

The Fighting 36th

HISTORICAL
Quarterly

WorldWarTwoVeterans.org



Benito & Friends were Real Swingers

Volume I, Number 4 WINTER 1981

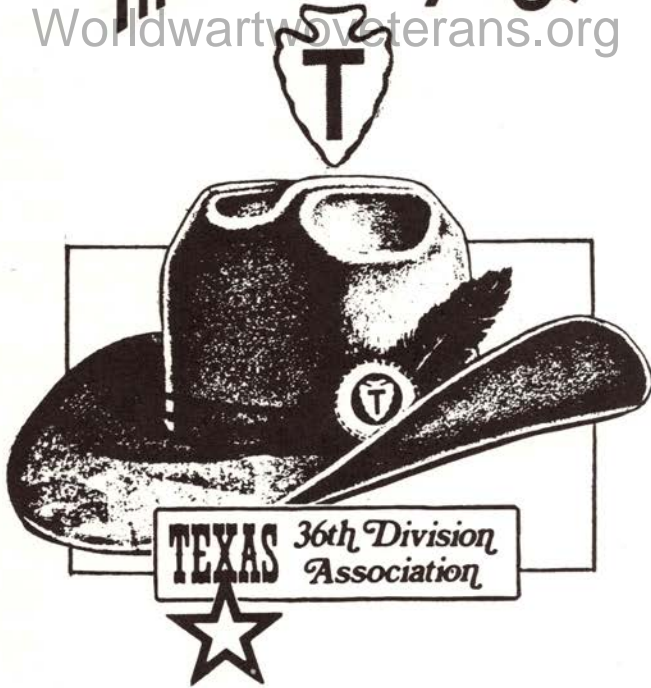
Published by
The Historical & Records
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36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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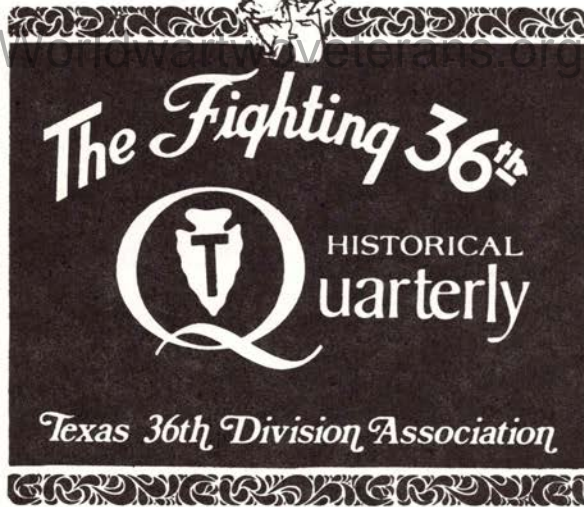
**Service Record
of the
36th Infantry Division
in World War II**

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





Published by the
Historical & Records Committee

Volume I, Number 4 WINTER 1981

this is 4th and Final Issue for Volume I
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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 reprints 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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THERE ARE 8 MILLION STORIES IN THE 36th

Welcome to our new Quarterly. The idea for this publication was born several years ago, when many of our troopers sent in great stories of their personal experiences, which unfortunately were too long for printing in our newsletter - The T-Patcher. They were too short for a book or booklet. The QUARTERLY seemed to be the only way to pass on to our membership and war historians the real "way it was, eye-witness account of the good, bad and ugly part of war".

The combat infantryman was the man who had to look eye-ball to eye-ball with our enemy. The privations, regimentation, the agony of defeat, slaughter, and heartache of losing a dear friend and buddy, made life sometimes unbearable. But, as the years pass, some of these things we all encountered seem to change from the dark to light, and that the true feeling of the man with the rifle had to carry the big load, and tell his story.

Now thirty-six years after the end of the confrontation, we find that it is our responsibility to 'record' these personal observations, in our own words...because if it is not now, it will never be preserved for all the future historians of the 21st Century, which we feel sure will continue to write about Americans in two world wars. Read on.

Are War Stories Popular?

Did you know that the body of literature pertaining to the CIVIL WAR (War Between The States) encompasses over 60,000 works—and the number is steadily mounting... after 116 years since it ended.



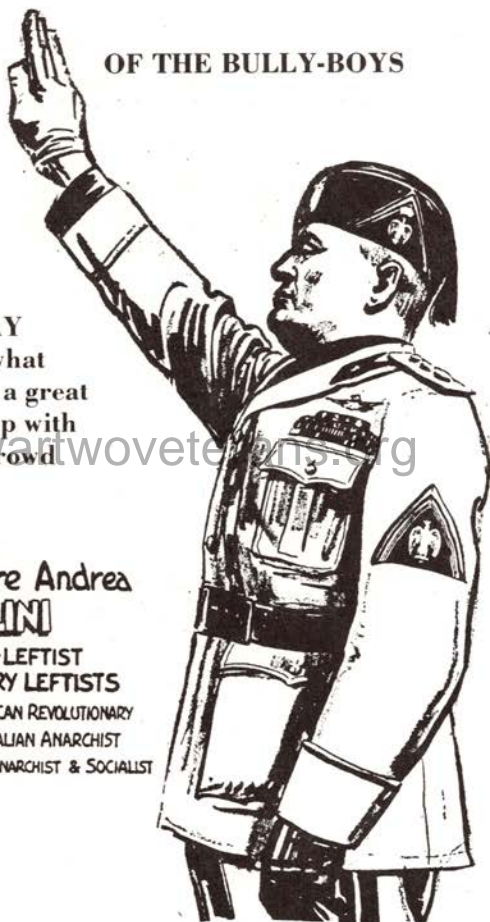
THE FIRST OF THE BULLY-BOYS

AN ESSAY
or, this is what
happens when a great
leader joins up with
the wrong crowd

Benito Amilcare Andrea **MUSSOLINI**

ITALY'S FIERY ANTI-LEFTIST
IS NAMED AFTER 3 FIERY LEFTISTS

Benito Juarez — MEXICAN REVOLUTIONARY
Amilcare Cipriani — ITALIAN ANARCHIST
Andrea Costa — ITALIAN ANARCHIST & SOCIALIST



Next year on July 29, 1983 will be the 100th anniversary of the birth of Benito Mussolini. Will this be a big celebration day for the Italians? I doubt it.

And that brings up, "Why?" Most GI's of WWII gave most of the cause for the Second World War to one Austrian Maniac paperhanger—named SCHICKLGRUBER. This essay is not to take credit from Adolph Hitler, but to establish the fact that the German Feuhrer must have taken some pointers from ole Benito.

Both of these nefarious characters served in WWI, and both started pushing people around in 1921. Benito was first to establish himself—with



Editor's note:

SAM CANADA, Leander TX has kindly offered his rare glossy photos of 'THE END' of the first of the Bully-Boys. How he got 'em is a closely guarded secret, but we are in his debt for such (gory) history that affected the lives of everyone on the face of the earth.

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his story in the Saturday Evening Post, with an exclusive by-line account (shown here), "Thus We Took Rome".

About this same time, Adolph took over leadership of the National Socialists (NAZI) Party, adopted the Swastika emblem, discovered his power as an orator, made frenzied attacks on the Treaty of Versailles and the Jews. By 1923 he had rallied 10,000 Bully-Boys (Storm Troopers) and attempted a revolution (Putsch) in Munich, and landed up in the fortress prison of Landsberg (see other LANDSBERG story in this issue).

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THUS WE TOOK ROME

By Benito Mussolini

AND now we were on the eve of the historic march on the Eternal City. Having completed my survey and estimate of the conditions in the provinces; having listened to the reports of the various chiefs of the Black Shirts; having selected the plans of action and determined in a general way upon the most favorable moment, I called together in Florence the chiefs of the Fascist movement and of the squads of action. There were Michele Bianchi, De Bono, Italo Balbo, Giurati and various others. Someone at that quiet conference suggested the mobilization of the Black Shirts for November fourth, the anniversary of the victory. I rejected that proposal, for it would have spoiled a day of commemoration by introducing the element of revolutionary activity.

Advance Plans

IT WAS necessary to give our movement the full advantage of opportunity and make it sparkle and dramatic. It was necessary to weigh, besides the military aspect, the political effects and values. We had to consider, finally, the painful



Fascist Leaders Being Reviewed in Rome, After the Overthrow of the Facta Government

of the Popolo d'Italia. Trusted Fascist messengers, some were like scurrying spiders. All day long I was issuing the necessary orders. I wrote the proclamation which was to be addressed to the country on the eve of action.

We knew from very faithful unforgettable friends that the army, unless exceptional circumstances arose, would maintain itself on a ground of amiable neutrality.

The Proclamation

AT THE historic congress at Naples, after my opening speech, which traced the outlines of the Fascist action in the past and assigned to Naples the title Queen of the Mediterranean, the general discussion continued in academic tone, without a definite aim except that of gaining time. The leader in that dissembling and sham discussion was Michele Bianchi, or of the quadrumvirs for the march on Rome. At the time he had revealed a ready, a notable politician. De Bono and Balbo, who had great authority over the squadrons of action, joined the general headquarters in Perugia.

Now that we have established our cast of characters, we go back to the 'first' Bully-Boy. . . Mussolini.

This reporter can recall many a night, laying in the ole Fartsack, being awakened by an extremely heavy enemy artillery barrage, and wondering—how in the hell could a handfull of evil men create such a hell-on-earth.

After V-E day, this reporter vowed to try to find out just, and why etc. that a war so devastating, that millions could die, countries destroyed and life miserable for just about all the 2 billion inhabitants on the face of the earth.

First rule of thumb is to go back to the beginning. . .and that's where we find that World War I, the war to end all wars, just was not true. Mussolini and his black shirt bullies kicked off a movement that ultimately started a whole new ball game.

Since this must be Benito's story, let's take a look at the best book we could find on him. . .DUCE! A Biography of Benito Mussolini, by Richard Collier (Viking, 447 pages, 1971). Reviewed by Gabriel Gersh:

DUCE! A Biography of Benito Mussolini

The worst of fates is to outlive your greatness. It is even more unpleasant than to have your body hung upside down and defiled. Benito Mussolini suffered both. He was the first of the twentieth-century demagogue-dictators, inventor of the term "facism," and ruler of Italy from 1922-43.

Admired by many European conservatives, he was courted as the savior of peace by Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax and accepted as an equal by Hitler. Had he died in 1936, at the peak of his power, he might have been accorded a respected place in history. But war, with its grim consequences, brought the test of reality. Mighty Italy turned out to be a sham, and Mussolini a sham along with it. Twenty-six years have passed since the death of *Il Duce*, and it is now possible for us to probe without rancor the paradoxes and complexities in the man.

Richard Collier has attempted this task with mixed results. His biography is thoroughly researched, since scores of interpreters, secretaries and other assistants, 454 eyewitnesses and the resources of the *Reader's Digest* helped the author to gather the vast material from which *Duce!* was fashioned. Rich in drama and adventure, Mussolini's career has the ingredients for an exciting narrative, and Mr. Collier captures some of the fateful highlights of the dictator's life: his ouster from power, the daring rescue from captivity, his love affair with Claretta Petacci, the sequence of events that culminated in the defilement of the bodies. Yet little new is added to the story of Mussolini, to the exploration of the intricacies of his personality, or to the assessment by others of his impact on history. The



Benito Mussolini with Adolf Hitler—their partnership caused *Il Duce's* undoing.

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Mussolini portrayed in these pages is not the man of iron will and infallible judgment so dear to Fascist propagandists, but a clever journalist and orator who, believing only in action, craved to dominate and impress, yet rarely felt sure of himself. Behind his blusterings and the marble-like passivity which he delighted to affect was a highly complex character given to fitful moods, impulses and terrible self-deception. How did such a man rule an intelligent and civilized people for so long? Mussolini liked to ask himself this question, and he was sure that historians and psychologists would ask it when he was gone.

Il Duce had his answer: "My power was no more than the will of the Italian people." He had ruled them with their consent, and he failed because they betrayed him. In all Mr. Collier's pages there is not a single word from him of remorse, not a single acknowledgment of responsibility for his nation's ruin. everyone was to blame but himself. The relationship between Mussolini and Hitler is a central theme of the book. Reading Mr. Collier's account of their partnership, one must conclude that it was the cause of Mussolini's undoing.

Before the war he had intended to follow an independent foreign policy that would demonstrate Italy's status as a great power. but, because he was ambitious for spectacular gains and underestimated Allied, and particularly American, strength, Mussolini subordinated himself and his people to Hitler's strategy. Given Mussolini's blunders in World War II, what made Hitler put up with him as long as he did? Certainly the German generals and other Nazi leaders regarded *Il Duce* as both unreliable and a nuisance and would neither have recued him from captivity nor have made him head of a "Social Fascist Republic." Yet Hitler, a man not given to excessive loyalty, remained faithful to the end. This was the "brutal friendship" of which Professor F. W. Deakin gave an authoritative account in his book of that title in 1962. His recapitulation of these fateful years enables us to compare the reign of Mussolini with that of subsequent Italian governments. In the years since his death, Italy under the democrats, whom he despised, had made incomparably greater material progress than in twenty years of Fascism. Her leaders, freed from illusions of Roman grandeur, have patiently, constructively contributed to the development of a democratic Europe, which Mussolini was incapable of doing. Even the trains in Italy run just as punctually as under *Il Duce's* stern vigilance.

By Richard Collier
Viking, 447 pp., \$12.50

This book, **DUCE!** by Richard Collier is one of the best of hundreds covering the reign of Benito Mussolini, and was dedicated "To the Men and Women of Italy who lived these things".

The First of the Bully-Boys



TIME Scoreboard: Benito 8, Adolph 6 for these two renegades as covered by the American Press. Below from left: 1923, 1926, 1935, and 1936. Second row: 1940 and 1940, 1941 and 1943.

Be reminded that Mussolini had his unveiling in combat in 1936 with the invasion of Ethiopia and Hallie Salasie, who was too much for him.



Benito Mussolini



Benito Mussolini



Bruno, Benito and Vittorio Mussolini



Benito Mussolini



Benito Mussolini



Benito Mussolini
Marshal Badoglio



Benito Mussolini



Benito Mussolini

HITLER Surfaced in 1931, again in 1933, and was IN by 1936 with the Olympics etc.

1939, Hitler WAS THE MAN OF THE YEAR! That's coming on strong became to overshadow Benito by tenfold. He's in again for 1941 for his new found high-jinx and pushing-people-around.

Final cover is May 1945 and he's been "X'd" out. There is a profound message in the TIME covers!



Adolf Hitler



Adolf Hitler



Adolf Hitler



OLD PARTISAN TELLS HOW DUCE CAUGHT

By Barry James

DONGO, Italy (UPI)—It was Italian dictator Benito Mussolini's last desperate chance to escape—and according to a story now told he may have been thwarted by one man.

It just happened to be the night that Aldo Castelli, then a young guerrilla fighter, could not sleep.

Mussolini was being driven toward this town on the northwestern shore of Lake Como with a heavy German escort, perhaps trying to reach Switzerland or a redoubt in the Italian Alps.

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12 Days Before V-E Day

Castelli was pedalling his bicycle at six in the morning of April 27, 1945, to inspect a roadblock established by his partisan unit about a mile down the road from here.

It was at this roadblock that Mussolini's column encountered what the history books describe as "a small partisan band."

What the books do not say is exactly how small it was.

According to Castelli, it consisted of simply himself and a civilian watchman whose World War I rifle would not fire because he was flying a red flag from the barrel.

