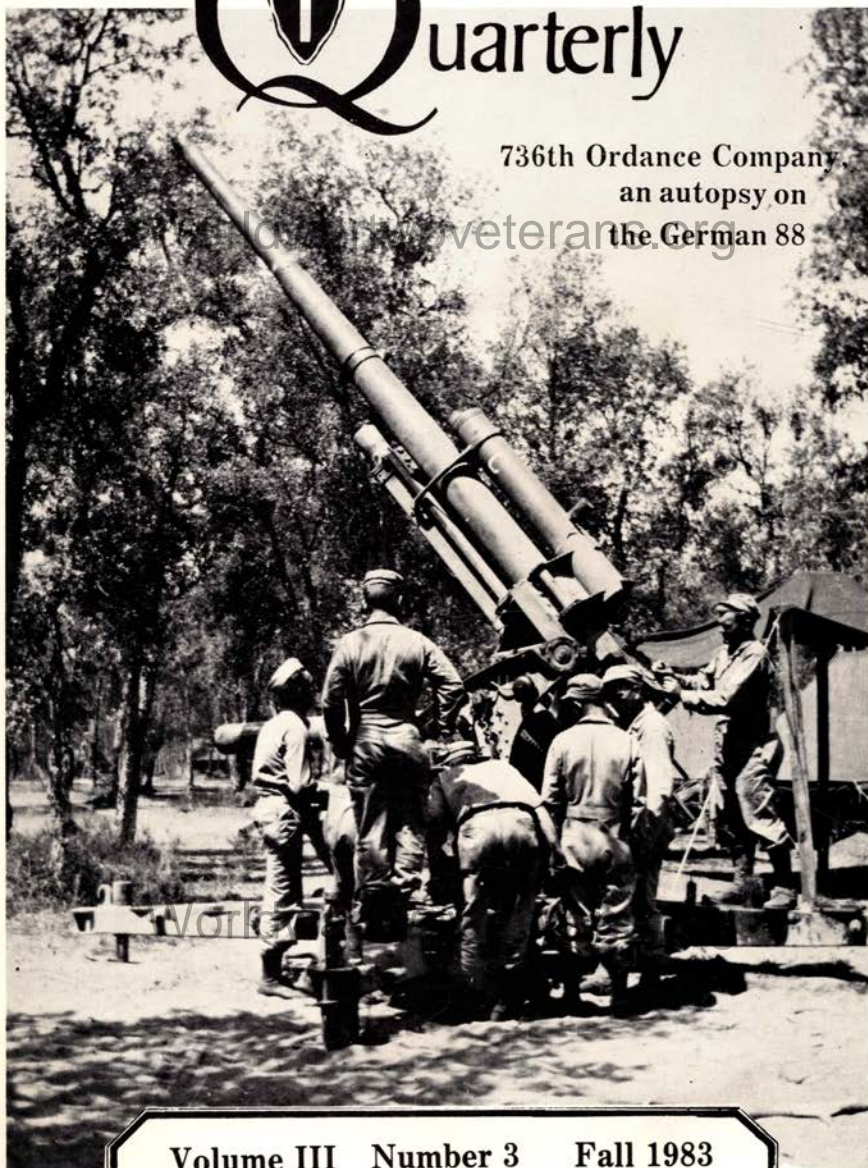


The Fighting 36th

HISTORICAL
Quarterly

736th Ordnance Company
an autopsy on
the German 88



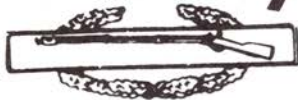
Volume III Number 3 Fall 1983

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

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The Fighting 36th



HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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TEXAS 36th Division
Association



Volume III
Number 3
Fall 1983



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

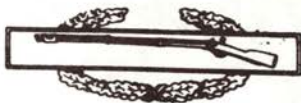
Activated 25 November 1940 at Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas, they were the first American troops to invade Hitler's Europa at Salerno, Italy, 9 September 1943.

The division made two other amphibious assault landings at Anzio and Southern France.

The 36th Infantry Division participated in SEVEN (7) European CAMPAIGNS:

- **Naples-Foggia**
- **Anzio**
- **Rome Arno**
- **Southern France**
- **Rhineland**
- **Ardennes-Alsace**
- **Central Europe**

The 36th suffered over 27,000 casualties, third highest of any World War II division.



OUR THANKS to Colonel Vincent M. Lockhart, 36th Division Historian, for setting the record straight, after all these years.

Volume III

Number 3

Fall 1983



The Fighting 36th
HISTORICAL
Quarterly
Texas 36th Division Association

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.

Worldwarveterans.org





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Editor/Art Director **William E. Jary, Jr.**
P. O. Box 1816, Fort Worth, TX 76101
(817) 738-1467

(correspondence regarding manuscripts, comments
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SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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**LEONARD WILKERSON, P. O. BOX 1049
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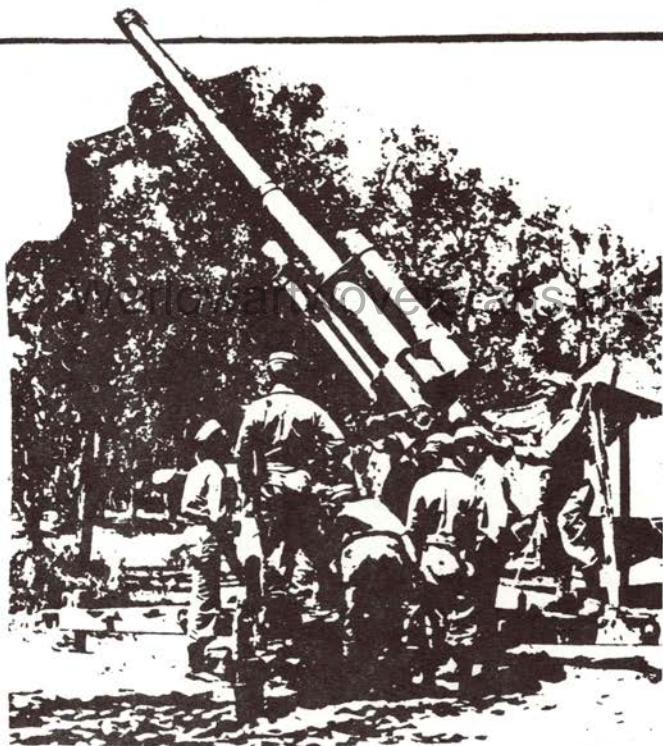
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COVER STORY



AUTOPSY OF THE 'MEAN' MACHINE . . . 88

NORTH AFRICA, mid-1943, men of 736th Ordnance doing an autopsy of the famous German 88, captured in Tunisia from Rommel's AfricaKorps. At left is Lt. Uz-zo, and Glenn Marple at the breach. Others are Fred Griffin, Wallingberg, Lorenz and Medinger. (Photo was made by SAM CANADA, Rt 3, Box 233, Leander TX 78641) who added, "I am not too sure if I have the correct name for the others. Long time ago, you know").

...you've heard it a zillion times, "WHO THE SON OF A BITCH WAS WHO INVENTED THE 88?"

736 ORD.

The 36th Division's Least-Known
Unit — Must Be the 736th Ordnance
(LM) Company . . . This Is Part I Of
A Great Gang of T-Patchers

WEBSTER: ord-nance (ord-nens) n, 1. Military weapons collectively, along with ammunition and the equipment to keep them in good repair.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EDITOR . . .

When I had my mind set on getting “a vehicle” in which we could cover ‘all’ the **un-sung heroes** of the great 36th that are ‘left-out’ of most history books of WWII (or any other war) . . . the **Quarterly** would be the place to start!

The men of **736th Ordnance Company** (a part of the Special Troops group) were generally in close range of the Div. Hqs., (except in combat), so as a member of G-2, it was my pleasure to get to know a flock of these “keepers of the weapons”.

A great bunch of craftsmen whom were chosen because of some skill they had in civilian life. What amazed me mostly, was how little the average trooper knew about “**what**” these guys had to do (to earn their keep).

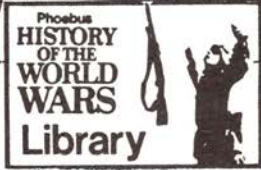
James C. Gossert has been over the years a loyal and regular reunion-goer. I told him I wanted more info about the 736th, and he contributed much in early days of the T-Patcher Newsletter. He also said “**the T.O. of war time strength was approx. 8 officers and 150 EMs.**” (1 tr 7/12/71).

The chronological events (as covered in this story) maintained by 1st Lt. John W. Moore was also sent in by Jim Gossert. He acknowledged that William O. Green (Houston) was Div. Ord. officer for most of the war . . . and Col. Walter Jennings (Fort Worth) was the first of WWII. (Jennings was an Artillery Lt. in WWI with 131st FA). Now in his mid-80's, Col. Jennings is neighbor of mine on West Side FW. How bout that?

Of course, the real activator of this story about 736th Ordnance has to be SAM CANADA. He's the man who took more (great) and rare photos than (probably) anyone else in the division.

The cover photo was made by him (that's why he's not in the pix). You know, the guy who takes the fotos is the most “left-out” guy in town.

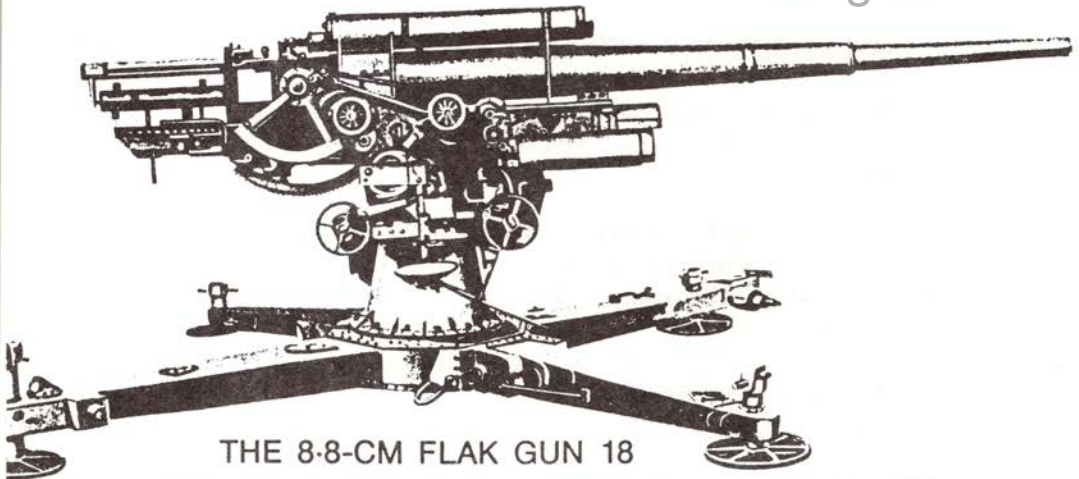
TANKS & WEAPONS OF WORLD WAR II



THE MEAN MACHINE

88

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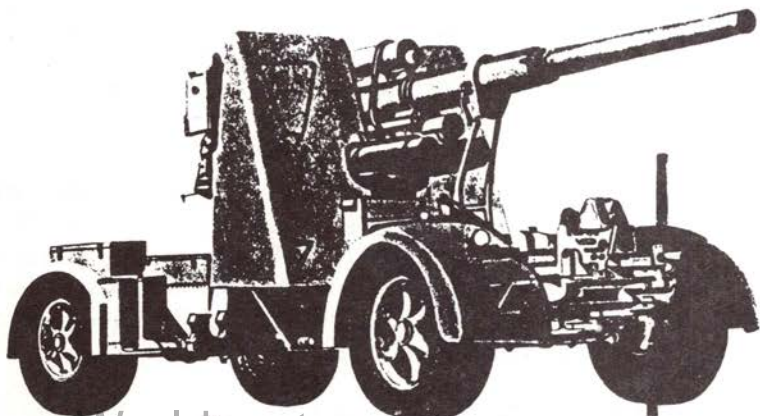
THE 8-8-CM FLAK GUN 18
TRUMP CARD OF THE GERMAN DESERT ARMY—

“The German 88-mm was one of the ‘most lethal’ and feared guns in the war. ROMMEL used it to great effect in his North African campaign in the desert, in particularly when he found himself over-reached and under heavy attack by the Allies.” Page 110, WAR MACHINES LAND, edited by Simon Ransford, 1975, Ocatopus Books Ltd. London (dist in USA by Crown Books).

Note: this one is a must for war buffs. Coffee table size hardback; is profusely illustrated with art work and photos of weapons from Stone Age man to rocket-assisted grenades.

Drawing above: Here's The Mean Machine in normal anti-tank use, and the 88 reaped a rich harvest when Churchill's precious 'Tiger Cubs' were rushed from training-ground of Britain to the desert battlefield. This same position could be instantly (see next page illustration) operating a normal anti-aircraft position. WOW!

736th Ordnance (LM) Company

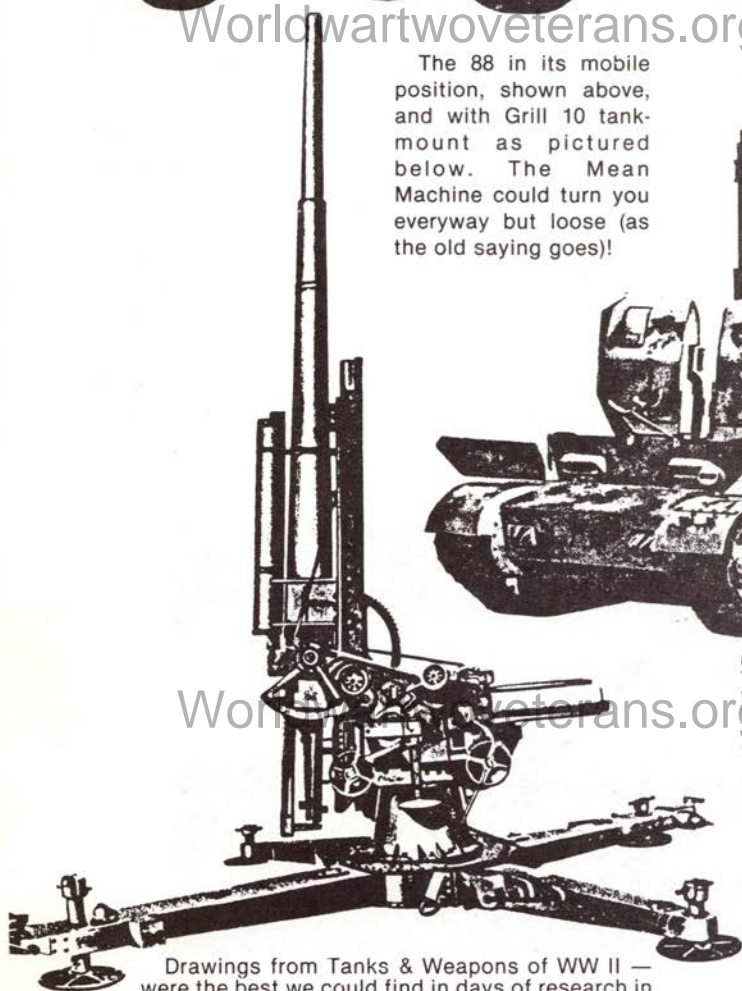


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The 88 in its mobile position, shown above, and with Grill 10 tank-mount as pictured below. The Mean Machine could turn you everyway but loose (as the old saying goes)!



88-mm Grille 10:
The most tested and feared German anti-tank and AA gun, mounted on a Pzkw-IV chassis. Crew: six. Ceiling: 10,800 metres. Rate of fire: 3 rpm



Drawings from Tanks & Weapons of WW II — were the best we could find in days of research in many books.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

E. Judson Bentley: "I don't believe that any weapon, used in the ETO during WWII, was mentioned more than THAT GODDAMNED 88, and add without reservation, that no one can say they were properly shot-at, until they have had an 88 go screaming past their beans and to feel darned lucky it went — past".

The development of the 88 goes way back to the days of Bismark (war of 1870, Germany vs France and they win). One of the first field guns that Krupp worked on in 1871 for breech loading, was an 8 pounder muzzle loader of about 3.5 inch bore, this would later surface as the 88, but not until after WWI, because during the Kaiser's war, the concentration was on long-range guns.

It was GUSTAV (Krupp) Von Bohlen Und Halbach who used the BIG BERTHA to shell Paris (named for wife, who was daughter of Alfred Krupp). Gustav took 'on' the name Krupp when he took over the Dynasty.

In the 1920s, Gustav started rearming in secret. Aware of the fact that tanks and aeroplanes were new contraptions to deal with, he dusted off the old blueprints of Franco-Prussian war.

In 1931-32 he had a demonstration of all the great weapons available to Hitler, and in 1933 when Adolph had flexed his muscle, Krupp finances Hitler, and then Gustav becomes the FUHRER of industry (a nice cozy little arrangement).

During the Spanish Civil War (1936-37) Gustav's 88 got a good chance to show what it could do. The rest of the story is well known . . . to many, many T-Patchers.



THE DEATH MERCHANTS



KRUPP, kroop, IS THE NAME OF A German family of munitions manufacturers. Their firm became one of the greatest in the world, and was the backbone of German military might.

The Krupp Works were founded at Essen in 1812 by Friedrich Krupp (1787-1826). His son, Alfred Krupp (1812-1887), perfected a method of casting steel cannon. From that time on, the Krupps controlled Germany's arms industry. They also built battleships and the first German submarine. Alfred Krupp's son, Friedrich Alfred Krupp (1854-1902), greatly expanded the firm's ship-building activities, and established branch factories throughout Germany. He had one child, Bertha Krupp, for whom the "Big Bertha" long-range guns of World War I were named. In 1906 she married Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach (1870-1950).



... full credit for the German 88, you can give
full honors to **GUSTAV KRUPP VON
BOHLEN UND HALBACH**
(1870-1950)...

He added Krupp to his name and became head of the firm. After World War II, he was arrested as a war criminal by the Allies, but was not tried because of mental illness. The Allies broke up the industrial empire. Gustav's son, Friedrich Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach (1907-1967), received a twelve-year sentence. After six years in prison, he was released and his property rights restored by the United States authorities in Germany. In 1953, he agreed to sell his holdings in the coal, iron, and steel industries, but kept other industrial interests.

