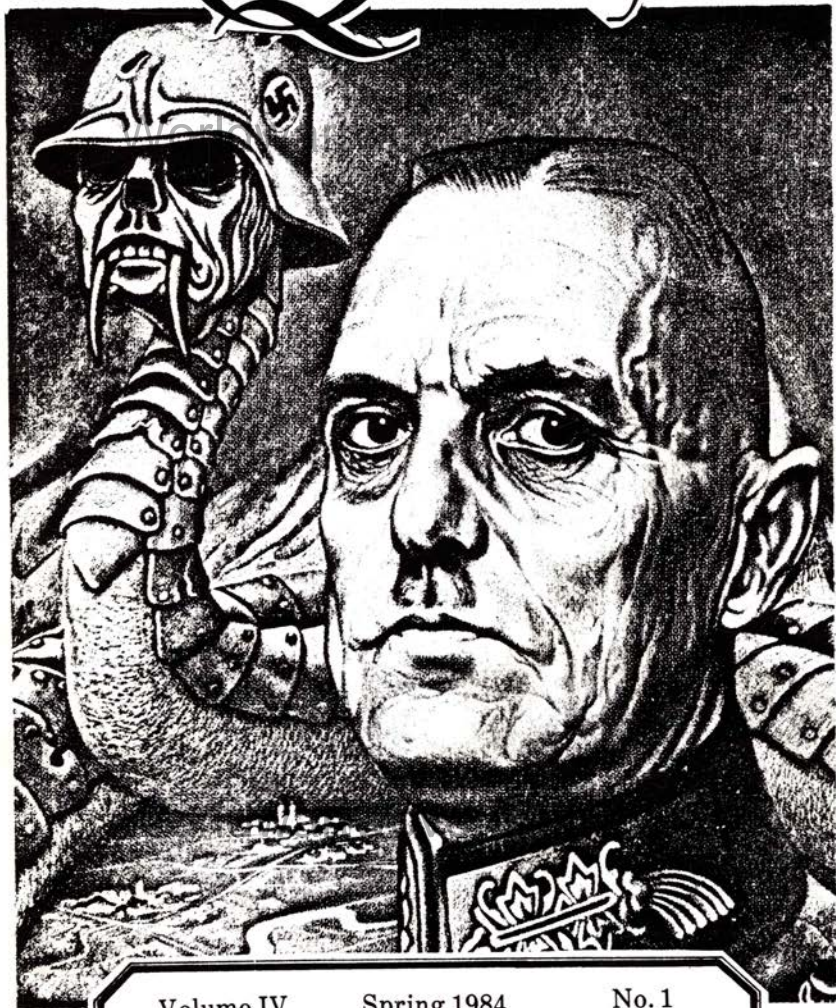


The Fighting 36th
HISTORICAL
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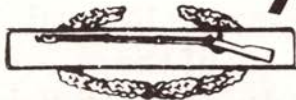
Volume IV Spring 1984 No. 1
Published by
The Historical & Records
Committee of the
36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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The Fighting 36th



HISTORICAL QUARTERLY
Worldwartwoveterans.org



Volume IV Spring 1984 Number 1

Worldwartwoveterans.org
TEXAS 36th Division
Association





**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 IV

Number 1

Spring 1984



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.





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COVER STORY

The Last of
Tired Old
Prussians
Surrenders
to this
Young Man . . .



FIELD MARSHAL KARL VON RUNDSTEDT



Lt. Joseph E. Burke

. . . appeared on Time's cover, for a second time on August 21, 1944, long after his masterly victories over Poland, France and the Ukraine, a month and a half after he had been dismissed from the western front and one month after the attempt on Hitler's life.

He was indubitably the keyman among the Junker generals.



This man and his patrol of eleven men at Bad Tolz are the 'official' group to get credit for the capture of Von Rundstedt. This photo of Lt. Joseph E. Burke was sent in by Delmar G. Knecht, also of Co A 141st, reports that Burke died in a light plane crash several years ago.

THE CAPTURE OF FIELD MARSHALL GENERAL



VON RUNDSTEDT

By Delmar G. Knecht
Co A 141st Infantry

Our last heavy fighting had been in the Seigfried Lines. We moved into Bergzabern. We then went on up to Worms, Germany, where we had a few days rest. After that, we pushed pretty fast, clearing out small pockets of sniper fire. When we reached Crailshiem, we found the town still burning. We spent the night there eating our rations and trying to sleep.

By this time, most all our squads were about half-strength until we were joined by tanks and tank battalions. It felt good to be joined up with more troops, but we infantry fellows hated to have tanks too close by as they drew in the heavy mail. When we left the area, our 141st First Battalion was ahead of all others riding the tanks. We were doing our best to hold on. Some were trying to sleep at the same time. My close buddy, John Ronketto from Canton, Illinois, was doing a good job sleeping while I was holding on to him. Once his head nodded too far down and his helmet fell off. The tank coming up behind us took care of it.

Spring was setting in, but it was cold, wet and snowing. We would make rest stops now and then. At one rest stop, Guy Cannon from Alexandria, Missouri, did some bird dogging. He came back with a large loaf of black bread, a large roll of salami, and a big onion. As we were riding the tank, he was making a thick sandwich. Just as he was to take his first bite, a sniper bullet hit a tank near him. We all jumped off the tank. There was a house up on the hill to our left with a Red Cross symbol on it. We felt this was where the shot came from. Ronketto, Cannon and I went to check it out. Some Kraut

Six Days Before V-E, This Story of 36th Bagging
The Top Prussian General Got Nationwide Coverage

* * * * *

Texas 36th Division Takes Von Rundstedt

By MALCOLM MUIR JR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thin-lipped, cold-eyed Von



Von Rundstedt

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

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

THE CAPTURE OF VON RUNDSTEDT

civilian, who said he was a doctor, would not willingly let us in to search.

He said there was no German soldier in his house. Cannon hit him in the gut and then the chin with the butt of his M-1. We went in and looked around. As Cannon walked by a closed door, he fired a series of rounds into it. A voice came back saying "Comrade." It was a German soldier wearing a civilian overcoat over his uniform.

I took his telescoped rifle and we all went back to the road. Cannon said to the Jerry, "You're the sa-sa-son of a bitch who made me lose my sandwich." With this, he came up with a perfect haymaker. Other G.I.'s then made the sniper run down the road while they fired at his heels. Reports were that the sniper died of exhaustion near the end of the column. I was angry at the time and threw the rifle into the lake on the right hand side of the road. I later tried to retrieve it, but found I had thrown it too far.