Castelli was armed only with a pistol. back in the town were half a dozen partisans "occupying" Dongo with the held of anti-fascist residents. Another 15 or so guerrillas were scattered in the hills where they had been waging a harassment campaign against the Nazis for 18 months.



The First of the Bully-Boys



Castelli, now 57 and the owner of a small restaurant and hotel at Domaso just north of here, described in an interview with UPI the most incredible set of circumstances that led to Mussolini's capture.

He said that upon spotting the red flag, the leading armored car in the German column opened fire, killing a man in a nearby house.

Both the guard and Castelli dived for cover behind low walls.

"Had the Germans wanted to come through there was nothing to stop them," Castelli recalled. "There were a couple of hundred of them and only two of us."

"But up on the hills some of my companions in the 52nd Garibaldi (partisan) brigade had been waiting for a sign that German and Fascist forces still in the Dongo area had surrendered. They heard the shooting and thought that was it. Then they started firing in the air to celebrate."

Castelli said the next thing he knew the Germans had surrendered.

"They must have thought we had a hell of an army," he said. "I looked over my wall and saw two German officers walking toward me preceded by two soldiers carrying white flags. Frankly, I didn't know whether to stand or run."

Castelli stood, and told the Germans to wait while he consulted with his commander back in Dongo—this was Pierluigi Bellini delle Stelle, a nobleman from Florence who now works for the Italian petroleum company, Agip.

Bellini arrived and told the Germans he had to consult with other partisan detachments higher up the road—the Germans were hardly to know that there were no more detachments.

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Then the commander sent some of his men to mine a key bridge at the top of Lake Como which the Germans would have to have taken in order to get home. This gave him a better bargaining position, and he told the Germans they could leave provided they had no Italians with them. The Germans agreed, to allow a search of their trucks in the main square at Dongo, which they reached about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th.

As Castelli recalls it, his friend Giuseppe Negri—who still lives in Dongo—jumped aboard one of the trucks and saw what looked like a pile of blankets in the corner. Pulling the cover aside, he found an elderly man hunched down in a German greatcoat and a steel helmet which slid off his head. It was Mussolini and the partisans promptly arrested him “in the name of the Italian people.”



MUSSOLINI'S MISSING MILLIONS, or—YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!

Final chapter of Benito is still unsolved. Exerpts following are from the July 1972 issue of SAGA Magazine, by Al Masters. The lost \$80 million is still somewhere around Como, waiting to be uncovered—but before you journey to Italy for a search, BE PREPARED to risk your life!



“Gold Hoard Sought in Como Hills.”

When the world's press ran the above headline on Sunday, June 24, 1945, it drew scant reader attention. And no wonder. Just one month before, the European phase of the most devastating war in history had ground to a halt with the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany. In its wake financial and political chaos were in full reign on most of the continent, while in the U.S. an overwhelming desire to wrap up the endless war in the Pacific prevailed. It was definitely not the right time to interest the average citizen in a hunt for hidden gold.

And what a hunt it would turn out to be! This practically unnotic-

ed news item ultimately mushroomed into a grand-scale search for incredible riches—a search that has continued through the years without tangible results. The prize? Millions upon millions in stolen wealth taken from Italian financial institutions in 1945 by a fleeing Benito Mussolini, Adolf Hitler's Fascist counterpart.

At first the hoard seekers—a small handful of military government experts comprising the Allied Commission for the Lombardy region of Italy—believed their objective to be only \$45,000. As more information became known, however, the value of the missing loot began to grow until finally its inventory read like a ledger from the treasury. This listing,

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verified by the Italian State Bank, Italian Treasury, and the Allied High Command, showed money, jewels, and documents now worth an estimated \$80 million.

Included in the loot's known monetary portion is \$1,600,000 in Italian *lire*, \$4,059,234 in French *francs*, \$184,897 in Swiss *francs*, \$149,345 in American dollars, \$396 in Portuguese *escudos*, \$140 in Spanish *pesetas*, and \$13,075 in British pounds—a total of over \$6 million.

Estimated at \$74 million are the following: a large amount of gold ingots; Italian operating funds for the German Army, Navy, and Air Force; fabulous jewels of past royalty; personal gifts to the State Treasury (necklaces, rings, bracelets); tax collections; and customs receipts. During the Ethiopian war, when the Italian Government was short of gold, the public was asked to contribute gold ornaments. Many gave their gold wedding rings which were then deposited with the Bank of Italy's gold reserve. When Mussolini fled these, too, (three large bags full) were taken without a moment's hesitation.

In addition to gold, money, and

jewels, the lost treasure includes two leather document cases crammed with political papers which, in themselves, would be worth a fortune today to anyone who could present them to the world in published form.

As soon as the war started going badly, and Mussolini began to have doubts about an Axis victory, he began collecting all the documents which he felt might absolve him of guilt as a war criminal. One of these was his personal annotated diary, 280 pages in his own handwriting, entitled, *That the Italians May Know*. Other documents included prewar correspondence between Mussolini and Winston Churchill, letters now considered extremely valuable as historical rarities. According to eyewitness reports, Mussolini always guarded the two document cases with almost morbid anxiety since he said they contained "diplomatic papers of great value to Italy." Both of these cases went with him on his aborted escape to Switzerland and today, like the treasure they became a part of, their fate remains unknown.

WEBSTER says it like this: BULLY (boolee n., pl.-lies. 1. A person who is habitually cruel to smaller or weaker people. to intimidate with superior size and strength.

And so, we offer this story as a lesson in humanity for all the present and future, soft-styled BULLIES. They too, can end up handing in a public gathering, swinging in the breeze like a pork belly.



APO 36 -BEST OPERATING IN ETO

HOW DO YOU
SPELL
RELIEF?

MAIL CALL!



Worldwartwoveterans.org

The old age story about "an army travels on its stomach" is true. But the MAIL CALL would have to rate a close second. You know that, I know that. But, to get some idea about what is involved in getting the mail to the troops is somewhat mind-boggling.



Worldwartwoveterans.org
HAROLD JOHNSON, CWO and head honcho of the 36th's APO 36 Postal section is a devout T-Patcher. Makes all the reunions, and he was asked to 'tell it like it was', so here goes.

Imagine, if you can that you are postmaster of a city of 15,000 souls. You have a permanent mail PO building, and a lot of planned and functional facilities to see that the mail flows. NOT TRUE with an APO. They have to be 'mobile'. Constantly moving, setting up shop, and moving again.

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APO 36—The entire gang, Italy 1944, your loyal and devoted Postal Section, Div. Hqs. Front row from left: John R. Graves, Virginia, IL; Virgil Updike, Virginia; Rupert (PeeWee) Robbins, Savannah, GA; Ray A. Lee, Three Rivers TX. 2nd Row: Cletus Pile, of Penn.; Booker of Chicago; Kirschner of Dayton OH. Standing: Manuel Zamora, Brownsville TX; Arch M. Overbeck of San Antonio; Charlie Linton of Houston, Floyd Yockey of Dallas and CWO Harold Johnson of Wichita KS (the boss). Not shown: Bill Bairstow, who had gone for a load of mail, as shown in the pix on the right.

Johnson says, "In the states, we had a TO of 8 men, 1 officer. This had to be increased when we arrived in North Africa. The first month overseas the troops sent home \$500,000 worth of money orders."

For some reason, the Postal Section was not pampered. Johnson adds, "We had only a ¾ ton truck, and many times made a daily trip of 100 miles (one way) to Oran for mail and package pickup."

"We were always ready to move on short notice, and often it was difficult to get trucks, especially when the division advanced rapidly."

"I recall many times, or daily detail traveling to the rear, would return to a place where APO 36 was located, only to find—it had been moved."

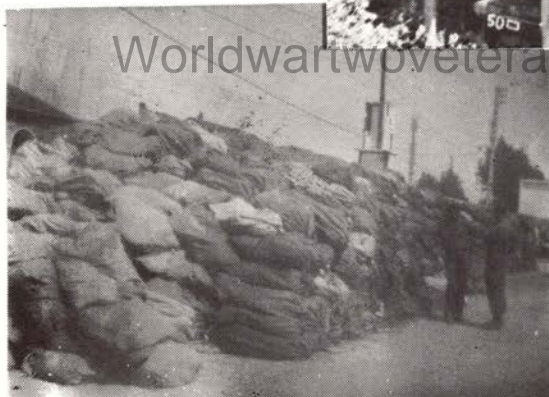
Johnson added, "Our busiest times were PAY DAY and CHRISTMAS. We had to have additional trucks to carry the load. We also had to forward mail to the wounded and transferred, and there were many."

APO 36—BEST OPERATING IN ETO



NORTH OF ROME, June 1944—Seated and all smiles is Ray A. Lee, Three Rivers TX 78071, and Virgil Updike (back to camera), Cletus Pile, standing and Pee Wee Robbins, seated.

SUNNY ITALY, here's Floyd Yockey of Dallas, an old timer with the Postal Section. Rain or snow did not keep these men from making their appointed rounds.



Here's a couple thousand mail bags, piled up on the beaches of the Riviera. The movement was so fast, Ray Lee said he was left with this load to guard it, until vehicles were available.

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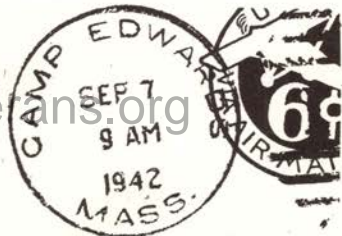


Top left: The man who made the APO tick—Harold Johnson (CWO) 2707 W. 13th, Wichita KS 67203 in 1944 in Italy; and 1979 reunion with his specially designed TEXAS T-Shirt. All photos sent in by Johnson, and Ray Lee helped in identification of the troopers. MAIL CALL!!! The happiest words in World War II.

In an interview with Harold Johnson, he summed up the duty of the Postal Section like this: "We felt that our job was to make life a little easier and help boost morale of the GI's who had a tough job on the front line."

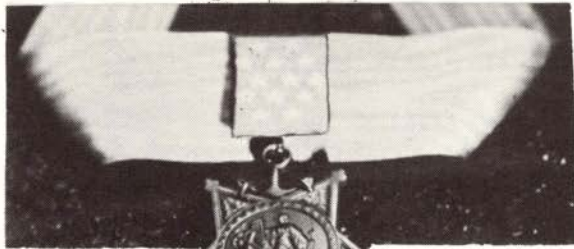
In conclusion, Johnson added, "We all knew that the 36th was the best in the ETO, and the guys in APO 36 knew we had the 'best operating' APO in the ETO."

Photos shown here were also furnished by HAROLD JOHNSON, 2707 W. 13th, Wichita, KS 67203. Special thanks to RAY A. LEE for identifying the men in the group photo shown here.



LOOKING BACK, Here's the post marks of the three camps where we did some time, for what ever it's worth. Note the 3¢ postage and 6¢ for air mail. Were these the good old days? Low cost stamps hardly offset the other things we didn't have, but that's another story.

The Heroes



For
Conspicuous
Gallantry..



**T/SGT. CHARLES H. COOLIDGE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER**

Rank and Organization: Technical Sergeant, Company M, 141st Infantry, 36th Infantry Division. *Place and Date:* East of Belmont sur Buttant, France 24-27 Oct. 1944. *Entered Service at:* Signal Mountain, Tenn. *Birth:* Signal Mountain, Tenn. *G.O. No.:* 53, July 1945. *Citation:* Leading a section of heavy machine guns supported by one platoon of Company K, he took a position near Hill 623, east of Belmont sur Buttant, France, on 24 Oct. 1944, with the mission of covering the right flank of the Third Battalion and supporting its action. Sergeant Coolidge went forward with a sergeant of Company K to reconnoiter positions for coordinating the fires of the light and heavy machine guns. they ran into an enemy force in the woods estimated to be an infantry company. Sergeant Coolidge, attempting to bluff the Germans by a show of assurance and boldness called upon them to surrender, whereupon the enemy opened fire. With his carbine, Sergeant Coolidge wounded two of them. There being no officer present with the force, Sergeant Coolidge at once assumed command. Many of the men were replacements

CHARLES H. COOLIDGE

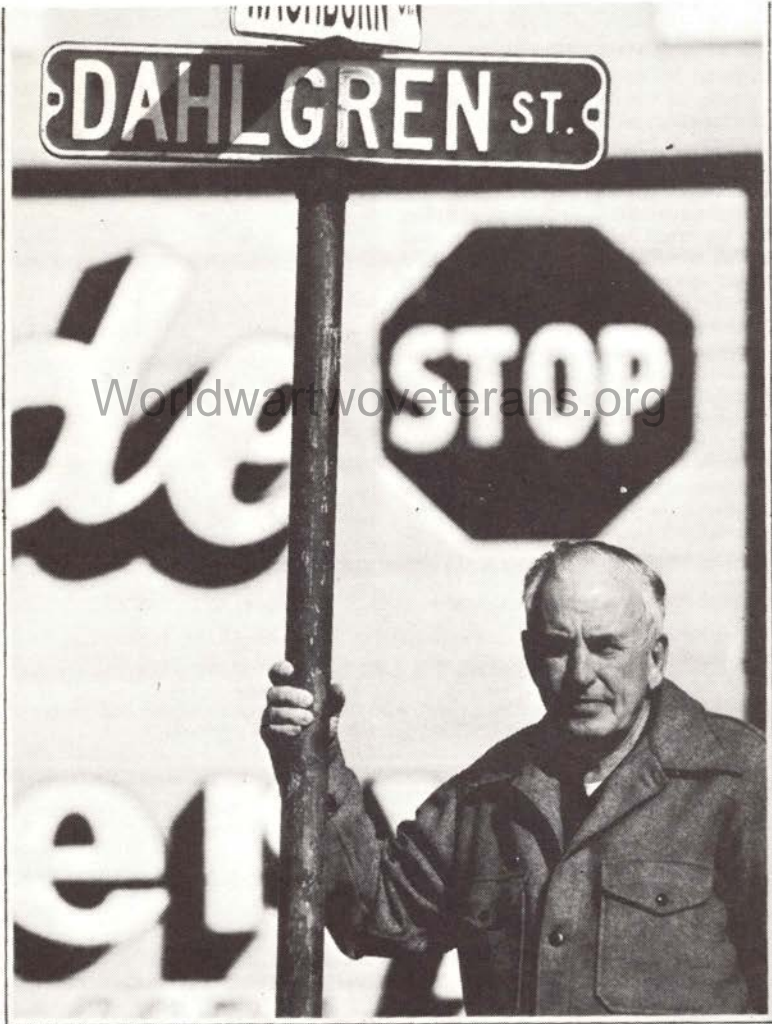
company M, 141st Infantry
Holds Off Nazis In 4-Day Battle
at Belmont sur Buttant, France



recently arrived; this was their first experience under fire. Sergeant Coolidge, unmindful of the enemy fire delived at close range, walked along the position, calming and encouraging his men and directing their fire. the attack was thrown back. Through 25 and 26 Oct. the enemy launched repeated attacks against the postiion of this combat group but ech was repulsed due to Sergeant Coolidge's able leadership. On 27 Oct., German infantry, supported by two tanks, made a determined attack on the position. The area was swept by enemy small-arms, machine-gun, and tank fire. Sergeant Coolidge armed himself with a bazooka and advanced to within 25 yards of the tanks. His bazooka failed to function and he threw it aside. Securing all the hand grenades he could carry, he crawled forward and inflicted heavy casualties on the advancing enemy finally it became apparent that the enemy, in greatly superior force, supported by tanks, would overrun the position. Sergeant Coolidge, displaying great coolness and courage, directed and conducted an orderly withdrawal, being himself the last to leave the position. As a result of Sergeant Coolidge's heroic and superior leadership, the mission of this combat group was accomplished throughout 4 days of continuous fighting against numerically superior enemy troops in rain and cold and amid dense woods.



