragic Saturday night - Nov. 28, 1942. Each wore a Sam Brown belt, and "BJ" as he was known, with the other two, had patrons of the disaster who were trapped, to hold on to their belts as they lead them from the inferno that killed almost 500 merrymakers at the Coconut Grove. Each returned to the flaming nitespot, two or three times to rescue others. As you know, the problem at that time was the revolving door that trapped many who died of smoke inhalation."

"Bjorklund was burned slightly on the back of his head and ears. I recall the blisters, and I am sure he had other damage. One of the three T-Patchers was burned seriously about the face, head and arms. I visited him at a Boston Hospital. He was discharged from the service as a result of the injuries."

"These three guys were real heroes, and probably saved many lives that tragic night in Boston."

"BJ and I were members of Class 36 at OCS, Fort Benning in July 1942. We were part of 100 members of the class ordered to report to the 36th Division, then on maneuvers in North Carolina. 'BJ' was a good officer."

Another letter was received from Jack J. 'Pineapple' Finan of Raleigh NC, of 142nd - "We all knew him as "BJ". One helluva nice gent. The morning of the fire, he and two other 'louies' asked me if I would give them a ride to the Boston (Millman) train, which I did. The other two men I believe was Frank Edelen and - Hodges of Companies G & K."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The COCONUT GROVE/MELODY LOUNGE Fire was the second most tragic U.S. fire with 484 dead at the Boston nightclub. (Chicago's Iroquois Theatre holocaust in 1903 took 571 lives).

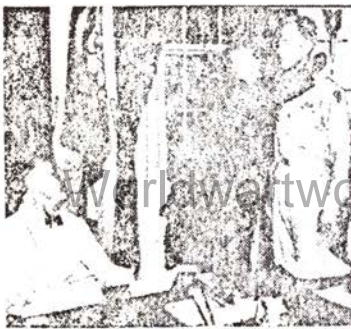
One Boston newspaper headlined "BUSBOY BLAMED". But the busboy had not put up the Grove's tinder-box decorations, nor was he responsible for the fact that Boston's laws do not require nightclubs to have fireproof fixtures, sprinkler systems or exit markers.

For Conspicious Gallantry

BAINES Les BAINS Rest Camp in the Vosges Names Hotels Honoring CMH Winners

In the snows of winter 1945, the 36th Special Services took over the resort town of Bains les Bains. At that time, only five T-Patchers had received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

They are KELLY, LOGAN, BJORKLUND, CRAWFORD and WISE, all awarded for gallantry in Italy. We knew that Thomas E. McCall (of Co. F, 143d) was given CMH for action at Rapido. Doing some research, we discovered that McCall was P.O.W., and did not get his medal until later. There were six CMH's for Italy and nine for France/Germany - the total of 15 for the 36th.



Bjorklund is shown here receiving his Congressional Medal of Honor at the White House, presented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. (from 36th Pictorial History)





ENGINEER JAY SHOOK
REMEMBERS
"THE GREAT WAR"



JAY M. SHOOK

Reprint from Wichita Falls Times
By Mitchell Land, Staff Writer

On Nov. 11, 1918, Germany signed the Armistice to end World War I, "The Great War" to Papa Shook—Pfc. **Jay M. Shook** of Wichita Falls.

Time has robbed Shook of most of his souvenirs of that fading era. But the years fail to dull his keen 85-year-old memory.

"Moths eat up my uniform a long time ago, but if you'll find my army helmet," he said. The helmet was precisely where he said, above the Victrola, perched on the iron bedstead.

Papa Shook, as he is known in the City View area of Wichita Falls, ran his fingers around the rough edges of the rusty helmet and recalled the years before the war started.

"We didn't care much about world affairs back then," he said. "We didn't have radios, televisions or telephones. We got most of our news from the newspapers and besides, we were too interested in making things grow off the land to worry about the Kaiser."

The land made Shook a good living during his 29 years as a self-employed farmer. He retired in 1946 at the age of 51. Jay and Anna Shook still work a garden plot, but lease out 20 acres of their farm land at 1710 City View Lane.

Shook was born on July 4, 1895, in Statesville, N.C. His parents and their seven children left the hills of North Carolina a decade later for the fertile farm land of Texas they had read about in letters from relatives.

The train unloaded the Shook family and its belongings at Cisco, Texas,

Jay Shook Remembers

from where they continued their move to Rising Star in three horse-drawn buckboards. Jay's father, Martin Shook, had purchased a 160-acre farmstead where Jay spent his childhood.

Shook quit school when he was 17. After a year in Kansas following the wheat harvest and earning a dollar a day plus board, he came home to work the land.

"Pa gave me 40 acres to work, and I paid him one-fourth of whatever income I could make off it," he said. "I also paid him \$40 a year for board. We worked from can 'til can't. And then America got in the Great War and I was drafted."

He reluctantly left the security and peace of his Texas farm. Evading the draft never entered his mind. "I thought if I had to go, I had to go. I sure wasn't a horsin' to go. But somebody had to fight for the country."

After seven months of training at Fort Worth, Shook joined **Company B of the 111th Engineers**. The company supplied food and ammunition to the front lines and rebuilt bridges blown up by the Germans.

The S.S. Antigone transported the young men to France in the fall of 1917. There, they learned to throw hand grenades, use gas masks and shoot rifles.

Shook's eyes sparked with a vision of the battlefield as he bragged about his company's effectiveness. Why, we could put up a new bridge in three hours and have those horse-drawn wagons haulin' supplies up to the front in no time."

Flashbacks of battle scenes recalled vivid experiences, some of them painful. "Sometimes those bombs would make my hair stand up," he said. "I'd fall down on the ground or jump in a trench when I'd hear 'em whistlin' over. The cooks would have to fix the food behind the lines and bring it up to us at night. We had to wait until dark to eat when a battle was a ragin'."

The lines in his forehead pressed together as a bad memory intruded into his thoughts. "I saw pretty awful sights during those months," he said. "Some of our own boys were meaner than the dickens. When the Boches (German troops) were overrun, they put up their hands to surrender. But sometimes they got shot anyway. I'd go by the trenches where dead Boches were layin' with their hands up. Those boys should have taken 'em prisoner."

Company B had taken part in the final drive of the war on Sept. 26, 1918, in the massive offensive in the Meuse-Argonne area of France, the greatest battle to that time of American troops. The men were marching by a well in the middle of destroyed village in France when news came of the Armistice.

"It was just after noontime when this big shot from headquarters came by and said the Germans signed the peace treaty at 11 a.m.," Shook said. "We just couldn't believe the war was over. We just stopped there and

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

camped. That night we saw great fires all around the forest. We thought it was on fire. But somebody said soldiers were settin' off bonfires to celebrate. We sat there all worn out, watchin' and rejoicin' with 'em."

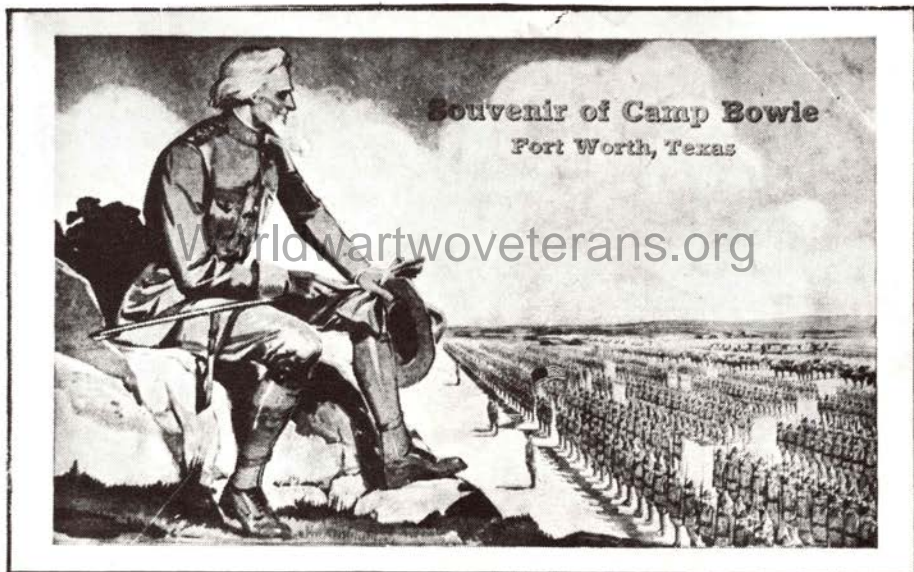
Not all of Shook's experiences were sad ones. The relief of peace gave time for merriment as the troops waited for orders to return home. Shook and a friend rented a room with the Leblanc family in Tonnerre, France. "Those kind people would put a soldier up anywhere they had a roof to cover his head—barns, chicken houses, tool sheds," he said. "And we only had to pay the lady 17 cents a day."

Shook proudly displayed his only other souvenirs from the war, tiny yellowed photographs that preserve the memory of the happy days with the Leblancs. "On Saturday nights a couple would come down from Paris and bring their phonograph they'd buried in the cellar during the war, and we'd dance by it." He shyly admitted he had never danced before. "But they'd start swingin' and lockin' arms and everybody joined in. We just couldn't help it."

His last duty as a private of the U.S. Army was to guard the pointed bow of the Great Northern, the ship that brought his company home in May, 1919. "That area was roped off and I wasn't to let nobody get across," he said. "But I'll tell you, when that old Statue of Liberty came into view, there wasn't nobody who could keep our boys from crowdin' to the front to get a good look at 'er. That was a great day, we's comin' home."



Submitted by:
F.M. Hackbusch Co. G & Hqs. 143rd





Worldwartwoveterans.org
Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants

COVER STORY - Reprint - MAY 26, 1944

**By Sgt. Burt Evans
YANK Staff Correspondent**

With the Fifth Army in Italy—The infantrymen of a rifle platoon crouch miserably behind an embankment, getting scant protection from the morning rain that beats down endlessly upon the bleak Italian countryside. The platoon sergeant, a stocky, weather-beaten young Texan with a handlebar mustache and deep-set eyes, strides up purposefully.

“Well, we’re attacking,” he announces, in a tone that is not without challenge.”

The new men, replacements, fumble as they fasten hand grenades to their ammunition belts, their eyes grown big and their helmets dripping.

The old men curse the rain.

The platoon moves out.

Nine hours later—one knoll, two pillboxes, five machine-gun nests and 30 dead Germans closer to Rome—the platoon sergeant crawls and slithers from cover to cover, checking his outposts and reorganizing his gun positions for the night.

Counting noses, he notes something that never fails to interest him, although it has long since ceased to surprise him, the old soldiers, with one wounded exception, are all present; the new replacements, on the other hand, have suffered nearly 50 percent casualties or missing.

“Old soldiers never die,” the experienced infantrymen say. “The same old men always come back. Luck stays with them.”

But is it luck? Or instinct? Or experience?

To get the answer, YANK went to the men of the 36th (Texas) Division, the tough Infantry outfit that has borne much of the bitter brunt of the

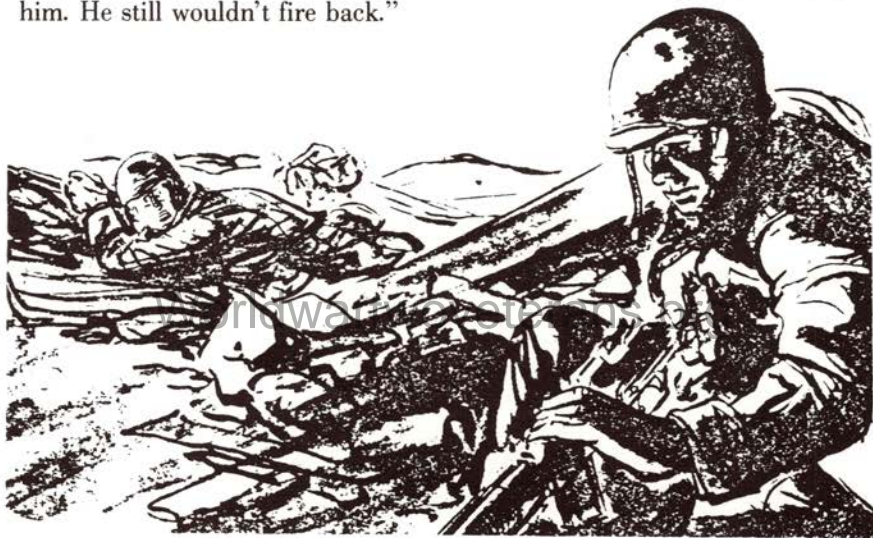
Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Italian fight ever since it first waded in under withering fire at Salerno. As everyone from the company commander to the sorriest yardbird will admit, the platoon sergeant is usually the key man in any line action. So YANK had a get-together in a field tent one afternoon with six battle-tested platoon sergeants, two from each of the division's regiments.