A **KRUPP** highlight: Most everyone recalls WWI stories about **BIG BERTHA**. Called the Paris Gun, the 420-mm gun had a range of over 70 miles. Three of 'BBs' were set up in secret, carefully camouflaged in the forests near Laon (70 miles from heart of Paris).

Their aim was to demoralize the Parisians while a massive German offensive got underway. The shell reached an altitude of 12 miles in 25 seconds, traveling at a speed of 3,000 ft. per second. A maximum height of 24 miles was reached in 90 seconds, at which point the shell was traveling at 2,250 feet per second. Only the **KRUPP** clan could devise such a savage weapon.

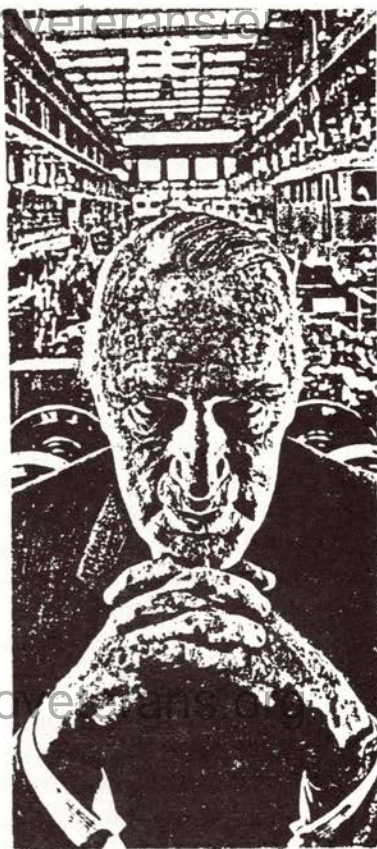
The Arms of Krupp

1587-1968

When Germany's ruling classes buried the last of the Krupps in the rain on August 3, 1967, they witnessed the end of a four-hundred-year dynasty which had armed Germany in three major wars and influenced the course of German and indeed of European history for centuries.

Everything about the Krupps was superlative: they were the Reich's first family; they were Europe's richest and most powerful family. Their cannon won the Franco-Prussian war at Sedan in 1870; in 1871 they invented the first antiaircraft gun — to shoot down observation balloons. For forty years they manufactured submarines, beginning with the U-1 that menaced Allied ships and shipping. In World War I their mammoth weapons pulverized Verdun and shelled Paris at a range of eighty-one miles. Rearming secretly after Versailles, by 1926 they had perfected the Panzers which were to overrun France, and in 1940 their cannon actually shelled England across the English Channel.

They armed the forces of the Kaiser and of Hitler and financed Hitler's "Terror Election" of 1933. During the Nazi era the Krupps ruled one hundred and thirty-eight privately owned concentration camps, and Hitler honored their loyalty by decreeing special tax exemptions which continued to be binding in postwar West Germany. They survived a Nuremberg conviction to become the dynamo behind Europe's Common Market.



ALFRIED KRUPP
The last of the Dynasty
of Death Machines. Son
of Gustav & Bertha
Krupp. Died 1967.

GUSTAV — Was THE S. O. B.

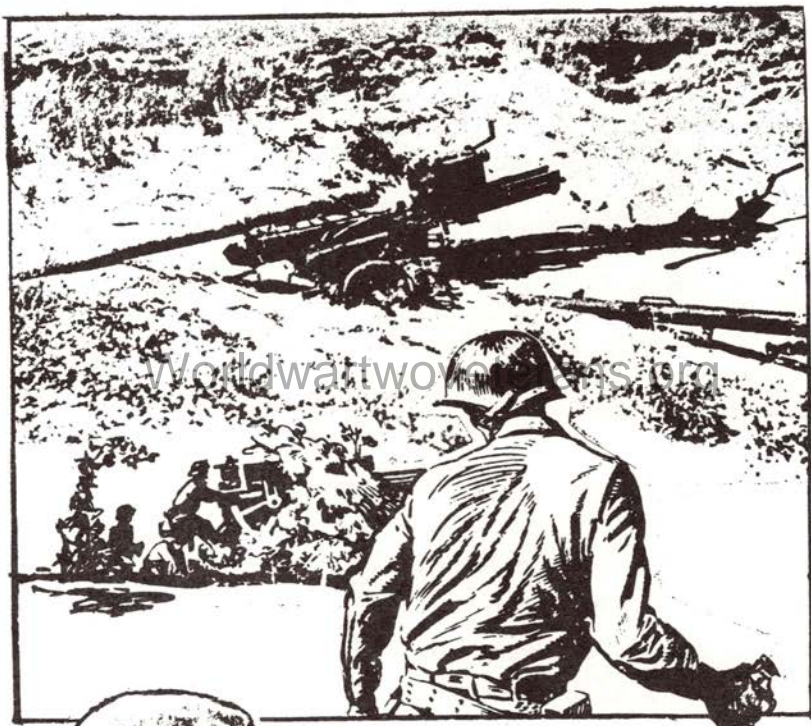
The only way you could comprehend the might of the conflict (we were involved in) is to try to find out HOW did Hitler do it. How could a radical paper-hanger of dubious background, put together and start such a holocaust with the likes of World War II.

The German 88 autopsy called for a review of William Manchester's, **THE ARMS OF KRUPP**. This is a 1000 page book, a best seller from 1964, 1965 and 1968. The story of the Krupp Dynasty—tells it like it was.

GUSTAV KRUPP Von Bohlen Und Halbach is the dominant character in this essay. Excerpts are from Manchester's book, and here they are (in brief):

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1886 — Birth of Bertha Krupp. | 1935 — Hitler proclaims "military sovereignty" |
| 1887 — Death of Alfred Krupp, father of Bertha | 1938 — Krupp awarded for Austrian putsch. |
| 1900 — Fritz Krupp builds the Kaiser a Navy | 1939 — Gustav has first stroke |
| 1901 — Plans for U-Boat drawn | 1940 — Alfred shells England across the channel |
| 1906 — Marriage of Bertha and Gustav Krupp | 1943 — RAF makes first raid on Essen Krupp factory |
| 1907 — Birth of Alfred Krupp, son of Bertha and Gustav, joy in the Reich | 1944 — Krupp gases a Rothschild at Auschwitz
Alfried rules 100,000 slave laborers |
| 1909 — Construction of BIG BERTHA | 1945 — Americans capture Ruhr and seize Alfred, Internment of Bertha and Gustav |
| 1914 — Big Berthas crush Belgium | 1946 — Second dismantling of the factories |
| 1916 — VERDUN: A Krupp masterpiece | 1948 — War Crimes Tribunal convicts Alfred at Nuremberg |
| 1918 — Gustav shells Paris, Kaiser says farewell in Essen | 1950 — Death of old GUSTAV! |
| 1919 — Gustav named war criminal, Allies dismantel the factory | 1951 — John J. McCloy releases Alfred |
| 1920 — Workers rise, seize Essen, Gustav begins secret rearmament | 1953 — Alfred again rules the Ruhr |
| 1926 — Allied commission leaves Essen. Design for 1940 tanks completed | 1957 — Death of Bertha |
| 1930 — Hitler pays a visit, Alfred joins the SS | 1963 — Alfred becomes most powerful industrialist in Common Market |
| 1931-32 — New weapons demonstrated to the army. | 1967 — Krupp completes Germany's first nuclear plant; collapse, and death of Alfred, last of the Krupps |
| THE MEAN MACHINE — the 88 makes offical debut | 1968 — Dissolution of die Firma. |
| 1933 — Krupp finances Hitler. GUSTAV appointed Fuhrer of Industry! | |

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D - DAY — SALERNO BEACHHEAD

•“One Down, and a thousand
to go . . .”

Staff/Sgt. Manuel “Ugly” Gonzales, Fort Davis, TX of 142nd Infantry squad leader, may be the first T-Patcher to put on 88 outta action.

He was considered by his company commander to be the finest soldier in the regiment, after his spectacular feats. His chest was ripped by shell fragments, his pack was set ablaze by tracer bullets, ole GONZ tossed off the pack, grabbed several grenades and scored kayos on a machine gun nest and an 88 (above) an ammo dump and a mortar crew. This action netted him the DSC.

After a long search, we find that Manuel has been deceased for many years.

736th Ordnance (LM) Company



MEN OF THE 736th ORDNANCE COMPANY:

Photo above: Lt. Col. Edward Harris, Div. Chemical Warfare Office; (center): Capt. Salvatore Uzzo of Harvey IL, and right: 1st Lt. Robert Murphy, Wilmington Ohio and Capt. Dolliver, Mt. Vernon, N.H. All shot by Sam Canada in Italy.



(Above) Capt. Benjamin F. Swank, of Austin TX; (center) at Sidi Bel Abbis, Algeria — A. J. Brown of Niagra Falls, NY, Bob Horton, Texas City TX and Sam Canada (T/Sgt) of Dallas, (right) Lt. Clements at Altaville Italy.



Sgt. Frank Frame of Wheeling WVA and Sam Canada on a pass to Casablanca, Morocco. Frame was automotive chief of 736th Ordnance.



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CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS OF THE 736TH ORDNANCE COMPANY 36th Infantry Division World War II

- 1 April '43 Company moved from Camp Edwards, Mass. to NY POE by rail.
- 2 April '43 Boarded U.S. Army Transport Ship "Thomas H. Barry."
- 13 April '43 Arrived Oran, Algeria 1630 hours, disembarked and marched to bivouac area on Goat Hill at Assi-ben Okba.
- 25 April '43 Company had completely moved to new bivouac area at Magenta, Algeria.
- 21 May '43 Company started moving to new area, spending first night at Oujda, Morocco.
- 22 May '43 Still enroute to new area, spending second night at Guercif.
- 23 May '43 Spent third night in Meknes, Morocco.
- 24 May '43 Arrived in new bivouac near Rabat, Morocco around 1200 hours. Set up shop and living quarters in cork forest.
- 2 Aug. '43 Leave Rabat area to move to new area near Oran, Algeria for amphibious training. Spent first night in Guercif.
- 4 Aug. '43 Arrived in new bivouac area on sandy hill overlooking the Mediterranean, between Port-aux-Poules and Clemenceau, Algeria. Trained and prepared for amphibious invasion by water-proofing vehicles, etc.
- 15 Aug. '43 Moved to bivouac area near Port-aux-Poules. Det moved to Algiers, Algeria.
- 2 Sept. '43 Main portion of company moved to temporary bivouac area 3 miles east of Arzew, in old obstacle course training field. Drivers of vehicles boarded transporters as their vehicles were loaded.
- 3 Sept. '43 Moved to Oran harbor by truck and boarded transport ship "Marnix" at 1800 hours.
- 4 Sept. '43 ATS "Marnix" left Oran harbor 1600 hours — destination unknown.
- 8 Sept. '43 Learn destination is Salerno bay, Italy. Hear over radio that Italy surrenders to the Allies.
- 9 Sept. '43 D-Day — Leave ship and board LSI for trip to beach. Arrive Red Beach 1600 hours and advance inland 300 yards toward Paestum and dig in for the night. All hell broke loose.
- 10 Sept. '43 Set up CP in apple orchard near Paestum starting operation as far as possible and catching supplies and equipment as they come in from the beach. Enemy plane dropped bomb in area during night.
- 11 Sept. '43 Moved to new area further away from beach just south of tobacco barn where Div. CP was located.
- 15 Sept. '43 Det. from Algiers arvd. and joined Co.
- 21 Sept. '43 Moved to new area 2 miles south of Altavilla. Div. pulled out of the line for rest and reorganization.
- 7 Oct. '43 Co. kitchen left in Africa arvd. in Naples and joined Co.
- 16 Oct. '43 Moved to new area NW of Pozzuoli, Italy. Set up installations near R/R tracks.

736th Ordnance (LM) Company

- 21 Oct. '43 During one of the frequent air-raids over Naples, bombs were dropped near Co. area.
 - 7 Nov. '43 Co. moved to new area 4 miles north of Gapua, Italy near Villa Voltur-
no. Moved under bad blackout and stormy weather.
 - 16 Nov. '43 Moved to new area near Prezenzano but impossible to find suitable
area. Spent night in rain, mud and shells.
 - 17 Nov. '43 Located suitable area in Marzanella, Italy.
 - 25 Dec. '43 Moved to new area near Alife, Italy.
-

- 1 Jan. '44 Storm blew down all our tents and ruined equipment. Situation bad.
Moved to new location in town where shop space and quarters could be found
inside buildings.
- 16 Jan. '44 Moved to new area one-half miles south Prezenzano in olive grove.
- 29 Jan. '44 Moved to Mignano, Italy.
- 16 Feb. '44 Co. alerted earling in morning by big ones coming in (and Murphy).
- 25 Feb. '44 Co. moved to new area 5 miles SE of Pietravairano, in the mud near
the river. 1 officer and 5 EM remained with the Div. Arty and were atchd. to Sv.
Btry. 132, S. Machiell, Italy.
- 7 March '44 Moved to Maddaloni, Italy.
- 10 April '44 Moved to new area NW of Petruno, Italy. (Near Avellino).
- 7 May '44 Moved back to area above Naples, 2 miles from Qualino, Italy.
- 20 May '44 Vehicles and drivers were assembled in "Texas" staging area at Poz-
zouli. Loaded vehicles on LST #173 following day.
- 21 May '44 Left Pozzouli harbor at 2015 hours for Anzio, Italy.
- 22 May '44 Arvd. Anzio harbor 0830. Disembarked and moved to biv. area one mile
E. of Pescinari. Company DUG IN.
- 27 May '44 Co. moved to new area NE of Cisterna on road to Cori.
- 29 May '44 Enemy plane shot down in Co. area. Nightly air raids and shellings.
- 3 June '44 Moved to new area in Velletri, Italy.
- 5 June '44 Co. moved to Marino, after waiting a couple of hours and capturing 2
German prisoners, we proceeded on to edge of Rome.
- 7 June '44 Co. moved to the Park above Vatican City and waited before moving
on to Bracciano, Italy. Convoy was strafed and bombed enroute.
- 8 June '44 Co. moved to Manziano, had dinner, reloaded and moved further on to
Allumiere, Italy.
- 9 June '44 Moved to new area 4 miles North of Civitavecchia, Italy. Here saw the
big "Anzio Expresses" that had been shelling the Beachhead.
- 11 June '44 Co. moved to Pescia Romano.
- 14 June '44 Co. moved to area 1 mile east of Tredelle Monache.
- 16 June '44 Co. moved to area 3 miles S. of Gorssete. A lot of trouble with mines
in this sector.
- 21 June '44 Co. moved to area 2 miles W. of Montepsecali.

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- 23 June '44 Co. moved to area ½ mile S.E. of Caladana.
- 25 June '44 Co. moved to area E. of St. Di Scarlino.
- 29 June '44 Co. moved back to new area 6 miles west of Rome.
- 6 July '44 Co. moved S. to new area near Paestum, 2 miles N. of Sele River. 220 mile trip.
- 22 July '44 Co. moved to Qualiano. Same area used during month of May.
- 30 July '44 Men and vehicles start assembling in the various assembly areas around Naples to prepare equipment for shipment.
- 31 July '44 Started loading vehicles and equipment.
- 13 Aug. '44 Convoy of ships leave Naples bay.
- 15 Aug. '44 D-Day. Arrive So. France and start unloading equipment under artillery fire at 1300. Some ships do not unload because of beaches being mined, and air activity. One LST destroyed by radio controlled bomb just off beach.
- 16 Aug. '44 Remainder of Co. unload and join Co. at Boulouris, 5 miles E. of St. Raphael.
- 17 Aug. '44 Co. moved to new area 5 miles W. of Le Muy, France on the road to Draguignan.
- 21 Aug. '44 Co. moved to Peipin, France. Approximately 100 miles.
- 26 Aug. '44 Armament and Supply Sections moved to Blancon, France. The Automotive Sec. remained at Aspers to take care of trucks used on long ammo hauls back to beach.
- 1 Sept. '44 The Auto Sec. and CP joined the group at Blancon and the entire Co. proceeded to move on to Hauterives, France.
- 2 Sept. '44 Co. moved to 1 mile W. of Lafayette, France.
- 5 Sept. '44 Co. moved to the edge of Bourg and after an hours rest moved on to Lauhans, France.
- 7 Sept. '44 Moved to new area 2 miles N. of Arbois, France.
- 10 Sept. '44 Moved to new area near Champvans, France.
- 12 Sept. '44 Moved to area ½ mile from Grandville. (I believe it was in this area that Lt. Ashley's men killed the civilian).
- 15 Sept. '44 Moved to area ½ mile N. of Saulz-de-V.
- 17 Sept. '44 Moved to Luxeuil, France.
- 21 Sept. '44 Moved to Plombiers.
- 1 Oct. '44 Moved to Eloyes, France.
- 21 Oct. '44 Moved to Docalles, France.
- 18 Nov. '44 Co. moved to Laval, France.
- 24 Nov. '44 Co. moved to Vanemont, France.
- 26 Nov. '44 Co. moved to Sauley, France.
- 28 Nov. '44 Found time-bomb w/ approximately 500 pounds of TNT under the CP building still running. (Lucky here).
- 1 Dec. '44 Capt. Uzzo replaces Capt. Swank as CO. Swank goes to Hq V1 Corps.
- 2 Dec. '44 Co. moved to St. Croix, Alsace, France.

736th Ordnance (LM) Company

- 12 Dec. '44 Co. has double alert. Guards were doubled and defensive gun positions were erected as enemy had infiltrated. Communications were cut and several artillery pieces destroyed.
 - 22 Dec. '44 Co. moved to Strasbourg, Alsace.
 - 25 Dec. '44 Christmas dinner in Strasbourg, 2 miles from German positions.
 - 26 Dec. '44 Co. moved to Hartzviller, Alsace.
-

- 10 Jan. '45 Co. moved to Waldambach, Alsace.
- 14 Jan. '45 Co. moved to Ottwiller, Alsace.
- 21 Jan. '45 The Arms Sec. removed cosmaline and prepared 600 rifles for emerg. replacement.
- 23 Jan. '45 Co. moved to Romanswiller, Alsace.
- 13 Feb. '45 Co. moved to Brumath, Alsace.
- 14 Feb. '45 Brumath took a hard shelling. No one in Co. injured.
- 20 March '45 Co. moved to Soultz, France.
- 24 March '45 Crossed into Germany. Moved to Bergzabern, Germany.
- 27 March '45 Co. moved to area near Offenbach, Germany.
- 30 March '45 Co. moved to area 3 miles E. of Landau, Germany.
- 2 April '45 Co. moved to Kaiserslautern, Germany.
- 28 April '45 Co. crosses the Rhine River at Frankenthal and on over to Kunzelau for night.
- 29 April '45 Move from Kunzelau to Langenau for the night.
- 30 April '45 Co. moves to area 2 miles S.E. of Landsberg, Germany.
- 3 May '45 Co. moves to Weilheim, Germany.
- 5 May '45 Co. moves to area near Bad Tolz, Germany.
- 7 May '45 Cross into Austria. Locate in Kufstein, Austria.
- 9 May '45 Surrender announced. Thousands of Jerry's coming streaming into town to surrender.
- 14 May '45 Co. moves back into Germany to Mindelheim, Germany.
- 14 June '45 Co. moved to Ulm, Germany. Co. is broken up in this area. High points either fly home or are trfd. to the 63rd Inf. Div. Some officers are trfd. to the 63rd but most trfd to the 12th Armd. Div.