For Conspicious Gallantry

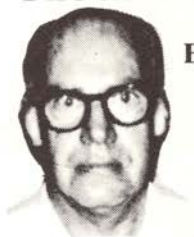


EDWARD C. DAHLGREN, the ninth 36th to win the CMH was featured in the Vol. 1, No. 1 issue of the 36th Quarterly (pages 44-46). At that time we had no photo, no address, but two of our troopers sent us a Sept. '81 feature story from YANKEE Magazine (Peterborough NH). . .one of the best coverages of a "Portrait of a Hero".

Our thanks to JOHN H. SCHWEITZER of Tonawanda NY (36th Signal) and HAROLD RICHARDSON, Skokie IL of Hqs. 3rd Bn., 142nd. Both sent complete 10 page stories, and the above pix of Dahlgren is in full color, standing by his 'own' street named in his honor in Caribou, Maine.

We had previously asked for information of the 15 T-Patchers who received the 'highest' award, so this story may help for the rest of the CMH stories—for the next 11 issues of the Quarterly Now, someone should send in Dahlgren's mailing address.

DIFF'RENT SMOKES, FOR DIFF'RENT FOLKS



By Jim Stokes (no Hoax)



Who could forget that day, nearly 40 years ago when the radios were blaring, "LUCKY STRIKE GREEN HAS GONE TO WAR!" T was at Camp Edwards on the Cape. You could feel the electricity-of-excitement, as the troops all shouted for joy!

I'll never forget, one of our troopers ran up and said, "Have you heard the news?" I said, "Yes, and don't you know those fellers over there in Berlin, Rome and Tokyo are shakin' in their boots." the first sergeant came by, and this goofball Pfc ran up and told him the big news. He didn't change his grim expression, just said, "Well now, Private, we can send you back home."

Bunch of us went over the PX and joined others who were drinking beer and puffin' Lucky Strikes. Everybody was celebrating! But, there was one trooper sitting over in the corner, not paying any attention, then he stood up and shouted, "Hell fire, how come it took 'em so long!"

Over and out.

Injured Vet Says He'd Fight Again



www.americanlegion.org

**Double Amputee
Tells What
Patriotism Is
All About**

By DICK SARGE
Staff Writer

PINE GROVE — In January, 1944, Irvin C. "Puffy" Barr of Pine Grove had just joined the 36th Infantry Division as a replacement after the Texas National Guard outfit had suffered heavy casualties at Salerno and San Pietro in the fiercely contested Italian Campaign.

On a foggy night, in his first taste of battle, Barr and 1,000 other infantrymen of the 143rd Regiment managed to cross the narrow, but deep and icy cold Rapido River in wooden assault boats.

"It was supposed to be easy," Barr said, even though a night crossing of a heavily defended river is called the most difficult operation in infantry warfare.

But the Germans were there in strength, waiting, since the Rapido was the main line of resistance in that area for the famous Gustav Line. When the American commander realized his remaining



**Irvin Barr Holds
His Purple Heart**

troops were ringed by German tanks and self-propelled guns, he got permission to withdraw.

Barr somehow managed to get back, through minefields, barbed wire in an area which the Germans had flooded to create deep mud and felled all the trees to remove the cover.

"They were blasting us like anything with mortars," Barr recalled last week. Since there were no foxholes, he made himself as small as possible face down on the bare ground.

"Then one hit pretty close," he said. "I didn't feel anything at first, but soon saw both my legs had been hit. I didn't pass out, but I was throwing up. I was bleeding pretty bad so I took off my belt and wrapped it tightly around one leg

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

and tied my handkerchief around the other leg."

When morning came, he said, he looked down to see that both feet were hanging by shreds of skin, muscle and splintered bone. Moved back to a succession of hospitals, he finally was told that both legs had been amputated at mid-calf.

1,000 Casualties in 48 Hours

The 36th Division in 48 hours of action had suffered 1,000 casualties without breaking the German defenses. In what a historian called "an appalling storm of fire," one battalion lost all its company commanders. Another lost three successive battalion commanders — one wounded and two killed — within just four hours.

But that was nearly 38 years ago and Barr is now 68 years old and a grandfather. He married an ex-schoolmate, Annie Swanger, after he returned from service and his son, ex-Marine Gary Barr, is now a policeman in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. So, life has gone on.

Barr grew up at the northern end of Pine Grove in a section which once was a separate entity called Pine Grove Independent. Here, for whatever reason, the boys and young men were, for the most part, free-spirited and not bound by convention, including the academic life. Blase, even swash-buckling, as a youth, Puffy Barr developed a kind of aplomb during his boyhood that paid off later.

Asked, for example, whether he was frightened during the assault at the Rapido River, Barr shrugged off the question, saying, "I wasn't scared."

Asked whether he'd ever been scared of anything in his life, Barr responded matter-of-factly,

"There's no use being scared," and it was obvious in his steady gaze that he meant it.

Barr quit school at 14 after the eighth grade and went to work in Moore's shirt factory in North Pine Grove. His first assignment was to button the shirts after they were pressed.

When factory production slowed, he next took a job in the local tannery. When that shut down for a time Barr joined his friend, Danny Bonawitz, in the backbreaking work of opening a bootleg coal mine.

He was still mining in 1942 when he was drafted into the U.S. Army about three months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Barr Became one of the 671,000 wounded in WWII

Probably of his own coolness in applying pressure above his wounds, he became one of 671,000 who were wounded, rather than one of the 292,000 who died in battle of the 16 million Americans who served. Off the battlefield, 115,000 other Americans died of injuries or illness.

While Barr came home without his lower legs, he stresses, "I'm not bitter. There was nothing to be bitter about. It could have happened in the coal hole and it didn't bother me much."

Of his artificial lower legs, he said, "It's better than nothing, but it's not like your own."

Expanding on what he feels is the obligation of Americans, Barr gave the familiar "love it or leave it" slogan. "If you don't want to go, you should move over to the other side," he said. "I was ready to go when I was drafted."

Double Amputee Talks of Patriotism

Then, he offered, despite his disability, "If they'd call me today and I could, I'd go."

Barr regretted that Americans today don't seem to appreciate those who served in Vietnam.

But the nation must remain strong and its citizens must be willing to serve because, he said, "I think we should have enough strength to prevent another war —

we have to be able to take care of it."

If Puffy Barr has a regret about his whirlwind trip to the Italian war zone and back, it's that he never did get to see Naples.

Camped at a replacement depot nearby, he said, "I had a pass to visit Naples in my hand, but then it was cancelled when we had to move out to join the 36th Division."

OUR THANKS TO WALTER H. SHEETZ. . .

Worldwartwoveterans.org

As an editor of military history, we get many startling stories from our T-Patchers, told in their own words, but this half-page news story in the HARRISBURG SUNDAY PATRIOT NEWS, Harrisburg, PA, published No. 8, 1981 is most outstanding.

Walter Sheetz, of Co. H, 141st, a Life Member and great booster for the 36th has been an avid contributor to the T-Patcher newsletter over the years. Walt lives at Columbia, PA, which he says, "Pine Grove, PA where Irvin C. Barr lives is about 60 miles north of me." Walt was kind enough to clip and send in to us this story of American patriotism at it's greatest.

At the story's end, "Puffy" Barr says, "Of my artificial legs, it's better than nothing, but it's not like my own."

We didn't find Barr listed in the 1980 roster, so will someone in Pennsylvania please make him a member of the Association.



JUKE BOX JAMBOREE

Most old-time T-Patchers who served from the beginning at Camp Bowie knew that "The Yellow Rose of Texas" was an oldie of days gone by. In 1942 when the new 'Triangle' division was moved to Camp Blanding Florida. . .they had a NEW state song. . ."DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS" which was a Juke Box favorite all over the nation. On weekends at boomtown, Starke, Folrida only a short beer away from the Camp. . .the weekend festivities in all the honky-tonks was for T-Patchers to fill the juke boxes with nickles for that tune. At that time, about 80% of the 36th was original 'Texians'. They also knew that on the other half of Camp Blanding was the (regular Army) men of the 1st Division. . .most all Yankees or other than Texas. The MP's and local police did a land-office business breaking up fights. . .cause the T-Patchers insisted that they stand at attention while they listened to the "National Anthem of Texas".



Division Troops Paid 15,885,673 In Dollars, Lire, Francs, Marks



Reprint from
T-PATCH

Overseas Tabloid, Sun. April 15, 1945

The 36th Division is one of the few divisions in the theater that has been paid promptly every month despite long periods of continuous action.

Not only has the Finance section endeavored to see that every officer and enlisted man has been promptly paid but through official memorandums and personal contact has encouraged every member of the division to take advantage of the various opportunities afforded through the section, namely, the safeguarding and investing of personal funds.

The Finance Office is composed of a group of specialists, numbering a few certified public accountants and a number of former bank clerks. In this group are two officers and seventeen enlisted men, headed by Lt. Col. Leon B. Moye, Pensacola, Fla.

Col. Moye took over as Finance Officer on 1 December 1944 from Major Lowell E. Sitton, Plainview Texas. Major Sitton had replaced Lt. Col. Robert L. Phinney, Austin, Texas, on 1 August 1944 when the latter was returned to the United States on rotation.

During the two years that the 36th Division has been overseas, Finance has paid to the troops, the sum of \$15,885,673.54. This figure does not include deductions for the various types of allotments.

The average monthly disbursement for the two years overseas is \$661,903.00. Of the amount received, the troops return \$536,911.00, which is sent home through P.T.A. and by Postal Money Order. In addition to the above, \$36,014.00 is placed with the Finance Officer as «Soldier's Deposit». The officers and men pay out still another sum of \$57,139.00 monthly for the purchase of war bonds.

Type and amount of currency handled by the section has been no small part of its work load. Division Finance had handled United States Gold Seal currency, African francs, French francs, Belgian francs, Italian lire, British currency and German marks.

\$ \$ \$

This issue of the T-PATCH was the first one that was approved by FPC No. 272 by Major Henry Meyer, for mailing to the United States. This was the Anniversary issue—with headline: 36th OVERSEAS TWO YEARS.



**PRESIDENTIAL CITATION
111th ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION**

Worldwartwoveterans.org

GENERAL ORDERS

WAR DEPARTMENT

No. 56

) Washington 25, D.C., 17 June 1946

BATTLE HONORS.—As authorized by Executive Order 9396 (sec. I, WD Bul. 22, 1943), superseding Executive Order 9075 (sec. III, WD Bul. 11, 1942), citations of the following units in the general orders indicated are confirmed under the provisions of section IV, WD Circular 333, 1943, in the name of the President of the United States as public evidence of deserved honor and distinction. The citations read as follows:

* * * * *

*7. 111th Engineer Combat Battalion with * * * (attached), for heroism, esprit de corps, and extraordinary achievement in combat from 23 October to 11 November 1944 near Bruyeres, France. When it was decided to attack through the Foret Dominiale De Champ and outflank the German forces in the Laveline-Corcieux Valley, this unit was called upon to build a supply road out of a mountain trail which rose 1,000 feet above the valley floor and progress through a dense forest to the division objective. Working directly behind the assault elements, the men of this unit labored unceasingly to build and maintain this road. Artillery fire crashed into the trees, showering shrapnel on the engineers, who had no protection as they worked. Enemy snipers infiltrating behind our lines caused casualties and some of the engineers engaged these Germans in a fire fight while the others continued to work. Tanks were called up and, though these heavy vehicles tore the bottom from the trail, the engineers were able to keep it open so that the constant flow of supplies to the nine infantry battalions engaged in the action and the constant evacuation of dead and wounded was never interrupted. Corduroy and planking were used, hundreds of enemy mines were removed, and gravel and paving stones were hauled from the surrounding country side. At no time during the 19 days of this action did the work cease. Even though the

Presidential Citation for 111th

engineers sustained 57 casualties in dead and wounded, they captured 27 German prisoners and killed many more as they worked. Almost continuous rain and snow made their task more difficult, and yet by sheer determination and grit, these men accomplished this magnificent feat of engineering. without this road, the division operation could not have succeeded and it is due to the extraordinary achievement of the 111th Engineer Combat Battalion with the 232rd Engineer Combat company (attached) that the 36th Division was able to outflank the enemy forces in the Laveline-Corcieux Valley and pursue a disorganized enemy to the banks of the Meurthe River. (General Orders 425, Headquarters 36th Infantry Division, 1 October 1945, as approved by the Commanding General, 36th Infantry Division.)

Worldwartwoveterans.org

By Order of the Secretary of War:

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:

EDWARD F. WITSELL

Major General

The Adjutant General.

Colonel Oran Stovall is just about the best friend the 36th ever had. His contributions to the betterment of the Association is legend. He also happens to be a historian of renown. . .going back to the Civil War, of which some of his kin did some combat.

As Citizen Stovall, the folks up in Montague County (60 miles north of Cowntown) would like to change the name of BOWIE TEXAS to STOVALL TEXAS, but since the town was named for the Texas Patriot, Jim Bowie, Stovall said he didn't think it would be a good idea. After all, think of all the problems it would give the Postal Service. In fact, the QUARTERLY You are now viewing, had a lot of help from Oran Stovall in seeing it become a reality with the 36th Board of Directors.

We salute thee, "Mr. Bowie, Texas"!!!



In 1972 at the Dallas Reunion, Col. Stovall unveils the portrait of Gen. Walker, a project he created. He commissioned a great artist and carried it through to reality. Painting is on view at Camp Mabry, Austin.



THINKING OF HOME. . .

IT'S ALL THE
SAME IN ALL WARS



Memorabilia of World War I

Having grown up in a city that had the first camp site for the 36th Division, I became quite interested in all the tales I heard (and was eyewitness to some) about the T-Patchers of that era—Fall of 1917 until embarkation for overseas in July 1918. The Texas National Guard, along with Oklahoma Guard units, were mobilized at Fort Worth in 1917, after a hurry-up Tent-City was built on the near westside (now called Arlington Heights.)

During research back in 1974-75 on this for a book for Bernice Maxfield, I discovered many exciting things that took place when I was a mere lad of six. CAMP BOWIE (No. 1) was built to house the square division of 18,000 men, plus other units (about 30,000 at peak). It naturally boomed the local cowtown economy to an extra growth pattern. What amazes me is the extreme PATRIOTISM that was generated by this war. Many farm boys lied about their age in order to join-up to kill the Kaiser!

I discovered that many of the things they did are pretty close to the things we did at CAMP BOWIE (No. 2) at Brownwood, Texas in 1941. I suppose that WAR is about the same to any generation—probably back to Hannibal crossing the Alps.

In the past few years, as a student of war activities, I found that our H&R Committee chairman, R.E. Bob Wallace had an uncle in the 36th (from Nocono) and has many items of those days. He also attends many auctions during the years, and has purchased some rare pieces of memorabilia. . .like the color-tinted postcard shown on the next 2 pages.