Six more combat-wise soldiers could hardly have been chosen. Nearly every one had the Purple Heart; one had been wounded four times. Several had Silver Stars; one had the Distinguished Service Cross. None of the sergeants knew any of the others, but each had an instant respect for the others' experience and abilities. These were "whole" men, physically and mentally—men who had survived the most trying ordeals that war could offer and who had emerged with unshaken confidence in the ability of the intelligent foot soldier to take care of himself.

Priding themselves on being soldiers, in the finest sense of the word, they were natural, surprisingly articulate, unassuming leaders with the rough edges somehow worn off by what they had undergone. ("The loud, tough guys in the States turn out to be the weak sisters over here," one said.) Their impromptu discussion offers the American soldier some front-line pointers that may save his life.

"The first mistake recruits make under fire," began **T/Sgt. Harry R. Moore**, rifle platoon sergeant from Fort Worth, Tex., "is that they freeze and bunch up. They drop to the ground and just lie there; won't even fire back. I had one man just lie there while a German came right up and shot him. He still wouldn't fire back."



It is very important to know the weapons thoroughly. "We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages," say Sgt. Harry Moore. Such ignorance can put a whole platoon in great danger.

Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants

That's right," said T/Sgt. William C. Weber of St. Marys, Pa., another rifle platoon sergeant. "When a machine gun opens up, the new men squat right where they are. The same way when flares drop and bombs 'baroom' down at night. The old man dives for cover. He doesn't stay out where he's exposed."

"They're scared of tracers, too," put in T/Sgt. **David H. Haliburton of Ballinger, Tex.**, rifle platoon leader. "Me, I like to see tracers."

"Jerry fires lots of tracers," said Bill Weber. "He has a trick with tracers. Jerry has one gun shootin' tracers up high. Then he has other guns shootin' grazing fire."

"At the Rapido some replacements couldn't tell the difference between our fire and Jerry's," commented Moore. "And they were scared of Jerry's machine pistol. It's not accurate at all. If it doesn't get you in the first minute, don't worry about it. Its first four to six shots are the only ones that count."

"The Germans don't try for accuracy in small-arms fire," said Ed M. Taylor of El Paso, Tex., sergeant of an 81-mm mortar platoon. "They spray and try for a high concentration of fire."

"I got four machine-pistol shots placed an inch apart in my sleeve there," said Moore, holding out his right arm. "But that was an accident. I still don't think the machine pistol is accurate."

"The machine pistol goes 'bzt'—like ripping a piece of cloth fast," said Weber. "When you hear a sharp crack over your head like popcorn, or just like a bullet going through a target on the rifle range, that's the time to duck. Don't worry about the sniper who hits around your legs. The guy to fear is the one who puts a shot close to your ear—ping! He has telescopic sights."

"That's another thing," said Moore. "This Army doesn't use enough snipers. We need more Springfield-'03 men with telescopic sights. We could easily have killed six Germans on the Rotondo if we'd had a sniper. They walked right through our front lines."

"What do you think of the M1?" asked Taylor.

"It's wonderful," replied Moore. "It will take all kinds of dirty treatment and still fire when you need it. But I don't like the carbine. You can't trust it; three little grains of sand will stop one up."

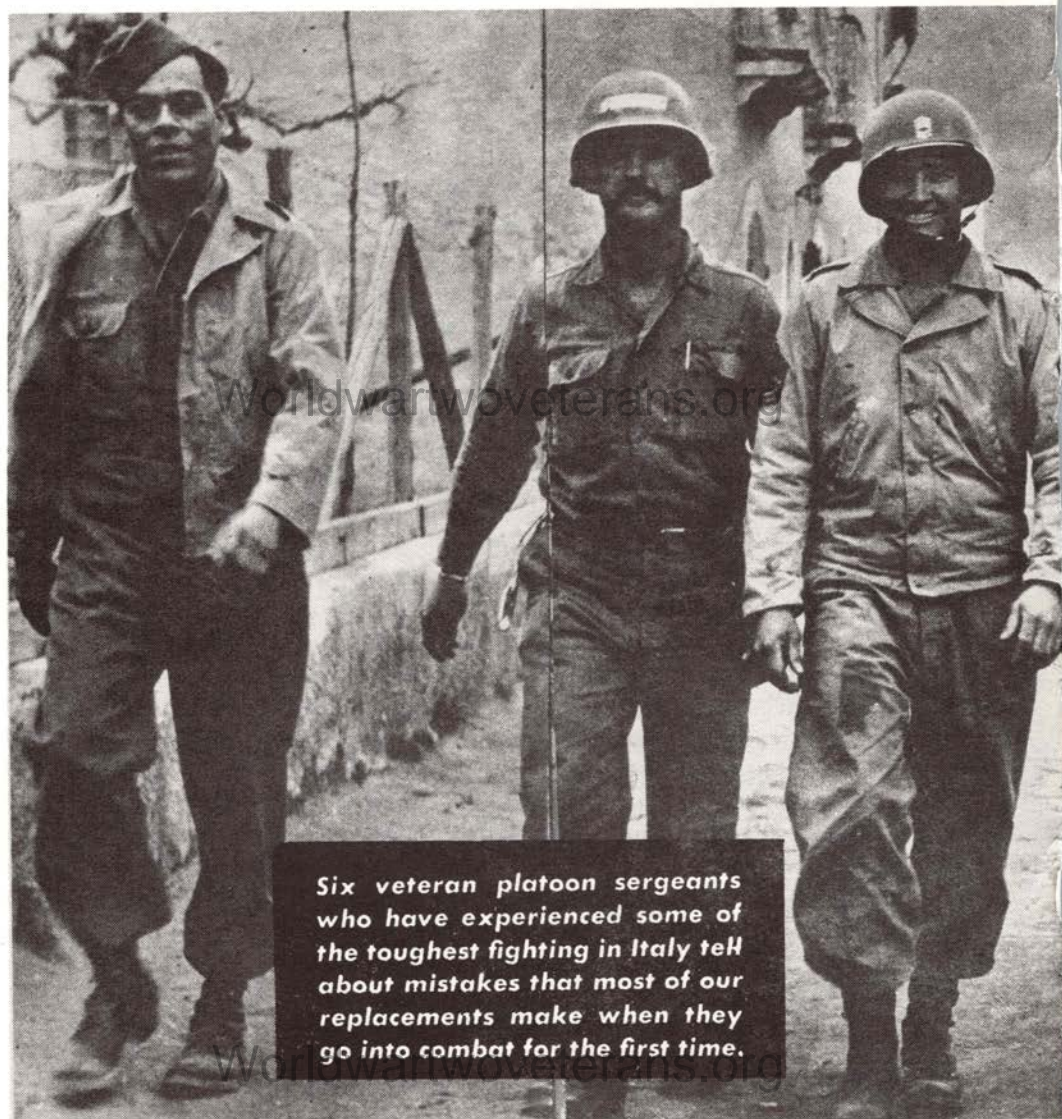
"The Germans counterattacked early one morning, and my men came to me and said their M1 rifles were frozen tighter than a by-god," said Sgt. Haliburton. "They asked me what to do. 'Hell,' I said, 'urinate on the sonuvabitches.' It didn't smell so good after firing a couple of hours, but it saved our lives."

"If you could have only one weapon, what would you take?" asked Taylor.

"The BAR," three men answered simultaneously.

"But that bipod is useless," said Moore. "We've never yet had a chance to set it up. And it's heavy and catches on things on patrols. While I'm mentioning it, I wish they'd get rid of that stacking swivel on the rifle. It's

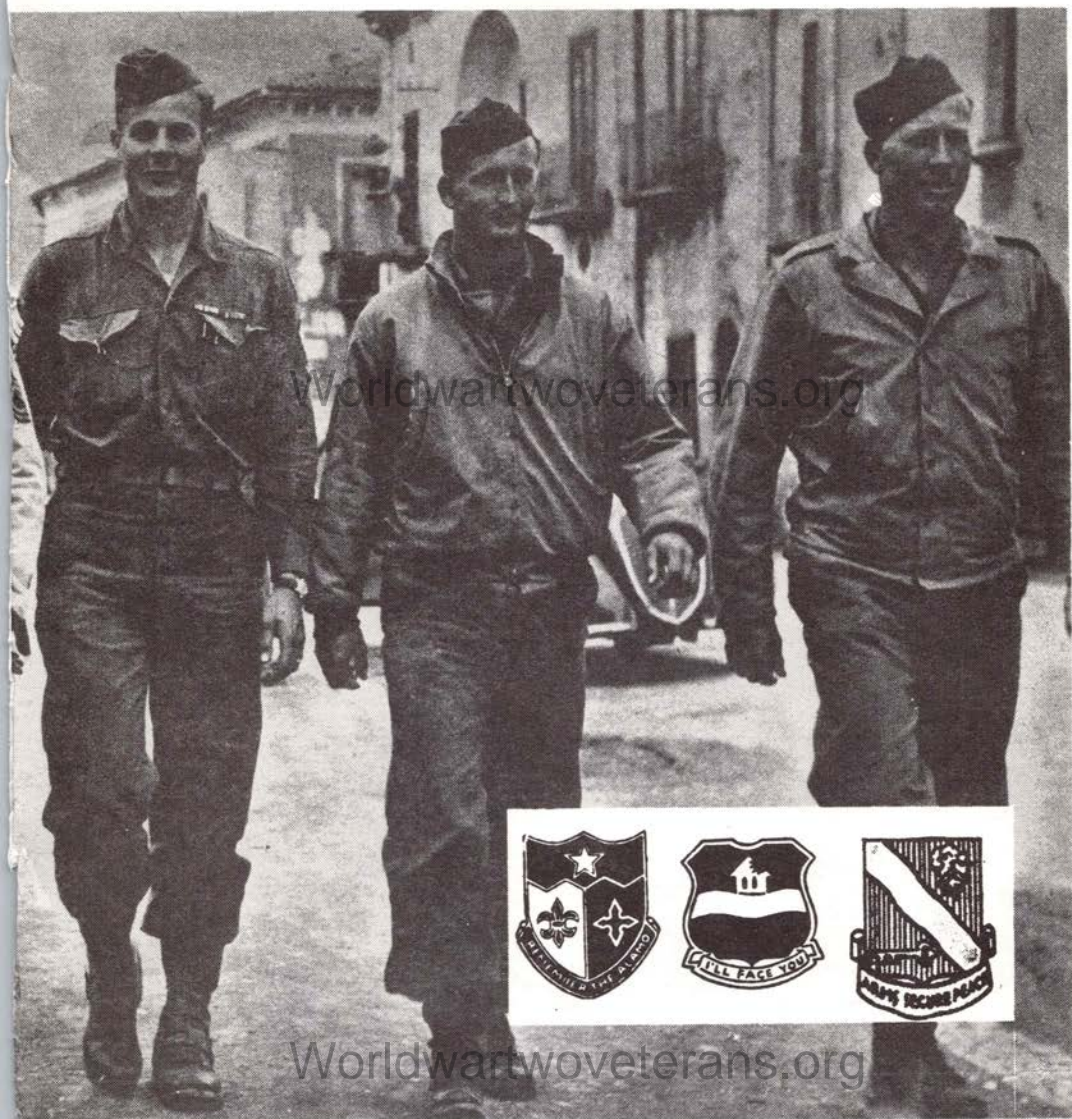
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Six veteran platoon sergeants who have experienced some of the toughest fighting in Italy tell about mistakes that most of our replacements make when they go into combat for the first time.