This chronological events list
of 736th was maintained by
1st Lt. John W. Moore,
515 S. Gordon St.,
Alvin, TX 77511.



THE FORWARD OBSERVER Another Un-Sung Hero . . .



Wins Praise From Infantrymen

Dear Amil:

Many thanks for your letter about Pete Green and all the other information. Although I always appreciated the artillery support furnished by you fellows, I recall the time we were about to attack toward the town of Remirement France after a very heavy barrage by Col. Pete Green and he said

“Boy, those Germans won’t raise their heads now” . . .

I was platoon leader of the right platoon and a good friend of mine, Lt. Frank Phillips was leading the platoon on the left, and we didn’t take 10 steps and they started with two machine guns against us! Unfortunately, Phillips was mortally wounded and I found out he died at the aid station. That was a very sad day for me.

I joined K company in Dec. of 43 and left in March of 1945. Col. Lynch said I was the senior company commander at the time and thought I was ready for a 30 day leave. The war ended while I was in U.S. so didn’t make it back to the unit, which I always regretted. Would have liked to been there when it all ended.

I recall a Lt. Lang (from Chicago I believe) who was one of the FOs with us quite a few times. Do you happen to have his address?

I don’t remember who the FO was at the time, but once we got to the top of a hill, we saw the German artillery firing in position behind a few houses and he had a field day directing fire on their positions. It was the only time during the war that we actually saw them in position.

Ed Note: When copy of the letter came across our desk, we wrote to Al Kudzia (K 142) for additional information. A couple of stories about the FOs appeared in previous issues of the Quarterly and were delighted to get a reply from Kudzia.

In a footnote, Al says, “we are grateful to the 36th Artillerymen and the wonderful sport. Would not relish the idea of fighting the war **without** them.

“Their Fire Direction Was Like Shootin’ Fish In A Rainbarrel” . . .

Dear Editor:

In response to your letter for information about the Artillery units supporting us during WWII.

It's been a long time and the old memory is fading rapidly, however I'll give it a try.

Needless to say, I would have disliked to have fought the war w/o our artillery. Since being under enemy artillery many times and knowing how devastating it can be I could imagine how it must have been for the Germans for we hit them with a lot more than they hit us. And they turned out to be superior soldiers despite our artillery advantage.

I always appreciated the FOs that were with us and especially after I became company commander about Nov. of 1944. They could sure place that fire just where you wanted it. Unfortunately, I can only recall one name of all the FOs that were there and that was Lt. Robert A. Lang, 112 Etra Rd., Highstown, N.J. He was with 131 C. He was great.

I can recall one defensive position near REHAUPAL, FRANCE, where some Germans were located in a house about 400 yards to our front and apparently they had a FO in there. Our FO decided to test the accuracy of our 240 gun and after several rounds of bracketing, one shell hit the center of the house! End result — no more house and no more enemy.

Another time in the Vosges Forest, we were advancing quite rapidly and reached the top of a good sized hill or mt and for the first time in the War, saw an enemy artillery battery in position and firing toward one of the other Regts. on our left. The FO with me had a field day directing fire on their positions and destroying their artillery pieces. And in addition, our FO tried to hit some of their vehicles as they were escaping rearward. All I know was seeing a lot of dust around the trucks. At the time, after almost 15 months in combat, I couldn't believe my eyes — to see the enemy artillery!

Another time that our artillery did a good job is related in the attached copy of one of my decorations. **I have had always high praise for our artillery units and this will remain a lasting impression. They were good soldiers!**

Sincerely yours,
Albert G. Kudzia

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



**OAK LEAF CLUSTER IN LIEU OF
A SECOND SILVER STAR
FOR KUDZIA**

HEADQUARTERS 36th INFANTRY DIVISION
APO -36, U.S. Army

AG 200.6

11 Jan. 1945

SUBJECT: Award of Oak Leaf Cluster WorldWarTwoVeterans.org

To: **First Lieutenant ALBERT G. KUDZIA, 01306287,**
142d Infantry Regiment,
APO -36, U.S. Army

Under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, you are awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster in lieu of a second Silver Star for gallantry in action.

CITATION:

ALBERT G. KUDZIA, 01306287, First Lieutenant, 142d Infantry Regiment, for gallantry in action on 29 September 1944 in France. Before the men of Companies K and L could deploy and prepare defenses in preparation for an attack against a strategically important hill, the enemy suddenly opened fire from the rear with a 20mm gun, heavy machine guns, machine pistols and rifles. When the command to attack was given, the head of the column moved out so swiftly that contact was broken and the main body of the two companies was left under the heavy fire. Acting with unusual calmness and courage, Lieutenant Kudzia, a platoon leader in Company K, quickly assumed command, rallied the men and led them toward the battalion objective. After advancing for 300 yards, the attackers were subjected to heavy mortar and artillery shelling and fire from an antitank gun on a wooded hill to the left. Lieutenant Kudzia valiantly led an assault against the enemy position, destroying the gun and driving the hostile soldiers from the hill. He then led the two companies across an open field, swept by rapid bursts of machine gun fire, to the original objective, successfully occupying the forward slope of the hill. After organizing an all-around defense, Lieutenant Kudzia, fearlessly exposing himself to hostile artillery fire, led two enlisted artillery observers forward into enemy territory and established an observation post on the reverse slope of the hill. Working calmly under the incessant shelling, he adjusted accurate

The Forward Observer

artillery fire on the enemy positions, destroying two artillery pieces in the valley below. When a large force launched a savage counterattack, he directed his men in repelling the hostile troops, killing at least ten, and then called for artillery fire on the retreating foe, completing the rout of the enemy. His gallant action reflects great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Entered the Service from Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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



PHOTO above — Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist, with Colonel George Lynch at the decoration ceremony with Kudzia getting the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star, Dec. 1944. "Nice part about this," says Al, "a couple of years ago, my son David and I were the house guests of Col. Lynch. Played golf with him at Benning, and he was a very capable guide to the Fort Benning Infantry Museum.



Photo at right: My wife Ruth and myself during a visit to California a few years ago.

ALBERT G. KUDZIA, CLU, National Life of Vermont, 1136 Washington Street, Suite 605, Columbia S.C. 29201.



STALAG 9-B



A Gripping Account of
the actions of The Super Race,
Who Disguised Themselves as
Human Beings . . . told by
AUGUST W. (Gus) Brenner
Company B 142nd

**“We passed a slave labor camp
which had just been strafed, and a
number killed and wounded. The Nazi
guards USED THEM AS SHIELDS”**

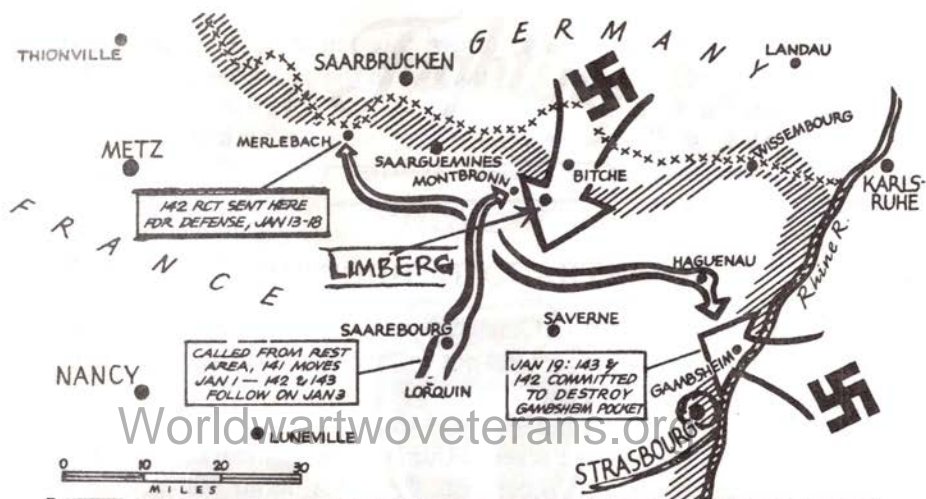
Our platoon was in a position forward from Limberg, France about one half mile. We had relieved the 141st platoon on January 3rd and had spent some time and effort digging bunkers around the platoon C.P. which was occupied by Lt. Martin, Sgt. Pydynkowski, Arthur Dunn (company runner) and a medical corpman. Bunkers circled the C.P. Since I was Assistant Squad Leader, Sgt. Davis had placed me plus Pehle and Harter at the back of the platoon area.

A night before we were captured a detail from the Pioneer Company came up to set up barbed wire across in front of our position. I was assigned a detail to help with this undertaking. We worked with stringing this wire for a couple of hours and drew no fire. A front bunker was dug overlooking this field and a valley which angled across.

This position was occupied by Harter and Linet and because of its position was sure to draw fire and it did as soon as it was occupied. Mortar and artillery fire started and because of the size of the trees around this position was covered with limbs and debris so it was abandoned. Harter came to my bunker and Linet to another. If this position could have been held, possibly it might have been able to catch the Germans as they came at our position on January 9th.

On the night we were captured I took a detail of four to Co. C.P. to pick up food and supplies. While we were there there was a heavy shelling of our position which continued for some time. Finally it stopped. We decided to return to the platoon C.P. which we did, even though it was snowing. We arrived at the C.P. with no trouble and moved to our assigned position.

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany



We took turns being on guard duty. My turn was to be about daylight. I was looking out to the front and to our left flank. A heavy machine gun was positioned to my left about 50 yards away and a little forward. The first I knew about the attack which was coming from our back and right and put the Germans between us and Limberg. They set up a machine gun to our rear and started firing over our heads.

The Germans moved in on us from the direction of Limberg. Tree limbs were falling and bullets were knocking snow from the top of our bunker. Next I heard the sound of grenades being thrown at bunkers. Our field of fire was only to the front since we had a pile of logs stacked on top of our bunker. I fired at burp gun flashes in front of our position. We were trying to find a way to get at the Germans, but because of the fire over our heads we were helpless.

Daylight had come enough so that we could see the C.P. which was covered with smoke from grenades. The machine gun could now see where to fire but realized that the Germans, in white, had some of our men standing by the C.P. and the machine gun crew did not want to kill our own men. Our position was about 75 yards from the C.P. and we could see the Germans pulling our men out.

We probably could have killed a few Germans at this time but it would have meant losing some of our own men. All the time this was happening the German machine gun set up behind our position was firing at the back of our bunker and the heavy machine gun position. I thought about trying to get out of the bunker and crawl through the snow away from the fight with very little chance of getting away. We finally heard Lt. Martin shouting for us to surrender. We talked it over and decided

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to do so. We saw that they had placed those in the C.P. in front and were using them as a shield. We along with the other members of the platoon came in from our positions to the C.P.

The German soldiers were a mixture of very young and some non-coms who were seasoned. Some looked to be Slovak or Russian origin. The younger men were thought to be officer candidates. I am not sure about the make up but I do know that they made a plan and followed it. They knew we were weak on our right with good distance between us and the adjoining unit. They came up the valley which was between our position and Limberg and knew where all our positions were. They knew that their movements would not be observed and they could move in on us from the right rear.

By taking the positions one by one as they moved in on the C.P. they kept our men in front as a screen. Our bunker and the machine gun crew were the last group to come in. One man in our platoon hid in his bunker and did not surrender. He was Pvt. Elmar A. Pertyke. He was asked after the war, why he chose not to surrender and he said he thought he would be killed by the Germans. I would say he was very lucky since most of the bunkers were being fired into and set afire.

Very quickly the platoon was pushed and prodded down through the barbed wire into the valley to the German lines. I saw some wounded Germans and was told that at least some were killed. At the bottom of the hill was the German C.P. Here we were halted and searched for weapons. Some personal belongings were taken as watches, wallets, rings, knives, etc.

We were lined up in front of the log bunker when a shelling started by the U.S. forces. We were made to stand in place while this was going on. The Germans got in slit trenches or the log bunker but held us in line. I am sure at this time we all realized that we had no rights as POW's. Next to dying, losing rights to the enemy is next. Never will I agree that "**Better Red than dead**" has any place in my life.

As the shelling slacked off we were moved off to the rear. After about a mile of following a trail we came to a railroad track which ran to the east. A number of German soldiers posted along a deep cut which had been shelled at about the same time as we were. There were a number wounded and these soldiers were ready to shoot us, but we were kept moving to the rear. Some of the German wounded were on stretchers and those in charge decided to make us carry them to the rear area aid station.

After a short distance it was decided that we were too rough and were not helping the wounded. We had about four or five guards when we came to another C.P. and our guards were changed. This new group

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany

of guards ordered some Germans to get digging tools and we were lined up in a wooded area and given picks and shovels. We noticed some Germans had burp guns and they were on us.

We were told to start digging a trench. Most of us felt that we would end up in that trench. About this time a German officer drove up and started a conversation with our non-com in charge. After this the picks and shovels were taken away and we were moved on. At the next H.Q. we were lined up again and our combat inner liners were taken away from us leaving just the thin combat jacket for warmth.

At every stopping point German officers wanted to know why we did not have gas masks. **(I had not seen one for months)**. After walking many miles to the rear and all day with no food we arrived at what I would guess was a Division H.Q. in one of the large under ground center of an old French fortification.

Here we were moved down a tunnel to an area with many other POW'S just captured. We were placed in some rooms with nothing in them. We were then told to undress and leave our clothes and go to the next room. We knew that we were going to be searched so we wanted to get rid of anything that the Germans might use, such as letters, pictures, etc. Those who still had some tore them up in small pieces.

After getting our clothes back we were individually questioned. We were asked many questions which we told the Germans that we could not answer. They then said we know all the answers that they just wanted to see if the American soldier is true to his oath. None of our men were detained.

The officer said, **"Why did you tear up your letters and pictures?"** They could not have helped us. About this time a silk map of Germany was found, I thought it was well hidden. We were at this H.Q. for a day and night and had only black bread to eat.

We were placed on two trucks and started to the rear. We went through the German Seigfred Line which was not being used and moved into the Saarland. The trucks did not have covers and we could look around. After a few miles we saw some planes coming toward us. They had American marking on the wings and we started to yell. They started firing at the trucks we were in. The truck drivers threw on the brakes and everyone including guards ran for ditches or trees.

It so happened that the planes were firing at some tanks in front of us. After a while the firing stopped and the guards rounded us up and into the trucks. **When we reached Zweibrucken we lost our trucks and started the long march to Bad Orb on foot in the dead of winter.** Temperature was near zero and snow was at least 12 inches

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deep. Non of our group had shoe-pacs so our combat boots were wet and cold all the time.

None of us had any extra clothing so we were freezing all the time. Overcoats were back at company quartermasters so all we had was our long johns, wool shirt and combat jacket.

On the Trek of about 200 miles we saw just about everything that can happen in war. We passed German troops in full battle dress moving on foot to the front lines. We saw our planes bombing railroads, roads, bridges, cities and troops. We passed a slave labor camp which had just been strafed and a number killed or wounded. **German soldiers used these people as shields.**

Our guards told us that the Allies were doing this to all civilians (Ha, Ha). We spent two nights and days walking at night with only an hour off here and there to rest and try to get some sleep. We were hungry with just some sawdust bread to eat plus what we could gather from the fields as we passed.

We next came to the town of **Landstul** which was a holding point for all POW'S captured from the 3rd Army, 7th Army and some from 1st French Army in a large fenced compound. Here the officers were separated from the other POW'S and this was the last time we saw Lt. Martin. After two or three days here we did get some fair meals of soup, bread, coffee (Made from grain) and little else. Here we had a warm building and could rest up for the rest of the trek.

When we started out again we had new guards. They were World War I veterans and allowed us more rest and we moved at a slower pace. We still had four guards, one in front, one on each side and one in the rear. We were issued part of a small loaf of black bread. The morning we started out it was snowing hard. We had to walk off the road as there was lots of traffic. We moved east at a steady pace and when night came these guards would find a barn or some other structure to spend the night in.

One night we spent in an old brick kiln. We had no blankets or overcoats so we slept cold every night. I would guess we spent at least five days and nights on the way to the Rhine River. We marched into the city of **Ludwigshafen** on the river. This city had been bombed the day before we arrived so our reception by the German people was not good.

This was the city that was the home of the Graf Zeppelin which was used in the early 30's to carry mail and passengers across the Atlantic. We crossed the Rhine River on a railroad which was still in operation (**at least we were not walking**). Next we went through Mannheim and here we started walking again as the railroad had been bombed

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany

there. We followed little used roads north until we reached **Darmstadt**. At this point the railroad was back in operation so we were put in cars and taken to Frankfurt. All this time we were being faced by the German civilians who spat on us, hit us with sticks, rocks and cussed.

In **Frankfurt** the night before we arrived, Allied planes had really unloaded a lot of stuff. The people were ready to string us up, shoot us, or anything else to take their feelings out. Our guards moved us through real fast and again we started walking east. At some small town the trains were still running and we were again riding. We were standing up in this car and some Germans came in and were seated.

One man placed a sack on the rack above my head and I could see an apple sticking out. While the man was dozing I took two apples out of the sack and quickly put them in my jacket. At the railroad stop this man got up and grabbed the sack and never missed the apples. When we got off the train in **Bad Orb** I divided them up among some of our men.