Memorabilia of WW I

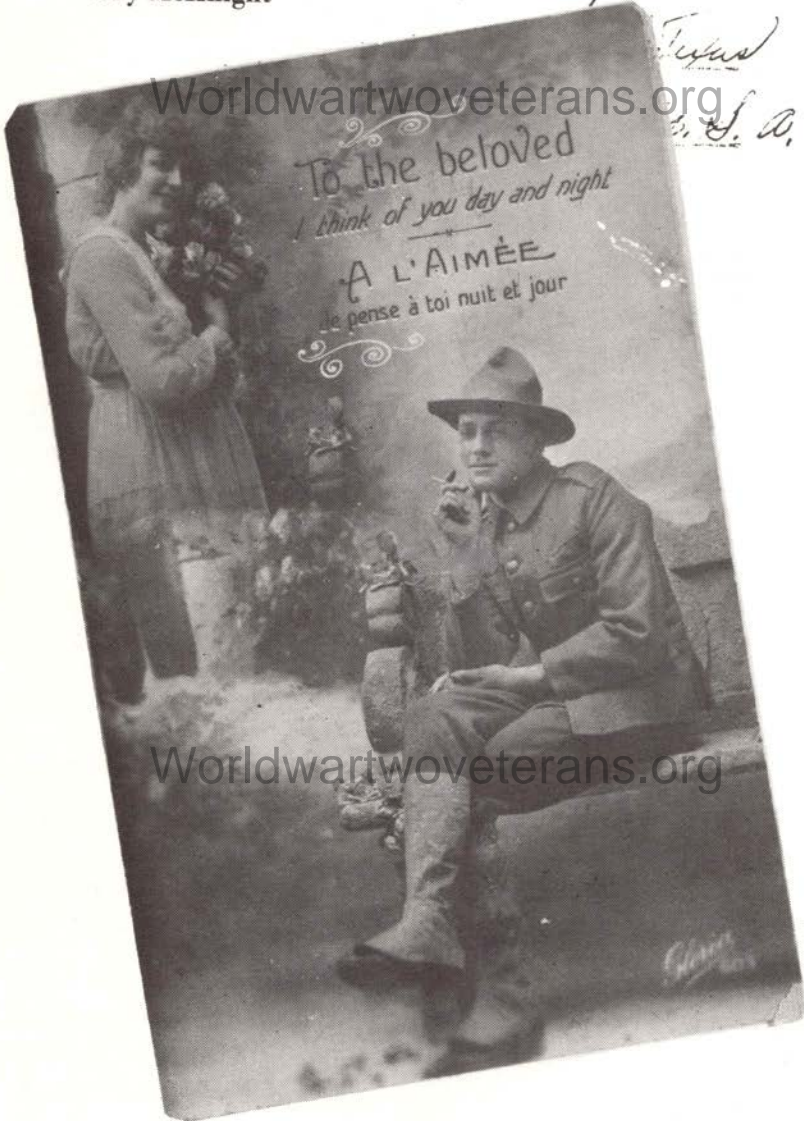
This Mam'sell
is only a photo
mural backdrop,
says Charles
Ray McKnight



Miss Laura M. McKnight

Arlington

*Armed
S. O.*



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



"Somewhere In France," all us WWII T-Patchers know well about this phrase. . .and it was just the same in 1918. The photo at left of a lonesome soldier posing behind a painted backdrop is much the same as we encountered in WWII.

On the front side of this card: To - Miss Laura McKnight, Arlington, Texas USA is this message "dear Laura - this must be a picture of a Paris girl, I know that there isn't one like her running around here." signed RAY. Lignieris, France, Jan. 10, 1919.

Bob Wallace bought at an estate sale, the entire load of the Charles Ray McKnight memorabilia, and after much research found that he joined Co. G, 142nd at Camp Bowie Fort Worth, later served with Medical Det. 142nd Regimental Hqs.

Bear in mind that the "War To End All Wars" was 64 years ago. Times change, but the feeling of a combat soldier is the same. That gut feeling about dying, wounded and the privations are no different than any other war in the recorded history.



One of the signboards in France that regiments cheered when the war ended.

This is an ad for Hart Shaffner & Marx that was spread over all the metro newspapers of America at war's end. What a tribute to the gallant men of the trenches of 1918. Can't recall a time when anyone in the post-war WWII that did it better.

This has to be a classic of public relations, and regarded in advertising circles as the ultimate—of thanks for a job well done... they must have sold a lot of H S & M all-wool guaranteed suits.

Let's get back to MEMORABILIA. If you have any WWI artifacts, etc., be reminded that they are rare. Either decide to pass them down to your children, or offer for sale. They do fetch a reasonable price. They are scarce. The same thing applies to our own World War II.



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GERMANY'S RUNDSTEDT: DEFENDER OF THE SHORE

More barges on the beach, more gunfire in the night.

(World Battlefronts)

COLD AS STEEL...this is the last of the Prussians, and he made waves back in Aug. 31, 1942 when he appeared on TIME cover. Field Marshall Von Rundstedt was chosen by Hitler to defend the French coast of the English Canal. At this time in WWII, the 36th was only 11 months away from the Salerno invasion, but this announcement of Rundstedt sent shivers down the spines of our invasion planners.

Von Rundstedt, Rommel on Scene Of French Coast

German General Commander Contrasts To Democratic 'Ike'

NEW YORK, June 6.—(INS) — Field Marshals Gerd von Rundstedt, commander in chief of all German forces in western Europe, and Erwin Rommel, chief of the nazi anti-invasion forces, "are on the scene of developments" on the French invasion front, the London radio said Tuesday night. CBS recorded the broadcast.

Rundstedt was declared recently in nazi broadcasts to have been named by Adolf Hitler the supreme commander in western Europe, responsible only to the nazi fuehrer himself. The Germans denied reports that Marshal Rommel, the so-called "desert fox," had superceded Rundstedt. They explained that Rommel would be a sort of tactical field commander under Rundstedt's direction.

In sharp contrast to his allied opposite number, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the 69-year-old Rundstedt is a stiff Prussian disciplinarian of the old German military tradition.

Eisenhower Younger

Eisenhower, 16 years younger than his German adversary, is a believer in and practitioner of democracy from the Kansas farm-



RUNDSTEDT



ROMMEL

lands, who recently had a sociable chat with another Kansan, a humble "GI" who dropped in to visit the general at his headquarters, unannounced. Such an event could never possibly take place at Rundstedt's headquarters.

Their deep-seated differences of character and background are illustrated by the fact that Eisenhower is known affectionately to his men as "Ike" whereas Rundstedt never had a nickname in his life.

Counted one of Germany's ablest strategists who has not been particularly close to the nazi party, Rundstedt was selected to head the defense of western Europe in preference to Rommel, known as a

The 36th was fighting like hell in Italy in June 1944 when this announcement was published all over the nation, so we feel duty-bound to bring this Flashback, to get the story in context, to understand the what, where, and how, of what was going on. Note: this was the day after the invasion of Normandy on June 6th, 1944. At that time the 36th was through ROME and beyond.

Texas 36th Division Takes Von Rundstedt

By MALCOLM MUIR JR.

WITH SEVENTH ARMY IN GERMANY, May 2. (UP)--An American tank crew surprised Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt at his dinner table and captured the man who had battled the Allies from Normandy to the Rhine, it was announced today.

Von Rundstedt was taken at 10 p. m. last night at Bad Tolz, resort town south of Munich.

He was having dinner with his wife and son, Hans Gerd, when a tank commanded by Lt. Joseph Burke rumbled into the hospital grounds at Bad Tolz. Von Rundstedt, who was taking a health treatment, was living in a house attached to the hospital.

Von Rundstedt said he had not expected the Americans until the next morning. He told his captors he last saw Adolf Hitler on March 12th.

Pfc. Herman Jobe, Warrensburg, Ind., who drove Von Rundstedt and his family to the prisoners of war cage, said, "he seemed ready to surrender."

The units which took Von Rundstedt were attached to the 36th Division's 141st Regiment, commanded by Col. Charles Ownes.

Yesterday the Seventh Army captured two other German field marshals, Wilhelm Ritter von Leeb and Wilhelm List, as well as the former regent of Hungary, Admiral Nicholas Horthy. They also took two lieutenant generals and three major generals.

Thin-lipped, cold-eyed Von Rundstedt is the typical German general. He was trained in a good military school, is very correct with fellow officers, and never appears in public with a button awry. He is 69 years old.



Von Rundstedt

He became the
30,000th POW
to be taken
by the 36th
since the
Riviera
Landing !!!

This is exact reprint of a UP story that hit the wires and was carried all over America on May 3, 1945 (just 3 days short of V-E Day). As luck would have it, the 36th Infantry Division happened to be at the right place at the right time to BAG all the German 'Biggies'. Von Rundstedt was just one of them!

T-PATCHERS BAG THE LAST AND BIGGEST OF THE OLD PRUSSIAN GENERALS

2nd Lt. Joseph E. Burke and patrol
of 11 men were there at Bad Tolz for
the capture of Von Rundstedt.



Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, the brilliant Prussian military strategist, the designer of the Ardennes bulges, last week became the 30,000th prisoner to be taken by the 36th Division since the Riviera landings.

The Reich's leading Junker surrendered to 2nd Lt. Joseph E. Burke, st. Petersburg, Fla., A Company, 141st Infantry, at Bad Tolz. When Lt. Burke entered Rundstedt's hospital residence, the field marshal, his wife and son had just finished dinner and were sitting before the fire.

Von Rundstedt Knew The Jig Was UP. . .

Von Rundstedt revealed that he knew the Americans were near, but that he hadn't expected them until the following morning. Lt. Hans Gerd von Rundstedt, his son, spoke freely of his father's military career. The lieutenant said his father had last seen Hitler March 12 when the field marshal was relieved of his command of all the German Armies in the west. They were not nearly so surprised at the announcement of Hitler's death as they were at the appointment of Doenitz to succeed him.

The aging marshal had been taking a bath cure at Bad Tolz in an effort to cure a leg ailment. In spite of a noticeable limp he retained the traditional Prussian arrogance and the staid posture in walking.

In addition to von Rundstedt three others were taken as prisoners, the son, a chauffeur, and a medical air man.

The following events led to the capture:

Leading a night attack on Bad Tolz, the first Platoon, A Company, 141st Infantry met only scattered small arms fire. As they approached the outskirts, a German medic came out to surrender to Lt. Burke. Through force of habit (Lt. Burke was formerly a battalion interrogator) he started to question the excited prisoner.

The German mentioned von Rundstedt and mentioned that he was in town. The lieutenant, without hesitation, called upon ten men from his platoon to accompany him and radioed for a tank to lead the way. The captured Jerry led them to the hospital residence.

The above story is a reprint of a story that appeared in the post-war Overseas T-PATCH, published in Germany, dated June 1945. . . a composite of all the previous stories written about the capture of the last of the great Prussian Generals.

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Halfway down the approach of the house, a hostile soldier popped his head out of the door. One member of the platoon took a shot at him but missed.

Lt. Burke ran for the front door. It was locked. Then he ran to the side entrance which led to the cellar. He and the German medic lit candles to see where they were going. The eleven men went through the cellar and up the stairs of the house.

Burke, with carbine in hand, entered a small room and the four occupants snapped to attention. Lt. Rundstedt came forward and passed the usual military courtesies. Lt. Burke asked to speak to the field marshal. He was invited into the sitting-room of the field marshal. Von Rundstedt saluted. Burke told him in German that he was a prisoner of war and asked him to get things packed and come with him.

"He speaks very little English and inquired where I had learned my German," Lt. Burke said. "We discussed the snow in May which he said was unusual and told me he had been in the hospital for artero-sclerosis. At first he wanted to know if we were from Patton's Army, but he guessed secondly that we were from General Patch's Seventh Army."

Infantrymen who accompanied Lt. Burke on the patrol were: S/Sgt. James W. Clemens, Lapeer, Mich.; Sgt. Aloysius J. Manske, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sgt. Albert Henderson, Utica, N.Y.; Pfc. Eli Zwicker, Brownville, Me.; Pfc. Ervin Galdeen, Toledo, Ohio; Pfc. Malcolm Hayes, West Asheville, N.C.; Pfc. James W. Shoemaker, Stateville, N.C.; Pfc. Edward Hellus, Saginaw, Mich.; Pvt. John Higgins, Bridgeport, Ill.; and Pvt. John H. Demouilly, St. Paul, Minn.



Division Commander, Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist shown here, presenting a VICTORY edition of the T-Patch to Field Marshall von Rundstedt, who does not seem to be impressed by the Victory of the end of Nazism. Photo made by the (late) M. Shaffer, official 36th photographer.

THE SECOND TIME AROUND. . .

By Del Kendall



THEN AND NOW



You stood there now, a tourist, with camera in hand, squinting in the bright sunshine of the French Riviera. Like so many other veterans, before you, you'd come back to visit the old haunts of your combat days. Here you were in Agay, beside the monument marking the spot where you, and countless others like you, landed on that D-DAY of August 15, 1944, years ago.

Looking out over the bright blue sea, you watched as a pair of waterskiers cut great silvery arcs, as they zipped by, and a couple of palatial, gleaming white yachts, cruise slowly past. It was a far cry from that day in August of '44, as your thoughts slipped back in time. The scene changed. the pleasure boats gone now, replaced by a mighty armada of fighting ships and men, and a beachhead at war.

IT WAS ALMOST 1000 HRS. AS YOU STOOD BY THE RAIL OF THE LST WAITING TO GO IN. SOMEONE SAID, "SO FAR, THIS DON'T LOOK NOTHIN' LIKE SALERNO, DOES IT?" A PIPER CUB SPOTTING PLANE TOOK OFF FROM A BABY FLATOP, AND ZOOMED OVERHEAD.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

"WHYINHELL DIDN'T WE HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT AT SALERNO FER CRISAKE," SOMEONE SHOUTED. YOU WERE MOVING IN NOW. THE LST GROUND ON THE BEACH AS ITS DOORS OPENED AND THE RAMP DROPPED. THE MEN HURRIED WITH THEIR VEHICLES AND GUNS. "LET'S GO!" THE BEACH GUIDE WAVED YOU ON. "KEEP MOVIN". THERE WERE SOME BURNING VEHICLES AS YOU CROSSED A PALM LINED ESPLANADE. TANKS WERE FIRING, AND A RATTLE OF SMALLARMS AS YOU HEADED UP A SIDE STREET.

After snapping a few pictures of the monument and the beach, you turned to go, waiting to cross the esplanade. The traffic was one constant flow of those tiny cars, their horns beep, beeping here and there. Tourists in all manner of dress, strolled along, or stopping for an ice-cream at a street vender's cart. You wouldn't bother trying to locate those streets you fought in. Where once those houses stood, was now tall gleaming apartment buildings. So much had changed, just like yourself.