The Top Platoon Sergeants of the three Regiments of the 36th were selected for this "Old Soldiers Never Die" story. Two from 141st, 142nd and 143rd were chosen - they are, from left: S/Sgt. MANUEL S. 'Ugly' GONZALES of Co. D, 141st from Ft. Davis TX; T/Sgt. ED M. TAYLOR, Co. H, 141st, of El Paso; T/Sgt. HARRY R. MOORE, Co. F, 143rd of Fort Worth; T/Sgt. WILLIAM C. WEBER, of 142nd of St. Marys, PA; T/Sgt. JAMES H. ARNOLD, Co. D, 143rd of Killeen, TX and T/SGT. DAVID H. HALIBURTON, Co. C, 142nd of Ballinger, TX.

Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants



The editors of YANK, The Army Weekly, knew what they were doing when they assigned Sgt. Burt Evans to interview two platoon sergeants from each of the three 36th's Regiments. No doubt, many of the green-troops may still be alive because of the combat-wise information these six men offered.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

always catching on something.”

“That goes for the **T** on the shovel, too,” said Taylor. “I’ve sawed mine off short. Of course, you don’t need a shovel. The pick is the most valuable tool we’ve got.”

Everyone agreed to that.

“There’s a trick to this digging,” said Haliburton. “None of the new men dig deep enough or quick enough. Incidentally, we don’t have foxholes any more—we have fighting holes. They’re six feet deep, and step goes down to four feet.”

“I’ve seen a lot of men die because they didn’t dig their holes deep enough,” said Taylor. “Most of them were crushed in tank attacks. Ninety-five percent of the men in my company are alive today because they dug down the full six feet.”

For the first time **SSgt. Manuel S. (Ugly) Gonzales of Fort Davis, Tex.**, spoke up. At Salerno Gonzales, the most popular and quietest man in his outfit, single-handedly knocked out four German machine guns, one mortar and one German 88-mm gun, going through machine-gun fire that came so close it set fire to his pack. He’s been recommended for the Congressional Medal.

“Two of our men were killed in their foxholes,” Ugly Gonzales said.



Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants

"You know we usually have two men to a hole on an outpost, one on guard and one asleep. Well, for some reason I can't figure out, Americans like to sleep with a blanket or a pack *over* their heads. Why one was sleeping instead of being on guard I don't know, but when we checked up in the morning, we found their bodies bayoneted right through the blankets. They never knew what got them."

"Some of the boys just don't have common sense," said Weber. "They seem to expect the Army to think for them. When you're under fire, you've got to think six ways from Sunday."

"Why, the Germans were climbing out of their foxholes and retreating," said Haliburton, "and some of my new men didn't know what to do about it. They just lay there. They could have moved two feet, for a better range of fire, and knocked the whole outfit out."

"Sometimes they don't even know the man beside them or where he is," Taylor added angrily. "After we'd had one bunch of boys 12 days, they didn't even know their own squad leader. Now every man has his name taped on his helmet."

"It's important for men to train together and to know each other," said Haliburton. "If I want to take out a patrol and don't know who to take, I'd rather go alone. You've got to know your men. I don't eat first—I eat with them. There are two kinds of boys, I've found out—the ones you can pat on the back and those you have to keep after."

"I never like to take more than three men with me on reconnaissance patrol," said Gonzales. "One man can give you away if he doesn't know how to pick up his feet and walk on grass and rocks. First thing you know Jerry comes out of a ditch with that machine pistol ready to turn and shoot. He has that long baseball cap on. Man, that's when you'd better have your tommy gun on full automatic."

"That's another thing," Moore added. "Many of the new men we get



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



have never had any night work. They're blind; a couple get lost every night. Why, I've seen boys fall off in a ditch in the dark and break their legs. They're used to flashlights. You couldn't give me a flashlight."

"They're too loose on the men in the States," **T/Sgt. James H. Arnold of Killeen, Tex.**, said. "Ten-minute breaks, go to town every night—they'll never get in shape that way. And they never ought to have a dry run. They ought to fire every weapon, and there ought to be tin-can rifle ranges around every Army post where the men could practice in their spare time."

"They ought to learn to shoot from the hip in a hurry," Taylor agreed. "And we get men who are supposed to be qualified with mortars who have never fired more than two rounds. You can't sense how to fire a mortar just by mounting it." At Salerno we had two boys who had fired their mortar often and had lived with it. They could put a mortar shell anywhere they wanted to, but they were the only ones who could."

"What kind of gun emplacements do you use for heavy weapons and machine guns?" asked Haliburton.

"We use a four-foot-deep emplacement for a mortar," Arnold replied. "We've never been where we could dig one, though. We pile up rocks."

"You can dig an emplacement by blasting during a barrage," said Taylor. "We've often done that. But men ought to be trained to set up guns on all kinds of terrain."

"You know what I think?" Haliburton asked. I think we tend to keep our machine guns up too close. The weapons platoon tries to go right up with the rifle platoons. We've had machine guns knocked out by mortars, and sometimes our machine guns get pinned down when they stay up with us. The heavy weapons should be in support, in back of us shooting over our heads. You've got to guard against the tendency of the American heavy weapons to move right up."

"That's the American's worst fault," said Moore. "He's just like a turkey. He wants to see what's on the other side of the log."

"One thing I wish you heavy-weapons men would do," commented Haliburton, the rifle platoon sergeant. "When you fire, always judge over, never short." Haliburton was deadly serious, and nobody laughed at what

Combat-Wise Platoon Sergeants

might have seemed a dry joke in other circumstances.

"Our 60-mm mortars and even our 81s are usually stuck out singly," said Taylor. "They should be in a battery."

All agreed.

"One thing we haven't mentioned is the rifle grenade launcher," said Moore. "That's one of our best weapons. It will break up an attack every time."

"Hand grenades, too," put in Haliburton. "New men are always afraid of them. At Salerno, some men had them taped up so tight they couldn't use them. One thing that's needed is a better place to carry grenades. If you hang them on your ammunition belt, they get in your way when you're crawling along the ground. What we do is to have pockets sewed in our combat suits for them."

"Fragmentation grenades, you mean, of course" said Weber, "or maybe white-phosphorous grenades. Concussion grenades are handy only in street fighting."

"The most valuable thing I learned in training was how to lob a grenade," said Moore. "You have to lob them correctly. You can't get any distance if you throw them like baseballs. It takes experience to knock out a pillbox at 25 yards from a prone position."

"They taught us some useless things, though," said Arnold. "For instance, we never use a rifle sling, except maybe to carry it. And we don't fasten the chin straps under our helmets for fear of concussion. And we can't be bothered with packs. What do you usually carry into action?"

"All I ever take," said Weber, "is a raincoat, a rifle and rifle belt, pick, one K ration and a



In action, Sgt. Weber carries a raincoat, rifle, rifle belt, pick, one K ration, canteen, ammunition, grenades.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

canteen. About that canteen, incidentally, water discipline has never been stressed enough. When our whole battalion was cut off for three days at Mount Maggiore, the new men almost died of thirst. We caught some water in C-ration cans and helmets. They tried to drop rations to us by plane, but most of them fell in enemy territory. The boys got tired of staying in their holes, but I threatened to shoot the first one who stuck his head out. When we were in the mountains you'd be surprised at how many men would beg me to let them make the long, dangerous haul down and back for rations at night, just for the exercise."

"There are three damned important points for replacements to remember," summed up Moore. "First, dig deep fighting holes. Second, learn how to take care of yourself, particularly how to be silent on patrols. Third, know your weapons. We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages. Some guys expect to pick up a new gun from a casualty whenever they need it. They must think it's a gold mine up front. When you need a gun, it's not there. You can count on that."

"Just one more thing," said Gonzales. "Keep out of draws. Jerry always has his mortars zeroed in on them."



HARRY RAY MOORE, T/Sgt. of Co. F, 143rd, Fort Worth has been most helpful in identification of the other 5 men included in this story. In checking our roster, Moore seems to be the only one who is a member of the 36th Association. He won two Silver Stars and the Purple Heart with 3 clusters (a great record), joined the 36th at Brownwood in January 1941.

Harry Moore's photo shown here was made at the Infantry School 1944. He now lives at: 3401 Lakeland, Fort Worth TX 76111, is manager of a Super Market, a job he's excelled in for the past 31 years.



Harry Ray Moore

The first time your reporter had seen a copy of this May 1944 issue of YANK was a few years ago when we found it in the thick scrapbook from Harry Moore. (YANK magazine was not easily available to front line troops). Then recently, in the mother-lode of files from the late General William Wilbur we found a mint-copy of this great story. It is one of the great combat stories of that time.

A GOOD LESSON WELL LEARNED

In the early 1930's while serving Colonel Richard B. Dunbar (CO of 111th Engineers) as Sgt. Major, the great man made this statement that I never forgot:

“Raise hell with your officers because they should be able to take it; protect your enlisted men because you are the only one in a position to see that they get a fair deal, and if they are treated fairly, they will follow you anywhere.”

Worldwartwoveterans.org

The late Colonel Dunbar left the 36th from Camp Bowie to command the 343rd Engineer Regiment. He was awarded the Legion of Merit for action in North Africa and Italy, was cited twice for outstanding achievements in World War I also. After WWII he was head of the General Contractors Assn. in Fort Worth.



COL. RICHARD DUNBAR.

Many years later as a Lt. Col., commander of Engineers, most of my dealing were with generals, colonels and staff officers who issued orders in the name of the general.

There were many times during the war when the orders left much to be desired for the the engineer project to be attempted or, in the best interest of my troops. When this happened we had to step on some toes and make some people mad.

One such time was when a Rest Center was established and the engr. received no quota; based upon personnel percentage, my slide rule showed that we should have two officers and 2 men in the R. C.

The G-1 could not be moved so I went to General Walker who listened to my story and thanked me for bringing it to his attention. A phone call was awaiting me when I got to my command post and the G-1 told me that if I would have two officers and twenty-two men ready by one o'clock they could attend a five day rest camp in Naples.

This was only one of many situations when I found General Walker to be completely fair in every way. There were times when things were not done as I wanted them but there was never a time when I thought the General was wrong.

Stovall

"ATTACK"

By William W. Eberle
Btry. A, 133rd FA Bn.



The following is a short story of my experience while serving with an artillery forward observation section on the night of February 3rd 1945 and dedicated to the common foot soldier--the courageous sons of the United States Army Infantry.

The night was pitch black--one mentally cursed the darkness but at the same time knowing it was better this way because any light would be fatal to our mission. The cool Rhine air swept whirlwind thoughts through my mind. Thoughts of home back in Ohio; taking my girl to the movies and holding her hand; sipping a Coca Cola afterwards; of friends left behind who by now were probably also involved in this damn war. Yeah, they too are probably somewhere fighting for democracy these days. DEMOCRACY--that's the word...that's why I'm out here in this no-mans land tonight fighting for the things and people I love...fighting so I can go home some day. Home--it may be New York, Cleveland, Dallas, Chicago, San Francisco...maybe some town no one ever heard of, but you're proud of it. AMERICA, gee, it's a grand place!

Our jumping off place--they called it an assembly area in basic training--was a battered, beat up little town of BICHWILLER that had seen its share of the war. 7:15 PM was the ready hour. H-hour four hours from now although our objective was just a little over a mile away. Ours was to be a surprise attack, not even to be preceded by our usual artillery barrage. At precisely H-hour the Germans threw their own artillery barrage into our area. Had they learned about our attack, or was it coincidence? I hoped and prayed it was merely coincidence, since knowing too well how difficult our mission would be if the enemy had advance information. Men spread out and hit the dirt seeking some protection from falling fragments.