It Took 19 Miserable Days to get to Bad Orb

After being captured on January 9th this eventful walking tour of Germany ended on January 28th. At Camp 9B, Bad Orb, Germany we were met at the railroad by prison guards that lost no time in marching us up the mountain to the camp. During all this time we had not received a decent meal or had a bath or even used a latrine, but if we had known what awaited us we would not have been taken prisoners. Prison camp life was like nothing any of us had ever been through.

When we were marched into camp and the gates closed it started a new life for all of us. We lined up and were issued a threadbare blanket. This was our only cover. We were processed through an office where we were questioned about our professions in civilian life and about our families.

At this time we were issued German POW dog tags. After being locked up in a holding area overnight, the next day we were moved to our assigned compound which was fenced and locked at night. **Our men were kept together in this barracks which was made to house about 100 men, instead there were about 300 assigned to it.**

There was barely room to move around and sleeping was on a bare floor with our one blanket. Some men would sleep together and use one blanket to cover and two on the floor. About a week later they did issue us a straw tick with wood shavings inside. Our barracks had only one small wood chimney to heat this building. There was always a big crowd around it. We were allowed to send a "wood detail" every day to cut wood from the surrounding forest.

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Our food rations varied from little to nothing at all. For breakfast a detail would go to the kitchen and get a tub of black "coffee" which was made from parched corn or acorns. I could not drink it, so I used it to wash my hands and face. Later when we were issued safety razors I used it to shave with.

For lunch we were usually given one small loaf of black bread to be divided six ways. We were organized into food groups of six. A few times we were issued some German sausage or cheese. For supper we usually had soup which was made from grass or some kind of beans or potatoes. All watered down.

Our food detail would have to carry this large tub up a high hill for the distance of one quarter of a mile. Sometimes we wondered if it was worth the effort. Some of us had our spoons in our pockets when captured, but very few had cups or canteens. Some of the men who did not have spoons whittled one out of wood.

Some of us who had our helmets and liners made use of them in eating. Helmet liners were used for soup and the so called coffee and the steel helmets were used for washing, shaving and urinating in when locked in the barracks at night. This was just about the everyday food set-up except when we did not have any as punishment.

One of the first things our barracks had to do on arrival was to elect a chief or representative on the prison camp organization. One a number of occasions on the march I had talked to those with us on the war's progress, something on our general location in Germany and anything else I thought would keep their spirits up, since I was a history major in college, I have talks about what was going on in the world. Mainly from these contacts the over three hundred men in our barracks elected me to represent them on the camp council and to be responsible for day to day operation of our group.

We set up some rules regarding keeping our lives going on in an orderly manner even in this situation. Each group was responsible for clean-up in their area and were to report to me anyone who was sick or had other problems. This worked fine until everyone was in a starving condition. I would try to be of help to those who had mental problems and depression. I found some men who just lost their interest in living and would give away their food or trade it for cigarettes. All around, was decline in moral.

This camp had originally been a detainment camp for Jews, minorities and displaced persons from countries taken over by the Germans from 1939 to 1944 when all these people were sent to concentration camps where they were put to death. In late 1944 Camp 9B

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany

was taken over as a POW camp for men captured in France during the Battle of the Bulge.

There was a hospital of sorts which was used for those who were really bad off. It had an American doctor and some aid men but there was little or no medical supplies so very few who went in made it out alive. We had a number of men in our barracks who were ill but we took care of them in the best way we could.

Our building was always cold since it was winter and very cold outside with snow at least a foot deep on the ground. We had a long trench latrine for each compound with a board to sit on. I can say that no one spent much time doing their daily chore.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

The Red Cross program of getting food packages to prisoners looks good from across the ocean but we had only three occasions when we actually received the food and other items. **After being liberated we found that the Germans had warehouses full of Red Cross boxes.** They were using them for themselves or as an incentive to get prisoners to follow their orders. The times we received packages they had to be divided between five to ten men. It was barely worth the time it took to divide them. Originally the Red Cross had intended that each man have a box but this never happened.

As Barracks Chief I would bring the news that the German camp gave us. Later we found out that this news was at least a month behind the actual facts. There were some French soldiers in this camp and we could get up to date news from them as they had been POW's since 1940 and had a well-organized underground.

At night I would present a news round-up plus anything else that men were interested in. Lights were turned off at dark so this was all done in the dark. I found some men who could preach short sermons and would have Bible discussions. The camp organized worship services for Catholic and Protestant with a chaplain in charge. All Jewish soldiers were placed in a separate compound. We had one from company B of that faith, Harry Linet.

When we came into camp everyone was asked his religious preference. Harry did not think at this time why, but one day one of the camp guards came and picked him up. I held a personal interview with each man and found out a lot about his background. Our group had less sickness and deaths than any of the other compounds. Everyone worked together to show the Germans we could take care of our own.

Most of the days in camp were much like the other, mainly trying to survive; however, some unusual things did happen. Early in March on a sunny day when most of the POW's were outside two British planes

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came in low and circled the camp. Everyone was waving until the plane turned and started strafing the camp. Everyone ran for the nearest ditch or shelter as 50 caliber tracers were flying all over. Some men even jumped in the latrine ditch. After two or three passes the planes turned west.

Fires were started in some of the buildings but were soon put out. The camp had a number of men killed or wounded. The guards came in quickly and said, **"Your Allied planes were trying to kill us but were bad shots."** A protest was issued by the Swiss Red Cross on the strafing and we got word that the flyers mistook our camp for a military training base.

A few weeks after arrival in 9B all non-coms were shipped out to another camp. Sgt. Davis from Cc. B was with this group. Sgt. Pydynkowski could have gone but chose to stay with our group so he did not line up with the group leaving. Soon after another group of about 50 men were sent to another camp in Poland. This group had to march there and about the time they arrived at their camp the Russians captured the camp and they had to follow the Russians until the end of the war. By this time our compound was down to 208 men. Everyone was losing weight and many had medical problems. Each tried to help the other as best he could.

Another unusual experience happened one morning early. Our guards came in and banged on the door and ordered all outside for an **"appell"** (roll call). We were ordered to stand at full attention. At this time we saw the Germans setting up machine guns all around us and cocking them. After standing in the snow for a long period of time the camp commander came and told us that one of the German guards had been killed that night in the kitchen, and they were sure that the killer was one of our men.

He informed us that we would stand in line until someone admitted their guilt. We were kept at attention for a long time. Some of our men could not stand it and dropped in the snow. We were finally allowed to stand at ease and could help those who had fallen. After no breakfast or lunch we were allowed to return to the barracks but were told that we would get nothing to eat until the guilty person gave himself up.

We were locked in and for two days had nothing to eat. Finally our guards opened the door and told us that the American soldier who had killed the guard had confessed. I can truthfully say that most of our men were sorry he had confessed because we felt that the Germans would not starve us all, so there was no cheering.

During early March I was called to the camp headquarters and in-

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany

formed that I had an important visitor from Berlin and I was to meet him outside the camp at the guards' headquarters. I was not told any more than this. I found out that another man from another area had had the same message. I talked to a number of our camp personnel who thought it strange since I was just a common G.I.

The next day I was escorted to this interview with great misgivings. The man was short and heavy and wore a bowler hat and carried a walking cane. He introduced himself as a representative from the Peoples Army of Germany (really secret service) and said I had been chosen because I had put on my POW check form that I had been an educator (school principal and coach). He asked me to answer some questions for him.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

I told him that I could not tell him anything about my military service. He said that he understood and that the main thing he wanted to know was about how the educated people of our country was going to treat Germany in defeat. I informed him that the American people were interested in seeing that Germany could never again make war on other countries.

He asked how individual Americans could be expected to treat the German people. On this I said that the American people had always been willing to help those defeated in war. I told him the Russians were another story and Germany could expect at least what they had given out earlier in the war. Some other meaningless questions were asked. I was thanked in a subdued manner and escorted back to camp. I heard nothing more except that a former newspaper reporter was also interviewed.

One last happening which took place late in our imprisonment but was interesting. We were given orders to organize ourselves in a military manner and be ready to move out in short order. This was nearly impossible as many in our camp could hardly walk. The Third Army was across the Rhine and the camp administrator wanted to keep us out of the American hands.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

We did set up a plan which was never used. The doctor in charge of the sick announced that there were a number of cases of Spinal Meningitis and other infectious diseases. The Germans were afraid of an epidemic so the camp was quarantined. It was said later that the doctor thought there were some cases. I know it saved some lives.

In late March we could hear the rumble of gunfire and could see the German people moving by our camp fleeing toward the east. The day before we were liberated we told our men to just wait it out until the

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army comes. We could see the artillery on April 1st. Everyone's hopes were raised to the highest. That night two G.I.s climbed the fences and took off to get to the American forces. Our guards had run off but there were some German soldiers moving to the rear and they caught the two and shot them. It was a shame after they had been through so much.

We had a number of sick men. I was sick but kept on my feet. In the last week we were moved to another part of the camp with even more crowded conditions. When we heard the tank firing into our camp gate and guard house all those who could, rushed down to the gate cheering. When that big tank and G.I.s poured in through the gate some of us went up and kissed the tank and G.I.s.

They had really saved a lot of lives. The Medical Corp set up a field hospital on the grounds. Everyone who had anything wrong was checked. I had a sore throat and chest and was coughing but I never thought I had pneumonia. In a matter of minutes I was on a stretcher and in an ambulance and taken to the air field at Hannau where I was put on a C47 and sent to England to the 117 General Hospital at Berkinhead.

I was diagnosed as having bronchial pneumonia, combat fatigue, beri-beri and stomach ulcer. I hated to leave my fellow POW's on such short notice but that was the way it happened. After nearly 40 years I still have nightmares about these experiences; of course it could have been worse.

ED NOTE:

This story by Gus Brenner is the most comprehensive coverage of the hardships and cruel treatment they endured in the hands of Nazis, we've received to date.

Many quotes in Brenner's narrative are 'first timers' for us, and we've read alot. The item about how the Nazis kept Red Cross packages for themselves is enough to make a person throw up.

A story story about Walter Keisley, and news clip about Hovey Lyons have appeared in previous issues of the Quarterly, both came from DEWEY MANN, the beloved former commander of Co. B 142nd. I am sure he was instrumental in getting Brenner to "tell it all," which he did a magnificent job.

Ten or 20 years ago, we were never able to get these former POWs to talk, but I assume time has mellowed many who now feel it their duty to tell these stories, in order to keep the records straight.

Thanks Gus Brenner and Dewey Mann!

STALAG 9-B Bad Orb, Germany



August (Gus) Brenner shown here, proudly poses with his "ninth" grandchild, pretty Miss Camille Kliewler, with the POW certificate presented to all 9 men at B/142nd Reunion.

Wording on the Certificate:

Be it known that men of Co B 142nd Infantry, 36th Division, who served as his comrade in arms, do humbly express our Gratitude, Respect, Honor and Love to —

For his undue service during WWII,
For being taken into captivity by the enemy,
For the loss of personal freedom,
For suffering from lack of food,
For the emotional and physical torment
For the separation from family and friends,
For every loss known only to him, as a

PRISONER OF WAR

Thank You, and may God bless you always.

Signed this 6th day of August 1983
at Bardstown KY, by his buddies
attending the 14th Reunion
of Co B 142nd in the East.



BRADSTOWN KY: Co. B 142nd Ex-POWs honored at the unit reunion last August. From left: A. W. Gus Brenner, Boerne TX; Floyd G. Boswer, Ford Cliff PA; James C. Baldwin, Sheridan MI; Walter G. Keisley, Conestoga PA; Glen Davis, Savannah TN; Zebulow Goodyear, Neward DE; Hovey Lyons, Bedford IN; and Rev. Vern Elder, Drakesville IA. (not shown—Jesse Bratcher of Louisville KY, came late).

(Most of these men, except 3, had not seen each other since end of the war. What a reunion!). Dewey Mann Photo.

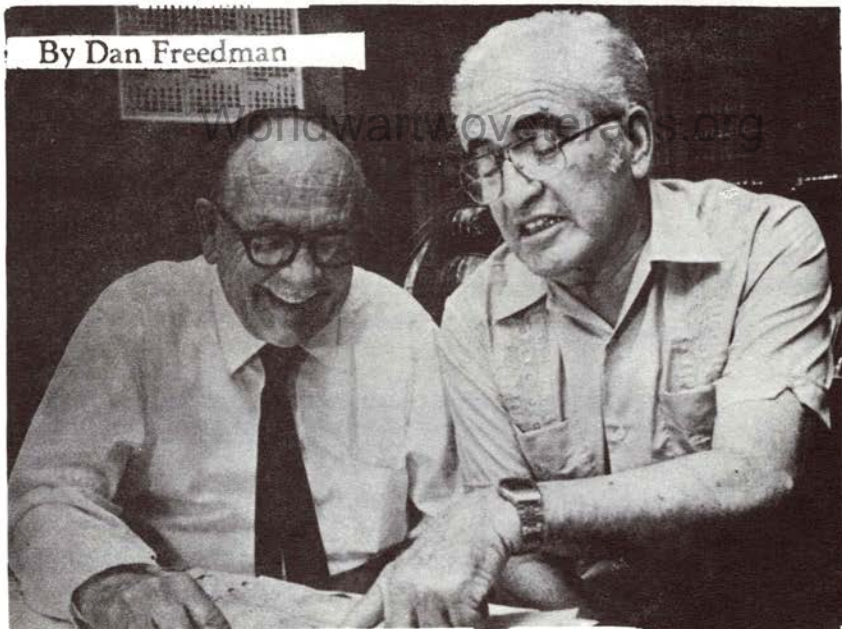
Texans recall hitting beach at Salerno

**VIEWPOINT
INSIDE**

SECTION
SAN ANTONIO LIGHT
FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 9, 1983

D

By Dan Freedman



Charlie Beacham, from left, and Mac Acosta look over maps while reminiscing of the invasion of Salerno on Sept. 9, 1943.

San Antonio – Military tactics have designated D-Day – June 6, 1944 – as the greatest amphibious landing in the history of modern warfare.

But the techniques that made the key invasion of German-occupied France a smashing success were learned by trial and error during other invasions – the one on Salerno, Italy, for example.

At Salerno, U.S. Army forces in the European theater first tested the mounting of an amphibious assault against stiff resistance – a full nine months before D-Day.

Salerno also marked the Army's first foray into Hitler's "Fortress Europe."

MAC Acosta and Charlie Beacham

It was a decisive point in the war, a juncture at which the United States and its allies began to turn the tide against the Nazis.

Sept. 9 marked the 40th anniversary of the Salerno invasion.

The date is of particular significance in Texas because the first unit ashore early on the morning of Sept. 9, 1943, was the 36th Division, a Texas National Guard unit that had been mobilized three years before.

The men call themselves "T-patchers," after a distinctive emblem depicting the letter "T" against an arrowhead-shaped shoulder patch.

"T-patchers" who survived the ordeal of Salerno now are men in their 60s and 70s. They are lawyers, mechanics, insurance salesmen. Many are retired.

More than 1,000 live in the San Antonio area, a fraction of the 70,000 or so who served in the division throughout the war.

Henry W. Gomez, a San Antonio resident who is president of the 36th Division Association, said 1,038 veterans attended a recent 40th-anniversary bash in Dallas.

In terms of human life, the invasion's cost was high. Hundreds lost their lives in the face of intense German machine-gun fire and tank and artillery shells. Memories are necessarily bittersweet.

"There's no doubt that the lessons we learned were put to good use at Normandy," said Charles Beachum, a 69-year-old lawyer who served as a company commander. Beachum was wounded by shrapnel and went on to earn the Distinguished Service Cross.

Expecting light resistance, the 36th went in under darkness without naval bombardment of the Salerno shoreline.

Although Allied forces eventually secured the beach and moved inland, resistance was unexpectedly stiff and casualties were high.

U.S. military planners had to re-evaluate their strategy.

"Not long after Salerno, they realized that landing at night wasn't the best," Beachum said. "They found out darkness just adds to the confusion, that you could land easier during the daytime with a smoke screen."

Mac Acosta, a 62-year-old retired civilian worker at Kelly Air Force Base, Slogged ashore at Salerno as a 22-year-old buck Sergeant. That's where he first faced the horror of war.

"If I had known what was coming, I would have joined the Air Force," he said, only half-jokingly. "In the beginning, I was a John Wayne - until I started seeing the dead."

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Acosta's squad was one of the first on the beach at Salerno.

The suspicious quiet that greeted them when the front of their landing craft went down soon turned to a blaze of tracer bullets and artillery blasts.

"All hell had broken loose," he said. "It was like we had the Fourth of July headed right toward us."

Acosta's squad advanced over the beach to seize its objective: a bridge about 2,500 yards from the shoreline. As things turned out, the sun rose and set that day with the squad pinned down by German tanks and howitzers.

"We crawled to the bushes and started digging," Acosta said. "When you're under fire, you'd be amazed at how fast you dig."

He recalled that later, after his squad withdrew back to the beach under cover of darkness. He was ordered to help remove the body of a dead G.I. washed up on the shore.

At first he stalled, telling the major who had given the order that the soldier still might be alive.

Removing the dead soon became commonplace. Acosta learned the technique of straightening the twisted bodies of recently killed soldiers before rigor mortis had a chance to set in with their remains in undignified positions.

For Acosta, the war ended the following February at the battle of Monte Cassino.

Hit by bullets in the left knee and right thigh, he was kept in Army hospitals until November 1947, more than two years after the end of the war. He was operated on 10 times, he said.

"Now that it's over, I guess I wouldn't have wanted it any other way," Acosta said. "If I had done anything else in the war, I don't think I would have been as proud."



Worldwartwoveterans.org

This story about these two illustrious characters of the San Antonio Chapter, both served with the 141st Infantry, and evidently some one thought it was a good story. It was reprinted in the Dallas Morning News and the Dallas Times Herald on Sun., Oct. 16th.

This story was activated by Hank Gomez, who knows his way around with the San Antonio Light, and other media. He sent us the Original issue as printed in the S/A Light, Sept. 9, 1943 (that was nice)... and our thanks to Dan Freeman for a great story.



BRAVE MEN, REVISITED

by Sam F. Kibbey

"There are really two wars and they haven't much to do with each other. There is the war of maps and logistics, of campaigns, of ballistics, armies, divisions and regiments—and that is General Marshall's war.

Then there is the war of homesick, weary, funny, violent, common men who wash their socks in their helmets, complain about the food, whistle at Arab girls, or any girls for that matter, and lug themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen and do it with humor and dignity and courage—and that is Ernie Pyle's war. He knows it as well as anyone and writes about it better than anyone."