THE PLATOON FANNED OUT DOWN THE STREET, SEARCHING HOUSES AND ROUNDING UP A FEW JERRIES HERE AND THERE. TWO MEN WITH FFI ARM BANDS AND RIFLES WALKED BY WITH SIX JERRY PRISONERS, THERE WERE A FEW CLUSTERS OF CIVILIANS WATCHING THE SHOOTOUT, WHO WOULD HIT THE DIRT WHEN BULLETS WHIZZED BY. THIS WAS A CRAZY KIND OF WAR. AS YOU PLUGGED A TOOLSHED FULL OF HOLES, IN SOMEONE'S BACKYARD, THINKING JERRIES HAD ENTERED, THE OWNERS STOOD IN THEIR UPSTAIRS WINDOW, WAVING THE FRENCH TRICOLORS AT YOU. THE JERRIES HAD FLED. ANOTHER STREET, A SCOUT CAR GOES WHIZZING BY, AS YOU MEET YOUR FIRST FRENCHMAN. HE STEPS OUT OF A SMALL BAR, AND BOTTLE IN HAND POURS YOU A DRINK, SHOUTING. "VIVE LA

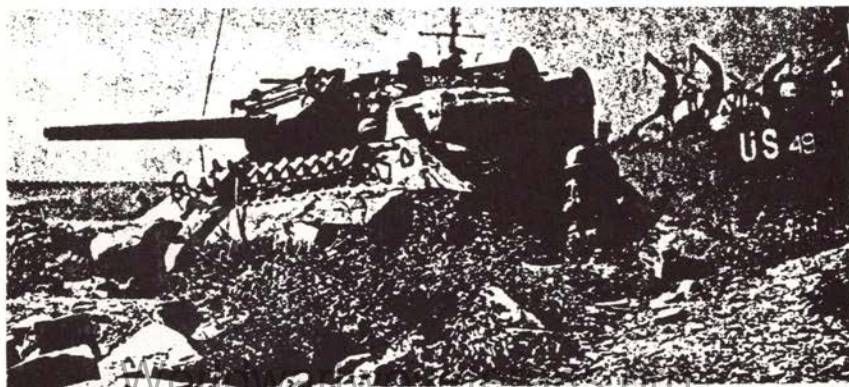


The Second Time Around

AMERICAIN! VIVE LA FRANCE!", AND SLAPS YOU ON THE BACK. NEXT DOOR, YOU SEE TWO FFI, HAUL A PRIEST OUT OF A BUILDING. THE PRIEST IS PLEADING WITH THE FFI, AS A FEW ONLOOKERS GATHER. YOU TURN TO YOUR FRIEND. "WHAT THE HELLS GOIN ON ANYWAY?" HE GLARES IN THAT DIRECTION AND SPITS. "M'SIEUR, THAT HOLY FATHER WAS ONE OF THE BIGGEST INFORMERS AROUND. HE HAS SENT MANY A PERSON TO THEIR GRAVE, AND NOW, OH LA LA, IT IS HIS TURN, SACRE BLEU". ZING A BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING, AND THE PEOPLE VANISH. ON THE NEXT STREET A TANK FIRES, YOU HEAR SCREECHING TIRES AND THEN A CRASH.

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You heard the crash as the traffic slowed, sitting there at a sidewalk cafe, you were having a drink and writing some post cards to the folks back home. The Gendarme was blowing his whistle as he hurried to the fender bender down the street. Two shapely young women walk by, beautifully dressed, parisians no doubt, one a gorgeous blond, the other a brunette. You thought instantly, of that other shapely young woman that time. She happened to be bald tho, and was really taking a beating. The GI's never got over talking about it. A naked woman yes, but a bald headed woman? Never.



THE LT. RAN UP AND SAID. "HOLD WHAT YA GOT RIGHT HERE.

THEY'RE BRINGING UP THE VEHICLES, AN WE'LL BE MOVIN OUT". A CAR LOADED WITH FFI, PASSED, BRANDISHING RIFLES, AND SHOUTING TO THEIR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN. SOME OF THE LOCALS STOOD IN GROUPS NOW THAT THE SHOOTING HAD DIED DOWN, SHOUTING AND WAVING THEIR ARMS, ACCUSING SOMEONE OF THIS OR THAT. THE MEN GATHERED OUTSIDE THE SMALL BAR AS BOTTLES WERE BROUGHT OUT AND DRINKS Poured. THERE WAS MUCH BACK SLAPPING AND THE SHAKING OF

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HANDS. "POUR LE SOLDATS AMERICAIN BON CHANCE, VICTIORE".

AN OLD WOMAN WALKED UP, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, AND PLANTED A KISS ON AN UNSUSPECTING GI. "MERCI BEAUCOUP M'SIEUR, MERCI BEAUCOUP". ALL HEADS TURNED, AS A JEERING MOB CAME INTO VIEW. IN THE CENTER, WALKED A SHAPELY YOUNG WOMAN WITH ARMS TIED BEHIND HER BACK, BEING LED BY A MAN CARRYING A PISTOL. HER HEAD WAS SHAVED BALD. YOU TURNED AND ASKED. "WHAT THE HELLS THAT ALL ABOUT?" THE GI'S WATCHED AT TWO OLDER WOMEN SPAT AT THE PRISONER, PUMMELING HER, AS THEY SCREAMED LIKE BANSHEES, THE CROWD NODDING IN APPROVAL. AS THEY PASSED, YOU ASKED THE MAN POURING YOU A DRINK. "WHAT HAPPENED?" HE REPLIED. "M'SIEUR, SHE HAS BEEN SLEEPING WITH THE GERMANS FOR MONTHS NOW. LIVING LIKE A PRINCESS, EATING THE BEST OF EVERTHING, WHILE WE HERE HAVE BEEN ALMOST STARVING. SHE IS NOT JUST A WHORE, BUT A GERMAN LOVER AS WELL THE WORST KIND. SACRE BLEU". YOU ASK. "WHAT THE HELL WILL THEY DO WITH HER?" THE FRENCHMAN TAKES A LAST PUFF FROM A CIGARETTE, ALMOST BURNING HIS FINGERS, SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND REPLIES. "I DON'T KNOW M'SIEUR. I DON'T KNOW." HIS FACE A BROAD SMILE NOW, AS HE THROWS UP HIS HANDS IN DESPAIR, SAYING, "C'EST LA GUERRE, C'EST LA GUERRE".



"Would you care for more wine M'sieur?" You looked up. The white jacketed waiter stood there. "Ah, no, no thanks". You looked at the postcards, you had only written two. Must have been thinking about something. You'd been thinking about all those loyal French patriots, who helped you fight the common enemy that day, and fight they did with a vengeance all their own: something you hadn't seen much of in all the fighting in Italy.

You left the cafe and headed into the throngs, strolling along the boulevard. you walked along past some shops and here and there a souvenir

The Second Time Around



Rummaging through our files, we found this photo taken at Southern France invasion, and with a magnifying glass, we find the bumper marking—36 143—AT-7. How about that, Kendall? Can you identify the troopers?

stand setup in the shadows of a building arcade. Don't forget to pick up a roadmap, you said to yourself. You'd be leaving for Rome in a couple of days. There it was, a book store. A woman approached you as you entered.

"Yes M'sieur, a roadmap of Italy? Certainly. She thumbed thru a stack. Voila, here it is." You got talking, as she asked, "You are an American M'sieur?" Yes, you replied. You told her you had been a soldier, here in France during the war, and had returned to visit some of the places you had fought in. You told her in fact, you had fought thru this very town of Agay on D-DAY.

She exclaimed, "You, you M'sieur were here on D-DAY?" "Yes," you said, "but I'm sure you were too young to remember any of that." She laughed, "Merci, M'sieur, but of course I remember. I remember it all too well. Terrible that day, terrible, the bombardment from all those big ships. For a girl of twelve, I thought I was going to die. Later, Mama came up from the cellar, where we were hiding, and peeked out of the shutters. She said le sal Boche, the dirty Germans, were leaving, and the Gestapo headquarters down the street, was in flames. A tank was firing close by, and later, this jeep full of soldiers pulled up. They had a flag on one sleeve and an arrowhead with a tee, in it, on the other. I remember it all too well, Mama shouting, Mon Dieu, le Americains. I thought she would go mad with joy. She quickly brought them a few bottles of wine, and they presented me with some chewing gum."

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You had been listening, as she spun out her story, and said without thinking. "C'est la guerre." Smiling, she nodded, looking over her glasses, and added, "Yes, a long time ago." She handed you your map and change, and as you turned to go, called out after you, "Goodbye M'sieur, bon voyage." You smiled and waved, stepping out into the bright sunshine, of the crowded boulevard. You thought to yourself, strange, meeting up with someone who shared that D-DAY with you many years ago. Here now, on this crowded boulevard, to so many people, it was just a day they read about in their history books.



DEL KENDALL, 1665 Jefferson, Muskegon MI 49441 has been a regular contributor to the T-Patcher over the past 10 years. He is one of our most prolific historians of 36th exploits. He has written a book on the Anti-Tankers, 143rd. Not published. He was kind enough to send us a xerox copy. Excellent!

Kendall had an unusual flare for writing a discription of old time events, like the story you have just read. His minute detail to the facts at the time it happened, and recorded some 35 years later is outstanding.

Del Kendall also has an enormous sence of humor. His vignettes, and 'Nick-name' columns, the 'Doughnut Dollies' are superb. Many have appeared in previous issues of the T-Patcher over the past decade. He is so humble, that getting a recent photo of him is like trying to get an original photo of Marilyn Monroe in the nude.

He also takes time to write to the men who have submitted stories to the QUARTERLY, and thank them for their contribuution to the 36th's fabulous history. How about that!



WHAT IS THE MOST RESPECTED MILITARY DECORATION???

Some years ago, pollsters sent out a query to 25,000 veterans of WWII, Korea and Vietnam.



According to an item in L.M. Boyd's Book of Odd Facts, the answer is—the COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE. This may warm th hearts of most of the T-Patchers who proudly wear this one. Most civilians would probably have chosen the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In World War II—the Infantryman is the guy who really made the difference between the thrill of victory or the agony of defeat. This may never happen again in the push-button world we live in now.

NAT S. PERRINE



1918
Captain
Perrine



1950
General
Perrine

Old Timers of 141st Infantry Thought of their unit. . . as “Perrine’s Regiment”

By Col. Charles M. Beacham
141st Infantry



“Lieutenant, I don’t carry you along with me for your company.”

Now that was not the most severe reprimand I ever received. It just seems to stay with me longer.

It was about 4:30 a.m., February 19, 1942, on the road from Monticello to Camp Blanding, Florida. The speaker was Colonel Nat S. Perrine.

Perrine was commander of the road convoy that moved the 36th Division from Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas, to Camp Blanding, Florida. It moved out on February 14, 1942. I was communication officer. The convoy covered about eighty miles of road space. The last stop before Blanding was Monticello. The command holed up in a school house. I went out that night on the town to sample the ambience. I got in my bed roll about 1:00 a.m. It seemed I had just gone to sleep when Wright, the Colonel’s driver, woke me. *“Git up, Lieutenant. The Colonel wants you to go to Blanding with him to meet General Walker at 7:30 a.m. I’ll put your bed roll in the back of the car.”*

I reached down and pulled out a half-full pint of Old Taylor and held it up to the light—the better to measure it with my eye before I measured it with my tongue. It was suddenly jerked out of my hand. Major Abner, Ross, Regimental Surgeon, said, *“What you doing with that whiskey?”* “Sir,” I

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replied, "I'm goin to have some breakfast." He swigged at the bottle, and I said, "Please, Sir, don't take all my breakfast."

I got into the car, passenger five (Plymouth, O.D., circa, 1940) on the left rear side. Colonel Perrine got in the right rear and went to sleep. I dozed away for some time and then woke suddenly. Something was wrong. I tapped Wright on the back of his head. He jerked up and I said softly, so's not to wake the Colonel: "What the hell's goin on?" He said, "Whatcha mean?" I said, "You're on the wrong road." He said, "I went to sleep." "Hell, Wright, if anybody in this car oughta stay awake, it's the driver. You headed toward Jacksonville. Turn right at the next intersection and that will take us to Blanding."

Colonel Perrine rolled over and demanded, "What's goin on?"

"Sir, I went to sleep. We are on the wrong road but we got it straightened out and you will not be late for General Walker."

"Lieutenant, I don't carry you along with me for your company."

He went back to sleep. I didn't.

Nat S. Perrine was born on July 16, 1894. He claimed Fort Worth, Texas, as his home town. He enlisted in 1915 and served with the militia in the Mexican Border matter. He served as an officer with the 142nd Infantry Regiment, 36th Division, in World War I. He distinguished himself in training and preparation and in the battle of Foret Farm. He kept his name in the National Guard post after that war. By his personal statement to me, he was a broker. I never understood what he was a broker of, but it seemed to have something to do with Panhandle wheat, cotton or oil and gas patches. He said he was financially busted when they offered him a two-year detail to the Army War College as a NG Major in the late twenties. I saw copies of his efficiency reports covering this period. He was rated "Superior". That seemed strange for a citizen officer.

Perrine played on the infield of the Army War College baseball team. Another infielder was named Fred L. Walker, U.S. Army.

It is an interesting coincidence of history that Fred L. Walker was the Regular Army's idea of the commander to "tame the 36th 'Texas Army' Division." When General Walker arrived at camp Bowie, Texas, after relief of Major General Claude V. Birkhead in 1941, he transferred Nat S. Perrine from the 142d Inf. Regt. to command the 141st. Within 90 days after Perrine's arrival, all of the field officers were transferred except Ed McCall. Ed was at staff school when he arrived.

As may be recalled, Camp Blanding, in 1942 was a two-division tent city. Temporary buildings housed the messes, latrines, headquarters and staff billets. The troops were under tents. The heat was from coal.

In the early spring of 1942, colonel Perrine had a habit of strolling through the regimental area late at night. He came in about 10:00 p.m. one night and I was the only staff officer in the quarters. "Did you enjoy your constitutional, Sir?" He looked at me. "I don't go walking for my health."

“Perrine’s Regiment”

Then he continued, *“Captains are my stock in trade. When I walk through the area at night I can stand in the darkness and listen to the sounds coming from the a company area. The sounds that come from the unit commanded by my strongest Captain are different from the sounds that come from the company commanded by my weakest Captain. No. I don’t go walking for my health. I need everything I can learn to discover which Captain I want to keep and which one I want to use for trading. No. Health has nothing to do with it.”*

Milton J. Landry and I spent a number of evenings in the quarters huddled over a chess board. Colonel Perrine used to sit nearby and watch the progress of the game. This went on some time. One night I was alone when he returned from one of his nightly strolls. *“You want to play a game of chess?”* he asked. *“You play chess, Colonel?”* *“No. But I think I am ready to take you on.”*

This was going to be good! He didn’t even know the proper names of the pieces. He called the Knights *“them horses.”*

He damned near won the game!!

About forty officers of general grade were inducted into Federal Service from the National Guard in 1940-41. Very few of them saw meaningful service beyond housekeeping duties. Our friends in the regular establishment saw to that. But, following Carolina Maneuvers in 1942, Nat S. Perrine was appointed a Brigadier. In addition to myself, Milton J. Landry, Ed McCall, Andrew Price, Herbert Eitt, Ross Yong and Earle G. Wheeler (Chairman of the Joint chiefs of Staff after WW II longer than any other officer), there were hundreds of officers and thousands of men who went into combat with the 141st Infantry Regiment who trained under Nat S. Perrine. Although I never served under him in combat, I recall him as the officer in my personal experience who most influenced me.

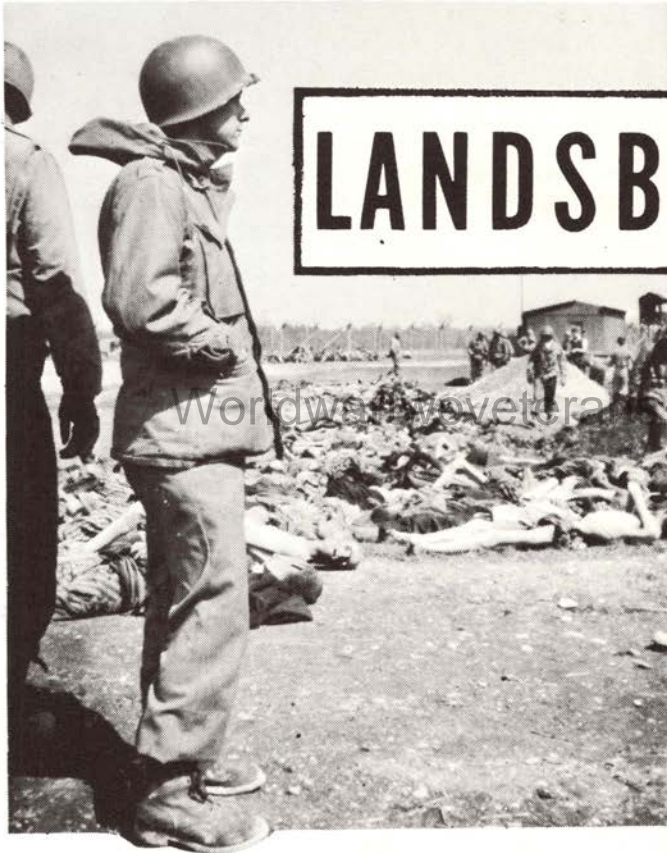
I regarded him as being from the same mold of military leadership that produced Robert E. Lee, Jackson and General Fred L. Walker. They just don’t come like that very often. Perrine left the Regiment in the fall of 1942 to report as training officer for the Caribbean Command. Notwithstanding that Perrine never commanded the unit in combat in WW II, there are many of us who still think of the 141st as being *“Perrine’s Regiment.”*

General Nat S. Perrine died at Brooke General Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, in 1953.