Soon the barrage ceased and things were quiet again. Once again I cursed the blackness of the night through which one could barely

Bill Eberle entered the 36th Division on Oct. 8, 1943 a month after the invasion at Salerno. He trained at Fort Eustice, VA, on 90 MM anti-aircraft guns, prior to joining Bry A, 133rd. Eberle was editor of his high school newspaper and sports announcer for the high school football games. The 'ATTACK' story was published in his hometown (Dover, Ohio) newspaper.

ATTACK!

see the buildings silhouetted against the skyline. The surrounding terrain was flat as a table and between us and the mountains of Germany on the horizon was the Rhine River.

We marched single file keeping a five yard interval, customary to army survival regulations, and while halting several times for reasons unknown, I struck up a friendly acquaintance with a young man from Syracuse. He was a likeable fellow. I can't describe his features because of the darkness. It was his first time in combat and he told me of the thoughts racing through his mind. He mentioned his name and asked me to locate him after the attack and I promised him that I would. However, the news of his death a few hours later struck me with a terrific shock. st of his limbs were torn away from a German 88 MM shell. Only an acquaintance for a few moments but it seemed that I had known him for longer. I bowed my head in silent prayer. You get that way in the Infantry. Ones minds and souls are bound very close together. Soon we approached a small river. Our objective was several thousand yards beyond. There was no bridge; our lifeline was a ope to guide us as we edged step by step though the icy water that came up to our knees. The crossing seemed endless, but finally I heaved a sigh of relief on reaching firm ground stamping my feet in a futile effort to get circulation in my half frozen feet.

Another twenty minutes and we were 100 yards from our objective-- a small Alsatian village by the name of ROHRWILLER. H-hour was drawing near and I was frightened. the gallant dough boys laid flat on their stomachs breathing heavily and wondering what would come next...wondering. Death? Giant Bombers of the RAF zoomed overhead, homeward bound after completing a bombing mission somewhere in the heart of Germany. The roar of their huge motors droning overhead formed a shuddering epitaph to our attack.

There was no mistaking the next order...ATTACK. And attack



they did with the typical courage and gallantry of true American soldiers. We had caught the enemy by surprise. One German corporal ran out of his house to man his machine gun but was quickly subdued as my friend broke the butt of his carbine over the soldier's head. The village was swept with small arms and machine guns and was soon in allied possession. Just one objective less before the one main objective--the return to the land of the FREE and the home of the brave! How many more remain?



Bill Eberle
3880 Schirtzinger
Columbus, Ohio

Headquarters
36th Infantry Division
For
Gallantry In Action
a
Silver Star Medal
is awarded to
Tec 5 **BILL W. EBERLE**

CITATION

BILL W. EBERLE, 35603780, Technician Fifth Grade, Battery A, 133d Field Artillery Battalion, for gallantry in action on 16 March 1945 in the vicinity of Griesbach, France. When a strong enemy counterattack forced infantry troops to withdraw, Tec 5 Eberle, radio operator with a forward observer party, courageously remained at his post to transmit vitally important fire direction orders. Although the hostile troops had surrounded his position and were subjecting the house to hand grenades, small arms and tank fire, Tec 5 Eberle effectively relayed fire orders and called for the artillery barrages which forced an enemy tank crew to surrender. As a result of his dauntless actions the position was held until reinforcements arrived to establish a strong defense. Entered the Service from Dover, Ohio.

Robert I. Stack
Brigadier General, U.S. Army
Commanding

Bronze Star is 33 Years Late



EX-POW RECALLS 16 MONTHS

This is a re-print of a news story that appeared in the Rockford Illinois newspaper some time ago. Paul Bederka retired for health reasons in 1973, is also active in local V.E.W. and D.A.V. units. He and his wife Alice, with their six children—Paula, Larry, Craig, Tim and Bob & Tom (twins) reside at: 4711 Cleveland Avenue, Rockford, IL 61108. Paul adds, "I'd sure like to have a Texas Flag for my den."

Paul Bederka had to laugh, even though his Bronze Star showed up about 33 years after World War II and marks a painful time in his life.

Bederka, 4711 Cleveland Ave., received the medal in the mail recently for meritorious service and valor above and beyond the call of duty in World War II.

"I laughed because it is typical of the government bureaucracy," said Bederka, who was a prisoner of war held by the Germans for 16 months. "It was enough for me just to have survived. It is only by the grace of God that I'm here now."

Bederka said he has no idea why his medal was so long delayed in reaching him.

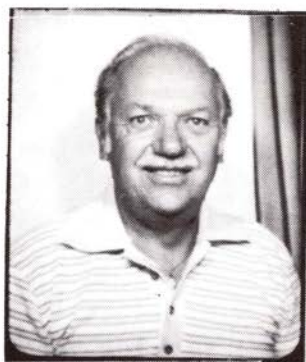
A sergeant and a squad leader with Co. E, 143rd in World War II, Bederka was captured by the Germans in Cassino, Italy, on Nov. 27, 1943.

"We were sent out on patrol behind enemy lines when we were surrounded," Bederka said. "We tried to fight it out, but machine gun fire grazed my arm and chest. Then my rifle jammed and the Germans closed in. It was a pretty bad feeling."

Bederka and his fellow soldiers were taken to a place near Rome. Later, they were shipped to the German prison Stalag 7a and then to Stalag 2b.

"We got bad food in the camps and not enough of it," he said. "We weren't given any clothing other than the stuff we had on. We were forced to work all day long outside in the wet and cold and under a threat of losing our lives all the time. I saw several men shot who tried to escape."

Bederka suffered from frostbitten feet and malnutrition. After the



Paul Bederka

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

camps, he was transferred to a work crew near the Russian front after a long march across northern Europe.

One night, while Bederka's group of prisoners was on the move in Russia, he and some buddies decided to make a break. Finally, Bederka's small group ran into the Russian army.

"It was a little tense at first," he said. "We had a hard time convincing the Russians we were Americans and not German spies in American uniforms.

"Because I am Czechoslovakian, I was able to speak a similar language to theirs and make them understand."

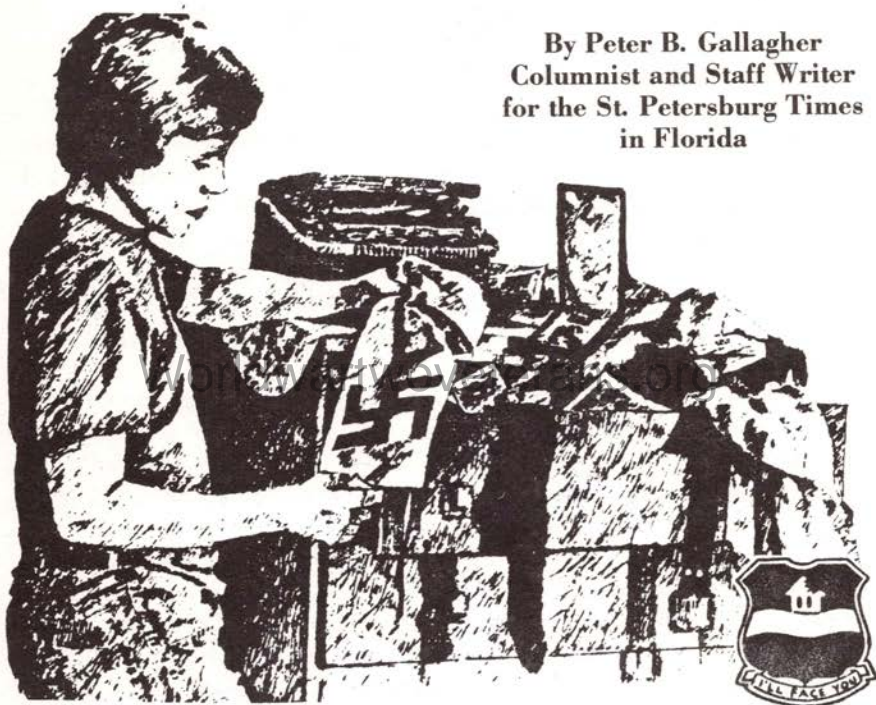
Bederka then fought alongside the Russians against the Germans and earned a Russian combat medal and a personal letter from a Russian officer.

Bederka formed Rockford Chapter No. 1 of the American Ex-Prisoners of War. "We deal with specific problems that ex-prisoners of war have," he said, including proving disabilities are the result of captivity. ☆



MY FATHER'S WAR

By Peter B. Gallagher
Columnist and Staff Writer
for the St. Petersburg Times
in Florida



The top drawer of my father's dresser holds the strangest memories of childhood. Hidden beneath his socks and folded white handkerchiefs are his things from the war. Shining medals and colorful ribbons, patches and pins, a red swastika armband and little yellowed pictures of soldiers posing with cocky smiles. Just things from the war, he told his children. We shouldn't be bothered with them. They were from the war. And the war was gone before we were born.

He never moved those war things. My mother says they are in that top drawer to this day. Yet, he must have known we boys went to that drawer when he wasn't around. We pinned on the medals and slipped on the armband and looked at ourselves in the mirror. And we wondered. God, we wondered about war. *What was the war all about? How did it feel? Did he kill any Germans?*

War is mystical and incomprehensible to children. Just the other day my little brother asked my father, as we had asked him years ago, "How'd you get to be a buck sergeant, Dad?" His reply: "Somebody died." *Deja vu.* My brother was quiet after that, and I knew there were strange thoughts swirling in his mind. *How? Why? How many Germans did you kill?*

There never came a time when we could discuss the items in that drawer and what they represented to him. When I reached an age of reason, there came the conflicts in Asia; and war, as he knew it, became a totally different

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

concept. War was evil. We were afraid, ashamed, unsure about serving our country. He didn't agree with all this. World War II was never like this. We didn't talk about it. I would come home from college, though, and sneak a look in that drawer.

My grandmother has provided a few insights into what that drawer represented. From her, I knew my father had served in Italy, France and Germany with the 36th Infantry Division. He had lost friends on the battlefield. He'd been shot. You could see the indentation in his leg when he wore a bathing suit. Two of his medals were Purple Hearts. One a Bronze Star. But he rarely talked about those days. A few times, he brought out pictures to show certain friends, my mother says. But I don't remember those times.

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It all changed one day when the phone rang and Company B found my father. His name had been inadvertently dropped off the list and, although Company B had been having reunions for years, he had never known about them. Soon after that, I got a call. "You ought to make the one in Coleman, Texas," he said. "You'll find out what the war was all about."

Coleman, deep in the heart of Texas. Instead of "Abel, Baker, Charley, Dog," Ike let the Texas boys say "Abilene, Brownwood, Coleman, Denison"—a story repeated more than once that weekend. From all over the United States they came to the armory on the outskirts of Coleman. Immediately the stories began. *A-tennnn-shun! The war!*

The T-patchers. T for Texas, where most of the men were from. Italy's Rapido River ran red with their blood. Men who had trained in the silt-darkened Pee Dee River of South Carolina, who had punctured the bleeding boot of Italy in five days and put the war at Hitler's front door. Proud men. A former battalion commander—Middleton—said out loud what everyone hoped was true: "If we hadn't stopped Hitler, we would not be here today." Damn straight. If there is a theme for these reunions, a reason for these reunions, that is it. *If we hadn't stopped Hitler, we would not be here today.*

My father met his old soldiers with a slowly tightening handshake, peering into their eyes, naming French cities and foxhole buddies, searching for some twitch, some factor of resemblance. Charles Hoffman? Charlie Hoffman. It's coming back. Grenoble? No. Anzio? Your hair was different. Hell, it's been 32 years. Hoffman. I remember you. The handshake tightened. You were in my platoon.

They lined up and posed for pictures, trying to duplicate the wartime poses they all carried in albums and shirt pockets. Faces were just as cocky in hot, dry Coleman as they were defiant before the ruins of St. Croix. There were moments of revelry when reminiscences thundered about the cavernous reunion hall. There were heads bowed in silence for the dead of Company B, and the bugler blew the Army bugle that hit the beach at Salerno. And they marched.