We started to move on. The winding road was leaving the lake. We soon had forest on the right side and hilly wooded area on the left. Our C.O. came to me and asked me to take my men and walk in advance of the tanks looking for land mines and Krauts.

I said, "Sir, do you want us to walk ahead to protect the tanks?"

He said, "Yes, it is easier to get men here than it is to get another tank!"

It was not late in the afternoon. Darkness would soon be setting in. As we rounded curves, we could see Jerrys in half tracks pulling field guns and coming out of the wooded area. When they saw us, they really took off heading for the town ahead. As we neared the city, there was a heavy road block set up to keep us from entering. Negotiations were made between our officers and the German people to remove the block and declare an open city. An open city was declared.

We moved on again and soon after going through the blocked area, we came upon a German medic waving a white flag. I went up to him as I knew some German. He told me where we could find the Field Marshall General Gerd Von Runstedt. I then sent Art Cunningham, a West Virginian, back to locate Lt. Joseph E. Burke, our platoon officer. Lt. Burke came with Sgt. Al Manske and men from his squad. We now had ten men along with a tank and its crew. We followed the medic down a street for a block, right again for another block and then right to about the center of the next block. The medic pointed to a house and said the General was in it.

Lt. Burke had the tank crew stand by with its guns oriented on

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

the house. He told me to circle the men around the house. Lt. Burke went to the front door. A German officer answered the knock. Lt. Burke told him who he was. The officer answered that they knew we were coming but did not expect us until the next day. He said to Lt. Burke, "Come in, we are just finishing our meal."

Lt. Burke went into the house for what seemed like a half hour or more before he opened a side door near me. He handed me a bottle of Cognac and said that it was a compliment from the General. He said to take a drink and pass the bottle around.

I said, "Sir, what's going on in there?"

He said, "The General, his son, and others invited me to eat with them. As soon as we are finished, the General will get into his uniform. By now there should be a C.Q. set up. We will take him back for questioning."

It was dark and late. The cold rain had turned to light snow and the night was getting colder. I reached for that bottle of Cognac again. There was still something in it which I could not waste.

I do not know how late it was when the front door finally opened. A uniformed officer came out first. He went to the garage and backed out a black Mercedes. Lt. Burke came out with General Von Runstedt and his son. The General was walking with a cane and seemed unsteady. Two of my men bird-dogged the General. One found a pocket watch pinned to the small of his back and the other got his gas operated pistol. The General did not seem to appreciate this.

I opened the back door of the car to help the General in. I had never seen a car with doors as thick as these were.

We back tracked the way we had come. It seemed a long way. We were running to keep up with the car. When we reached the C.Q., the General got out with Lt. Burke. The Lt. then came back and said



WAR'S END, Kufstein, Austria, men of Co A 141st -from left, Delmar Knecht, Sgt. Mack, Pfc Cannon, Letho and Sgt. Henderson. Photo from Knecht's album.

THE CAPTURE OF VON RUNDSTEDT

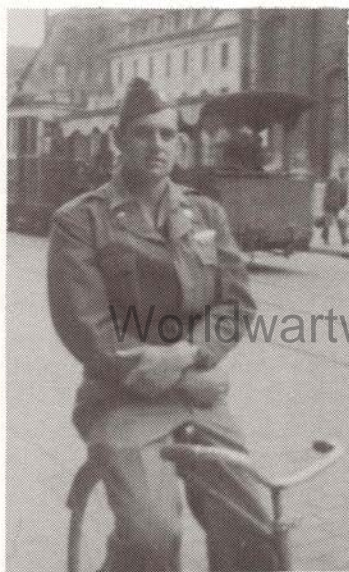
for me to take the men, clear a house, try to get something to eat, and get some rest as we would be pushing across the river at 3:00 a.m. He had a C.Q. orderly go with us so that they would know where we were.

We found a nice place, went in, and the orderly went back. There was a man, with his wife and daughter in the house. They begged us to let them stay. The women agreed to help us get something warm to eat and drink. The man was a dentist. He showed me his work area. He gave me a drink from a bottle of schnapps he'd just opened. By this time some of the other fellows had smelled this. They came in and also warmed up. We were all very tired. Most of us found beds or other places to rest.

The next thing I remembered was I was awakened by a squad member. He wanted to know what was going on as it was very bright and sunny. We later found out the C.Q. orderly did not remember what house we were in so the outfit pushed out and left us. Bad Tolz was full of troops by now. We hooked rides with others and late that night we caught up with our platoon.

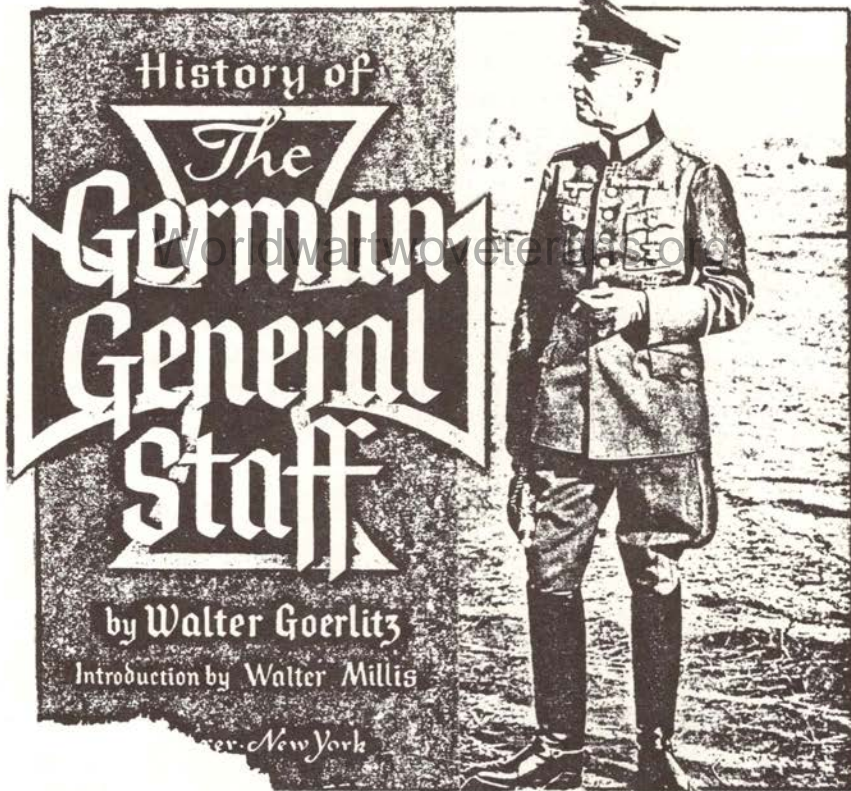
Delmar Knecht, 612 West St.,
Washington, IL 61571
(309) 444-2536

Co. A., 141st Infantry



Above-1945 Delmar Knecht on furlough at Nancy, France rest area . . . and a happy couple at Isle of Capri, Sept. 10, 1983 when a group of T-Patchers visited the Salerno beachhead on our 40th Anniversary of the invasion.