The foregoing statement by John Steinbeck appeared in *Time Magazine* when Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men" was very favorably reviewed.



Ernie Pyle spent a lot of time with, and wrote a lot of great copy on, the 36th Division in the mud and mountain campaign of Southern Italy during World War II. Pyle reports on the jovial Mess Sergeant, Charles Morgan of Gladewater, Texas. He told the tale of Captain Emmett L. Alloman, of Port Arthur, Texas, a Regimental Surgeon, and his First Sergeant, Frank T. Holland of West Texas, and their six day tenure as POW's of the Germans.

But probably for sheer spine-tingling realism on writing of World War II approaches the account Ernie Pyle gave of the death of Captain Henry T. Waskow of Belton, Texas. Therein, Ernie wrote **"you feel small in the presence of dead men, and don't ask silly questions."**

Ernie asked no questions that war-scarred evening when Waskow's body was brought down the mountain. He reported what he heard. He captured something almost spiritual in the ensuing scenario.

(The dead body of Captain Waskow had been brought down from the mountain on the back of a mule. His body lay in a shadow beside a stone wall. His men came to where he lay.)

**FIRST SOLDIER: (looking down over Captain Waskow's body)
God damn it!"**

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SECOND SOLDIER: **"God damn it to hell anyway!"** (He turned and walked away)

THIRD MAN, PERHAPS AN OFFICER: (Directly to Captain Waskow as if Waskow still lived) **"I'm sorry, old man."**

LAST SOLDIER: (very tenderly bending over the body) **"I sure am sorry, sir."**

The First Soldier puts down the Captain's hands, arranged the Captain's uniform, arose and excited quietly down the road which was bathed in moonlight. The soldier solemnly strolled, filled with the pathos of this night.

Thus, Ernie Pyle created a scene that transcended the war. His words created a scene seemingly eternal, something symbolic of the loneliness of death and the inequities of fate in wartime.

"Brave Men" is dedicated by Ernie Pyle as follows: IN SOLEMN SALUTE TO THOSE THOUSANDS OF OUR COMRADES-GREAT, BRAVE MEN THAT THEY WERE-FOR WHOM THERE WILL BE NO HOMECOMING, EVER.

The Armed Forces of the United States during World War II was, indeed, composed of brave men. All of us who were there, Charlie, know that the bravery was not a constant thing. Mark Twain wrote: **"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear — not absence of fear."**

The ex-G.I. who tries to tell you he was never afraid is admitting that he was either foolhardy then or you are being fooled easily now. All of us who were dogfaces recall that the all-prevading fear that gripped us just before H-Hour, or when the counter-attack swooped upon us with Jerry tanks and Jerry troops. I remember as the shells whined my way that I would say **"No, God, No"** so swiftly that, with the words running together, I begged God to understand that the **"No God"** was not a denial of Him but rather the prayer of a teenage soldier to Him for protection and, perchance, saving grace.

I believe that environment has a lot to do with how a soldier reacts. I know it did in my case. I joined the 36th Division as an 18 year old, a cocky kid with one year of college, who believe himself to be All-World in basketball. I joined the 36th in Italy after that bitter fighting at Salerno, San Pietro and the Rapido Rodeo.

After the Anzio Breakthrough, I was in a contingency of replacements who caught up with the 36th Division North of Rome. I was a gawky kid from a Kentucky solid middle-class family. I had never learned to do much for myself. Now, I was thrust into the make-or world of combat.

Well, I wouldn't have made it without the help of Sgt. Carl

BRAVE Men, Revisted

Vieregge, Sgt. John Wheelis, Sgt. Boyd "Private" Morgan and Sgt. Arthur Aloysius Strange of Brooklyn, New York; (that was his name; I swear.)

Later, I was to have the great comradeship of best buddy Norris Morgan, "**Private's**" brother, Robert Rice of Missouri, Albert Hassell of Illinois and the incomparable "**Jiggs**" Zazalli (the "**Jersey Bounce**"). Jiggs told me more about women than I knew then; or for that matter, know now. His fictions still intrigue me.

I made it through the tail-end of the Italian campaign. The summer of 1944 still blazes in my mind. The staging area in Southern Italy. The drama of "**Acey-Deucey**" games. The roll of the dice and "**baby needs a new pair of shoes**," "**little Joe from Kokomo**", "**fever in the Southland**", "**S-I-X Six**", "**a trizzle, three little rows of rat s--t**", "**Eighter from Decauter**", "**Coming out for five Dollars**"; "**You're faded**", "**Leave my complexion out of this**", "**Play a hunch and beat a bunch**"; the endless blackjack games "**five cards for under 21**", "**I'll split these K-boys down and dirty**", "**I'm busted**", "**Dealer pays twenty**", "**Black-Jack!**", "**Roger, Dodger, over and out**".

Italy, summer 1944. The war seemed so far away. Then, August came and the armed cruise to Southern France almost anti-climactic Normandy.

We had our Southern France Invasion, some trouble but we emerged as grinning and gracious liberators. Then the trek of Task Force Butler. We made an end run and got above the Jerries.

Grenoble, beautiful Grenoble. The wine flowed. This 18 year old was drunk not only from the wine but from his sense of importance. Small wonder that he was not killed as he hit the off-limit bars giving his imitation of Bing Crosby, which was simply terrible. Almost sufficient provocation for murder.

Then, Montelimar: I was there Charlie. So was Captain O'Dean Cox, one of the truly great heroes in the E.T.O. during World War II. He saved K Company's skin when he led us away from the Jerry advance as they passed within spitting distance of some of us, with squeaking boots and guttural sounds.

The big victory. Lt. Gregg gets the CMH. Kibbey comes out with his combat virginity intact. His buddy from stateside, Kenneth Blish of Buffalo, New York, catches one with his name on it. You're too big to cry Soldier. Or, as least, to let some other soldier catch you crying. It was the first of many times I was to walk away to be alone.

"What are you doing over there, **Kibbey?**", one of the men called. A choke in the voice, then a half-truth in response: "**Having pee**

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call." There was a wetness on the face as well as on the ground.

On to the Vosges Mountains. The 18 year old is now a 19 year old. Or is he 50? Squadleader. Big deal. He was selected by necessity, as the dead and wounded, and one on rotation, made the promotion imperative. Strange mixture of adolescence and adulthood. He leaned heavily on the older men – some of them were 25!

The Platoon Sgt. was "**Tack**" Walker. He was a genuine K Company man. He was from Waco. He, O'Dean Cox, John Wheelis, and Ed Wills were from the Baptist School City. They didn't have degrees from Baylor. They were graduates of Camp Blanding, Florida. They had studied war on the Continent at Salerno, San Pietro, and Cassino. They had combat degrees, magna cum laude.

"**Tack**" was called the "**old man**." I doubt if he was over 26 then. He represented authority to all the enlisted men of the 4th Platoon, Company K. "**Tack**" didn't smile a lot. He didn't have time for foolishness. One sensed that "**Tack**" was proud of his status as Platoon Sergeant. He didn't swagger as some soldiers do. There was a quiet pride about his mood and manner. "**Tack's**" no-nonsense approach did not suit the rebellious spirit of the young Kentuckian who viewed "**Tack**" as a semi-mean older brother. They often argued over the pipe tobacco rations. The "**Rebel**", as Jiggs Zazalli called him, thought it the "**in**" thing to smoke a pipe. In truth, he was probably emulating "**Tack**".

"**Tack**" was killed. It happened in the Vosges Mountains. He and a line Company Platoon Sergeant had walked ahead to pick out a mortar position. The staccato eruption of burp guns pierced the autumn calm. The hillside jumped in tremors of terror. Later, we walked by where "**Tack**" and Sgt. Crowe (I believe that was his name) lay. A quick glance at a quiet, sad scene.

It is written that "**the heart's dead are never buried.**" "**Tack**" Walker is alive to me today, just as real as he was almost forty years ago in France. At Gettysburg, Lincoln said "that we here resolve that these dead should not have died in vain." The same thing could be said in Waco, Texas for "**Tack**" Walker and the other Waco boys who threw the torch to us as K.I.A.s of Company K, 143rd Infantry. Lincoln's resolve should rule our thoughts in America today.

The Colmar Pocket and the Jerry's last stand in the South sector of the war in France. Alsace-Lorraine: half-frog, half-kraut Goose-steeping girls wearing French perfume. No more of the shaved heads. To some extent, everyone in Alsace-Lorraine was a collaborator.

The Seigfried line. No problem. I'd say like "**Grant took Richmond**" but that might rankle some of my Southern friends. Make no mistake,

BRAVE Men, Revisited

Texas is the Southland. Not the prissy land of plantations and mint juleps. Texas is a husky land. It's where the men are men and where that's the way most women want it. There is a spirit of Texas, born at the Alamo and nurtured at Altavilla, Anzio and tiny Italian villages where valor won America the day. Texas. Texans. T-Patchers. All with an unconquerable spirit. Each with a quest for independence, honor and a place not just a walk, but a place in the sun.

Then, it was over; over with a suddenness that was astounding.

"I'll be back in a year, little darling. Uncle Sam has called and I must go. I'll be back in a year, little darling. You'll be proud of your soldier-boy I know."

Thus, they had sung at Camp Bowie. Well, it had taken much longer than a year but they were coming back (well, most of them). Coming back to the world of hamburgers, juke boxes, clean sheets, clean underwear, back to the girl they left behind or back to find a girl they would never leave behind. No more C-Ration, no more K-Rations, no more one hour on - one hour off guard duty. No more hidden tears for the buddies they lost. A civilian can cry all he wants to. All the condemnation he gets is that he is said to be emotional. The difference between war and peace might be said to be that in war all sadness is tragic: in peace, all sadness is facile, mostly.

"So we're saying goodbye to them all. To the long, to the short and to the tall. There will be no promotions this side of the ocean: Cheer up my lads bless them all."

Yes, I walked with Ernie Pyle's brave men. At the conclusion of "Brave Men", Ernie Pyle wrote:

"And all of us together will have to learn how to reassemble our broken world into a pattern so firm and so fair that another great war cannot soon be possible. To tell the simple truth, most of us over in France don't pretend to know the right answer. Submersion in war does not necessarily qualify a man to be the master of the peace. All we can do is fumble and try once more—try out of the memory of our anguish—and be as tolerant with each other as we can."

Ernie Pyle was so unassuming. That's what made him great. The same can be said of a dozen or so guys I served with in Company K, 143rd Infantry. I went overseas as a wild kid. I was still wild when I got back. Some of that wildness still beats in my breast possibly because, essentially and basically, I have a zest for life and all that's in it. Deep down I am bonded to a deeper appreciation of life, of love and liberty because I walked with the brave men Pyle describes in his writings.

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One more word needs to be said to try to convey the depth of the BRAVE MEN years. Amelia Earhart was a surprisingly good writer as well as an aviatrix. Earhart wrote:

"Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not, knows no release from little things."

I saw courage in Europe in World War II. We who fought there owe it to ourselves and our departed comrades to make sure our souls remember it. In doing so we shall obtain surcease from those matters which, in proper perspective, are truly "little things".

Ernie Pyle Killed by Jap Bullet on Ie Jima

WASHINGTON, April 18 (INS). The Navy announced Wednesday that Ernie Pyle, famed war correspondent, was killed Tuesday during the battle for Ie, a 10-square-mile island just west of Okinawa.

Pyle, known around the world as the "doughboys" war correspondent, was killed by a bullet from a Japanese machine gun, the Navy announcement said.

The writer was with a regiment of the 77th Infantry Division when he was killed.

Thus Pyle, who lived in intimate terms with the foot soldier through the battles, dirt and grime of Africa, Sicily, Italy and France, died with the men he loved and who loved him.

A few minutes after the Navy disclosed that Pyle had been killed, President Truman expressed the sadness of the nation over the end of a great career.

Truman said:

"The nation is greatly saddened again by the death of Ernie Pyle. No man in this war has so well told



ERNIE PYLE.

the story of the American fighting men as American fighting men

wanted it told. More than any other man he became the spokesman of the ordinary American in arms doing so many extraordinary things. It was his genius that the mass and power of our military and naval forces never obscured the men who made them."

"He wrote about a people in arms as people still, but a people moving in a determination which did not need pretensions as a part of power.

"Nobody knows how many individuals in our forces and at home he helped with his writings. But all Americans understand now how wisely, how warm-heartedly, how honestly he served his country and his profession. He deserves the gratitude of all his countrymen."

For the past two months Pyle had been with the Navy, writing of the men who man the aircraft carriers which have sparked the American advances in the Pacific. He went along with one of the

Turn to Pyle on Page 8.



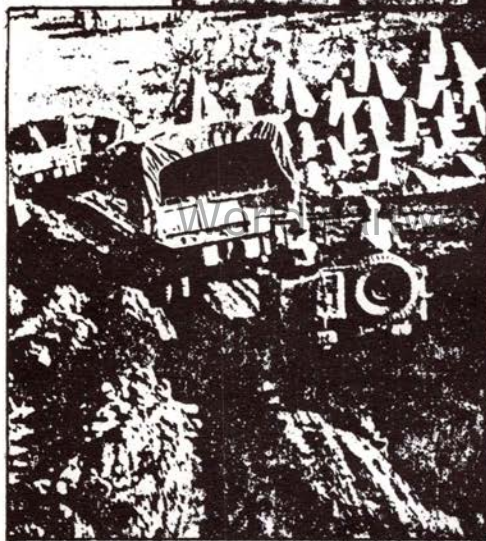
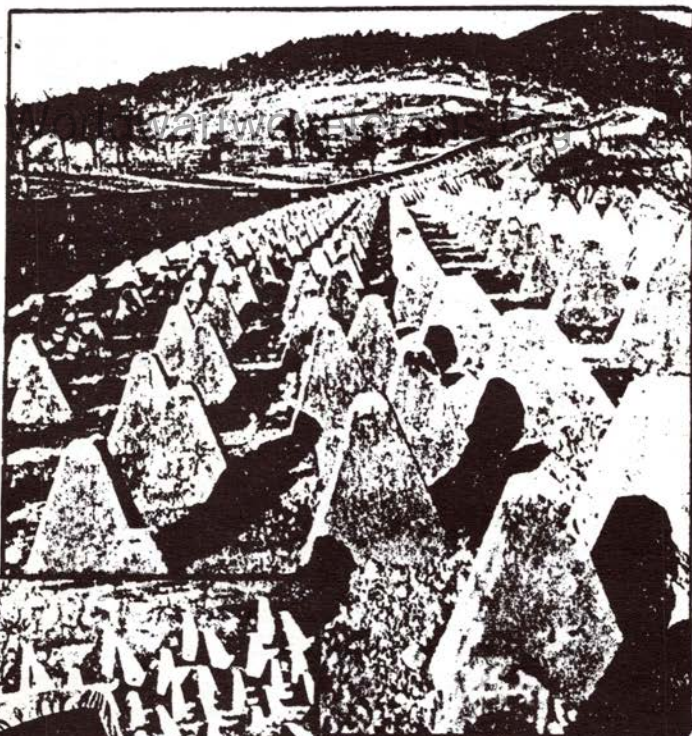
ldwartwoveterans.org

SAM F. KIBBEY served with Co K 143rd, is a devoted T-Patcher, full-time booster for the 36th, bird dogger and in spare time, practices law as Kibbey & Reams, Attorneys at law, C. C. Cline Bldg., 2718 Louisa Street, Catlettsburg KY 41129.

His 'Brave Men, Revisited' was written prior to the Dallas Reunion, with limited copies to his buddies, and one for your editor. We are grateful to be on his list. THANKS, Sambo!



Sprawling Siegfried Line is now a concrete headache for Germany



... THROUGH THE BROKEN
SIEGFRIED ...
... ROLLED A VICTORIOUS 36th.
DASH TO RHINE FOLLOWED.

Siegfried Line

By JOHN DORNBERG

Special to The Herald

MUNICH, West Germany – Almost 45 years after construction first was planned, Adolf Hitler's biggest white elephant – the Siegfried Line – is still there.

It will be well into the 21st Century before the last of the fortifications, also known as the West Wall, disappear because the West German government does not have enough money to demolish them.

The West Wall was to make Hitler's Third Reich impregnable and safe from attack by Germany's traditional enemy, France, while leaving the Wehrmacht free to blitz Poland and the Soviet Union.

At first it did serve that purpose, but in the waning months of World War II the West Wall was outflanked and overrun so fast that many Allied soldiers did not realize that they had passed it.

Like France's Maginot Line, built after World War I, the Siegfried Line became a symbol of the folly of military thinking – concrete proof, literally, that history and warfare generally take a different course than that foreseen and planned by generals and field marshals.

The lesson that today's West Germans are learning from the Siegfried Line is that it probably will survive a half-century more without having accomplished anything.

Almost 400 miles long, stretching from Emmerich, where the Rhine crosses the frontier into Holland, to Loerrach on the Rhine near Basel, Switzerland, the West Wall originally had about 20,000 concrete bunkers, linked by steel and cement tank traps.

Thus far, although the war has been over for 36 years, only 6,000 of the bunkers have been demolished. At a cost of approximately \$12,000 per installation, about \$168 million will be needed to remove the rest of the fortifications. Given the budget-slashing to which the Bonn government now is prone, there is little hope of getting the money before the year 2000.

Legally, all property owners along the Siegfried Line are entitled to have the bunkers and tank traps removed from their fields, orchards and gardens at federal government expense.

The Bonn government regards itself as the legal successor to the Third Reich, with all the financial obligations that the "inheritance" entails.

In practice, however, there has been little or no money for getting rid of the Siegfried Line.

• Del Kendall, Of Anti/Tanker of 143rd
has been our loyal contributor for the
Quarterly.



TOM GLYNN OF CLOONLARA—THE MAN WHO DICED WITH DEATH

A BIG man, who now resides in the peaceful and rustic atmosphere in his old homestead at Cloonlara, Brickens near Ballyhaunis, could best be described as a man who dived with death, but came through unscathed after four years in five major battles in two theatres in the holocaust of World War Two.



Mick O'Connell Talks To War Veteran And ex Boxer:

He is also a man who made a deep imprint on the boxing scene in America and who counted some of the greatest boxing personalities of the 'thirties amongst his personal friends.