Down the main street of Coleman, old soldiers lifting legs in unison for

My Father's War



the first time in 30 years. Some heads were bald, some gray, some suits baggy some physiques frumpy and misaligned, but all marched to the courthouse steps. Col. Sisco led them calling cadence. A wreath was laid upon the monument. *Sssh*. Silence. Only a few curious onlookers watched, wondering why these men were doing this. The old soldier's fear—Have they forgotten?—flashed over everyone's faces at march's end. *If we hadn't stopped Hitler they wouldn't be able to line the streets*. Anger. All part of war and soldiers.

But it was soon forgotten in the joy of reliving those dramatic times when leaving for war and risking death were the stuff of which heroes were made. I stood there and listened to my father talk war for the first time. He told about lying, saying he was from Texas, just to get in Company B. He told how they lined dead Germans up and down a street so the general could ride by and see the troops hadn't been wasting time.

I listened and tried to figure out their war. *How did it feel? What was it like?* What about the Nazi armband, the things in your top drawer? He answered my questions by pointing around the room. There's the Coleman sheriff. H.F. Fenton. He was one hell of a soldier. We respected him. We trusted him. You have to trust a man in battle. Hamilton—he was in my platoon. Should have made lieutenant. You ought to talk to these guys. Clevenger still looks the same. Ray Greaves—he was there when I got shot. Took down my name while Magwire lifted the tree off me. Lt. Bland was standing right there chewing tobacco and—*which one's he?*—next thing

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

you know WHAM! He was dead. Shot through the face.

Dempsey Albritton. Youngest man in the company. Harold Cook. Cookie. See Strickland over there? He was captured by the Germans. He's 6-foot-4. Can you imagine a foot soldier that tall? He shot the bazooka if I remember right. *Wait a minute! Captured by the Germans? What happened? How'd he get out?* I dunno. I think it was in 1944. He was caught one day and I didn't see him again until yesterday.

"You see these guys. I'll never forget them the rest of my life." A man from my father's platoon explains the bond. "It's been 30 years, but we'll always be friends. We faced death together."

"When you've been in a foxhole with somebody and they're shooting over your heads, you don't forget who was there," said my father. "You saw them get killed and wounded, and they came and left every day. It takes a while to remember, but you don't forget."

"You remember a guy named Miles Anthony? He had a picture with him of the most beautiful girl I ever saw," said Strakbein. "We sat there in the hole looking at that picture, and I told him, 'If I was you, I'd walk on over the hill and go home. If I had that waiting for me, I'd go home.'"

Where is Anthony now? Is he here? Where's the girl? "Yeah, Anthony. He died at Selestat. Remember? It's crazy, but I've wondered about that girl for 30 years...so beautiful."

"Do you guys remember Rome? One more hill, then Rome. One more hill, then Rome. That's what they kept telling us." My father's turn. "Do you remember marching into town? Do you remember how quiet it was, and then they started clapping? I'll never forget. And then it was like thunder? Remember?" *Chills.*

It went on like this for two days. The minds of these men held the war. The drawer held ribbons and medals. Dewey Mann, who became a lieutenant when somebody died, took me aside at the end. "You be proud of your father. He was a damn fine soldier." He was perhaps the 20th man to say that. Men who didn't even know my father told me that. They wanted to make sure I knew his war. Their war. But I understood. The spirit of these men had been in my father's top drawer for years.

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The T-patchers: An epilogue

The 36th Infantry division fought in five major campaigns and in two amphibious assaults in 19 months of combat in World War II; 3,974 were killed, 19,052 wounded, and 4,317 were missing in action.

There were around 200 men in the original unit of Company B. Because of casualties and rotation of troops, the final roster totaled some 747 names. Of that number, 88 were listed as killed in action and 61 missing in action.

The first reunion of Company B East in 1970 was attended by eight of the veterans; subsequent get-togethers have drawn as many as 72 men and their wives.

THE SPELL OF MOROCCO



KINGSVILLE ARMY OFFICER TELLS OF ARAB MERCHANT'S DINNER FOR AMERICANS

EDITORS NOTE: This is a reprint from the Kingsville newspaper, dated Sept. 10, 1943. Please note that the only identity at that time could be "West Africa". The legend below in original story says - "Capt. Ben F. Wilson, Jr., son of County Judge and Mrs. Ben F. Wilson is somewhere in Italy today.

Ben (Beanie) Wilson has made many trips back to the area of which the 36th left a few marks. Photos of his re-visit to Morocco follows...

My dear wife:

West Africa
July 26, 1943 Monday

In this letter, I wish to put down in writing my experiences and reactions as I remember them, when, a few days ago, I had the pleasure of attending an Arab dinner.

Sunday, July 18, 1943:

This evening I had a most delightful experience. I was fortunate enough to be invited with a group of other officers, to an Arab dinner.

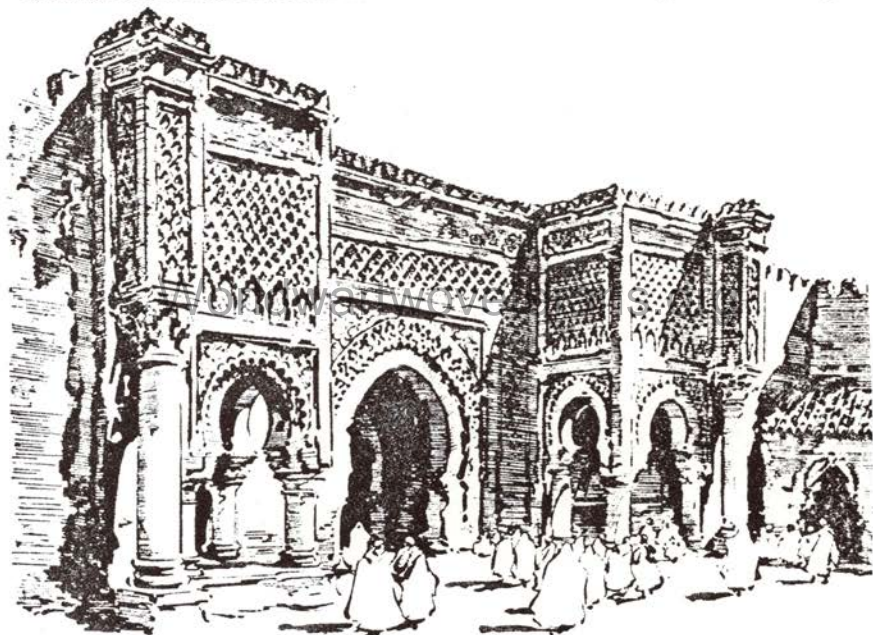
There were about twenty officers in the party, including Col. Carl Phinney, Col. Hal Reese, Col. Bob Phinney, Capt. Ray Lynch, Capt. Clifton Carter, Capt. Dawson Duncan, myself and other officers whom I had just met.

We all arrived at the home of the wealthy Arab merchant, whose name I

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

didn't catch, although it included "Mohamed," as do all Arab names. It was now about seven-thirty o'clock and we were met by this picturesque old person. He had on a red and white turban of fine silk. He had a long white beard, rather red face and twinkling blue eyes. A white silk burnoose was draped loosely over his shoulders and reached to within six inches of the ground, looking not unlike an old-fashioned "nightgown" with the hood added. Underneath were closer fitting garments of white cloth. For shoes he wore the customary yellow, pointed toed sandals without heels, worn without socks, exactly like the pair I sent home. His home is just outside the ancient "Medina" walls and overlooking that part of the city. We all went into the house and up about six flights of dimly lighted stairs, coming into what would be a penthouse in the U.S. There was much of the expected bowing and scraping by our colorful Arab hosts.

The room we entered was about thirty feet long and possibly fifteen feet wide. All around the wall ran a wide cushion some ten inches high, covered with green and red velvet. Large pillows to lean back on lined the wall, adding to the general color. They were blue, white, green, red, and yellow, and covered with silk, satin and velvet. The floor, in between the long rows of cushions, was entirely covered with a beautiful Persian rug of mixed color. In the center was a small Moroccan rug with long white and brown nap. A small brilliant blue rug was in one corner. The narrow windows were evenly spaced, running well up into the high ceiling and down to within two feet of the floor. The walls were covered with tile of blue, gold and white, up to about fifteen feet. Over the windows there were arch shaped stone facings,



The Spell of Morocco

all hand carved. The windows themselves contained multi-colored stained glass.

The Arabs all took their shoes off before coming into the room, but we left ours on. After settling ourselves on the wide cushions and getting past the opening formalities, we were ready to begin what was to be a new, long, and interesting experience for this Kleberg County boy.

The room had a distinct oriental look to it, except for the American uniforms, with the subdued colored lights given out by a giant chandelier hanging from the high ceiling. This was a real work of art, made of stained glass, strings of balls, strung as on a Christmas tree, and fairly dripping glass crystals.

At this time, a small Arab boy entered with a large brass bowl and copper kettle. Making the rounds, he placed the bowl in front of each of us in turn and poured the water over our extended hands, which were rinsed and then dried with towels provided for the purpose. Now, a low wooden table, the height of the cushions was placed in front of us, and covered with a purple tablecloth.

We gathered around the table, some on the cushions and some on the pillows. Now came the first course which I think was called "posteleria." This looked like a huge fried pie, a foot and a half across and an inch and a half thick. Across the top were drawn lines with powdered sugar, such as one would make when cutting a pie in sections. At the side were two dishes of powdered sugar. Our host reached out, broke off a piece with his hand, dipped it into the sugar and ate it. We proceeded to do likewise. The flavor was rare and delicious. This dish is made from alternate layers of crust and a paste of meat and almonds, fried in olive oil and butter, and crisp and flaky all the way through. We ate liberally of this, but knowing there was much more to follow, had to call a halt.

No sooner was this gone than a great bowl of chickens, roasted whole, was placed in front of us. The idea is to dig in with the fingers and this is exactly what we did—just grab a chicken, pull off the part desired, and dip it in the plentiful sauce or sage, powdered mustard seed, or one of the several dishes of sauce around the bowl. Liking white meat, I really worked on the breasts, using my fingers to good advantage. Now after the chicken had been removed, an equally large plate of whole legs of lamb was placed before us. I don't usually like mutton, but this was mighty good.

After the mutton, and while we were still sucking our geasy fingers in the manner used by our Arab hosts, a strange dish called "coushoush" was placed on the table. This dish is made from a grain, steamed and served hot, rather dry and in small beads. On top of this was piled a heap of raisins, dates, and onions, fried together. Underneath all this is more mutton. This food, made from the grain, is placed in the hand, rolled into somewhat of a ball, and then with the thumb is flipped into one's mouth. I did this alright twice but the third time I tried to flip it from too great a distance and caught it

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

right in my face. Everyone had a good laugh at my expense.

Next, we were served small triangular shaped pieces of pie crust, which had been fried in honey and sprinkled with several kinds of seeds. They were delicious but so very rich. Next came watermelon and cantaloupe, both of which were very good although by this time you can imagine just how full I was. Now we were served a tremendous bowl of grapes, fresh and crisp, and after eating all of these we wanted, we were served a good old dish of American ice cream.

This concluded the meal, and now came the serving of the tea, a ceremony very interesting to witness. The old Arab gentleman had placed before him on a low table, a great brass kettle of water with an alcohol fire underneath, by its side was a beautiful silver teapot. With tea, sugar, and green mint leaves, he slowly and with dramatic gestures, made the wonderfully flavored mint tea, tasting it from time to time to determine its sweetness and strength. With the tea was served another pastry. The ritual was repeated again and then again, the third cup being the traditional signal that the evening was at an end.

Such an evening and meal, I shall never forget it.

BEANIE



WAR'S END, here's a relaxed Maj. Ben F. Wilson hill-top high at Kaufbeuren, Austria with some of his fellow officers of Division Headquarters. Former Artilleryman, Wilson was Special Services Officer, 36th Division from spring 1944 to end of war.