Von Rundstedt Was Last of the Junkers;
'Waging War' Was Their Business
For
Nearly Three-Hundred Years



In preparing for this story, after receiving Delmer Knecht's manuscript, we pulled out our old copy of *History of the German General Staff* by Walter Goerlitz. It was first published in US in 1953 by Frederick Praeger, Inc. We bought it then for \$7.50.

The German title—"Der Deutsche Generalstab" by Walter Goerlitz was printed by Verlag der Frankfurter Hefte, Frankfurt am Main in the late 1940's. I am sure its been out of print now for all these years, but if you can find a copy-latch on to it. It'll give you a better idea of "how and why" we have to fight so many wars, over the past 2000 years.

Shown here-is the text of the dust jacket, always a pretty good capsule of what the book is all about. I can only add this, "those militant bastards, really did have alot of class."

Von Rundstedt Was The Ablest General

To Understand The German Mind, This Book Will Give You A Clear Picture

The HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF is the first comprehensive history of the Prussian and later German General Staff from its earliest beginnings in the Thirty-year War to the German unconditional surrender in 1945. With the dawn of the industrial age, war is taken out of the hands of monarchs and aristocrats and is being directed by highly trained technical specialists who remain basically anonymous. During the first decades of its existence the German General Staff was led by idealists with constructive political conceptions and ethical and Christian mentality. The emergence of the anonymous technicians, whose political convictions were either non-existent or formed by military necessity or military ambitions, only served to aggravate an expansionist, adventurous and militaristic national temperament.

After the collapse of the second Reich, the German General Staff was surreptitiously resurrected, but remained basically anti-republican. The outstanding leader during the twenties, Seeckt, always maintained an icy reserve and contemptuous distance to the official government while he built his *imperium in imperio*.

Hitler's decision to force his country into a war which could not end well and his deep hostility towards the General Staff created the greatest tragedy in its history when most of its members were continually torn by the struggle between human, ethical and patriotic responsibilities on one side and by military obedience as exemplified in their military oath on the other side. The continual conflict ended in the attempt on Hitler's life and also in the complete destruction of the German General Staff by Hitler himself. Perhaps Hitler was able to destroy it because the modern German General Staff, with all its vaunted uniformity of purpose and action was subject to many different intellectual and political strains and tendencies. There were aloof and cold tech-

nicians, warm-hearted, emotional men with European conceptions, fanatical Nazis, gullible dupes, drill sergeant types and true idealistic aristocrats like Stauffenberg.

For Americans, civilians and soldiers alike, this is an important book. As Walter Millis, the military editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, states in his introduction, the German General Staff's "ultimate failure, like its early successes, is a subject peculiarly worthy of study, now that we stand in an even more perilously militarized age, making even more imperious demands upon us to find answers for the basic problems of military command and military policy in a free society . . . We have engaged ourselves to the remarkable experiment of NATO . . . and are trying to bring a new German army into it. Much of this latter problem turns upon the character and traditions of the German officer class—or what is left of it—and so gives this book an appositeness of another kind . . . The Great General Staff is dead, and no one can say that its answers for the central problems of military organization and command in a democratic-capitalistic society were the sound ones. But we can certainly profit by its example."

The author, one of the ablest among a group of young, liberal German historians who have come to the fore since the end of the war, has written a number of books dealing with great figures of German political and military history. Among his works are biographies of Von Stein, Wallenstein, and Stresemann. In Germany, his HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF, which is based on tremendous research in German and foreign sources and on many interviews with German generals and staff officers who survived World War II, is considered the standard work in the field.

LOOKING BACK AFTER 40 YEARS

EXPLOSION IN GERMANY

An attempt on Hitler's life opens the official argument on who is responsible for losing this war

A bomb exploded. All information about it issued from the Nazis but it seemed probable that it had exploded in Hitler's headquarters at Berchtesgaden on July 20. The Nazis gave details. Generals Günther Korten and Heinz Brandt of the air and army general staffs and Hitler's double, one Bergner, were killed. The plotters numbered "less than a dozen." The assassin, himself, Colonel Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, was executed at once. Col. General Ludwig Beck, 64, retired as chief of staff in 1938, committed suicide "in a sobbing fit." Infantry General Friedrich Olbricht, 56, a department chief at army headquarters on Berlin's Bendlerstrasse, had led the conspiracy, issuing false orders from headquarters. He had been shot in the courtyard outside his office. Col. General Erich Hoepner, 58, a general staff man, was awaiting sentence. This was the official Nazi story.

The explosion in the room led to a greater explosion that reverberated through all Europe. The Nazis seized total control of the Army. Göring was put in charge of the Reich. Goebbels was put in charge of the war effort. Himmler was put in charge of the home army. And the Nazi salute of outstretched arm was decreed as the official salute of the armed forces, replacing the old military salute.

It seemed unlikely that the top generals had plotted such a bungling attempt to seize power. There were two more plausible theories. The first was that Himmler's Gestapo had engineered the abortive attempt, to pave the way for the Gestapo's open seizure of the High Command. The second was that the real generals had arranged it for the same purpose—to bring before the German people the Nazi Party's interference with the strategy of the great General Staff.

The undeniable fact was that somebody had loused up Germany's war. The generals were already hard at work putting the blame on Hitler and reviving the mossy 1918 legend of "the unbeatable German Army" being stabbed in the back again by the politicians. In Moscow, 17 captured German generals signed a manifesto to the general effect that it was all Hitler's fault. One of them amplified this: "When Field Marshals Leeb, List, Rundstedt, Bock and Brauchitsch, Col. General Halder and many others attempted to point out these mistakes, Hitler dismissed them from their



Field Marshal von Rundstedt, despite his 68 years, is the ablest general. He delivered pay-off blows in Poland, France, Ukraine, was fired July 6, in Normandy.