Beacham is an attorney in San Antonio, and a good one. However, he missed his calling when he didn’t get his syndicated column of the ‘funny side of life’. In this he is the past-master.





LANDSBERG



EYE WITNESS TO A HOLOCAUST. . .

JOE WRIGHT of Service Co., 141st has been a loyal contributor to the T-Patcher over the past several years. He has a war photo album (second to none), and covered in the next few pages are RARE snapshots that he made at Landsburg. This was just ONE of the many concentration camps that Hitler set up to eliminate 6 million Jewish people and others who did not subscribe to his NAZI movement.

Photos shown here are not copies of news items etc., these are his own Kodak recordings of one of history's worst "man's inhumanity to man," ever conceived.

In the photo above, JOE WRIGHT had a friend take this silent moment as he scans the horrible sight. . .one of which few were an eye-witness.

Eye Witness to A Holocaust

A year ago, Joe Wright advised us that he had been contacted by the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, with Hqs. at Suite 832, 425 13th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20004, asking for his experiences in the early liberation of the concentration camps.



Here is the letter written by JOE WRIGHT to the Holocaust Memorial Council:

On April 30, 1945, we, the 141st Infantry pushed forward to a town called Iffeldorf (Germany), not far from LANDSBERG. What we saw at that concentration camp, our minds could NOT comprehend. The sights and stench of dead bodies, even mind conditions and fatigued by months of combat—could not accept this gruesome sight. I regarded this panorama of inmates with emotion—and pity, anger, repulsion and awe, since they were human beings who were defenseless.

My C.O., Major Charles Beacham told me to take his Jeep and take some pictures of this camp. His driver was too nauseous to drive, after what he had seen. Bill Ellis, one of my buddies, said he would go with me.

Having with me a small vest pocket Kodak, I was the only one in the outfit, that had one. I had kept it in my jacket pocket to reflect any bullet that may be intended for me.

I took photographs of the hundreds of bodies that were burned and scattered around the compound—German civilians picking up bodies of dead inmates that the Nazis scattered in the woods outside the camp, to hide from us.

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We also stopped a train, which carried bodies that was to leave for Munich. Since it snowed on May 1, 1945, the corpses were partially covered with snow on the train cars.

I took pictures of our men of 141st giving candy, food to those surviving inmates. . . we told them to change their prison clothing with the star of David on their backs, by going to ANY German house and demand and take whatever clothing they needed for the change, which they did.

While at a German house, I saw two inmates practically crawling to the house. I picked them up, one by one and brought them into the house, right into the kitchen, I told the owner to get a large mattress and build a fire in the



"These burnt corpses were ready to be buried in a mass grave to hide evidence, but we arrived before they could,"—
JOE WRIGHT, 141st Infantry.

Eye Witness to A Holocaust

kitchen stove, which he did. Since I had only C rations, I told him that it contained ham and eggs. They looked at me and smiled. Then they said they did not care as long as it was food. I advised them to eat slowly and not to swallow fast, and gave them hot coffee.

During conversations, they told me that they were brothers-in-law from Poland. The warmth from the stove kept them nice and comfortable, and I had the owner cover them with blankets. I left to go to our company kitchen for dinner with the boys. But very few could eat after what they had seen, and many threw their food in a large container which became slop.

Only minutes later, I heard my commanding officer, Capt. Comner call me and yell, "Look Wright, for god's sake stop them." I looked around and saw a crowd of inmates scooping up the slop with their bare hands and eating it. Capt. Comnes told me to tell them NOT to eat the slop, as we will feed them from the kitchen. After a struggle and trying to make them understand that



"German civilians were ordered to pick up dead corpses from the forest for burial,"—JOE WRIGHT.



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“Before and After, here’s four inmates of Landsberg in tattered dirty clothing—and at right, the smiling faces of these inmates after hot food and change of clothing.”

they would get real good food from the kitchen, they stopped.

I gave each one an empty quart can that contained vegetables and other fresh foods and made them from a line so that our cooks can dish out food for everyone. . . what a line!

Later we told the Burgomaster to open town hall, so the inmates could eat and sleep there, which was done. Later, I visited with the Polish brothers-in-law and gave them food from our mess. I advised them that we were pushing-out for Bad Tolz. One asked for my name and address, and that got me by surprise, as they were so thin and fraile, that I did not think they would survive. As we were leaving, I was told that we had captured a German doctor. I took him to the house where the brothers-in-law were staying and told him to ‘take care’ of them. He said he would.

About two or three years after war’s end, I received a phone call from one of the relatives of those two men saying that—a Abraham Segal of 448 Hindsdale, Brooklyn N. Y. and Abraham Ruben of Hertzal, Brooklyn would like to see me. I cried with joy and replied, “Thank God they made it through.”

Worldwartwoveterans.org



JOE WRIGHT, P.O. Box 7306, Ocala FL 32672 has our thanks for a heart-rendering story of the Holocaust, and he advises that any T-Patcher who has a similiar eye-witness report, to send it in to your Quarterly editor, who with permission, will copy it and forward it to the United States Holocaust Memorial Commission. Copies of this issue of the QUARTERLY will be sent to this group for their files.

We noticed in the 45th Division News that they are doing the same. Men of their 157th Infantry (C Co) participated at the liberation of Dachau prison camp.

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS

By Jack Clover
Hq. Co., 2nd Bn., 143rd Inf.



The big prize was ahead. After months of fighting, slugging, dying, butchering, freezing, dodging screaming meemies Rome was in sight. Yes, Rome was in sight the hard way via Cassino and Anzio. The Cassino-Rapido was a definite mistake by some stubborn people. Anzio made sense providing we had put all our efforts there to cut Italy clear to the Adriatic instead of the feeble attempt at a shallow meaningless beachhead. But this is a whole different ballgame to be argued for years with never a concluding answer.

As we scooted up highway 7 following the Cistern breakout at Anzio May 25, 1944, we gradually overtook and relieved the 1st Armored Division amongst the heavy grape vineyards, sometimes eight feet tall along the highway. The most we encountered at this point were a few snipers but it always seemed incongruous to me to see beautiful, large, juicy grapes and fertile strawberry patches somehow mixed up in this horrible war.

This was not one of our particularly good days. As we neared Velletri and occupied the right flank of highway 7, flanked on our left by the 34th Infantry Division, we were suddenly strafed by our own planes. The damage was maybe not of great significance but unnerving as hell. The day ended with us taking up positions to the right of highway 7 and pulling up every vehicle on the line with a 50 calibre mount. These were used with great success during the Anzio breakout as a solid wall of 50 calibre fire from every known vehicle forms a solid base of fire instead of sitting in the rear wasting away.

The evening brought the usual probing and jabbing patrol activity readying for the Velletri push the next day. Velletri was a fooler. We were not told much about it but being the last major step prior to Rome it was a veritable arsenal of a "junior" Cassino. Jerry was not willing to give it up

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easily because the prize that lay just beyond it was "an open City" and a lot of open ground beyond that where our air power could grind them to bits.

Our attack bit into the krauts the next morning as we set our sights toward Velletri. The foliage was thick and jungle-like. There seemed to be vineyards by the dozens masking off any reasonable vision. Snipers abounded due to the heavy terrain, and Burp Pistols were ideal as they dashed in and spread rapid fire all over hell and back.

The rifle company's attack combined with the heavy concentration of 50 calibre machine gun fire was moving forward. Progress was being made and about noon all systems seemed to be "go."

At this point, however, a promising attack turned into a black disaster. In some fashion a Jerry speaking perfect English tapped our artillery lines and called our own fire down on our rifle companies. Companies E and F were hit particularly hard especially our key officers. All was mayhem for a while and our time table disrupted badly. All the while our A & P platoon had been supplying our forward dump with as much ammo as we could possibly carry. The next gambit came totally unexpectedly.

As we were taking a break and I was about to attack a bountiful box of K rations, hoping my Cracker Jacks prize wasn't cheese, Sgt. Conlogue came up and kicked me on the foot. "*Clover, get your squad together fast. E and F Companies are cut off and need a radio and all the MI and 30 calibre machinegun ammo they can get. Throw in some grenades too! An E Company runner will be here soon to show you the way if it's still open.*" This news was about as welcome as a Dear John letter and yet these are the vagaries of war. Our squad rebounded quickly and we were soon loaded with as much ammo as we could carry and yet remain mobile as we figured on some rough times.

The E Company runner arrived breathlessly and decided we should move out quickly before the ring became any tighter. After fully checking our gear our runner selected a narrow path between a high type of hedgerow abuted on the left by a giant vineyard seven to eight feet tall loaded with grapes. There was also sporadic rifle and MG-42 fire all over the area indicating the fluid situation. As we progressed awkwardly down the makeshift path, perhaps a 100 yards, we saw a farm house in the distance bordering the edge of the grape arbor to our left oblique. This seemed like an ideal spot for Jerry to be hiding and sure enough we were right.

In an instant we suddenly heard the throbbing, churning sound of a large motorized vehicle coming from that direction seemingly headed for us. Up to this point a casual mortar or "88" would drop near but only on a harrassing basis almost as a zeroing-in measure.

As the engine of this giant monster revved up like a love sick Rhinoceros we realized that on the opposite side of our hedgerow was apparently one of our scout cars. We could now hear the two-way radio which was guiding two

Over The River and Through The Woods

Sherman tanks our way to help. They were edging up a draw to our right but very carefully as most tankers did.

The sum total of the situation now revealed we were pinned down in a vineyard with some sort of a Jerry motorized vehicle about to attack us at point blank range with a deadly 88. The foliage was so thick we couldn't determine what it was but the usual "tank clank" didn't seem to be there. As the monster's motors revved and came towards us he let go his first salvo from about a 50-yard range. The tempo of the other fire intensified as we had been discovered now for sure. I was as flat on the plowed ground as I could get, and as I looked over at "Preacher" Bynum I knew he was thinking the same thing I was: *"Wish we could get the hell out of here, even Alabama."*

The monster roared closer and let go an 88 that landed right in front of us. We were showered with plowed earth and stinging shrapnel that did not break the skin. I could still hear our scout car and tankers talking, but the help would not arrive soon enough. Thoughts ran crazily through my mind. Here we are trapped in a damned vineyard and can't even fight back. So far none our boys had been hit but we were lucky. Here we lay in a dusty, dirty vineyard with the next shell headed right on top of us. I lay shaking saying, *"Please God, if you'll just let me out of this one I'll be your friend for life."*

The "Preacher's" ashen face told me he was going through the same thing in his Alabama style.

Quickly the monster barked again from a very short range and this was it. The shell landed to the left of Bynum but with an earthly "clunk." It was a dud bouncing over our heads skipping across the field like a flat stone on water. With a thud it buried itself in something at the rear, after destroying many grapes.



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I stil lay there shaking thinking, hell, I'm no hero—no Commando Kelly. I don't want to die in this God-damned peasant field without a chance to fire a shot. I just want to do my gig in the army and get out. What the hell, we have no bazookas or tank tools and besides my clothes are full of lice from he haymow the previous night. A huge roar again reverberated from the Jerry mystery vehicle and Bynum and I looked at each other for what we figured was the last time. But could our ears be fooling us? After all his rooting and pawing around he was backing out! To this day we don't know why unless word had come the Shermans were near!

What a relief! All we had to contend with now was a casual mortar drop in or a distant Burp pistol. We gathered ourselves together sweating profusely in the hot Italian sun and found no casualties. Our next objective was through the vineyard about 100 yards to an open wheat field. The field covered about 75 yards of open territory being amply covered with a squad of Jerries with Karbiner rifles. (No match for the great MI.) We could detect no machine gun or miscellaneous fire except an occasional mortar "clump."

After a fast pow-wow we decided to send our dozen men across at about 50 yard intervals and run like hell. The less target the better. The wheat was about three to four feet high with absolutely no ther cover. The E Company runner let off and we shoved the men out as the previous man seemed well on his way. So far so good. No one hit! I came last and took off like a bullet. Most of the rifle fire was aimed low and cut V-shaved whedges through the wheat as they zipped by. A couple of times I heard the "popcorn" crack in my ear knowing they were getting the range just as I hit the heavy woods on the other side.

Luckily the remaining trek to the Companies was extra thick foliage affording ample protection and our guide really knew his stuff. It was at this point I realized what physical conditioning meant in terms of an all-terrain venture loaded to the gills with heavy ammo. We eventually found E and F Companies dug in around and holed up in a couple of two-story stone house holding on for dear life. I learned that Lt. King, one of my friends in E Company, had been hit for which I was very sorry.

We delivered our merchandise which we felt would get them over the hump and proceeded to had back through the ring of fire. A Lieutenant from one of the Companies decided to lead us back to our Company area as he was being transferred. This went over like a lead balloon as we felt he would have his own ideas, and he did!

As we neared the wheat field he said: "*Now boys, here's where we cross slowly so not to attract undue attention.*" Oh brother, but we said: "*Lieutenant, it leaves you too much of a target against the light-colored wheat.*" "*Never mind, I'll go first and show you!*" After taking stock of the situation he started forward in his squatting style. He had gotten about 50

Over The River and Through The Woods

feet when the krautheads cut loose. All of a sudden he got the message and a blinding flash took off that would have rivaled Jesse Ownes in the Olympics.

At even a terrible time like this we laughed like hell and followed our own proven method on the return. I never knew the Lieutenant's name nor do I now know what happened to him. We did hear he was a washed-out paratrooper who perhaps couldn't separate the esteemed training manual from the real war.

After dodging a various assortment of krauthead weapons, we arrived back at our rear supply dump exhausted. The Cracker Jacks surprise K-ration looked even better to me so we all decided to eat before the next assignment.

We had just settled down to a round of delicious army rations when up rushed an army newspaper reporter, "Say men I understand you just returned from breaking through the German lines to save the line Companies who were cut off." I replied, "Yes, I guess that's true." He immediately pounced on this with, "How does it feel to head into almost instant death with the Germans all around you?" One of our boys who had just discovered the ever popular Spam in his K-ration said: "Well, sir, it's something like 'Over the river and through the woods to grandmother's house we go' at Thanksgiving time." Another repeated, "Yes, it's like 'Over the river and through the woods'." With much consternation the reporter sat back, rifled through his book of notes and scratched his head. He then stood up mumbling something like, "Yes, I think I know what you mean," and soon he and his Jeep were off in a trail of dust. And I could almost swear I heard a trailing, "Hi-ho Silver."