Ben and his staff were imaginative in getting many unusual benefits for the T-Patchers, which helped make life a little more livable for the troops.

BEN F. WILSON, JR., of Kingsville, Texas was kind enough to send us a xerox copy of the Arab dinner. He also makes a yearly trip back to visit most of the places the 36th was involved. Last fall, Ben and his wife Florence flew to Spain, visited Madrid, Toledo, and across the straits of Gibraltar to Morocco.

"We rode south to Rabat, and my thoughts went back to that long-ago trip overland from Sidi Bel Abbes, through Tlemcen, Toza, Fez, Meknes and to the Cork Forest as our bivouac," Ben relates.

"Strolling through the streets of Rabat gave me a strange feeling, and brought back many memories. Sitting on the veranda of the BALIMA HOTEL for a cold drink, passing by the Theatre Building where the USO Club was located, all made the war seem like only yesterday, instead of 37 years ago.

"Ben Wilson owns Wilson's True Value Hardware, gets mail at: 231 E. Kleberg St., Kingsville, TX. 78363.

The Spell of Morocco



Top photo - the ancient HASSAN TOWER at Rabat, Morocco, is one of the major attractions for all tourists. Many of the T-Patchers got to see this Arabic shrine.

Above - HOTEL BALIMA in center of downtown Rabat was 'the' place to visit - for 36thers when bivouaced in nearby Cork Forest. Photos made Sept. 1980, from Ben F. Wilson, 231 E. Kleberg, Kingsville TX 78363. For the past years, Ben and his wife have made pilgrimages to all our old stomping grounds.

91st Infantry Division
Salutes
The T-Patchers



When the first troops of the 91st landed at Anzio and went into combat, they were attached to the 36th Division for "seasoning". During the breakout from the beachhead, the drive through Rome and the long trek north of the Eternal City, the 361st Infantry fought side by side with the Texans and the men of the regiment came to know many of the stout hearted men from the Lone Star state. When the 36th left Italy for Southern France in August, '44 the Fifth Army lost one of its crack units.

The 36th Division, part of the Texas National Guard was mobilized at Camp Bowie way back in the early days of November, 1940. Few Divisions performed more magnificently than the 36th did on the night of 30 May, '44 when the 142nd Infantry, in a spectacular move, completely surprised the Germans on Mount Artemisio, directly overlooking the Velletri-Nemi road. The seizure of this mountain opened the gate to Rome. Hopefully, we will again meet some of these Texans at our reunion in Arlington in June.

The 36th Division Association, one of the best, is now publishing an Historical Quarterly which contains selected stories of the war in North Africa, Italy, France and Germany. Anyone interested in subscribing should contact Bob Wallace; 404 West 4th St., Fort Worth, Texas 76102.

So to all veterans who wore the old T-patch, we offer a
. . . SALUTE!

The Powder River Journal, 24 page newsletter of the 91st Division printed the above story in their June issue. Editor Roy Livengood, 1701 Rush, Salinas, KS 67401 visited with T-Patchers who dropped in at their Reunion, held in Arlington TX June 11-13th. Among those were Bob Wallace, Bert Carlton, Bill Kilpatrick, Julian Philips and Ed Keeton and your Quarterly editor. It was a pleasure to meet with these men who shared the same hardships that we encountered in Italy. We return the salute!

Highest French Honor Paid 36th Division



The Austin American
November 11, 1946



FIGHTING COLORS COME HOME — Colors and standards of the 36th Division, honored by France whose soil this historic unit liberated in two world wars, came back in Texas' Armistice Day observance to the newly-reconstituted 36th. Above, the flags and some of the guidons are borne in proud review at Camp Mabry. Below, left, hands to Colonel Carl Phinney, 36th chief of staff, the official citation of the French government honoring the division, as Brigadier General H. Miller Ainsworth, center, looks on. Lower right, after he had pinned the Croix de Guerre to the standard of the 36th Division, (upper corner) Gen. Mathenet bows and fervently kisses the standard symbolizing the valorous, victorious achievements of Texas soldiers.

DECISION NO. 277
THE PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE
CITES TO THE ORDER OF THE ARMY

Headquarters and Headquarters Company 36th Infantry Division
141st Infantry Regiment
142nd Infantry Regiment
143rd Infantry Regiment
36th Reconnaissance Troop (Mechanized)
111th Engineer Combat Battalion
111th Medical Battalion
Headquarters and Headquarters Co., 36th Division Artillery
131st Field Artillery Battalion (105 Howitzer)
132nd Field Artillery Battalion (105 Howitzer)
133rd Field Artillery Battalion (105 Howitzer)
155th Field Artillery Battalion (155th Howitzer)
Headquarters 36th Division Special Troops
736th Ordnance Light Maintenance Co.
36th Quartermaster Company
36th Signal Company
36th Division Military Police Platoon
36th Division Bank
Company D, 83rd Chemical Mortar Battalion
753rd Tank Battalion
636th Tank Destroyer Battalion

36th Infantry Division

“Elite unit which never ceased, from the time of its debarkation in the South of France, giving proof of the highest combat valor and of the finest spirit of attack.”

Distinguished itself particularly from **November 24 to December 2, 1944**, in the VOSGES, where it contributed in decisive fashion to the victory of ALSACE.

Executing a bold maneuver, it took possession by a surprise attack of the hill and of the city of SAINT-MARIE-AUX-MINES, IN spite of extreme difficult terrain and of the bitter resistance of the enemy.

Pursuing relentlessly, it occupies successively STE-CRUX-AUX-MINES, ROMBACH-le-FRANCE, LIEPVRE et le HAULT-KOENIGS-BURG, spills over into the plain of Alsace and takes possession of SELE-STAT on December 2, after sever fighting, thus establishing a broad breach in the German defensive system.

Then carries on with indefatigable ardor and energy a daily battle which made it possible for the defensive organization of the enemy to be broken up despite his desperate counterattacks; took, in the course of these actions, more than 3000 prisoners and seized a large quantity of material.

Worthy of the highest traditions of the American Army, it opened for the Second Army Corps an important avenue of penetration toward COLMAR and the Rhine Plain which served as a prelude to the total liberation of French soil.”

This citation carries with it the award of the Croix de Guerre with Palm. PARIS, July 22, 1946

Signed: BIDAULT

Highest French Honor Paid 36th

TEXANS' COLORS RETURN TO UNIT Veterans, Service Workers Parade In Austin Tribute to the 36th

AUSTIN, TEXAS - November 11, 1946

Texas' famed 36th Division received the highest honor of the French government Monday afternoon and participated in a sparkling return of the colors ceremonial at Camp Mabry in a military program dedicated jointly to the veterans of two world wars.

They even climaxed local Armistice Day ceremonies.

The colors ceremony, in which the federal government returned some 55 colors, standards and flags, and 107 guidons to the Texas National Guard Units inducted into federal service in 1940, was the first of its kind ever held in the State.

Colors Given

Major General John B. Coulter, a Texan and deputy commander of the Fourth Army, represented the United States government and turned over the colors to Governor Coke Stevenson. They will be deposited in the state archives.

In an impressive ceremony Lieutenant General Maurice N. Mathenet, military attache of the French government at Washington, pinned the Croix de Guerre with Palm on the 36th Division's red and blue standard. After the general had fastened the metal cross to the standard he leaned forward and solemnly kissed the flag.

Short speeches, mostly in praise of the division's record in the recent war, were made by Gen. Coulter, Gov. Stevenson, and Gen. Mathenet.

Lt. Gen. Fred L. Walker read a prepared speech for the Governor-elect Beauford Jester who was unable to attend the ceremonies.

A chilling wind swept Camp Mabry parade grounds but an overflow crowd filled the bleachers on either side of the speakers stand and many stood on the grounds or sat in cars parked three quarters of the way around the huge grounds.

Special movies were made which will be shown in Paris. The U.S. Government has singled out the Texas ceremony for worldwide distribution of sound pictures into 29 languages to be distributed around the world.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



FRENCH WELCOMED — Lieutenant General Maurice N. Mathenet, third from left, French military attache at the French Embassy in Washington, and his party were officially welcomed to Texas for the presentation by Gen. Mathenet of the Croix de Guerre to the 36th Division. In the picture, at Austin Chamber of Commerce breakfast, are shown, left to right: Colonel A.J.P. Le Bel, assistant French military attache, Lieutenant General Fred L. Walker, 36th Division commander; Lieutenant General Mathenet; Governor Coke Stevenson; A.B. Spiers, military affairs chairman; Mayor Tom Miller and Brigadier General H. Miller Ainsworth, 36th Division.



Many of our T-Patchers have written for information about the Croix de Guerre, and we hope this story will give all the facts. You can get a membership application by contacting their office - shown below.

**AMERICAN ORDER
OF THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE,
Inc.**

325 Spring St., Room 346
New York, N.Y. 10013



SNOWS OF ALSACE LORRAINE

T-Patch to Victory

Chapter 13



Worldwartwoveterans.org

This Vignette about Penn Jones is a preprint from Vincent Lockhart's new book, "T-Patch to Victory" 300 pager that covers the action of the 36th from Invasion of the Riveria to V-E Day in Austria.



VINCENT M. LOCKHART
10236 Ridgewood Drive
El Paso, Texas 79925

War is a business of kill or be killed -- a serious matter, indeed. But there are moments of life, even in war, which have their lighter side.

Take the case of Captain William Penn Jones, Jr., of Midlothian, Texas, and his mobile brothel.

"Penn" Jones was, physically, probably the smallest man in the 36th Division. He had -- and has -- an infectious chuckle, which might follow such a remark as *"I had to stand on tiptoe to get into this man's army."* He eventually retired as a colonel, and his long service as a citizen soldier in Texas caused the Lone Star State to award him, on retirement, the brevet rank of brigadier general.

But in the autumn and winter of 1944 Jones was the Assistant G-4, Transportation Officer, of the division. *"My job was trucks,"* he recalled 35 years later. *"And after we were placed under French command, they gave me one of the toughest jobs I ever had."*

"I was directed to organize a convoy, go down the Rhone Valley, and bring back a load of mules, their Goum (Moroccan) handlers and caretakers, and their female camp followers who were an integral part of the French system for keeping these Moroccan troops happy."

"It took two trucks to carry the women, each with her little trunk, which, I presume, held all her worldly possessions. Army 6 by 6 trucks weren't made to carry animals, but we got the mules loaded on, and we didn't have any trouble with them. But one truck also contained the French colonel's

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

personal horses -- three of them -- and that's where I ran into trouble.

"Going up that steep, winding, icy road through Ste. Marie Pass, the horses fell out -- all three of them. Well, I backed that truck into the muddy bank on the side of the road and I let down the tailgate to put them in. I got two of them in pretty good, and tied them up front of the truck, then I tackled that third one. He was a beautiful animal, but spirited. It was pitch black night. I did get him on the truck, but he was nervous and jumping around, and he stuck his foot right through the handrail at the back of the truck. That foot broke right off, just above the hoof. It sounded like a pistol shot. And that horse let out an awful scream. I was raised on a farm in East Texas, but I horse scream like that.

"There was nothing to do but to take my carbine out of the jeep and shoot him right between the eyes. And we went on our way. About 4 or 5 in the morning we reached our destination -- God knows where it was, but I sure don't. But I do remember snow all over the place, and no shelter of any kind in sight."

"Those two truckloads of women were unloaded right out into the snow, and that was the maddest bunch of women I believe I have ever seen. There was no protection from the cold and they were sitting right there on their trunks in the snow after an all night trip over the mountains."

"Well, I didn't want to hang around and see how the French colonel felt about losing one of his horses, so we took off and headed back across the mountains."

"When I got back to Headquarters, I went in and checked with the Judge Advocate, Lieutenant Colonel Steven J. Brady, to ask him if hauling those women made me a pimp!"



*"I need a couple guys
what don't owe me no money fer
a little routine patrol."*

CLOSE CALL FOR GENERAL DAHLQUIST

by Col. Oran C. Stovall



JOHN E. DAHLQUIST
Major General, U.S. Army

The division commander roamed far and wide over the front giving encouragement, and sometimes harassment to the small unit commanders.