This epic event took place July 20, 1944, two weeks after Hitler had fired Von Rundstedt of his command of the Normandy coastline defenses.

The story here is (reduced) reprint of LIFE Magazine story a few weeks after it happened.

VON RUNDSTEDT naturally was a suspect of the Prussian Generals attempt to eliminate Hitler.

Though at his age, I am sure he was not one of the plotters. Read on -



After explosion, Nazi reliables are (from left) Mussolini, Martin Bormann, Admiral Dönitz, Hitler, Göring, Fegelein and Col. General Loerzer. Herr Hitler supposedly covers hand wound.

posts. . . The young generals, however, such as Rommel, Dietl, Schoerner, Keitel and others who had not gone through a long military school failed to perceive these mistakes."

The smoke of the explosion in Germany rolled into the outside world as a black billow of rumor. It was said that the Gestapo had killed off von Rundstedt, von Bock, von Leeb, von Manstein, von Falkenhause, Kesselring, von Mackensen, von Schweppenburg, Fromm and decimated the monocolo patrons of the smart Hotel Adlof. There was no confirmation of any of this last week, though Nazi Robert Ley screamed "blue-blooded *schweinehund*" over the radio.

No matter how much Hitler distrusted the Prussian elite of the General Staff corps, Hitler had nobody else to run the war. SS generals were being installed last week over armies and corps, and Gestapo men were moving into army headquarters as "liaison officers."

But the Prussians still dominated the show. The cast of characters is shown on the opposite page. At the top are the "grand old men," of whom only Beck has so far been reported killed. In center are some of the Prussians still reported in command. At the bottom are the Nazi generals, who know how to fight savagely but not how to win battles.

Through the fog that enveloped Germany there presently came the banshee wail of Goebbels. ". . . The German Army now wants to be freed from the last meager leftovers of a reactionary backwardness. . . those persons who . . . never forgave the Führer because he has opened also to the sons of the people the road to the officers' career. . . In this fight the Führer is truly to be compared to the well-known Knight Against Death and the Devil, depicted by Albrecht

Dürer. . . Total war is the order of the hour. . . "

Germany was already on the receiving end of total war on the eastern front. In five weeks, the Russians had annihilated the German Fourth Army, smashed the Ninth and Sixteenth, swept over Brest-Litovsk, Bialystok, Lwow and were closing on Warsaw and Riga. Furthermore, though still fighting desperately, the German Army was reported to have lost its old flexibility and mobility and its alertness of leadership.



Goebbels sees Hitler as Albrecht Dürer's Knight, engraved in 1513, with the Knight between Death (left) and the Devil.

Germans laud officers behind 1944 bomb plot to assassinate Hitler

From wire reports

WEST BERLIN — Forty years ago Friday, a clique of German army officers sought to end World War II and restore democracy to their country by assassinating Adolf Hitler.

The time bomb that Count Claus von Stauffenberg planted in Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia killed four and injured dozens. But Hitler, shielded from the blast by a table, emerged from the rubble with only minor injuries. He reigned nine more months, in which 5,000 people were arrested and 200 executed, until he killed himself in April 1945 as the Allied armies approached Berlin.

West German leaders paid homage Friday to the conspirators.

"The 20th of July enabled us Germans to save our honor," Chancellor Helmut Kohl said in a nationally televised speech.

West Berlin Mayor Eberhard Diepgen praised those in the German resistance for what he called their "courage to act for freedom and conscience."

The pique and embarrassment many Germans felt at the exclusion of their country from this summer's D-day commemorations of Allies has been largely forgotten in their pride at the ceremonies honoring the conspirators against Hitler.

The anniversary is also marked by a re-examination of the Ger-

man resistance and a debate among the major political parties over which one more properly bears the legacy of the "good German."

The ruling Christian Democrats and the opposition Social Democrats both contend their forefathers agonized over questions of patriotism and loyalty to authority, then chose to risk their lives in waging a clandestine battle against the Nazis.

Most acts of defiance were quiet, individual responses to everyday excesses by the Nazis, but at no time was there a uniform resistance movement. As a result, much hostility dissipated into feelings of helplessness and resignation because of the Nazis' extraordinary grip on power.

The main political opposition groups, the Communists and the Social Democrats, were badly divided when the Nazis came to power in 1933. They erred tactically in challenging the Nazis through legal methods and only later, after their leadership was decimated by imprisonment and executions, tried to establish an underground resistance.

The churches sought to preserve their independence from politics and reacted to the evils of the Nazi regime too slowly.

The most significant resistance, culminating in the failed assassination plot, took root in the army.

JULY 20 1944 - A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED

20—A

Saturday, July 21, 1984, DALLAS TIMES HERALD



United Press International

Grandsons of leaders of the 1944 plot to assassinate Adolph Hitler carry wreath at memorial ceremony in Berlin Friday. Gottfried von Stauffenberg, right, is the grandson of Count Claus von Stauffenberg, and Franz von Schwerin's grandfather was Capt. Schwerin von Schwanefeld.

PVT. WILLIAM A. CRAWFORD

41 years after heroism, GI gets his recognition

By Sue McMillin
GT Staff Writer

Forty-one years ago, a 23-year-old Coloradan risked his life by single-handedly attacking three machine-gun posts to save his pinned-down Army company.

This morning, he was honored for that heroic deed.

Bill Crawford of Palmer Lake was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in May 1944, but it was never properly presented to him by a U.S. president.

During the Air Force Academy graduation ceremonies today in Falcon Stadium, President Reagan formally presented present the nation's highest military honor to Crawford.

"I've gone 40 years without having it presented, but we thought it would be stimulating to the cadets," he said. "Well, I'm kind of excited about it, too."

When Congress made the award in 1944, Crawford was listed as missing and the medal was awarded "posthumously" to his father. That presentation was made at Camp Carson (now Fort Carson) in July 1944.



Bill Crawford

Crawford was cited for heroic actions in September 1943, when he was a private with I Company of the 36th Infantry Division.

The unit was trying to take a hill in Italy when it was pinned down by enemy machine-gun



THANKS to Lee E. Beahler (111th Engrs), 3217 Gladiola Drive, Colorado Springs, CO 80907 for sending in newsclip of this event at Air Force Academy on May 30th commencement, with President Ronald Reagan making the presentation to Crawford.

CRAWFORD WAS FOURTH TO GET CMH AWARD

fire. Crawford moved up the hill alone under the hostile fire and took out a machine-gun post with a hand grenade.