Jack Clover, 57 of Ormond Beach FL died Dec. 14, 1981, served with Hqs. Co. 143rd. A native of Columbus OH, Jack was affiliated with AVCO Broadcasting for 26 years, and in 1975 operated his own business in Volusia County FL. Jack had contributed 5 stories of his experiences which have been featured in the 36th Historical Quarterly, which acclaimed as 'great'. His *Boot of Freedom* in the No. 2 issue is a classic. His sister, Janet Clover Lafferty has kindly sent a letter to your editor, telling how much Jack, in his last days, dictated his stories while in the hospital and all five have been published. This is what H&R is all about. Reported by Oscar Troehler (C/111th Engrs) or Circleville OH.

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The late Jack Clover was an enterprising businessman. Here's a recent photo of his Stanley Steamer Carpet Cleaning crews. Colorful vans were part of his trademark. His use of 'Frankie' Frankenstein was a well-known character in the Ormond Beach area. Seated from left: John Abramivic, Betty (Mrs. Jack) Clover, Frankie's girl friend, BIG JACK, Bob Edwards and Jack Clover, Jr.



Jack was a real old car buff. He was a member of The Society of Automotive Historians, Inc., and honored to be a member of THE BIRTHPLACE OF SPEED MUSEUM Advisory Committee.

This territory of Florida is richly endowed with memories and hardware of the 'good old days' of racing when Ormond Beach WAS the Speedway. As an avid enthusiast of Vintage Cars and while he did not personally own one, his good friends shared their cars and the excitement of ownership with him.

A HISTORICAL ESSAY ON THE FIGHTING 36th HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

By David E. Ruby

The Fighting 36th Division Historical Quarterly, a collection of stories, experiences, and accounts by veterans of a combat infantry division which saw some of the most decisive and bitterest fighting of World War II, is fast becoming a very valuable piece of World War II Literature.

The information contained in the Quarterly will help the current and future historian flesh out the cold/hard facts of war contained in the "After Action" Reports and Daily Journals of the units that made up the 36th Infantry Division.

Where once, a reader of 36th Division History read, that "Company G, 141st Infantry or Company A, 143rd Infantry moved to its assigned objectives with moderate casualties" will now be able to see just what such a rather bleak and obscure statement really involves. Perhaps it will be an account by the Company Commander telling what it was like to send men into battle, or what it was like to write a letter to the mother or wife of a soldier who was killed in action, who was one of those "moderate



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

casualties". Perhaps it will be a story by a private in one of the infantry squads describing what it was like to be under artillery fire, or how it felt to lose a close buddy on the way to "the assigned objectives". These accounts tell the human interest side of war, and as such, become a most important part of military history. It will be the part of military history that future generations will read the most.

BUT even as publication of Volume II of the Quarterly approaches, just over the horizon, disaster awaits this outstanding publication. For articles by the same authors are beginning to appear again and again. This is fine for the present. Stories by Oran Stovall, Vince Lockhart, and Jack Clover, to mention just a few, have proved to be most interesting. But what happens to the Quarterly when the Stovalls, Lockharts, and Clovers run out of stories to tell, or when Bill Jary runs out of news articles to reprint? The answer is simple. The Quarterly will sink into oblivion and fall by the wayside. When this happens, it will be a historical tragedy. And who will be the cause? That answer is simple. The responsibility will lay squarely on the shoulders of each individual of the 36th Division who failed to write and contribute a story to the Quarterly. The excuse, no doubt, will be that "I was just a private in a rifle squad or a corporal in an artillery battery. What could I possibly contribute? I was just a number in a big war." Each story told by a veteran, no matter what his rank or role, is an important piece of literature which contributes to the history of the 36th Division and the history of World War II.

For each story told by a veteran is history at its best. In each account a little bit of the history of America is told. It is the type of story that future generations will want to read, grasp and hold onto. It will tell future generations something of the character of his forefathers, of what it was like to play a role in one of the most important periods of history of mankind. Yes, the stories told by each individual soldier are indeed important. Each story, is in fact, history in human terms. The destiny of the 36th Division Quarterly lies squarely on the shoulders of the individuals who made it such a proud fighting unit.

Worldwartwoveterans.org
DAVID E. RUBY, 12463 Glade Dr.,
Apt. B-3, Reston VA 22091

Dave E. Ruby, Special Investigator, USA Criminal Investigation Command, Washington District, is a 26 year old soldier, a devoted student of WWII Army Military History, has a home library of over 300 books. He has collected Unit Histories, Biographies, Memoirs, Official Records, popular accounts of major battles, and is particularly interested in the 5th and 7th Armies in Italy and France.

The Seventh Annual Muster

“A Real Texas Homecoming”



Large delegation of T-Patchers
Attend Celebration at camp Mabry
Home of the TEXAS NATIONAL GUARD
and the
36th INFANTRY DIVISION
Sat. Nov. 7, 1981

Worldwartwoveterans.org
CAMP MABRY

When Camp Mabry was established in 1892 it was an 86-acre tract north of downtown Austin designed for a site of the annual encampment of the Texas National Guard.

this past fall, after 90 years would be only the “seventh” of a Real Texas Homecoming! The information recorded here is a recap of that historic event, and Julian H. Philips (143rd) has our thanks for kindly sending in the official program and data. He is currently Secty/Treas. of the 36th Division Association.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Adjutant General's Department (INVITATION)

Honored Guests: Please come and share with us the opportunity to reflect on and celebrate the return to Camp Mabry—the home of the Texas National Guard—of those Guardsmen from years past.

For it was their legacy of selfless sacrifice and devotion to duty that remains today as the hallmark of the organization they once served.

This year we are inviting all former and present Guardsmen, their families and friends, Guard supporters and the public to join with us in our commemoration activities on 7 November 1981.

*Sincerely, WILLIE L. SCOTT
Major General
Adjutant General
of Texas.*



General Scott joined the TNG in 1938, 1st Bn., 131st F.A., served as artillery battery commander in WWII.

ACTIVITIES AND EVENTS

Registration 0800-0930 hrs

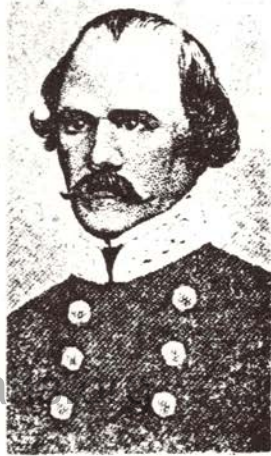
Opening Ceremonies 0930-1015 hrs

- Camp Mabry Open House
 - 1981 Update Briefing
 - Aircraft and Equipment Displays
 - Museum and Photo Displays
 - Hall of Honor Induction
 - Black Powder Shoot, Guard of the Republic
 - Live Presentation of "A Tribute to Texas Women"
 - 49th Armored Division Band Concert
 - Reinactment of 36th Division Battle Scene During Italian Campaign
 - "Come and Take It" Cannon
 - Showings of Historical and Commemorative Films
 - Marksmanship Shooting Galleries
 - Demonstration of Helicopter Rappelling
 - Dutch Treat Barbecue Lunch
- Closing Ceremonies 1500-1530 hrs

HALL OF FAME

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON was born in Kentucky in 1803. He was assigned to the 6th Infantry in 1827 and served in the Black Hawk War. He resigned his commission in 1834 due to illness and moved to Texas in 1836. Enlisted as a private in the Texas Army, later became Adjutant General, and then Brig. Gen. in 1837.

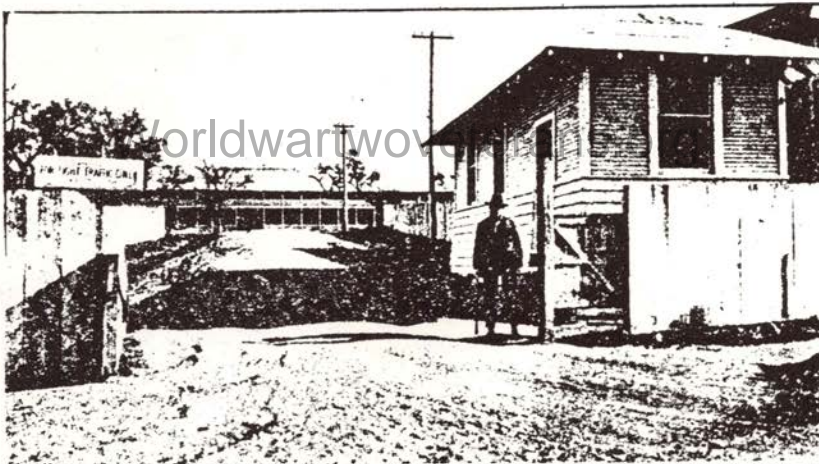
He was appointed Secretary of War for the Republic of Texas in 1839 and led an expedition against the Cherokees in East Texas. Jefferson Davis appointed Johnson a general in the Confederate Army as commander of western part of the Confederacy. He was killed in the battle of Shiloh, 1862, and is buried in Austin State Cemetery.



Major EDWIN HUTCHINGS was born in Austin 1890. Enlisted as a bugler in the Volunteer Guard. In 1910 he had advanced to 2nd Lt. in Harper Kirby Rifles. Was promoted to Captain and served on the Mexican Border in 1916.

When the 36th Division was formed, Hutchings was promoted to major and commanded the 1st Bn. of 141st Infantry. It was this unit that he trained and led into combat that took his life.

Major Hutchings died leading the first assault of the 36th in the first offensive wave of the 36th division. He was the first major unit commander of the division killed in action.



HALL OF FAME

Major General WILLIAM O. GREEN of Houston has a long and colorful military career. He was commissioned a Lt. in the Infantry ORC in 1928, joined TNG, and mobilized with 36th in 1940, served as Regimental Exec. Officer and S2, Bn. Exec. Officer and S1, and as Division Hqs. commandant, Division Ordnance Officer and Division G4. In 1946 he was transferred to ORC of TNG as 36th Div. Ordnance Officer.

In 1961, General Green voluntarily transferred to US Army Reserve. He was appointed Brigadier General TSG in 1960 and assigned as Deputy Commander TSG, and in 1972 was appointed Brevet Brigadier TNG. He assumed command of TSG in 1975 and was then appointed Commanding General, TSG and promoted to Major General in 1974.



Brevet Lieutenant General CLAYTON P. KERR began his distinguished citizen soldier career in 1919 with 6th Cavalry TNG at Dallas. Later with 5th Cavalry and 72nd Brigade. General Kerr entered active federal service with 36th in 1940. Served as Division Chief of Staff in North Africa and Italy under Gen. Fred L. Walker.

General Kerr was one of the original officers forming the new 49th Armored Division of TNG and appointed Brigadier General in 1946. He assumed command of the 49th in 1958 and was appointed Major General.

Gov. John Connally appointed Kerr as Lieutenant General in 1964. He had served the military forces of Texas and the nation for 42 years, died Aug. 13, 1977, in Dallas at age 77.

Brevet Lieutenant General EVERETT SELDON SIMPSON, One of Texas' most decorated soldiers in WWII, resigned from TNG in 1973. His list of medals and awards are—D.S.C., Legion of Merit, Silver Star, the Bronze Star, Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. He joined the T.N.G. in 1933 as a member of Co. H, 142nd, was commissioned at Mobilization (1940) as Lt. Simpson, a platoon leader of 142nd.

He left active service as a Lt. Col. in 1946, and was made CO of 142nd Regiment. Was appointed Brevet Lt. Gen. by Governor Briscoe.



**COMPANY I, 142nd DEDICATES
SPORTSPLATZ TO MITTLEWIHR HERO
T/SGT. MIKE ZAUNEROWICZ, KIA**

By JOHN T. LACHENMAYER
Photos and Text



The T-Patcher Plaque commemorating the Park in memory of Sgt. Mike Zaunerowicz, KIA at Mittelwihr, France. Sgt. Turner is standing with his back to the camera.

T/Sgt. Mike Zaunerowicz, Sayreville, N.J., who was killed in action at Mittelwihr, France, 15 December, 1944, must be smiling in that place reserved for combat heroes, with the dedication at Kurchheim by doughs of Item Co., 142nd Inf., of the T/Sgt. Mike Zaunerowicz athletic field and field house.

Men who were with 'Mike' on that fateful day when he, with his platoon leader, stumbled upon a camouflaged machine gun nest, recall that the fun loving Jerseyite got his biggest kick out of buddies trying to pronounce his name and was forever chuckling at the tongue twisting difficulties encountered by officers on roll call.

"We can just picture the big guy up there now, smiling, as he contemplates the trouble we're going to run into when we tell some newcomer we're headed for Zaunerowicz Field.

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Dedication ceremony at Nurtingen, Germany—from left: Capt. Harris T. Hall, Chaplain (Mendhano NJ); Capt. Hollis M. Hughes, past CO of Co. I (Stamford TX); Colonel George E. Lynch, 142nd Regt. commander (Orlando FL); Major Hugh W. Roberts, 3rd Bn. Exec/Officer (Tuscaloosa AL); and Capt. Alban E. Reid, Jr., CO of Co. I (New Haven CT). Photo sent in by Lt. John T. Lachenmayer.

“Guess we’ll just shorten it to ‘Mike’s Field.’ He’d like that,” one of his former platoon men said.

Dedication of the athletic field and field house, followed by a dance and floor show, was held a week ago today.

Captain Hughes of K company, former C.O. and friend of Mike’s, paid tribute to the sterling qualities of the Item Company hero, recounting how Mike joined I Company at Camp Blanding, Florida, how he made corporal shortly after his return from the Carolina maneuvers; how he was soon broken when he went AWOL to see his wife whom he had just married a few weeks before, but regained his stripes and later jumped to S/Sgt. after landing in Africa.

Though Mike was killed and the platoon leader wounded in the Mittelwihir action, they left behind them four dead Germans.

Speakers at the dedication ceremonies included Major Roberts, acting 3rd Bn C.O. in the absence of Lt. Col. Simpson, Colonel Lynch and Capt. Reid, C.O. of I Company.

Decorations awarded Zaurnerowicz were: Bronze Star with one Cluster, Silver Star, Purple Heart, Combat Infantry Badge and Good Conduct Ribbon. He had been a veteran of five campaigns and made all the initial assaults that the 142nd Regiment ever made in World War II. The Silver Star award was posthumously.

Mike Zaunerowicz Sportsplatz



September 1945—In Germany post-war...Men of Hqs. and Hqs. Co., 3rd Bn. 142nd Infantry. At front row center—Lt. Seldon Simpson, CO.; Lt. Max Chenowitz at his left, and our story contributor, Lt. John T. Lachenmayer at his right, of Hqs. Co. 142nd. There are 80 T-Patchers shown in this photograph.

Photo at right: Lt. John T. Lachenmayer and Lt. Stenger shown here at the Co. I, C.P. John is the man who sent in all these pixs and the text.



Below: The Company identification made of native rocks, just as they did back at Camp Bowie in 1941. How about that?