On Sept. 22, 1944, the 142nd RCT was attacking the city of Remiremont, France; the battalions were operating abreast over the available roads, lanes and through a heavy forest supported by fire from the 132nd Field Artillery. As the infantry cleared the roads of direct enemy fire, Co. B, 111th Engineers would remove road blocks made of mines and fallen trees.

Sgt. 'Buck' Griffin (later W.O.) and part of his platoon was assigned the main road into town; having cleared the road as far as it was possible to work, and was resting, to await the next block to be cleared.

Gen. John Dahlquist came up and Sgt. Griffin reported to him the situation. Dialogue went like this:

Dahlquist - *"Well sergeant, let's get going, the area is cleared of the enemy."*

Griffin - *"General sir, that road around the bend is covered with two machine guns and some snipers."*

Dahlquist - *"Come with me, and I'll show you that is a mistake."* As they turned the corner, the fire came just as Griffin had known it would, barely missing the General. As he picked himself up from a borrow ditch, he grinned and suggested that they wait a little while before resuming work.

THE HUNGRY ANGEL

By Del Kendall



Now you know, there's been some tall tales to come out of your combat days, just in Italy alone. You've heard a lot of them, but this ones a doozy and if you hadn't experienced it, and seen it with your own eyes, you'd say, Buddy you're working on a section eight for sure. Oh, you know there were other men who saw the same thing as you did. There were other men just as battle-weary and having seen so many things that went unanswered before, dropped it from their minds, as the chowline grew longer.

You were just back from the living Hell of the Rapido river and Cassino fronts, and had moved into the Maddaloni area in the Spring of '44. It was a balmy sunny day, as you grabbed your mess kit and headed for the chowline. As you walked down the way, someone was whistling. Pistol Packin Mama. You felt good, good and hungry, and glad to be alive. The chowline grew longer. The first time the whole Company had been together since many long weeks of combat. You searched the line, looking for old faces and old friends. Some were gone now, gone forever, already new ones taking their places. The line inched along. You glanced up as you passed the newly dug garbage pit, with the kitchen just beyond. Here was the usual cluster of ragtag dirty kids, none of them more than five years old. Arms aloft, holding shiny tin cans, awaiting a handout, to fill those always empty bellies. Like a bunch of hungry sparrows, they pushed and shoved, around the garbage pit. "Hey, Joe. Joe, monjahree, Joe."

You looked away, and then back again, something caught your eye. In a flash, you got that old gut feeling, like when those incoming shells start falling closer and

THE HUNGRY ANGEL

closer. You stood there staring, puzzled by what you were looking at, a little hungry kid.

He seemed to stand apart from the rest of the crowd of hungry beggars. There was certainly something very strange about him, as he stood there tincan in hand and arms outstretched. Silent he was, large pleading eyes searched the face of each G.I. that passed. Not a speck of dirt shown on his little white smock, as he stood there in what seemed to be a sort of luminous light, or was it just the suns reflections from the rim of the shiny tincan he was holding.

Your mind filled with a puzzle of questions. How could a kid come so far in open country and not get dirty. He stood there like a small plaster saint that had just been taken out of a box and stood up. You turned away, perplexed. Forget it. The smell of food brought you back. What's for chow? Donkey Dick and beans? Good. You talked of many things that day at chow, but not of that.

As you walked back to your tent, messkit dangling in your hand, someone tapped you on the shoulder. It was "Hoss", one of the men from another platoon. You should have known Hoss. He was a giant of a man, and he'd tell you he never finished grade school and worked as a dockworker most of his life. A good soldier, and you were glad he was on your side. He was scratching his head as he turned and said. Y'know, that's a funny thing. You answered. What's that Hoss? He said. That there kid. You said. What kid? Hoss replied. That kid by the garbage pit. You said. What about im? He said, puzzled like. Never seen anything like that before. Looked like, I dunno, a God damn little Angel I guess, and broke out in a great roar of laughter. You turned to go into your tent saying. Y'know Hoss, you just might be right.



*"Nonsense. S-2 reported that machine gun silenced hours ago.
Stop wiggling your fingers at me."*

36th Division Biggest Texas News Story of '43

FDR, Riot, Hurricane Prominent

By JACK KRUEGER
Associated Press State Editor.

Thirty-Sixth Division. Roosevelt. Hurricane. Race Riot. Fire. Oil. Industry booms. Governor vs. rationing. Longhorns win. Murder mystery.

These are keywords in the biggest Texas stories to burst into print in 1943, and they cover a lot of ground.

There were other stories, other big stories, but these on the basis of the "plain Texas" paper-saving editors' standards.

This delight spot ha est hea —ratio the lo get t sustai Las editor



36th Division Is In! It's Our War Now!

The 36th division is in that bitt for the beaches at Salerno.
The 45th is in there too.
At least that's what the German are has been no denial from Gen

General Dahlquist's Estimate Of "Fighting 36th" Division

THE "FIGHTING 36TH" Division was all Texas when it went into training at Camp Bowie some months before Pearl Harbor. Then it

Immortal 36th Endured Great Hardships Says Its Commander

AUSTIN, March 30. (AP)—Never in history of the United States have men. Most of our infantry sur ed in crossing during darkne because of inability to cr bridges and support them t as was intended, t

Editorial



OLD NEWSCLIPS ARE WANTED

One of the greatest sources of research information is scrapbooks gathered and carefully pasted up by a loved one back home, while we were busy with the task at hand.

This reporter was blessed with a devoted mother who clipped and saved hundreds of war clips, especially if it related to anything about the 36th - or any action in the known area in which we served. THIS is the real history.

It was told - as it was at that time - by the many war correspondents for newspapers and magazines covering the action in all theatres of battle.

Unit for unit, we believe that the 36th Infantry Division received more coverage than just about any single unit in the war. Yes, we were called the 'Hard Luck' Division, because we got all the 'good' assignments (blood and gore)...but that's all history now...and we have scrapbooks filled to the brim with stories as they appeared in newspapers all over America. However, TEXAS newspapers were even more flamboyant - like the headline you see - top on left page.

The late Col. Andy Price's Newsclip Scrap Book donated to 36th's Archives

ITEM - Last fall, the H&R Committee was fortunate enough to receive from the widow of Col. ANDREW F. PRICE (141st) a large 100 page scrapbook of newsclips of the 36th in Italy. It covers all the news from the Salerno invasion through his being wounded and returned to the states. An incredible collection. It has been xeroxed with many copies, but the original book is now part of our archives - for permanent safe-keeping.

We are aware that there are many whom have such collections of their own. If you do not wish to donate the original, please have it copied, and send to the H&R Committee, along with a bill for charges, and you shall be re-imbursed. WE need all this material we can get. THANKS.

**THERE ARE 8 MILLION
STORIES IN THE 36th**

**36th Division Major
Named the AMERICAN LEGION
in Paris 1919**



WorldWarVeterans.org

Little known facts...that a World War I T-Patcher, **Major MAURICE K. GORDON** is the man who is credited with "naming" The American Legion.

1981 is the 62nd anniversary of the organization of the giant veteran group. They have a story...

Members of the war-weary American Expeditionary Forces (AEF) met in Paris from March 15-17, 1919 with three purposes in mind. "(1) Creation of a fraternity based on firm comradeship, born of war service, and dedication to equitable treatment of all veterans, particularly the disabled, their widows and orphans. (2) National security for America, including a universal military training program for the prevention of future world conflicts. (3) Promotion of patriotism and the combating of materialistic and totalitarian ideologies which recognize neither the honor or the dignity of the individual."

At St. Louis, Sept. 16, 1919, members chose "**A representative Democracy in a federal republic**" as their theme for the Legion. The US Congress gave official sanction to the veterans organization by granting its charter. Since then, The American Legion has grown to an active membership of 3,000,000 ... more than any other group is recognized as being synonymous with veterans' concerns.

Major Gordon was a judge from Kentucky, but our search for more information on him was fruitless.



This item was sent in by **CARL STROM** of Co. B, 141st, 9776 Myers Lake Road, Rockford, MI 49341, a clipping from the Michigan Legionnaire.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RACE FOR ROME. Dan Kurzman. Doubleday. 1975. 488 pages. Reads with the ease of a comic strip but the information in it is pure dynamite. The author, a very experienced reporter and writer of books, claims he spent three years on this book and interviewed 800 people and read 500 source books in writing it. I believe him. Here is a writer who was not in Italy at the time. He apparently came into the picture without any of the prejudices (such as the gut prejudice of any 36th Division man against Clark). Seems to me that his sources paint Mark Clark to be the egotistical jackass that I thought he was. In fact, I think Clark ought to have been relieved for chasing the publicity bauble of the "liberation of Rome" rather than the destruction of two German Armies. Of course, this reviewer does not look at the matter with the historical perspective of a Churchill. My better looked at the prize of Rome as being the home of the Vatican and an incalculable artistic and historical treasure. Me, I'm just a simple soldier. I looked at Rome as an art gallery over which had been superimposed a Fascist whore house. Now the whore house interested me. But in military terms, I thought we ought to have finished off the Germans first--then visit the whore house!!

NOT SO WILD A DREAM. Eric Sevareid. With a New Introduction by the Author. ATHENEUM. 1978. 522 pages. Paperback \$8.95. Originally published in 1946. The new introduction, alone, is worth the price of admission. Sevareid was the first reporter to get the word to the United States about the magnificent work of the 36th Division at Velletri. Highly recommended. A real pleasure to read.

SALERNO. By Hugh Pond. 1961. This very readable book will add a lot of good ammunition to those of us who do not admire Clark. Also tells about an insurrection of British troops at Salerno in an incident to the type that the establishment, foreign as well as domestic, usually keeps under the rug. In fact, probably 99% of you who read this did not know there was one involving hundreds of British troops.

THE BATTLES FOR CASSINO. Brig. E.D. Smith. 1975. This British General has written the best and most balanced picture of the Rapido and Cassino. He was present in part of the battle as a junior officer and devoted many years to study of the operation. His opinion agrees with veterans of the Rapido and not with the friends of Mark Clark.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

BLOODY RAPIDO. Blumenson. Published about 1964. Shows how a PhD and historian and intelligent man can entertain stupid opinions. Not recommended for Rapido veterans with a weak heart. They will get fighting mad.

ROME FELL TODAY. Robert H. Adelman and Col. George Walton. 1968. Bantam paperback. 1968. Intense and readable. Probably the best record available of the encirclement of Velletri, about the most brilliant division maneuver of all time. Tells how Walker gave Clark the keys to Rome. Some insight about how Clark's ego wouldn't let him co-exist with Walker, his old staff school instructor and senior in age and experience. Clark could not forgive Walker for being right twice in a row.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN. 1943-45. G.A. Shepperd. 1968. A very fine, comprehensive view of the Italian mess from the beginning to the end. These British chaps seem to be better than Americans at this sort of thing.

HISTORY OF THE 141st INFANTRY, 36th Inf Div, Tex Natl Guard. By Harry McCorry Henderson. Col-USA Retd. 1950. This is a highly readable story. From the beginnings up to WWII. Henderson was a former senior instructor of the Regiment. For his interest in seeing it published, it is a living memorial to the late Edward D. McCall.

Mediterranean Theater of Operations, Salerno to Cassino, by Martin Blumenson. This is the official history of the first eight months of the Italian campaign from the invasion at Salerno in September, 1943, through the battles of the autumn and winter of 1943-44 to the spring offensive of May, 1944. Since it was twelve years in the preparation, it should be a correct version of the sordid events as they occurred. Unfortunately, Mr. Blumenson spent most of his 500 pages in an effort to justify the action of the high command.

There are three special items of note and worthy of consideration:

1. At Salerno, against the protests of his commanders, General Clark ordered plans to be made to evacuate the beachhead.
2. At Cassino, against the protests of his commanding generals, Clark ordered the 36th Division to attack the Rapido River defenses.
3. At Anzio, when success seemed within his grasp, Clark halted the attack and ordered an attack from the east to the northwest that had no possible chance of success. Only the attack proposed by General Walker broke the enemy position and saved the day for the Army commander.