As the unit moved up the hill, Crawford repeated his actions with two more machine guns posts.

Later in the war, he was listed as missing and believed dead.

Then the young soldier's name turned up on a list of Americans who were being held in German prison camps. When he was liberated, Crawford was more interested in getting home and out of the Army than in having the medal presented.

But a year and a half later, he returned to the Army, serving until his retirement in December 1967.

"I never thought about having it presented during those years," he said. "In 1958 I was a body bearer for the unknown soldier. Eisenhower was right there, so I guess I could have had it presented then."

Crawford said the idea for today's presentation came from someone in the Kiwanis Club,

MSG William A. Crawford was the 4th T-Patcher to be awarded the CMH (of the 15 total), and since he was 'declared dead,' this story was a revelation!

Old buddies of Co. H, 142nd may write to Crawford at Box 4, Palmer, CO 80133.

PS: Though this story did not appear in the D/FW area newspapers, SAM MILES sent in a clip of same story as from the Wheeling West VA Intelligencer. How Bout that?

Photo shown here at Baine les Baine Rest Camp, Feb. 1945, note that 'only' 5 CMHs had been awarded - Kelly, Logan, Bjorkland, Crawford and Wise. The other ten were not yet announced.



CRAWFORD

and "they've been working on it for months."

He was seated on the presidential platform during the graduation ceremonies. His wife, Virginia, and most of his family were among the spectators.

"I've got grandkids coming from far and wide," he said proudly. "Five are coming from Rocky Ford, and my daughter and son.

"But I think they're coming to see the president more than me," he added with a chuckle.



Del Kendall Remembers —

“She Was The Symbol of France”



Mama Jeanne Shows Her Colors



Mme. GASTON PIERRAT
known as “Mama Jeanne” to men
of 3rd platoon, A/T Co 143rd Inf.

When you think about it, all of us, during our combat days met up with some “furriner” who seemed very special to us and one we’ll never forget. Sure, you didn’t speak the same language but from the very first moment you met them you felt that very specialness, like you’d known them before in some other place in time. Let me tell you a little about Mama Jeanne cause she was really something.

She was a greyhaired widow woman in her late sixties, in that Fall of ’44. A solid figure, with twinkling eyes, looking out over gold rimmed glasses. The very picture of stability a no-nonsense sort, but with a great sense of humor; you were to discover later.

She earned her living, what little it was, by making lace in the kitchen of her small house, in back of which sat a well tended garden and a small rabbit hutch, with 3 rabbits, her sole possessions; that is,

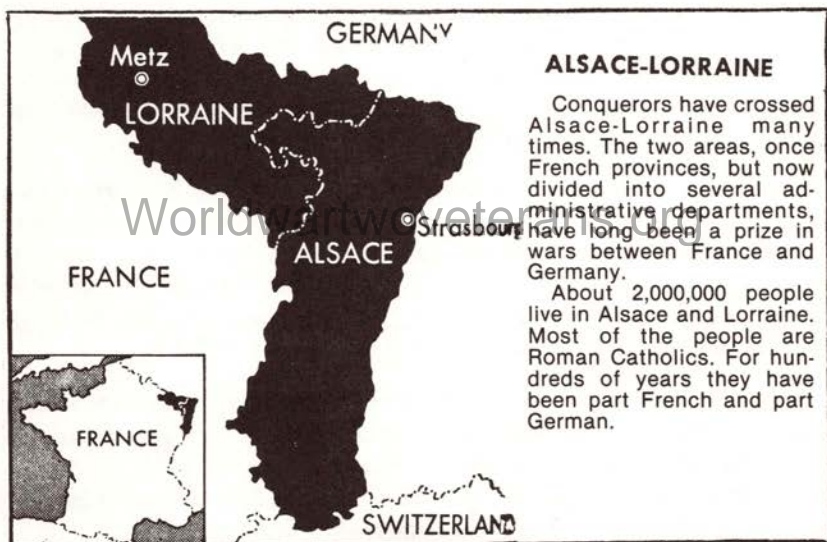
MAMA JEANNE, A HERO TO 143rd A/T MEN

if you didn't count the big pot of francs she had buried in her cabbage patch the night before the Nazis came to collect them. Nickel was a scarce metal in wartime. They left empty handed.

The Nazis already had her son, caught up one night as they gathered Sten guns floating down from an airdrop by a British Lysander as it passed overhead. There had been an informer in their midst. Later, the village baker had whispered to her. "It's true, your son was on that train, and it only goes to Dachau." He had been told this by a friend who knew a train guard on that very train. A one way ticket to Hell. A French resistance fighter's chances of survival, once caught before the D-Day landings, were small indeed.

Mama Jeanne, being a true Frenchwoman to the core, hated "le sal Boche," the dirty Germans, with all her heart and soul. What was a poor widow woman to do but survive, in these, all but impossible times. Her very neighbors, the shopkeepers next door, were out and out, Nazi lovers. She had to mind her tongue and wait, as the sound of the guns drew nearer.

It was late September of '44 in the Vosges, when your platoon wound its way down through the forested hills, in the pre-dawn darkness and patrolled into the small village of Fimenil. Several kilometers ahead lay Bruyeres, a road junction where the bloody battles to be, had not yet joined. You were to be a holding force and fire your fifties on the surrounding hills, when called on.



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There were several small firefights with burpguns answering back. A few stragglers were taken prisoner, and with dawns first light about breaking, the village was soon cleared. The enemy had decamped for Bruyeres. As you patrolled up the road a bit, a small house loomed up with a cellar door off the garden showing a glimmer of light.

As you approached, about to kick it in, the door slowly opened and a grey haired woman appeared. Your eyes searched the cellar below. The dim light shown on a huddle of frightened elderly people amidst a welter of mattresses, bundles of clothing, a couple of squalling babies and endless rows of home canned things from the garden.

For the first time the woman spoke, cautiously but with a firm voice, saying, "Le sal Moche partir. Pas soldat ici." Turning and waving her arm at those below, she continued. "Regardez vous M'sieur soldat, le Boche a Bruyeres oui, oui beaucoup Boche a Bruyeres." Waving her one hand like she had just burnt her fingers on a hot stove. She looked you in the eye as much as to say, what do we do now?

"The Dirty Swine..."