He is the genial Tom Glynn, now aged 67 years and when one mentions the word "big", as it applies to Tom Glynn, it does not refer only to his stature — he stands 6 feet 4 inches, and is built to proportion — for Tom has that inestimable bigness about him which is reflected in the care and consideration he shows for others.

The modest manner in which he described his war experiences without a trace of self-glorification or even a hint of boastfulness, exemplified the bigness of heart of Tom Glynn and his philosophical carefree attitude as he nears the seventies stamps him as a man who relishes in the enjoyment of life for whom the future holds no fears.

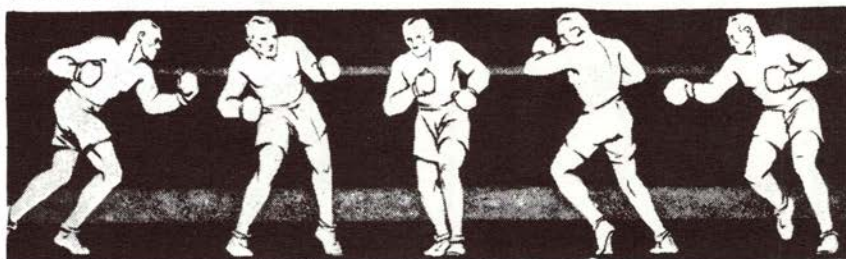
A member of a family of three sons and two daughters. Tom attended Began National School and the principal teacher there at that time.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

was the late Richard Tarpey. After leaving school, his fine physique and his willingness learn how to become a boxer attracted the interest of the late Thomas Lyons, who was a publican in Bridge St., Ballyhaunis for many years and who was himself a boxer in the United States before he returned to Ireland.

In 1929 Tom set off for America where he joined the Johnny Coonan amateur Boxing Club in Chicago. Coonan was a former world bantam champion and he continued to train Tom, who showed exceptional promise.

Tom was entered for the Golden Gloves championship in 1930 or 1931 in White City Marigold Gardens and reached the semi-finals. It was in this championship that Tom sustained a broken hand and injuries to his hands were to plague him afterwards and cut short his boxing career.



Known as "Irish Tommy Glynn" he had about 35 bouts as an amateur and lost only one. The one he lost was on St. Patrick's Night in the early thirties when the arena was with a crowd of boisterous Irishmen and his conqueror on that night he remembers was a boxer called Tony Trimiskinski.

When he became a sparring partner for Jack Doyle he turned professional and had eight bouts before a hand injury put paid to his boxing career.

WHERE the hell is Cloonlara? How about Brickets near Ballyhauntis? That's in COUNTY MAYO as shown here. We didn't know where it was either, so we both know. Our renown Irishman, George Kerrigan met with Glynn at Dallas, for first time and what a session these two must have had.



TOM GLYNN Diced With Death

He also was sparring partner for Jimmy Baddock. Max Baer in New York; Max Schemling in New York; Joe Louis at Pontin Lakes (all World Heavyweight Boxing champions) and for many other prominent boxers of the period.

After he quit boxing Tom returned to New York and in 1940 he joined the New York State Police force.

One year later he was inducted into the United States Army and joined the famous 36th Texas Infantry Division. After three months of training in Camp Blandin in Florida carried out in temperatures of over 100 degrees they were then transferred to Camp Edwards, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Irish 'dynamite' will be turned loose tomorrow night at the Golden Glove fist-ival in the Arena when M. P. Thos. Glynn appears in a demonstration bout Tom, formerly sparring partner for Glovedom's Greats - Louis, Baer, Bradock, Schmelling, Sharkey and Carnera -made the Brown Bomber kiss the canvas about four years ago and hit the nation's headlines.

1939 ?

Extra! Scoop!



**SCHMELING
- LOUIS
Fight
Pictures**

**ROUND BY
ROUND!**



Worldwoveterans.org

The following day, Louis came back all - out. When Tom expected a punch to the stomach he lowered his arm as a block, making an opening for a Louis chin shot which sent him to the floor.

Says Glynn: *'That guy can sock. I don't think there was a man in the world who could lick Louis in his hey - day and I've trained with them all.'* Tom came to America from Ireland when he was 16 years old. He has a brother who is a British policeman and another who is in the Merchant Marines.

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The first theatre of war in which Tom Glynn and the 36th Division were involved was in North Africa where they backed up the 34th and 3rd Divs. who were involved in the Desert Campaign against Rommel at that time. They were pulled back to Algiers and the invasion of Salerno, Italy on the 9th September, 1943.

TOUGHEST AND BLOODIEST BATTLE

Tom Glynn has no hesitation in saying that the toughest and bloodiest battle of them all was the 'Battle of Monte Cassino' in Italy, which was the next battle in which Tom and his Division were engaged.

After resting and re-fitting at a small sea-side town they were again of to war, this time for the invasion of Southern France. They moved on through France and then through Germany without encountering much resistance.

Tom remembers how his unit captured the German Luftwaffe Commander, Herman Goering, in a redout near Berchesgadan, while they were proceeding on their way to Salsburgh where they heard that the war had ended.

336 DAYS IN ACTUAL COMBAT

In all Tom Glynn spent 336 days in actual combat in five theatres of war, and while he had many brushes with death and some remarkable escapes he returned home to the United States from Le Havre, France, in 1945 completely unscathed.



Old buddies and ex-sparring partners, Bee Tee Marchbanks of Alvarado (left), Mrs. Marchbanks and 'Irish Dynamite' Tommy Glynn having a great visit at the Dunfey Dallas Reunion last September. Bee Tee is the president of the newly-formed 36th MP Chapter.

TOM GLYNN Diced With Death



DINNER DANCE at Dallas reunion, here's Tom Glynn and wife Kathleen, a former New Yorker. These two win the "longest-distance" award for 1983, because County Mayo, Ireland is a fer-piece from Dallas.

On his return Tom re-joined the New York Police in which Force he remained until 1973 when he retired and returned to his native Irish heath.

Married to the former Miss Kathleen Lambert, who was born in the Ballymoe area of County Roscommon, they have a family of two sons.

In the peaceful solitude of his native Cloonlara he and his wife are content and happy. Tom has entered actively into the community life of the parish, and is Chairman of the Began parish Exiles' Re-union Committee, and is Trustee of the Began Group Water Scheme. He is also Adjutant of the American Legion.

His relaxed, easy going and charming manner, his courtesy and friendliness, and his kindness and consideration made the writing of this article a labour of love for me, and I deemed it a deep privilege to listen to his enthralling story which has only been briefly recounted in this article.

In the final analysis it goes without saying that Tom displayed great courage in the roped arena and in combat during the war.

While he thanks Providence for his survival during those four years of bloodshed, death and devastation he shrugs it all off by simply sayins "*My number just didn't come up.*"

Such is the stature of Tom Glynn.



For
Conspicuous
Gallantry...



BELL, BERNARD P.



Rank and Organization: Technical Sergeant, Company I, 142d Infantry, 36th Infantry Division. *Place and Date:* Mittelwihr, France, 18 Dec. 1944. *Entered Service at:* New York, N.Y. *Birth:* Grantsville, W. Va. *G.O. No.:* 73, 30 Aug. 1945. *Citation:* For fighting gallantly at Mittelwihr, France. On the morning of 18 Dec. 1944, he led a squad against a schoolhouse held by enemy troops. While his men covered him, he dashed toward the building, surprised two guards at the door and took them prisoner without firing a shot. He found that other Germans were in the cellar. These he threatened with hand grenades, forcing 26 in all to emerge and surrender. His squad then occupied the building and prepared to defend it against powerful enemy action. The next day, the enemy poured artillery and mortar barrages into the position, disrupting communications which Sergeant Bell repeatedly repaired under heavy small-arms fire as he crossed dangerous terrain to keep his company commander informed of the squad's situation. During the day, several prisoners were taken and

FIFTEEN T-PATCHERS WON THE C.M.H. In World War II

other Germans killed when hostile forces were attracted to the schoolhouse by the sound of captured German weapons fired by the Americans. At dawn the next day the enemy prepared to assault the building. A German tank fired round after round into the structure, partially demolishing the upper stories. Despite this heavy fire, Sergeant Bell climbed to the second floor and directed artillery fire which forced the hostile tank to withdraw. He then adjusted mortar fire on large forces of enemy foot soldiers attempting to reach the American position and, when this force broke and attempted to retire, he directed deadly machine-gun and rifle fire into their disorganized ranks. Calling for armored support to blast out the German troops hidden behind a wall, he unhesitatingly exposed himself to heavy small-arms fire to stand beside a friendly tank and tell its occupants where to rip holes in walls protecting approaches to the school building. He then trained machine guns on the gaps and mowed down all hostile troops attempting to cross the openings to get closer to the school building. By his intrepidity and bold, aggressive leadership, Sergeant Bell enabled his 8-man squad to drive back approximately 150 of the enemy, killing at least 87 and capturing 42. Personally, he killed more than 20 and captured 33 prisoners.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER



BELL

The photo shown here of Bernard Bell is from the 1946 Pictorial History of the 36th. It's the ONLY photo, as far as we know available.

Not a good one at that. We also regret that we have no other info on this gallant T-Patcher (No. 11 of 15 CMH winners) . . . so if anyone has data about Bell, please send to your editor. Funny thing, many of our 15 CMH winners have left a vacuum in our files on these troopers, and we welcome anyone who may know something.

JANUARY '45, FLOODSTAGE ON THE MLR



By Del Kendall
A/T 143rd



In Bischweiler, it was getting dark as the men stood around their vehicles talking, waiting for the Capt. to return from a briefing. **"Hey Tom, lost your ass playin' cards with those guys didn'tcha? I tol-ya-so."** Out of the back of a truck, someone hollered, **"Hey Cornpatch, where the hell's that 6th Corp News ya said ya had?"** Another man started biting into a D-bar when he was told. **"Ya keep eatin' those things an you're never gonna get it up again. Don'tcha know they's laced with salt-peter, by now?"** The men laughed, as the G.I. continued to chonk away.

"The Capt. oughta be back about now. Wonder what they got cookin' for us guys tonight." Another replied, **"Well, whatever it is, looks like it's gonna be a wet one,"** as he rolled a rubber over his wallet before putting it in his shirt pocket. The Capt. arrived, saying, **"Men, we are going to join up with E. Co., after we meet some Cannon Co. men. They'll be bringing up one of those new Weasels with a portable fire-direction panel on it, plus some 30 cal. MG's and ammo for E. Co. Everybody load up and let's go."**

The platoon took off, in weather that had turned almost warm. The snows of January were melting fast, causing great flooding run-offs as the trucks plowed through hub deep water, heading into the countryside. A short time later the trucks halted in the wet blackness. The men dismounted, sloshing off single file into the dark toward what seemed an island up ahead.

There was the Can. Co. men with the Weasel. They had already bridged a small creek, with some rail ties. The Weasel now was slowly being inched across when it happened. The tracks slipped and over she went, plunging into the creek, with its much needed cargo. The driver scrambled out, as it sat there, up-ended and almost submerged in the swollen stream. Sonofabitch, it would take a tank-retriever to muscle it out of there with its heavy cargo. There was only one thing you could do.

FLOODSTAGE on the MLR

A couple of you rolled up your sleeves and fished in the icy waters for whatever you could salvage, coming up with 3 MGs and 4 boxes of ammo. The platoon was already disappearing in the darkness of the flooded fields when your fingers found another ammo box. You grabbed it and hurried to catch up.

The soggy field seemed to try and suck the boots right off your feet with each wallowing step you took. Off to your right front you could see Easy Co. in a firefight, as you slogged on. The going was rough! By now you were sweating like a horse, and gulping air. A couple bullets whined through the darkness.

Up ahead you spotted a road running across your front, where already some of the platoon was gathering. You staggered on catching up with the last few men as they reached the embankment. Climbing up on your hands and knees, you all collapsed at the side of the road. Too pooped to stand, you looked around.

There in the darkness across the road, stood this large windowless box-like building, with several smaller buildings out to its side, sort of like a factory site. One squad was sent to dig in North of the site and another sent down the road, south to join E Co. in the woods; while the Capt. took you and two others to check out the buildings, and hunt up the E Co. CP. Crossing a small bridge over a sluiceway, roaring with floodwaters, you turned to enter the building site, pausing for a moment to check it out.

The whole area, several acres in size, set on a triangular shelf about ten feet below the road, on which you now stood. Two roaring streams on either side joined at the rear, forming a vee. It was a waterworks or powerplant of some sort, but as you came down the iron grating steps to plant level, you were looking for the CP. You found it in a transformer room, built in under the road.

A voice said, "Glad ta' see you guys, Anti-Tank, 4th Battalion right?" He continued on. "Haven't cleared all these buildings, so there's Krauts around. Got the woods to our South tho, and some wounded and a few casualties too. Some big stuff smashed into the building site. One of the men said. Those bastards gotta big mortar zeroed in."

Your Capt. told us about losing the Weasel, and the C.O. replied, "Sonofabitch! too bad to, 'cause there's tanks roamin' around to our North, gotta be dry ground there. Wish ta Hell we could get some thing up here. Is the whole f---in' place flooded out?" You eyeballed a couple of the men and thumbed toward the big building, saying, "Let's take a look huh."

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Three of you entered the large building. It was one huge room housing two giant turbines in its center. They reached almost to the skylighted ceiling about four stories up. Glancing to the right, you spotted a G.I. guarding 5 prisoners slumped along the wall. Three wounded G.I.s also sat, smoking, as you asked. **"Any more you guys here?"** The guard replied, **"Nope, just a couple in the C.P. and a medic and a few wounded in those buildings across the way."** A couple those 120 MM mortar rounds hit close by, shaking the place as you circled the giant turbines.

The Krauts huddled nervously as one hollered to the guard, patting his head in sign language as he did so. At that moment, a great explosion rocked the room, sending you and the others, sprawling amid a rain of flying metal and glass. You picked yourself up, just in time to see the Krauts slip out the door. You ran, hollering to the guard, just as the Krauts popped back in; now wearing their helmets they had gone to retrieve. They stood there, eyeing the blasted skylight and then slouched down, closer to their guard awaiting the next round to drop in.

You opened the door and looked at the buildings across the way. A few were large rambling sheds. The next was of new brick and abutted an old dilapidated house, beside a retaining wall of the road overhead.

Turning, you saw two Krauts run, disappearing in the darkness behind the building you were in. High-tailing after them you shouted, **"HALT!"** Reaching the rear of the building you saw them disappear around the far side, when **BLAM!** There was a great blinding flash of light. The explosion knocked you off your feet, and sent you skidding across a pile of crap, along the back wall of the building. Kee-rist! whata mess, at least you were all in one smelly piece.

Turning the corner of the building, you spotted them running toward the bridge and the small rubber boat tied up there. You hollered, **"HENDA OBER DAS KOPF!"** though you knew they couldn't hear you over the pounding roar of the river beside you. They were boxed in. No way could they escape. They threw down their rifles, and turning toward you surrendered. As you herded them into the C.P. a few noses sniffed the air, as someone said, **"Who in Hell just sh-t in their pants?"**

Looking at your left side, the men laughed when you told them what had happened. The Captain explained, **"These two bastards were trying to get to the bridge to blow it, then take off in that little rubber boat that's tied up there. Didja see it?"** You told him, **"Yes, but even if they had gotten to the boat, they'd never have made it."**

FLOODSTAGE on the MLR

Not in those rough waters. That's gotta be flowin' fifty miles an hour. I kid you not."

It was relatively quiet and getting light, when a coupla of you left to check out those other buildings across the way. That area was already being flooded, seeing as how it stood a few feet lower than the main plant.

You entered the brick building, sloshing across a cement floor in a room much like a basement. There on a coalpile lay a dead G.I., the top of his head blown off, with his eyes bugging out. Jeez, you looked around, there was nothing to cover him up with. By the far wall, slumped in an open cupboard with his boots dangling in the rising waters, sat another G.I.

Your own body ached when you saw the poor bastard, he'd been shot through the balls. He was unconscious, slumped over with his pants and underwear pulled down to his knees. Both thighs had been stitched through also by a machine gun, no doubt. His scrotum was all ballooned up and looked ready to burst. You thought if he toppled out of that cupboard, he'd drown, so you hurriedly found the medic and got him to higher ground.

You asked the medic, **"Wonder why in hell the ambulances can't get up here?"** He replied, shaking his head, **"Maybe that treadway bridge at Bischweiler, was blasted out of the water, or swept away. Who knows?"** Some small mortar rounds started to pepper the area.

Several Krauts were now being herded into the big building, as you and Clip, entered the old dilapidated house. The floodwaters were pounding up the plank flooring, as two dead Krauts lay awash in one corner of the room. You searched the place, it was all clear.

As you came downstairs, two G.I.s entered. They sat at a table, breaking open a K-ration. You asked, **"How's it goin' up there in the woods?"** They replied, "Rough, but holdin' our own, at least we're on higher ground than here. Wonder when those tanks are gonna get here, that they promised?" You said, **"Haven't heard anything as yet, but they should be comin' along soon."** They sat stirring their canteen cup of lemonade with their finger, as you left.

Through a side door, you entered a barn with several stalls. The water hadn't reached here as yet, and the place was intact. Flipping your Tommy gun on-automatic, you passed behind the stalls, leading to a door at the far end, where your eyes came upon a strange sight.

There in the last stall, lay a pure white mare, with a Kraut slumped over her rear end, face down. The blond-haired Kraut, seemed young and was wearing a white shirt with rolled up sleeves. What was he doing in here, when he was killed? There were no signs of any wounds,

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no blood. The two bodies lay there, peaceful, like in a deep sleep. The rattle of small arms brought you back to reality, as you stepped over the bodies, closing the door behind you.

It was mid-morning when the area was cleared, with a bag of about 30 prisoners. A few of you tried to get a little shut-eye, stretching out on a giant conduit, behind the C.P. No dice, that cement was colder than a witches' tit.