This was as it happened, but not in Blumenson's book.

BOOK REVIEWS

Mediterranean Theater of Operations, Cassino to the Alps, by Ernest F. Fisher, Jr. This official history of the Fifth Army begins May 11, 1944, with the well-planned operation called "Diadem". From a five month stalemate at Cassino and Anzio, the full might of seven Army corps delivered the force required to capture the city of Rome on June 4.

The speed of the advance north of Rome depended largely on the speed and ability of the engineers to remove mines, build bypasses where possible, and construct bridges. The Air Corps claimed credit for all destroyed bridges, the bridges were "blown" by carefully placed demolition charges.

The drive to the Alps received a severe blow in June and July when the most veteran divisions, 3rd, 36th, and 45th, were withdrawn for the attack on southern France.

This author is only one of many who question this action of the Americans against the disapproval of the British strategy.

The Battle of Cassino, by Fred Majdalany. In 1957, before the history of Cassino had been written, Majdalany, a Britisher, wrote this book. Because it was the only source material available, it was copied by other writers for the next twelve years (until General Walker published the true account). After an error is repeated many times, it is considered true, and was destined to blind and bedevil the history of the 36th Division forever more.

Though this report has been repudiated by his countryman, General E. D. Smith, it is still quoted by many historians. This "Rock of Gibraltar" is overlooked by the Abbey of Monte Cassino that was witness to many other battles. Roman legions fought the Semites, later the Romans with General Fabius came to meet Hannibal, then the Byzantine General Belisarius marched against the Goths, and a few years later, Totila led the Goths in a counterattack. In 1503 Cordoba of Spain fought the French at this same location.

In 1944 few of the many soldiers looking up at Monte Cassino knew we were merely the latest and most deadly manifestation of violence to reach this age-old battleground. For the details, we suggest you read Walker, Wagner or Smith's report.

DESTINATION BERCHTESGADEN, The Story of the United States Seventh Army in World War II (192 pages) by John Frayn Turner and Robert Jackson. Printed in Great Britain, Charles Scribners & Sons, N.Y.

Outlines the action of Gen. Alexander Patch's 7th Army from Operation ANVIL at the Riveria to wars' end. Maps and photo coverage is excellent, with fair coverage of the 36th, the 45th and the 3rd Divisions. Copies can be ordered from Julian H. Philips of Houston (143rd) our Association board member and treasurer.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

BRAVE MEN, by Ernie Pyle. Published 1944 by Scripts-Howard. This is truly the book that everyone, soldier and those who never left home, should own.

This writer is convinced that Ernie Pyle was the finest reporter of WW II. This book is the account of brave men, who may have anything but distinguished in their past, of if living, may be anything but great men in the future. But in wartime, they were great soldiers, so very human, so very American in the toughest moments of their lives.

The greatest single story was that of the death of Captain Henry T. Waskow.

BRADLEY. A Soldier's Story. Published in 1951 by Henry Holt & Co., N.Y., this 612 page was edited from one million words by Omar N. Bradley to 70,000 in finished form in this book. We missed this one 30 years ago, and especially enjoyed reading it recently. Gen. Bradley died April 8, 1981 at Fort Bliss, age 88. He was the last of the "generals" (five stars). A serious war buff cannot claim a complete library until this book is included. The reference in this is great. Over 5 years of work invested here, can easily be appreciated.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD WAR II, Marshall Cavendish Illustrated, in 25 Volumes.

This is recommended to the advanced war historian. We discovered this great publishing venture via an ad in Newsweek back in 1974. Mail order only, they sold it 3 issues at a time, for about \$5.00 per. A few months later we had all 25 books (one is an easy-to-find index of the other 24). The books are 9" x 12", infantry blue hardback, gold stamped - total of 3,800 pages, over 1,200,000 words, 2,000 color illustrations and 2,800 b&w photos. It was compiled and edited in England, printed in Italy, and distributed out of New York by Marshall Cavendish Corp.

Note: This set cost \$125 7 years ago, and is now probably over \$200, so try your used book stores. A real treasure.



As announced in the first issue of the Quarterly, that each of the fifteen men who received the CMH will be featured in following issues. Charles Kelly, being the 'first' CMH in the Italian campaign received more publicity than anyone, anywhere. However, we find some of these heroes did not fair so well with the press coverage. We would like to hear from anyone who served with these men - like, "I remember well the day that..." etc.

Send it to your editor, and you'll be blessed by some good omen in the near future.



OLD SOJER'S DREAMS & NIGHTMARES

The agony and ecstasy of the War Years...those brawls in the honky tonks at Starke, Florida with those yankees of the 1st Division...the embarrassment of being issued a World War I overcoat, knee length and mustard colored, while all the rest of the troops had new olive-drab...those harrasing gnats that plagued us at the North Carolina Maneuvers...the cordiality of the girls in Boston for T-Patchers, until we found out that the ratio of male-female population was predominantly female...that awful overnight forced march at Camp Blanding...the 30 miles hike, (Bunions unanimous)...receiving my first "dear John" letter from an old girl friend at home...buying a pint of I.W. Harper for \$1.95 and thinking it was high...those milk-run trips from Boston to Camp Edwards that got us there just in time for revelle...a letter from home with a check in it...the look on the faces of the Navy Ensigns who couldn't understand how we always got rooms at the Boston Statler when they couldn't...the day we 'invaded' Martha's Vineyard and couldn't find Martha (or anyone else)...that proud feeling when you went from PFC to Corporal...the battery mess sargeant who bootlegged, and discovering where he kept it hid...worrying about our 4F friends back home who had a cold ride every morning to the bomber plant...and knew they were dating all our old girl friends...the thrill of getting a box of cigars from a 4-F friend...those weekends at fabulous Connamessett Inn (near Camp Edwards)...the shock of finding out that 'Lucky Strike Green' had gone to war...listening to the juke box play "Tangerine" for the tenth straight time in a bar in Jacksonville, Florida...listening to rumors that the 36th would invade Norway...the guy in the upper bunk who had a bad habit of snoring all nite...the greedy money-changers who charged \$10 to lend you \$5 till payday...getting on the good side of the mess sargeant who would give you an 'extra' portion...sharing a piece of cake with a bunkmate who had a thoughtful mother...the day it got 14 degrees below zero at Camp Edwards and froze the water on our knee...meeting a buddie from another town, whom you find out took English lessons from an old maid aunt...having a buddie who always had money when you were broke...a Betty Grable pin-up on the barracks wall...listening to Gabriel Heater saying "There's good news tonight" which there wasn't...discovering that "Deep In the Heart of Texas" was the top tune (March 1942)...and if any of these dreams and nightmares match yours, you're in a heap 'o trouble...(with your wife.)

“OPERATION TRACK-DOWN”



THE H & R COMMITTEE IS SHAKING ALL THE BUSHES IN PURSUIT OF THE THOUSANDS OF EX-T-PATCHERS WHO HAVE BEEN LOST FOR 35 YEARS

This new project is called “OPERATION TRACK-DOWN”. It started when H&R Chair man, located and bought for his library a 5-Volume set of “The Fighting Men of Texas”, published in 1947 by a Dallas firm, now long-out-of-business. This, is of course, the same deal that follows the wars. (There was one in 1919 after World War I, also in his library).

Each of the 5 volumes is about 900 pages, each page carries four or more photos and biogs of the veteran (all branches of the service). Bob Wallace has spent hours going through all of the 4,500 pages, finding the 36th men and marking same. He then xeroxed 4 copies of each page that lists a T-Patcher. There are hundreds of them included.

OPERATION TRACK-DOWN then will attempt to locate these men. Many of course served at Camp Bowie, but later transferred via OCS, etc to other units. Many are listed as KIA, and was submitted by their family or widow. The sample shown at right is typical of the layout - a photo and shirt biog.

These men are from all over TEXAS. The track-down starts with a search in telephone books from all over the state. It's a long-shot, but Bob feels it will yield some good leads to contact those still living, and-or members of his family if said 36ther is deceased. “*Is it worth the effort*”, we asked Wallace. He replied, “*yes, and each one contacted is a prospect for membership, and if not, we ask for his biography, which will be set up in our BIOG/FILE system, handled by Bert Carlton*”.

Each of the servicemen shown in this 5 Volume set of books received a complete set. Our plan is to contact some of our active members who are ‘in’ the book to assist in leads as to the present where-about of T-Patchers that appear in FMT.

Those who have this set, please contact Bob Wallace.

HISTORICAL & RECORDS COMMITTEE

Gathering and compiling the history of the 36th Infantry Division is objective of this new preservation group.



R.E. Bob Wallace

This Committee was organized a couple of years ago. We were about 35 years late in doing so. Then someone asked me why we waited so long, when the 36th has such a great story to tell about action in Europe in World War II.

The only answer I could logically explain is - that in the first two decades of post-war, we all seemed to be involved in making a living, raising a family, with little time to devote to the preservation of our 'story', except attempting to attend one of our annual reunions, held each Labor Day weekend. But, now, 37 years after, we've all reached, or about to reach the 'retirement' stage of life. That means more time to think, and reflect about those days of 1941-45. The privations and anguish we endured, seem like only yesterday, yet - so far away, some of the suffering has been diminished a little.

The T-Patchers have a lot to record for future historians, and I guess ole Bill Jary, in a moment of spontaneous ideas, started with the slogan we all now well know..." **There ARE 8 Million Stores in the 36th**". (He confessed he stole it from the old TV series, 8 Million Stores in the Naked City, of 1950 vintage on the video).

Our major break through in the H&R list of projects - The Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly had first priority, and you have the second issue in your hands. The Museum project is a long-range affair, as you are dealing with seven digit figures. But, then it shall come about someday, we hope very soon.

Through the T-Patcher, and special mailing to the troops, we have been fortunate to have received quite a few great private collections of photos, records, newsclips, situation maps, and memorabilia of all kinds. This is great!

H&R Committee

This material is classified, recorded, with doners name, and eventually will be part of the Library of the Museum, whenever that takes place. In the meantime, it is also a source of information that is used in making the QUARTERLY and interested and informative source of material for all - and the young - future historians - who have requested information about certain campaigns which the 36th was involved.

YOUR SUPPORT in sending to us, whatever you feel would be of historic value...please do. It shall be acknowledged, and recorded in Your File in the Biography sheets. **Send it to me, R.E. Bob Wallace, 404 West 4th St., Fort Worth, TX 76102.**

www.worldwartwoveterans.org

BIOGRAPHICAL SHEETS

Bert Carlton is official 'keeper of the Biog. Sheets, a very important part of the H&R Committee. Bert is a former Association President, the 1980 Reunion Chairmn, and has served on dozens of our boards and committees. HE ASKS that each of you send your Biog. in, it will be copied 4 times, distributed and inserted in YOUR file folder.

These biogs are a great help when historians seek T-Patchers of a certain unit, regarding action in some important battle. A cross-index will follow. If you've lost your Biog. sheet, Chairman Bob Wallace or LENWLK have 'em.



BERT CARLTON,
806 Aransas,
Eules, TX 76039



ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM



Wm. H. Kilpatrick

www.worldwartwoveterans.org
Bill Kilpatrick, served with 3rd Bn Hqs., 143rd in post-war era. He has several years of experience in this field, was cited for his position as Curator, United States Army Sergeants Major Academy, Fort Bliss from May 1967 to his retirement June 1978.

The recording of the spoken word to document historical events was pioneered by the Marine Corps during WWII, but Bill has some better ideas that he will use, and most likely demonstrate his new concept at the San Antonio Reunion, Sept. 3-6, 1981. The H&R Committee are fortunate to obtain his expertise.

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<p><input type="checkbox"/> I served with (unit of 36th) _____</p>	
<p><input type="checkbox"/> I did not serve with 36th. but _____</p>	
<p>_____</p>	
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