You and a couple men turned and hurried across the adjoining garden, up to the cellar door of a larger house, yards away. The old woman had followed you and stood beside you with broom in hand, as you banged on the door. No answer. She jabbered away excitedly, telling you what you figured out to mean. Yes, those people were in there alright. The dirty swine. Nazi lovers. Richest people in town, store owners who wouldn't even sell you kerosene for your one lamp at home. With jaws set and a look of pure rage in her eyes, the old woman now pounded at the door with both fists. She hollered "Come out of there, you pigs, informers. The Americans are here." The door slowly opened and a middle aged couple stood mute and slack jawed, glancing first at us, and then their neighbor, who now held the broom as tho she were cradling a Tommy gun in her arms.

Suddenly a great scream rent the air, as a couple of 88 shells slammed into the far end of the garden, sending everyone to their knees. As you looked around, sheer terror etched every face, as you awaited the next incoming round. All was quiet. The old woman now practically pounced on the couple, giving them a tongue lashing, that wouldn't quit. She had held her silence far too long.

The house was searched. The back rooms had been an Aid station. There was blood on the floor, some bandages and a rifle and bullets lay scattered about, forgotten in a hurried departure. A couple of pans held bloodied water. A clipboard held a listing of names under the heading LAZARETTE. You wondered if they made it.

MAMA JEANNE, A HERO TO 143rd A/T MEN



The striking relief of **La Marseillaise** on the Arc of Triomphe, Paris could very well be Mama Jeanne in another day and time in France's colorful history from the days to Joan of Arc . . . to the cruel days of occupation by the Nazis, and fini le bouche!

The old woman watched as the couple hurriedly packed a suitcase and fled down the road in the bright morning sun. A few more rounds slammed into the village and the couple took to the safety of a ditch. The old woman, with broom upended now, stood on the road and shouted to the fleeing couple. That was for you, from your friends, le sal Boche." She spat. Turning toward you, caught up in her own emotions she smiled and with tears of joy welling in her eyes, threw her arms out to you and shouted. "VIVE la AMERICAIN! VIVE la FRANCE." You knew now, who she was. The symbol of France.

MARIANNE, a woman always pictured as holding the French tricolors on high (in this instance a broom) leading her people to victory. By God it was her alright. She had fought the enemy and had won. That was Mama Jeanne. Rest her soul.



DEL KENDALL, the Ant-tanker 143rd of Muskegon, Michigan has been the most prolific contributor to the Quarterly since inception. He has sent in, and we have published 15 great narratives of 'life as it was' during the 36th's seven campaigns in Europe. "Mama Jeanne" has to be the best!

STALAG IIB



POW group gathers here to recall days in captivity

Ernie Alexander of Mineola
Hosts Men of Co H 143rd



By JIM PHILLIPS

Staff writer, Mineola Monitor
July 17, 1983

As a prisoner of war during World War II, Ernie Alexander may not have had time for a victory garden. But now the former school principal is a farmer and hosted a reunion for prisoners of war captured at Salerno, Italy last weekend.

About 18 World War II veterans and their wives met at Alexander's farm east of Mineola in pastoral Texas. Most of the men from Company H, 143rd Infantry, 36th Division. Others were friends and veterans.

Alexander and others had prepared food for the luncheon which included a short meeting.

Several of the men were from around Mineola. According to Acie Logan of Grand Saline "we spent 19 months in the prison."

"I sure was going to try to survive, some of us worked on a farm," he said, "and we got some potatoes."

Logan lived in Quitman at the time

"Most of the time we felt sure we would be released but there were always doubts. We didn't know what the Germans might do."

Ernie Alexander

of his enlistment. "I went overseas in April '43 and we were captured at Salerno, Italy," he said. "I stayed in Italy about a month in the hospital. The others had gone to Germany already," Logan added.

"When the Russians broke through in '45 they moved us from one camp to the next," Wilbur Siau of Newton, Tex. said. "One day I woke up and two Germans said the war was over," Siau said. "Our forces liberated us and we landed in the states a few weeks later, he explained.

They reminisced before the luncheon and Siau assigned himself to "K.P." and served the stew.

ERNIE ALEXANDER HOSTS MEN of H 143rd



WORLD WAR II VETERANS-These World War II veterans met at the home of Ernie Alexander, east of Mineola, on Saturday. Many of them were prisoners of war together. This was their second reunion since the war. Pictured above are (seated): Wilbur Siau, Doyle Singleton, Robert Higgins, Nelson Miller, and D.L. Rogers; (middle row) Leroy Williamson, Acie Logan, Chet Philbrook, Hank Robinson, Bill Meyer, and Keith Stone; and (back row) Robert Marek, Charles Schmelz, Hardy Beavers, Grady Tice, and John Polak. Others attending the reunion were Ernie Alexander, Cliff Beckwith, and Grady Barnett.

"Last year, Ernie fed us rutabagas and we' all had to eat one," Siau said. "We had to eat a lot of those to was originally from Galveston as a national guard unit," he said.

Siau, a supply sergeant, said the company went from Brownwood to Camp Blanding, Fla. "From there we were transferred to Camp Edwards, Mass." he said.

"In April '43 we sailed for Africa," he said, "and it looked like opening a history book." "There were jungles, grape vineyards and Arabs," said Siau. "Then we sailed across the Mediterranean to Italy for the invasion," he explained.

Some of us were captured near a river in Italy, he said. "They carried us to Rome for a couple of days before taking us to Stalag IIB," Siau

explained.

"About the only way we were mistreated was there wasn't much to eat," Siau said. "You had to survive though," he added.

After the liberation, we were stationed at Camp Kilmer, N.J., he said. "All of us Texas boys were discharged from San Antonio. I was in the service about four years and seven months," he said.

"I had married in December '41 to Maxine. During my internment she received word that I was missing in action and later heard that I was a prisoner of war. Of course, the wives have a story of their own to tell" Siau recalled.

"Our first get together was last year," Alexander said. "I kept in touch with several guys," he said.

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"Some of the guys hadn't seen each other since the war," he explained. "There were approximately 230 men in Company H, but many have died since then."

"We were captured about five days after the invasion. We thought it was rough until we talked to some boys who had been imprisoned in the Philippines," Alexander said.

"Mostly we were bored. The Red Cross sent food, athletic equipment, books and musical instruments to us during our internment," he explained.

However, they did survive with the help of "American ingenuity." "We organized card games and baseball games. We even had the National and American Leagues and a World Series," he said.

"Some of the POWs staged shows in a theater for us. The only actors we had were prisoners," he explained. "Some of them were good and devised costumes," he said. The veteran laughed and then admitted

those costumes were somewhat below Hollywood standards.

"Most of the time we felt sure we would be released but there were always doubts. We didn't know what the Germans might do," Alexander said.