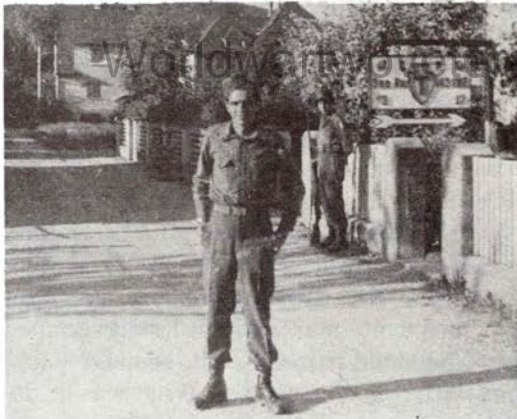
You wandered outside to the rear of the big building. There stood two coalfired boilers, the size of locomotives. You hadn't seen them in the dark, earlier. Opening the fire door of one, a spent bullet spanged into its side and you thought to yourself. Why not sleep in here? It's safer than the big building, just in case they crank up that big mortar again. You told one of the men where you'd be, just in case. Crawling in on the rusty grates, you fell asleep instantly.

Sometime later, you awoke with a start. You listened. It was the sound of grinding tank engines. Hot damn, they finally got here you thought to yourself, as you piled out of your castiron bunk and stared across the river.

There to the North, over a plowed field, a G.I. burst from the edge of the woods, running for his life. Jeez, a Kraut tank was running him down, as it ground through some brush and opened fire with an MG. With his rifle at high port, the G.I. zigged and zagged like a jackrabbit across the open muddy field. The tank halted at the edge of the mud, and fired one last burst at the fleeing G.I. Christ, was he going to make it?

No! The G.I. tumbled and lay still, face down in a muddy furrow. You turned away, feeling drained. Jeez, if you just had a 57 here you'd

Del Kendall Photo Album: Arnold Fleishman of Co. K, 143rd at 3rd Bn. 143rd CP somewhere in Germany, shortly after war's end.



FLOODSTAGE on the MLR

have him in your sights, broadside and 300 yards. The tank backed up, disappearing into the woods.

Shaking with anger and frustration, you ran to the C.P. Entering you blurted out, **"Didja see that out there?"** A coupla men looked and nodded, yes. Eyeing the Capt. you said, **"Isn't there anything we can do, except f--kin' wait, around here?"** He looked hard at you saying, **"Take it easy. Just take it easy. Got word some tanks'll be coming down the road fr@m Rohrwiller, shortly."** You turned and left the room.

Outside, you joined one of the men seated in the sun, eating a K-ration. You opened a can of cheese and sat there eating, in numbed frustration. He remarked, as he took off his helmet and scratched his head, **"Doesn't that sun feel good for a change? Just like a Spring day."** **"Yah,"** you muttered, though you really hadn't noticed. You kept seeing that poor bastard zigzagging across the field. Jeez, he didn't have a Chinaman's chance. In the relative quiet all that was heard was the pounding roar of the floodwaters racing by. As you stood up to leave, he said, **"Wonder when those tanks are gettin' here?"** Shaking your head, you replied, **"Dunno"** and walked away.

Later that same day, you heard the hollow crack of tankfire, as you raced up the steps to the road. There to the North about half a mile away, sat two tanks, firing into the woods. Good, they were getting here. Following down the road, came a file of infantry, walking on either side. Behind them you could see two ambulances waiting to get through. This section of the line was being cracked wide open. There was no incoming mail as the relief was taking over the positions. The Krauts were falling back.



SAN PIETRO, another jewel from Kendall — standing: Ted Martin, Lt. Louwitz, James Shelly, and Del Kendall front. Nobody is smiling, and there's a good reason why.

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The platoon stayed at the power plant that night, waiting for their vehicles to arrive; as the line Co. moved on, up the road past the woods to the South. The area remained fairly quiet, and the plant received no more direct hits.

The next afternoon late, the platoon's three trucks arrived. The drivers jumped down, as the men started to pile in their gear. Sham, one of the drivers exclaimed, **"Gol-dangdest trip we ever made. Oughta promote us to sea captains, nothin' but a lake out there. All ya can do is drive between the rows of trees, 'cuz that's where the road is, most of the time. C'mon you guys, let's shag ass. Gotta get over the bridge before we can't find it no more. Bischweiller, here we come."** Worldwartwoveterans.org

The countryside was indeed, one huge lake, with a few islands of dry land here and there. The trucks plowed through hub deep water slowly at times; then speeding up in shallower stretches as you neared town. You jumped off the lead vehicle as you approached the tread-way bridge.

All you could see of the bridge were cable handrails on either side, just six inches above the swirling waters. You guided the lead truck onto the treads. It nosed its way cautiously along closely followed by the others. Wading out in knee-deep water to the center of the span, you waited for the last truck to pass; intending to jump on the rear.

The guys hollered, **"C'mon"** as you took one unthinking step, and plunged into the water. Throwing both arms out, you hung onto a cross strut. As the floodwaters tried to suck you under, you hollered. **"Sonofabitch! This ain't no Bailey Bridge."** The men laughed as they quickly hauled you over the tailboard of the truck, wet and floundering, like the catch of the day.



Happier days at Camp Blanding Florida — men of A/T Co 143rd — front row: Sgt. Terry, Kendall, Sgt. Holloway. Standing: Hy Goldman, Goodman, Gann, and Slifvka.



It'll Be Hard To 'De-Bunk' This Top-Bunk Story at Edwards

by Shelby Krouse

This story is a 'filler', 'cause our editor says he needs a few now and then, so here goes:

The year is 1942. I'm at Camp Wolters Texas (Mineral Wells) and the weather is nice and sunny during the last days of December. Us Yardbirds had just finished Infantry Basic Training, and were taking it easy for a day or two.

Soon we were loaded on a troop train and headed north, destination unknown. After two or three days of railroading, we pulled into Chicago, where "they" hooked us up a dining car so we could have a **"Merry Christmas Dinner."**

It consisted of one (1) cold cheese **sandwich** and two small 2 oz. mini-bottles of whiskey. This was great until the Lt. in charge of this detail found out that the black waiters were **"selling" the drinks to us.** And then there were no more. "Yuck."

Couple of days later we arrived on Cape Cod, and the giant Camp Edwards. It was dark, cold, and snowy. A helluva mess for raw-recruits who had been baskin' in the sunny area of Palo Pinto County Texas.

I weighed only 237 lbs. when I **"gave"** myself to the U.S. Army, but I had gained 15 lbs. during basic training, due to regular hours, heavy meals and the Beer Garden (just across the creek from Camp Wolters).

We were assigned to Co. B, 142nd Infantry (as fresh-meat) as recruits, replacements were known as in those days. We were told to **"find"** a bunk. I found an empty one and moved in. Yes, it was an **"upper"**. Joe Lafler of White Plains, NY was lying on the lower bunk, and said it **"was"** his.

Lafler took a good look at me, and said he didn't think the upper bunk **"would hold me"** - or go and see the 1st Sgt. OK, he got hammer and nails and **"fixed"** it up a lot.

I'd not been in the Army long enough to know much about a 1st Sgt. I DID know that I was not going to bother one, if he wasn't bothering me. I told Joe that I thought it looked strong enough, and acted like I was gonna climb in.

Joe jumped up, said, **"Wait a minute."** Down the stairs he went, came back with hammer and more nails, worked until lights went out. My bunk was now strong, and was still that way when we left Camp Edwards.

Joseph Lafler was one of the best men of Co. B, 142nd.

He was KIA on Mt. Castellone, Italy.



DAWLEY WAS SHAFTED



GENERAL DAWLEY



GENERAL CLARK

by
Alan "Chum" Williamson

When the T-Patchers got their baptism of fire on the Salerno beaches during the early morning hours of September 9, 1942, the Fifth Army commander, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, and his American corps commander, Maj. Gen. Ernest J. Dawley, were a study in contrasts. It would be hard to find two professional soldiers more unlike.

Mark Wayne Clark, tall, gangling, flamboyant and controversial, had a team of public information officers recording his every move. Press releases never mentioned any of his subordinates.

A graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, Class of 1917, Clark early on hitched his wagon to a star: Dwight David Eisenhower. He was Eisenhower's G3 in the 3rd Division at Fort Lewis in 1941. When Ike went to England in 1942 to command U.S. troops, he asked for Clark as his corps commander.

Ike preferred Clark to Omar Bradley as an army group commander and five star tank. He asked General Marshall to replace Clark with Bradley in Italy, since Clark was **"the best plans officer I have ever seen."** His judgment was a bit clouded. During the planning for Operation Avalanche, later facetiously called **"Avalanche of Errors,"** Clark changed his mind so often that the operations order given Admiral of the Fleet Cunningham differed from the one given Admiral Hewitt.

"DAWLEY Was Shafted"

Ernest Joseph "Mike" Dawley was a short, stocky, ex-artillery officer. Ten years older than Clark and seven years his senior in the Regular Army, Dawley graduated from West Point in 1910. He and Fred L. Walker took part in the Punitive Expedition into Mexico with General Pershing in 1916. During World War I, he was a member of General Marshall's staff in France.

He commanded the 40th Division, California National Guard, in 1941. A strong believer in loyalty down, he was popular with officers and enlisted men. His training ability attracted the favorable attention of Lt. Gen. Leslie J. McNair, Chief of Army Ground Forces, who made him commander of VI Corps.

Cautious, conservative, Dawley didn't make a good impression on short acquaintance. A classmate remarked, **"You have to know him."** This put him at a disadvantage when dealing with commanders accustomed to making snap judgments, such as Alexander.

When Clark relieved Dawley on September 20, 1943, after giving him what amounted to a letter of commendation on the 17th, there was considerable speculation among impartial observers as to the reason(s). Both of his division commanders said he had done everything humanly possible. General Walker said, **"Dawley did his job as well if not better than Clark did his."**

There can be no question regarding Dawley's relief. He and the Army commander had been at loggerheads from the start. But his reduction in grade was something else. A review of the circumstances, from Clark's acceptance of Dawley as his American corps commander, leads to the inescapable conclusion that the decision was strongly influenced, if indeed not ordered, by the theater commander.

Clark recalled in his memoirs, **"I was not well acquainted with Dawley, but I did know that General McNair thought very highly of him . . . I talked to Ike about Dawley and he was far from enthusiastic . . ."** Clark further recalled that during the Avalanche plans and training phase, Ike asked him several times if Dawley was measuring up.

A skilled administrator and a politician, General Eisenhower rewarded his friends and punished his enemies when he could do so without injury to himself. General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, was aware of Ike's idiosyncrasies and at times worked around them.

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In Ike's command, the emphasis was on youth. An officer Ike believed was too old to be promoted was reassigned by Marshall to MacArthur's command, where the average age was much older. There, the officer was promoted.

Ike had Colonel James A. Van Fleet confused with an officer named Van Vliet, whom he believed should not be promoted. Marshall reassigned Van Fleet to the Pacific Theater, where he attained four star rank.

I met General Dawley in 1961 when he came to Utah on a hunting trip. He and his party billeted in the transient officers' quarters at Tooele Army Depot, where I was stationed at the time. We talked about **Operation Avalanche** and carried on a correspondence for some time afterward. Here is Dawley's story, most of which is supported by official military records.

Before the landings, Clark told Dawley he would not assume command of VI Corps until about D plus 2. When he was ordered to take command on D-Day, he was caught unprepared. His command post, scheduled for a later unloading, remained aboard the USS Funston until D plus 1.

"I surveyed the 36th Division front, preparing to assume command, then rode a LST to Clark's headquarters aboard the USS Ancon. Clark was asleep. I briefed a member of his staff."

The Sele-Calore Corridor was not taken into consideration during the planning for Avalanche. According to the plan, the British 10 Corps would advance the 14 miles inland to secure the bridge across the 10-foot-deep Sele River at Ponte Sele. VI Corps would take the Altavilla hill mass, and the two forces would converge at the Ponte Sele, closing the initial ten mile gap between them and containing the flood plain between the two rivers. The boundary between VI and 10 Corps was the Sele River.

On D plus 1, the 179th Infantry was released to Dawley from floating reserve. After conferring with Walker, he committed it south of the Sele, on Walker's left flank. Later that day, Lt. Gen. Sir Richard L. McCreery, CG of 10 Corps, asked Clark for additional troops to strengthen Darby's Rangers, and to shorten his front, all at VI Corps expense.

Clark agreed, over Dawley's strenuous objection. He was specific about which units should be given to McCreery: 1st Battalion, 143rd Infantry; Battery A, 133rd Field Artillery; Co. B, 751st Medium Tank Battalion; Co. A, 2nd Motorized Chemical Battalion; Co. H, 36th Combat Engineers; and a company of the 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion.

“DAWLEY Was Shafted”

Clark moved the boundary between VI and 10 Corps north of the Sele. He told Dawley to fill the hole with the two battalions of the 157th Infantry, being brought ashore from floating reserve.

The widening of Dawley's front made the Ponte Sele an objective of VI Corps. The only bridge across the Sele River north of Persano, it was a part of Highway 19, the German access route from the east. Major Edmund F. Ball, VI Corps air liaison officer, said, **“I was repeatedly urged, begged, pleaded with and ordered (by Dawley) to get an air attack flown on this vital bridge. Each time I sent in a request, it was declined as being an improper target for an air mission.”**

Earlier (Sep. 11), Dawley ordered the 179th Infantry to take the Ponte Sele. The attack was repulsed. Late the same day, McCreery asked that his front be still further shortened. Again Clark agreed, over Dawley's vigorous protest. The boundary between the American and British sectors was now moved to a point just south of Battipaglia. Clark told Dawley to move units from his right flank to fill the gap, and **“use plenty of mines.”**

Dawley put a battalion of the 36th Engineers in the hold, at Bivio Cioffi, an Italian village some four miles south of Battipaglia, on coastal Highway 18. The Engineers established contact with the British by patrols.

According to Dawley, Clark's fear of an enemy thrust through the Sele-Calore Corridor was 20/20 hindsight. He feared enemy troop concentrations on the high ground at Eboli, threatening to strike through the gap between VI and 10 Corps.

On September 12, Clark ordered Dawley to reorganize the VI Corps front. This forced Dawley to cancel a second attempt by the 179th Infantry to take the Ponte Sele, planned for the 13th. Instead, the regiment was ordered to move north of the Sele and to the left of the 157th Infantry. A battalion of the 141st Infantry, with supporting artillery, was moved from the 36th Division's right flank to fill the gap between the Engineers at Bivio Cioffi and the British.

The boundary between the 36th and 45th Division sectors was moved to the Sele River, putting the flood plain between the two rivers in Walker's sector. Walker's front was not 35 miles long.

Regarding the order given Walker to post a battalion of infantry astride the road from Highway 19 to Persano, Dawley didn't recall telling him a battalion would be enough. **“It was all I could spare. It was a calculated risk.”** A smile accompanied the reference to the title of Clark's book.

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As for his having no reserves when the Germans threatened to break through on **"Black Moneay,"** **"McCreery didn't have any reserves either. And neither did Clark."**

On **"Black Monday,"** when the Germans threatened to break through at the base of the Sele-Calore Corridor just five miles from the beach, clobbered the British at Battipaglia and threatened to isolate the Rangers, Clark panicked. He directed his staff to prepare plans for evacuating the beachhead. In Dawley's presence, and over Dawley's strenuous objection, he instructed a member of his staff to discuss the plan with the Navy. It was the old army game of CYA. (Cover your ass!).

When Admiral Hewitt pointed out the extreme difficulty in carrying out such an operation, Clark backed off. He directed his staff to prepare two plans, **code-named Sealion and Seatrain:** One for evacuating VI Corps to reinforce 10 Corps, the other the reverse. He claimed that this had been his intention all along. Clark didn't bother to consult McCreery, or even to inform him of the plan. McCreery learned of it from Admiral Oliver, and was furious.

On September 14, Admiral Hweitt sent an urgent message to Admiral of the Fleet Cunningham: **"The Germans have created a salient dangerously near the beach. Am planning to use all available vessels to transfer troops from southern to northern beaches, or the reverse if necessary. Unloading of merchant vessels in the southern sector has been stopped. We need havey aerial and naval bombardment behind enemy positions, using battleships or other heavy naval vessels. Are any such ships available?"**

Meanwhile, a member of Clark's staff had sent a message to Eisenhower advising him of the original plan. In his book, 'CRUSADE IN EUROPE,' Ike states, **". . . it looked so probable that the invasion forces might be divided that General Clark made tentative plans for re-embarking his headquarters in order to control both sectors and to continue the battle in whichever one offered the greatest chance for success. This tentative plan, repeated to headquarters in garbled form, caused consternation because it seemed to indicate that commanders on the spot were discouraged and preparing to withdraw the whole force. This was actually not the case. General Clark and General Richard L. McCreery, commanding the British 10 Corps, never once faltered in their determination."**

The claim that the message to Eisenhower was **"garbled"** became a part of the official version of the incident. It is interesting to note that Ike made no mention of Dawley, although he protested the proposed evacuation of either or both corps as being unnecessary and even foolhardy.

"DAWLEY Was Shafted"

When Alexander and Maj. Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer visited the beachhead on September 14, Alexander killed the plan on the spot. But the damage had been done. When the two generals reported to Eisenhower on the following day that when they visited Dawley's command post for a briefing, he was so nervous that his voice trembled and his hands shook, Ike exploded. **"Why doesn't Clark relieve Dawley?"**

Dawley said of the incident, **"After what happened on the 13th, I knew I was going to be relieved. And it was just as well. I couldn't work with Clark. He made decisions off the top of his head. But I didn't expect to be reduced in grade."**

"When Alexander and Lemnitzer walked into my command post, I had had little rest for six days, and none at all for more than 48 hours. I knew they weren't there for a briefing. Their attitude and the questions they asked told me they were Eisenhower's hatchet men."

General Walker recalled that when Eisenhower visited the beachhead on September 17th, he asked Dawley, **"How'd you ever get the troops into such a mess?"** Walker was going to explain that there was no mess, when Ike changed the subject.

According to an officer who was there, Ike really said, **"For God's sake, Mike. How did you manage to get your troops so f----d up?"**

The troops really were screwed up, thanks to Clark. The disposition of units along the VI Corps front, from left to right, was as follows: 3rd Battalion, 141st Infantry; 3rd Battalion, 36th Engineers; 2nd Battalion, 179th Infantry; 3rd Battalion, 179th Infantry; 1st Battalion, 157th Infantry; 3rd Battalion, 157th Infantry; 1st Battalion, 141st Infantry; the 142nd Infantry; 2nd Battalion, 141st Infantry; 1st Battalion, 39th Engineers; Co. A, 751st Tank Battalion; 504th Parachute Infantry; and 505th Parachute Infantry.