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COMPANY I 142nd INFANTRY 36th TEXAS DIVISION



Captain Alban E. Reid, Jr. . . . Commanding Officer
 1st Lt. Robert Stenger Executive Officer
 2nd Lt. Alfred Satko Training Officer
 1st Sgt Norman Wilson First Sergeant

<p>T/Sgt Frank Adkins " Jack Jensen " John Kozak " Ernest Turner " Bernard Walker S/Sgt James Berryhill " Julius Buge'ski " Edward Carroll " Charles Castania " S. F. Garibaldi " Edward Hynek " Gordon Kaphingst " Robert Lewis " Albert Nezek " Edwin Rowland " Horacio Salazar " James Sutphen " Neal Walk " William Way Sgt James Armer " Ernest Bennet " Albert Booth " Leighton Braylea " Curtis Brown " Robert Delamarter " Billie Edmundson " Kenneth Jamison " Basile Judd " Cliffgrd Marcum " Raymond Patton " Earl Pigg " Burton Rubloff " John Secrest " Bennie Spaaro T/4 John Machinshok " Frankis Williams Cpl William Barron " Charles Reneau " John Shay T/5 Joseph Lanzone " Richard Aldridge Pfc Ralph Belt " Hardin Benton " Arthur Bessonon " Lawrence Boogs " James Boosi " Clarence Brann " Louie Brooks " Fred Butlassi " Bernard Bunieci " Lester Burns " Thomas Carmosino " Robert Cherry " Aubrey Cowart " Calvin Crowder " George Daniels " Russell Descamp " Leonard Donato " Joseph Durham " Russell Edwards " Frank Fallenstein " James Forsyth " Hyron Franke " Robert Franklin " Harald Fullbright " Miguel Garcia</p>	<p>Pfc Hulen Garner " Richard Garner " Lloyd Gaudin " Joseph Gentes " Sebastian Germana " Emil Gliscynski " Arthur Gonsalves " Thomas Goesens " Anthony Gortzyen " Ara Goss " Billie Graham " Willie Griner " John Hall " William Harrell " Daniel Harwell " Dean Henke " Enrique Hernandez " Harry Heyslerman " Petr Hill " Raymond Hoak " Frank Honeywell " D. W. Hulsey " Gordon Hutchinson " Meyer Israel " Daniel Jarosh " Chester Jekielek " Glenn Jewell " Johnny Johnson " Donald Jones " Lewis Jones " Gabriel Joseph " Veron Jurgella " Roy Kanitz " Alexander Kemp " Gordon Kempf " John Kinsley " Michael Klein " Clarence Klingler " Thaddeus Kosmowski " Kenneth Lee " Jack Leslie " William Livock " Robert Long " Donald Lukemire " Stanly Mankowski " Dudley Marvin " Forrest Moore " Robert Moreng " Albert Nardini " Raymont Nelson " Kenneth Neyhart " John Opalinski " George Palmer " Earl Pamplin " Clyde Pearson " George Peters " Leonard Pfannes " James Piper " Harold Poley " George Powell " Louis Priesmcier " Michael Puskas " John Putt " Hubert Quinn " Bernard Radziukinas " Charles Radston " John Rampy</p>	<p>Pfc Tandell Rayborn " Mauriee Raymond " Sheldon Reynolds " Howard Rowe " Alfred Sehechter " George Soaman " Harry Shoemaker " Loy Short " Russell Simpson " Joseph Skrundz " Einar Slaasted " Howell Smallwood " Arthur Smith " Bill Smith " Frank Smith " Ellis Smithie " Richard Smith " Arthur Southwood " Paul Spain " Robert Stover " James Stout " John Stringer " Robert Tanner " Manuel Tavares " Robert Tedcastle " James Thompson " Henry Threadgill " Robert Tripp " Patsy Volpone " Mervin Von Ahseen " Kenneth Weckerle " Loren Welker " Jeff Whan " Jack Wordleman " Virgil Yaw " Jon Zaine Pvt Aloysius Bisch " Benjamin Dragan " Joseph Duhome " Joseph Evansoski " Robert Farrington " Herschel Herritz " Harry Hill " Melv n Hodson " Alfred Hullings " James Jones " Jeas Kerestas " George Miller " George Perry " Wayne Peterson " Arthur Pittas " Walter Pitts " Joseph Polero " Wilber Priest " Mart Rasanen " Michael Ritacco " Fred Sebastian " William Seneko " Chester Sinsel " Charles Smith " Joseph Tomasko " Fritz Trujillo T/5 R. Boardman T/5 J. Sullivan T/5 A. Williams Pfc J. Phillips</p>
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“Just Call Me Major”

TALES OF THE TEXAS NATIONAL GUARD

By Alan (Chum) Williamson



During the period before World War II, when the U.S. Army was little more than a cadre and there was no Air Corps, let alone an Air Force, “Major” was occasionally used as a christian name for boys born in the state of Texas. An officer named Major M. Raines served in the Texas National Guard between the World Wars. At one time he was **Major Major M. Raines**, and was later promoted to Lieutenant Colonel Major M. Raines.

In about the year 1935, a youngster named **Major Hebert**, who had just turned 18, enlisted in Company C, 143rd Infantry, at Beaumont, Texas, a few days before the unit entrained for the summer encampment.

Upon arrival at Camp Hulen, Private Hebert, the rawest of recruits, was subjected to the usual hazing of rookies at the hands of veteran guardsmen. He was sent on wild-goose-chases to units throughout the regiment in search of such mythical items as the cannon report, the key to the parade ground, a pair of sky hooks, a tent stretcher, and fifty feet of skirmish line. During the first inspection, he was gigged for a dirty rifle, and served his turn on kitchen police the following day.

William H. Martin, who later became the first war time commander of the 143rd Infantry, had just been promoted to major and made commander of the regiment’s 1st battalion. (It was not until 1940 that infantry battalion commanders were given the grade of lieutenant colonel.) Although a charismatic leader, martin was a strict disciplinarian. His management techniques included a daily walk through his battalion area, unaccompanied and unannounced.

On this particular day, Private Hebert had taken a break from his KP duties and was in his tent, cleaning his rifle, when Major Martin appeared in the entrance. Hebert looked up, but continued to swab the bore of the offending piece.

“*Soldier, why aren’t you on the drill field?*” Martin inquired, in a voice that was deceptively mild.

“*I’m trying to clean this damn rifle,*” Hebert replied. “*They said it was dirty. I can’t get it any cleaner than this. Here, see what you think.*”

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Martin didn't take the proffered weapon. He said, "I'm Major Martin." Grinning broadly, Hebert thrust out his hand. "I'm Major Hebert!" he announced happily.

Martin didn't shake the proffered hand. "Don't you get smart with me, young man!" he screamed. "I'll put you under the jail!"

Minutes later, Martin confronted Captain *William T. Brandt*, commander of Company C, on the drill field. His face reddened when he learned that the recruit who had offended him really was Major Hebert. But Brandt still lost a cheek and a half. Hebert had failed to come to attention, salute, and report, "Private Hebert, sir." And during his conversation with the battalion commander, he didn't use the word "Sir" even once.

It would be interesting to report that our subject continued his career as a citizen soldier and later became Sergeant Major Hebert. But such was not to be. Soon after Company C returned to Beaumont, major Hebert dropped out of the National Guard. One encounter with Major Martin was enough.



36th's ELDER STATESMAN COMMENTS ABOUT THE FIGHTING 36th QUARTERLY

Dear Mr. Editor:

At the time we first discussed recording the historical events of the Division, it was hoped it could be done with the enlisted men as the leading stars in the story, just as they were in the battles of Italy, France and Germany.

Now that three volumes have been published, I believe that all members of the Division and historians can look upon your efforts with great pride.

Not since the battle s between the states, fought by our grandfathers, has there been a war that has claimed the attention of historians as has World War II. **Because the 36th was the finest division and touched the lives of families throughout the nation, this "Historical Quarterly" has a special place of interest to all.**

I wish to thank you and the many good writers who have given us a new dimension in presenting the deeds of great soldiers who fought under the tradition of the T-Patch.

May this be only the beginning.

ORAN STOVALL
111th Engineers
Bowie, TX 76230

BELLA ITALIA

**“Open my heart and you will
see engraven within-Italy!”**

Robert Browning

Of all the places visited by the American soldier during World War II, few will be remembered with the same poignancy as southern Italy. Mountainous, primitive, politically convulsive, superstitiously religious and poverty stricken. Who can forget “Bella Italia?” Who can forget this harsh, denuded land? Who did not smugly congratulate himself that he lived in rich, bountiful America and not sixty miles south of Naples where farmers scratched the mountain sides for a living, lived in stone hovels with their animals and walked barefoot on the dusty roads.

Nothing speaks more eloquently of this heart-break land than an incident witnessed by members of the Anti-Tank Company, 141 Infantry Regiment. Relieved after forty days of mountain fighting, the Anti-Tank Company withdrew to a few acres of land on the outskirts of Agropoli. In no time a pyramidal tent community sprang up with kitchen, storeroom, mail service, etc. Men soon began to relax with beer, hot meals, showers, an occasional movie and passes to Naples. To combat the eternal mud the C.O decided that corduroy streets were needed. Details of men were sent into the neighboring hills. As truck loads of white birch rolled through Agropoli, the men began to notice the incredulous stare of the inhabitants.

Weeks later the Anti-Tank Company was ordered to the front lines. down went the tents, to the rear went the kitchen and the trucks and guns were ready to roll. A large crowd of men, women and children gathered on the fringe of the company area. They looked anxiously amongst themselves and at the precious wood. The trucks began to move and the crowd scrambled toward the corduroy walks. Suddenly it stopped as the familiar figure of the padrone appeared and claimed the wood for himself. Wasn't it on his land? The crowd cursed, shook their fist at him and again surged towards the wood. Women and children screamed, tore at the mud caked logs, fought amongst themselves. The soldiers in the slowly moving trucks, thinking of mountain and death, looked at the villagers in annoyed indifference. Someone murmured, “Crazy goddam Italians!”

Sydney L. Weinstein, 141

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



Sydney L. Weinstein was born December 8, 1915 in Brooklyn, New York. In 1938, he received a Bachelor of Science Degree from the College of the City of New York. In 1942, he was drafted into the army. He joined the Thirty-sixth Division at Camp Blanding, Florida, where he served in the 141 Infantry-Regiment L, 141 Medics and the Anti-Tank company. He taught at the division literacy school at Camp Edwards. When the war ended in 1945, he was on TD board a freighter transporting German prisoners back to the United States.

From 1945 to 1953, he taught at the Hawthorne Cedar Knolls School, a residential school for emotionally disturbed adolescents. In 1949, he married Jeane Kolburne.

In 1953, utilizing the G.I. Bill, he received his Master's Degree in Special Education from Columbia University and entered a doctoral program at the same. From 1953 until the present, he has been the Executive Director, along with his wife Jeane, of the Kolburne School, Inc., a psycho-educational facility in the Berkshires.

Syd has four children: Randy, a poet and a Campus Director at Kolburne; Robin, who has a Master's Degree in education and is also employed at the school; Jonathon a registered nurse working at the local hospital; and Peter, a senior at Wesleyan University.

Syd is an active member of the community. He is the Senior Vice-Commander of the New Marlborough American Legion Post 350, and belongs to the Berkshire County Deputy Sheriff's Association; and the Berkshire County Historical Society. In addition, he is a Mason and a Shriner, a Fellow of the American Association of Mental Deficiency and a State Deputy Chief of Staff member of the VFW and past Vice-Commander of VFW 8348, Great Barrington, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS

EISENHOWER'S LIEUTENANTS: The Campaigns of France and Germany, 1944-1945

By Russel F. Weigley (Indiana University Press, \$22.50)

(Review submitted by R. E. Bob Wallace.)

Note: This is the newest book on Ike, released Aug. 1981

Their kettle-shaped helmets lent a medieval aspect to the horse soldiers clattering out of the twilight. The year was 1940, the occasion a preparedness parade, the helmets actually those of the 1917-1918 style. Yet to a small boy catching his first glimpse of America's army as it readied itself for the new war, the pennantlike guidons drooping in the chill, damp evening as well as the metallic headgear seemed to represent old wars rather than new, a military past yet more remote than the Mexican border skirmishes for which the troopers were in fact outfitted. In the early part of that year of the German Blitzkrieg, the American army was antique. . . . [It] had not yet completed the transition that would make it an appropriate instrument of its country's claims to world power.

Thus begins this monumental study of the American-led campaign for Europe in World War II. It is a brilliant analysis of command at both the strategic and the tactical level. All the complex ingredients of nations at war—the burdens of history, the impact of technology, the roles of personalities, the confusions of the battlefield—are presented in a powerful narrative that is pleasurable to read even as it is deeply founded in scholarship.

The portraits of Field Marshal Montgomery and of Ike's lieutenants—Omar N. Bradley, Jacob L. Devers, Courtney H. Hodges, George S. Patton, Jr., Alexander M. Patch, William H. Simpson, Leonard T. Gerow, J. Lawton Collins, and Matthew B. Ridgway, among others—are the first extended treatments that some of these leaders have received. *Every major strategic and tactical decision in every battle of the American offensive is covered in detail, with maps and careful descriptions of key terrain features, including many personal insights drawn from diaries kept at the American army group and army headquarters.*

BOOK REVIEWS

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Though the events are recorded in the first person, the reader feels that MacDonald is only the medium for presenting his fellow "actors" to their place of honor that they may live in posterity.

And that friends, is the reason for this QUARTERLY; not to glorify oneself but to preserve the many acts of heroism of the many brave men you knew so well that might otherwise be forgotten.

Footnote: This book, probably out of print, was sent to me by that young historian, DAVE RUBY, who is a regular contributor to this publication. We hope it will spark some of our officers and men to unload their story for the Quarterly.

Col. Oran Stovall, 111th Engrs.

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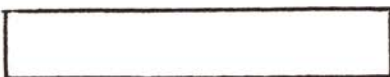
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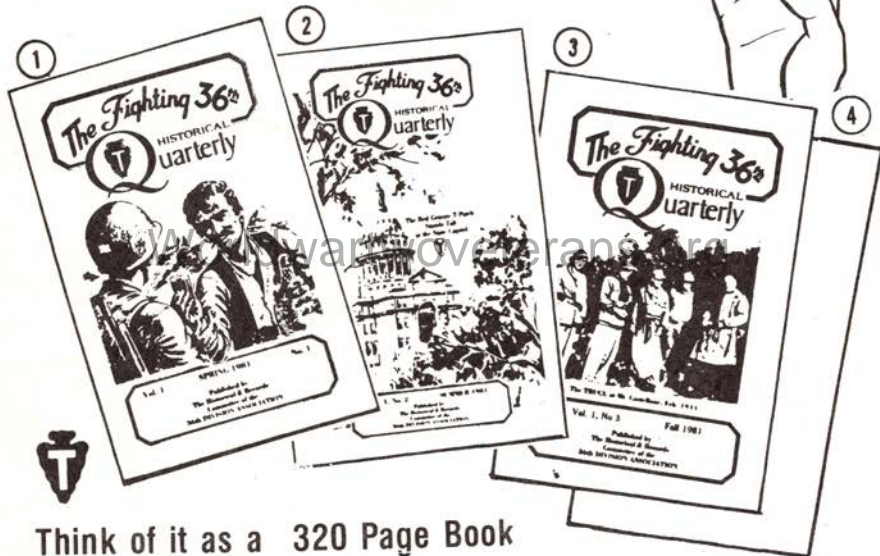
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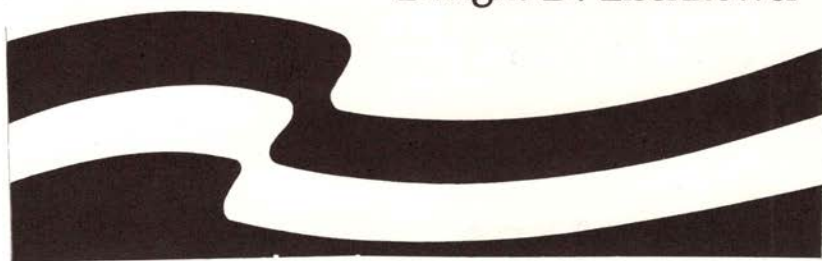
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