Attending the reunion were: Wilbur Siau, Doyle Singleton, Robert Higgins, Nelson Miller, D.L. Rogers, Leroy Williams, Acie Logan, Chet Philbrook, Hank Robinson, Bill Meyer, Keith Stone, Ernie Alexander, Robert Marek, Charles Schmelz, Hardy Beavers, Grady Tice, John Polak, Grady Barnett and Cliff Beckwith, a survivor of the Bataan death march.

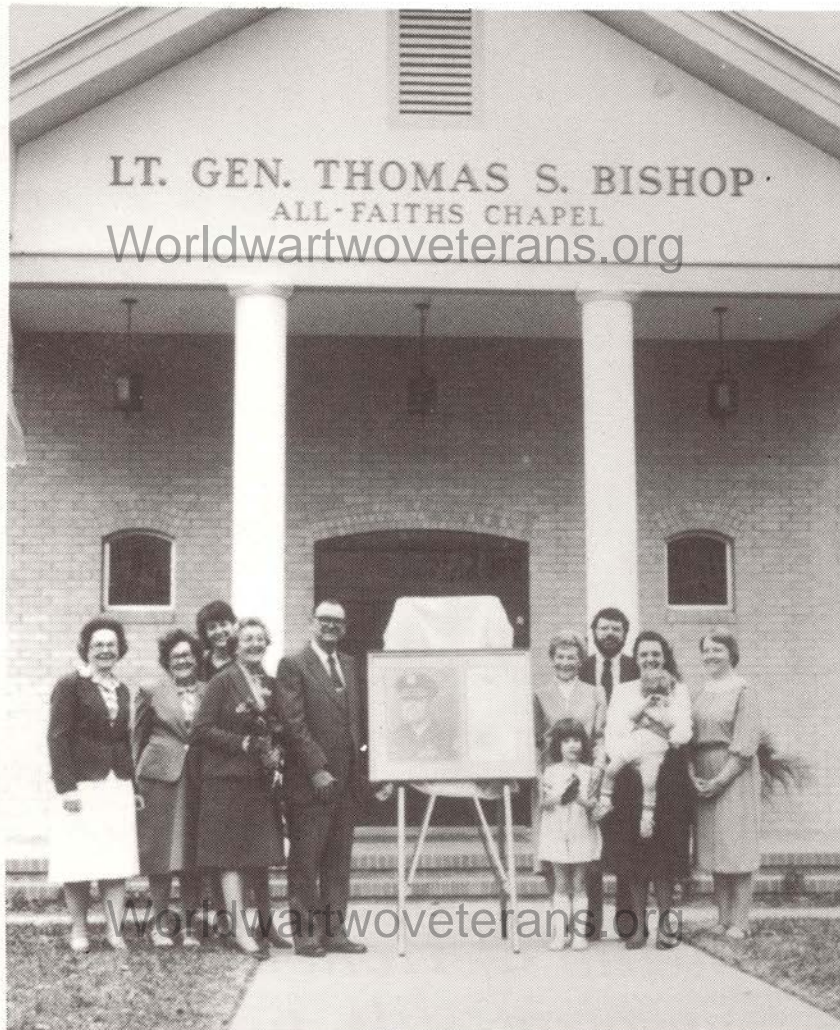
"Towards the end we became kind of anxious," he admitted. "Near the end all the days were anxiety filled," he said. "We'll have another reunion next year if possible," Alexander said, "we just take things one day at a time."



THEN & NOW... Ernie E. Alexander, Co H 143rd shown above at the lister bag in North Africa, 1943. Here's Ernie relaxing at his farm up the road from Mineola (Wood County) near county seat of Quitman, says he will again entertain his old buddies in July 1984. Write to E.E. Alexander, P.O. Box 427, Mineola, TX 75773. Phone (214) 569-5900.

T-PATCHER NEWSMAKER

Camp Mabry Chapel Named In Honor of Former T-Patcher Lt. Gen. Thomas S. Bishop



DESIGNATION—The Texas Guard All-Faiths Chapel at Camp Mabry has been designated the Lt. Gen. Thomas S. Bishop All-Faiths Chapel to honor the long-serving former Texas Adjutant General who was instrumental in creation of the facility. The ceremony was conducted in early April while members of Gen. Bishop's family joined the well-attended affair.

The above photo and story appeared in the June 1984 issue of NGAT NEWS (Natl. Guard Assn. of Texas)

SALEDNO THE TEXAS TYPHOON AT... SALERINO



JAMES M. LOGAN

Medal of Honor heroism still bright

JIM LOGAN is still a topic of conversation in East Texas, around the Kilgore area where he is a living legend. Jimmy Brown of Gladewater, Mirrow served in Italy (not with 36th) and he knew many stores about Logan...and reprinted here is his tribute to a great hero and CMH winner.

“THE TEXAS TYPHOON”

THE GLADEWATER MIRROR

Sunday, May 13, 1984

By JIMMY BROWN

KILGORE — Living legends are hard to come by these days, especially those whose deeds of valor on foreign battlefields 40 years ago border on the incredible.

Indeed, the citation for action “above and beyond the call of duty” that won James M. “Jim” Logan of Kilgore a Congressional Medal of Honor and a Distinguished Service Cross — the highest and second highest decorations his country can bestow — read like a Hollywood scenario.

Logan was only one of two servicemen to win both medals during World War II. Now 63 and suffering from a heart ailment and diabetes, he is still active at times on his Rusk County farm.

Logan also won the Bronze Star and Purple Heart during the desperate fighting in the Italian campaign. His unit also won two Presidential Unit Citations.

Logan was a member of Texas famed 36th “T Patch” Infantry Division, a National Guard division called to federal service on Nov. 25, 1940. The 36th, possibly the best National Guard infantry division of that era later won undying glory and 366 days of battle honors in Italy, France, Germany and Austria.

By the time the war was over, the 36th had no less than 15 Medals of Honor, most of them awarded posthumously.



Jim Logan as pictured in LIFE Magazine story at an oil rig near Kilgore, 1946.

The division in 19 months of combat, five major campaigns and two amphibious assaults suffered 3,974 killed in action, 19,052 wounded and 4,317 missing in action. The 36th captured 175,806 enemy soldiers and destroyed untold amounts of enemy weapons and materiel.

The 36th Division suffered heavy casualties in one of the Italian campaign's most spectacular failures, the still controversial Rapido River crossing. Ordered across the swollen river, the 36th suffered 1,681 dead and wounded in the agonizing three day ordeal.