The 39th Engineers, the tank company and the two parachute units had arrived after the near-disaster on **"Black Monday."**

On September 20, orders relieving him and directing him to report to Eisenhower's headquarters in North Africa were delivered to Dawley by Major Reagan Houston III, of San Antonio, a Fifth Army staff officer.

Dawley wasn't the first of Eisenhower's corps commanders to be relieved, nor was he the last. Maj. Gen. Lloyd R. Fredendall, Ike's II Corps commander during the battle of Kasserine Pass, suffered the worst defeat of any U.S. Army ground force since Custer at the Little Big Horn.

To the chagrin of Fredendall's division commanders, he did their

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work for them – and did it wrong. This although his CP was so far back he had no idea what the front was like.

When he called in Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, CG of the 1st Division, and began showing him on the situation map where he wanted every unit down to battalion level, Allen interrupted. **“If you’re going to tell me where to put every Goddamn thing, by God you can just relieve me and run the Goddamn thing yourself.”**

Maj. Gen. Orlando Ward, CG of the 1st Armored Division, lacked Terry’s spunk. He protested when Fredendall ordered him to deploy his battalions in **“islands of resistance that were not mutually supporting,”** but complied.

When the Germans **“blitzed”** on Valentine’s Day 1942, Ward’s Combat Command A was routed. The 168th Infantry, less one battalion not engaged, ceased to exist as a unit. Of 40 officers in its 3rd Battalion, all but one were killed or captured.

In **“CRUSADE IN EUROPE,”** Ike states, **“The relief of a combat leader is something that is not to be lightly done in war . . . On the other hand, really inept leadership must be quickly detected and instantly removed.”**

This fit Fredendall to a tee. But Ike was referring to Dawley, whom he disliked so intensely that he never mentioned him by name in the entire book. He relieved Fredendall only after Alexander requested it. Then he praised him for his training ability and recommended to General Marshall that he be given command of an army in the United States.

Fredendall went home to a hero’s welcome and was promoted to lieutenant general. **Dawley was reduced from major general to colonel and sent home in disgrace.** Clark was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous bravery while touring the front during Alexander’s visit on September 14.

In 1944, Dawley was promoted back to brigadier general. When General Marshall presented his name to the House Armed Services Committee for confirmation, Chairman Carl Vincent said, **“You busted this man from major general to colonel not too long ago. Now you want to promote him to brigadier general. Either you were wrong then or you are wrong now. Which it it?”**

Marshall replied, **“He is being promoted as a reward for keeping his mouth shut.”**

Dawley retired on physical disability in 1947, in the grade of brigadier general. In 1948, he was advanced on the retired list to major general.

If he felt any bitterness, he didn’t show it. Regarding his silence – **“keeping his mouth shut”** – he said, **“You can’t fight City Hall.”**

"DAWLEY Was Shafted"

I asked the one unanswered question: Did either Clark or Eisenhower state the reason for his reduction in grade.

He replied, **"Ike has a long memory. He was settling a score."**

Mike Dawley died at Fort Ord in 1973. He was 87.



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F.Y.I.

Worldwar2veterans.org

Most all T-Patchers are aware that THERE ARE 8 MILLION STORIES IN THE 36th . . . and to date we've hardly covered the surface.

The final issue of Vol. III 1983 — Number 4, (Winter) will be completed by late January 1984, and in the hands of subscribers — early February.

WE have asked in the past to send in your comments about — the QUARTERLY, and we still want your pros and cons, as a great decision will have to be made at the conclusion of this No. 4 issue. Send 'em to Leonard Wilkerson, or your editor (see page 4).

COMPANY G



142nd INF

**HOLD FIRST REUNION
NOVEMBER 1974**

By Charles W. Stimpson, Jr.

After more than three decades, they had come "home" again! "Home" was the broad, peaceful Plains of West Texas, and they were the battle scarred heroes of Company G 142nd Infantry, 86th Division, Army Of The United States.

They were far from the battle fields of a distant land, but they were the same brave men who had gone through a living hell in a terrible, nasty war that now seems so long ago.

These were the same gallant soldiers who had stood at Salerno, Altavilla, and Mount Lungo. They had crossed the Calore, Sele, and Rhine Rivers and spilled their blood on the Beaches of Anzio, at Mount Cassino, Montelimar, and fought across the treacherous Rhone Valley. Time and time again they had met the enemy in such foreign places as Jussarupt, Hill 207, Selestat, Colmar, Stuttgart and Rodern.

When the men of "G" Company were pulled off the line in late '44, they had been in combat 133 consecutive days. This is a record unsurpassed in the American Army in modern warfare. Then on May 5, '45, "G" Company fired it's last shot and the Germans surrendered the following day. The war was over! This was the day these men had hoped for. This was the day that they had fought and died for. The long bloody trail that began that night at Salerno was ended! Men of "G" Company had completed their mission!

These veterans of "G" Company fought a ghastly war in another land in another time. As they came together some 34 years later to renew old acquaintances, time had taken its toll. But those who did come "home" greeted one another as long lost brothers ... for brother, they truly were!

They had stories to tell, and were lucky to be able to tell them. Gone was the youth that was so noticeable back in 1940, but in its place was the quiet evidence of pride gathered only by brave men who had been tried and tested on the field or mortal combat.

Company G 142nd Infantry

Yes, they were back! But their ranks had thinned for so many of their comrades had failed to survive these many years of time. Countless numbers had fallen in those distant lands in places long forgotten by most Americans. Others, still suffering from the war's aftermaths, had passed on to a better land. A moment of silent prayer was taken for these fallen comrades.

These men of "G" Company wore no medals today! Long ago they had been put away to gather the dust that collects from the passing of time. But had these proud infantrymen of "G" Company elected to display their decorations for their individual acts of valor and heroism ... it would have taken an entire wall to hold them all.

But they were that kind of men... proud, brave, and each his own man! They didn't have to brag about their accomplishments, for history has already told of their deeds. Nothing else need be said.

These were the Men Of Company "G" 142nd Infantry, 36th Division, Army of the United States. Proud gallant soldiers of one of the finest combat units ever assembled by this great nation of ours. Dedicated to protect, preserve and defend this land we call America!

Yes, it was good to be back "home" again!



Co. G 142nd newly elected officers for 1984 — at annual reunion at Snyder Nov. 19, 1983. Front row from left: Ches Hersley, director; Kenneth Painter, Vice/Pres.; Bib McKinney, director. Back row: Lonnie Johnson, chaplain; Charles Stimson, Newsletter; Jay Skinner, director; Robert Swint, director, and Don Adams, treasurer.

Not shown: President John Portis, in hospital due to sudden illness.

(Stimson Photo)

Bayonet Drama at Salerno

Chicagoan in a Pigpen Outwits Nazis 6 Days

By Reynolds Packard.
Representing Combined U.S. Press
With an American Assault Force in
the Salerno Sector, Salerno Sector, Sept. 19.—(UP)

(Reprint from Chicago Sun, Sept. 21, 1943!)

Worldwartwoveterans.org

Two American soldiers who helped take an enemy hill by bayonet charge and then were cut off by a German counterattack climbed out of an Italian hog pen today as the 5th Army advance swept past them.

They had been hiding from German patrols for six days, sleeping and eating alongside a sow and several boars while a friendly Italian farmer named Angelo, who has a sister in Massachusetts and a cousin in New York City, looked after them.

They were Pfc. Don J. Pattara of 9611 S. Peoria St., Chicago, and Pfc. Zaragoza Salinas of Skidmore, Texas. Both were none the worse for wear for their farmyard experience which, however, cost the life of one of their comrades.

I was with an American assault force which pushed forward in the Salerno sector and enabled the two to emerge from their retreat.

"That Italian farmer was pretty good to us," said Pattara. "He told the Germans we weren't about when they came to look, and fed us some pretty good meals.

"Sometimes he brought us watermelons. The hogs ate up our scrap."

Salinas added:

"We had a hell of a time.

"We made a bayonet charge up a hill against German machine-gun fire, but that didn't halt us. We just kept on going. Those Jerries are scared of the bayonet. They aren't any tougher than anybody else.

"Then we went on to take another hill, but Jerry let loose a counter-attack at that moment and I and some of the others were cut off. One of the boys was hit bad in the stomach and died later. The farmer looked after burying him.

The farmer showed us a U.S. pistol he got during the last war, when Italy was on our side. He said he would like to shoot the Germans if necessary to save us, because he liked the Americans and his sister

Bayonet Drama at Salerno

and cousin were in the United States. He kept us hidden in the hogpen, which was in a barn under the stalls for cows and horses."

Pattara showed me a bulky wallet in which he kept precious documents, including a photograph of his girl friend, Fern Swanson of 10619 S. Oglesby Av., Chicago. A piece of shrapnel had pierced the picture and that and a sheaf of letters from Chicago prevented the bullet from entering his heart. He was carrying the wallet in his shirt pocket.

"It didn't even make a mark on my skin; that's how lucky I was," he said.

Helped Save His Life, She Learns



A picture of his sweetheart, Fern Swanson (left) of 10619 S. Oglesby av., carried in his wallet by Pvt. Don J. Pattara, 9611 S. Peoria st., helped save his life in the Salerno (Italy) fighting. A piece of shrapnel that might have pierced his heart was stopped by the wallet carried in his left shirt pocket. [By a staff photographer.]

A new photograph of pretty, smiling Fern Swanson, 10619 Oglesby Av., is on its way to Italy, to replace the shrapnel-torn picture a soldier carried over his heart, which helped to save his life.

The lucky soldier is Pfc. Don J. Pattara, of 9611 S. Peoria St. He spent six days in the pigpen of a friendly Italian farmer, while hiding from Germans. Miss Swanson's picture, with some papers in a bulky wallet carried in the breast pocket of his shirt stopped a shrapnel fragment that might have proved fatal.

Miss Swanson thrilled:

"This news is scaring, but delightful. I'm going to send him another one right away."

Pvt. Pattara said the amiable Italian, who has kin in New York and Massachusetts, had fought in the other war, when Italy was an ally. He added:

"The Nazis were patrolling the region all the time, and even searched the farmhouse and the hayloft, but didn't think of looking among the pigs."

(Story was sent in by Don, who adds - "I did not marry this girl!)

RESIST – or COLLABORATE

The Only Choice the People of France Had
When the Germans Took Over in 1940



In the summer of 1940 the French Army lay shattered in defeat. Virtually most all Frenchmen believed the war was over; many rushed to “collaborate” with the Germans in supplying war material to the Nazi War Machine; a few resolved TO FIGHT ON, regardless of the consequences.

One of the best stories is about MARIE-MADELINE FOURCADE who was one of the few.

Almost overnight she found herself working in an intelligence-gathering apparatus, known as the Alliance. On the arrest of the chief of the operation she was designated his successor. She was to prove as brave and efficient as she was beautiful, directing a network of 3,000 French men and women – one of the largest of the Second World War. The Germans called the Alliance “Noah’s Ark” because Mlle. Fourcade gave all the agents animal names as aliases.

AT FIRST IT was relatively easy, particularly in Vichy-controlled southern France, but this all changed as the Germans grew more efficient and especially when they took over Vichy France in November 1942.

It was risky to belong to the Resistance; an agent knew that any moment he could be arrested, subjected to horrible tortures and then shot. One agent – captured and tortured – could implicate others, and the lifespan of a chief of a network was notoriously short.

Ironically, one of the most effective German infiltrators turned out to be a traitor, unwittingly supplied to the Alliance by the British.

Mlle. Fourcade was arrested once and to avoid capture a second time was ordered out of France to direct operations from London. She insisted on a return to France, however, and was captured a second time. This time she escaped only by the slimmest of margins what seemed a certain rendezvous with a German firing squad.

THE ALLIANCE network, which the Germans came close to smashing completely on several occasions, gathered a prodigious amount of intelligence data concerning German defenses, troop dispositions, secret weapons sites and U-boat sailings. The Alliance also was responsible for smuggling General Giraud out of France on a British submarine.

The epitaph of the men who fell in the Resistance might be the words of one Alliance member who left this last letter for his fiancée: **Don't grieve for me. I'm the happiest of men. We could certainly have had a good life together but I had to give all that up to serve my country . . . I often told you what would happen to me if I were captured . . . If they shoot me, what is the life of a man compared to all the ships I have helped to sink . . . Not much. I am even proud to be able to die for my country and knowing I can hold my head high . . . He was 21.**

Only a small proportion of the total French population ever served in the Resistance. Losses were extraordinarily high among those who did volunteer, but their sacrifice and their devotion to what had seemed an impossible dream in 1940, helped cleanse the soul of France and make an Allied victory possible.



Mustering for a strike against the Germans—with a motley collection of British and captured German weapons.

BOOKS

The cruel test of being French

SOLDIERS OF THE NIGHT

By David Schoenbrun
Dutton; \$15.95

THE LIBERATION OF THE RIVIERA

By Peter Leslie
Wyndham; \$12.95



Reviewed by
SPENCER TUCKER

On June 18, 1940, Brig. Gen. Charles de Gaulle spoke before the microphones of the BBC and called on the French people to continue the struggle against the Germans. In Vichy, Marshal Philippe Petain later went on French radio and announced the end of the war and his support for collaboration with the victorious Germans.

These **contrary** approaches reflected the deep divisions of the French people as they sought to come to terms with the most crushing defeat in their history. In just six short weeks France had succumbed to the German army. Millions of Frenchmen sighed with relief when it was over, and many rushed to collaborate with the Germans in building a new fascist France around the Vichy government of the aged Petain.

But many other Frenchmen wept with shame at the news that France had signed an armistice with the Germans. They resolved to continue the fight, regardless of the odds.

Ever since the end of World War II, historians have debated the relative strengths of resisters and collaborators. *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a brilliant film by Marcel Ophus, has proba-

bly exaggerated the extent of collaboration; but it is true that only a small minority of Frenchmen ever joined the Resistance. (After the war, travelers to Europe noted that they could find no German who was a Nazi and no Frenchman who wasn't a member of the Resistance!)

Unfortunately, there are no reliable statistics on the strength of the Resistance, but estimates range from 500,000 to 2 million. That their number was so small was due in large part to the hazards. Resisters risked everything.

THESE TWO BOOKS explore the Resistance in France. Peter Leslie's *The Liberation of the Riviera* is a disappointment, although it is perhaps unfair to compare it with David Schoenbrun's comprehensive study.

Leslie's book is centered around Ange-Marie Minconi, the village schoolteacher who became leader of *Group Jean Marie*—a Resistance network which grew to number more than 600 men and women along the French Riviera. Minconi's greatest exploit was persuading the local German commander at Cannes not to blow explosive charges which already had

been placed in the city.

The Leslie account is weakened by its reconstructed conversations. Especially annoying is the reputed talk between two crew members of a B-24 bomber as they plunge to their deaths in a crippled plane. Leslie could learn a thing or two about writing history from Schoenbrun's book.

pointing out that by the end of 1942 the Resistance was solidly behind the general. (It was not until May 1943, however, that Jean Moulin — de Gaulle's agent in France — was able at last to effect a union of the Resistance groups.

Throughout his narrative, Schoenbrun stresses de Gaulle's difficult role. The general was haughty and arbitrary,

WANTED — Any T-Patcher that had some contact with the F.F.I. — we would like to have your comments or story. Their contribution to the war effort was vital to our take-over in many cities of France.

In *Soldiers of the Night*, Schoenbrun quotes participants, but only as they were interviewed and recalled events. Schoenbrun, who served as an American intelligence officer in France, is well acquainted with many of the Resistants whose actions he has so ably described, especially Marie-Madeline Fourcade — the only woman to head a major Resistance network.

There would have been a Resistance without de Gaulle; the experience of many resisters such as Fourcade and Henri Frenay proves that. But as Schoenbrun has shown, the growth of the Resistance was slow and painful. Only after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941 did the Communists join officially, although Schoenbrun contends that individual Communists were active against the Germans long before.

The Resistance received its biggest boost from the Germans themselves. Their policies of repression and impressment of Frenchmen for compulsory labor service in Germany brought large numbers of Frenchmen into the Resistance.

• • •

THE RESISTANCE leaders often were strong-willed individuals who would not bow to authority. Schoenbrun cites Henri Frenay as a case in point. As leader of *Combat*, the largest Resistance organization, Frenay early resented de Gaulle's arbitrary orders and particularly his political leadership. Schoenbrun downplays Resistance opposition to de Gaulle, however,

but not the villain President Roosevelt believed him to be. Conservative advisers persuaded Roosevelt, falsely, that de Gaulle was without real support in France. This had tragic repercussions.

De Gaulle was not even informed of the invasion of French North Africa in November 1942. Roosevelt and Churchill even tried to replace de Gaulle with another general, Henri Giraud; and the United States withheld recognition of de Gaulle's government until the liberation of France. As Schoenbrun notes, this policy has poisoned Franco-American relations to this day.

To be a Resistant required great courage, especially in the early years. As Schoenbrun notes, "Practically everyone in the Resistance was eventually arrested by the French police or German Gestapo. Some escaped and carried on, but the majority suffered torture, deportation, concentration camps, and death."

Their sacrifice was not in vain. The Resistance may indeed have been made up of ordinary men and women who never planned to be heroes, but as Schoenbrun notes, "they were ordinary people who did extraordinary things." And they saved the honor of France.

(Spencer Tucker is a professor of history at TCU.)

**When You're Up To Your Ears In
Alligators, The First To Do . . .**



"DRAIN THE SWAMP," as the old saying goes. And that is our problem with the Fighting 36th Quarterly.

This No. 3 issue of Vol. II is next to the last one for the three-year operating budget, as approved by your board of directors back in 1980.

The first year, 1981, we did pretty good with Vol. I and have sold all but about 50 copies of No. 3 and No. 4. (all No. 1 and 2s are outta print). But Vol. II, 1982 is another story.

WE HAVE ABOUT 200 'sets' of all four 1982 issue that need to be drained from the swamp, and converted into cash so we can do the same when all 1983 issues of Vol. III are complete.

The problem we have is caused by our own subscribers. **Many have not renewed**, so that's where the problem lies at this time. War buffs (non-members) have been our best-boosters, but it's expensive to find 'em. A small ad (about the size of 2 stamps in VFW Magazine costs \$550.00). If we sold sixty sets at \$12 we would only break even. So it comes back to our own membership.

IF YOU WANT this publication to continue, we hope you will use the **ORDER FORM** — shown on right page . . . and we can then go to work on the **Alligators**. Thanks.

Your H & R Committee.

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