The river crossing area was heavily defended by the Germans. Gen. Mark Clark, commanding the 5th U.S. Army ordered the crossing against the advice of 36th Division staff of-

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ficers. Many in the 36th remained bitter about the fiasco.

Oddly enough, Logan had been injured and did not take part in the crossing. He said he talked with many in his outfit who did and told him of the operation. He said some units were virtually wiped out.

Later, the 36th was among the units taking part in the invasion of Southern France. Logan left for the U.S. before this operation took place.

Logan won his Medal of Honor at one of the war's bloodiest actions as a private in Company I, 3rd Battalion, 141st Infantry Regiment. The unit was one of the first wave assault units to hit the beach at Salerno on Sept. 9, 1943.

The big brass apparently conceived the action as a "surprise" for the well equipped crack German army divisions commanded by the brilliant Field Marshal Albert "Smiling Albert" Kesselring.

As it turned out, the only ones surprised were troops of the 36th. The assault units hit the beach amid a rain of well directed artillery fire.

As part of the surprise, there was no allied artillery or bombing preparation. The Germans were well dug in with clear fields of fire, said Logan.

It was the first real action for the 36th, long in training. The division got properly bloodied at Salerno.

"There was no preparation shelling by us," recalled Logan. It was supposed to be a surprise. It was us who were surprised," he said.

The official record of Salerno speaks rather bluntly of the

operation. It was the first such amphibious operation ever for the 36th and it very nearly failed disastrously.

The well positioned and equipped Germans poured accurate fire into the landing craft and troops wading to the shell churned beach.

Private Logan and his buddies of the assault wave took a terrible pounding but managed to make their way to some cover in the beach area.

"It was strictly against infantry. The Germans had tanks. We didn't," he said.

Logan speaks matter-of-factly about his part of the action. He said the confusion of battle didn't help the assault force.

"We held the beach until we were relieved," said Logan in a masterly understatement.

The official citation for his CMH seems inadequate for his action:

"As a rifleman on Company I, 141st Infantry, Sergeant (then private) Logan landed with the first wave of the assault echelon on the beaches of the Gulf of Salerno and after Company I had advanced 800 yards inland and taken positions along the forward bank of an irrigation canal, the enemy began a serious counterattack from positions along a rock wall which ran parallel with the canal about 200 yards further inland.

"Voluntarily exposing himself to the fire of a machine gun located along the rock wall, which sprayed the ground so close to him that he was splattered with dirt and rock splinters from the impact of the bullets, Sgt. Logan killed the

“THE TEXAS TYPHOON”



first three Germans as they came through a gap in the wall. He then attacked the machine gun. As he dashed across the 200 yards of exposed terrain a withering stream of fire followed his advance. Reaching the wall, he crawled along the base, within easy reach of the enemy crouched along the opposite side, until he reached the gun.

“Jumping up, he shot the two gunners down, hurdled the wall and seized the gun. Swinging it around, he immediately opened fire on the enemy with the remaining ammunition, raking their flight and inflicting casualties on them as they fled.

“After smashing the machine gun over the rocks, Sgt. (then private) Logan captured an enemy officer and a private who were attempting to sneak away.”

This incredible action was followed later that same morning by another feat of bravery when Logan went after a hidden sniper. He again ran across a bullet-swept area, reached the building and shot the lock off the door.

Kicking open the door, he shot the sniper who had reached the bottom of the stairs.

Some 40 years later, Logan remembers the tension and confusion of that day very well but seems to consider his actions no more than expected of combat soldiers in any given battle.

Musing on his Salerno action, he recalled the words the captured German officer said to him.

“He asked me, ‘How can you fight an enemy who doesn't know he is whipped?’”

Logan won his DSC at Velletri, on the road to Rome. The place was the last major barrier to the capture of Rome and the Germans fought fiercely with everything they had.

He quietly described his action at Velletri as one that gave his unit time to dig in. He said the unit was under attack from an elite SS paratroop unit and were pinned down.

Grabbing a Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) he simply attacked the attackers, putting them to flight and in effect saving the day for the 141st.

“There was no bravery. I just had to buy time for my men to dig in,” he said.

He stayed with his unit in the fighting and was hit by a shell fragment in June, 1944 just north of Rome in an action in which he was carrying a badly wounded man to the rear.

Before he left for the U.S. in September, 1944 and war bond drive duty, the Italian government awarded him its Cross of Valor.

Logan feels what he did was necessary at the time and has no regrets. He said he was simply a boy from Luling, Texas who joined his hometown National Guard unit and did his duty.

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He was elected to the Texas National Guard Hall of Honor some 18 months ago — another signal honor.

"I'm proud of my medals but I don't care about showing them," he said.

Logan received much attention from the media and public at the time. He left the Army in 1945 and quietly went back to work as a roughneck in the East

Texas oil field. He retired from Exxon some years ago.

Logan's matter-of-fact heroism as an ordinary footslogging, rifle-toting GI infantryman still shines brightly even after 40 years and into an era when cynicism seems to outshout heroism; when love of country was a virtue and not a fault.

The Dallas Morning News

Hottest GI To Push Off War Loan



JERRY KILLER AND BOSS—On hand for the opening of Dallas' Sixth War Loan next Saturday will be Lt. Col. H. Miller Ainsworth, left, and T-Sgt. James M. Logan of Luling—the 23-year-old Texas typhoon who is one of two men in this war to win both the Congressional Medal of Honor and the DSC, the nation's two highest awards for bravery. Both Colonel Ainsworth and Sergeant Logan are from the famed 36th Division.



The late Miller Ainsworth, a banker-landbaron of Luling was so proud of the action displayed by Logan, a hometown boy, that he personally joined him in all his war bond drive tours. The caption above, "HOTTEST GI" was most appropriate, because he was - just that - hot!

“THE TEXAS TYPHOON”



TEMPLE DAILY TELEGRAM, TEMPLE, TEXAS

SALERNO HERO REASSIGNED—
T-Sgt. James M. Logan of Luling, Tex., who wears the Congressional Medal of Honor for his conduct in action at the Salerno landing in Italy with the 36th division, has been reassigned to the 4830th unit, a new military police training school under the command of Southern Personnel Reassignment center, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Logan, 23, killed three Germans

with three shots, then killed a sniper after racing 200 yards across open terrain and breaking into a house. Here he is shown with Lt. Col. H. M. Ainsworth, executive officer of the Southern Personnel reassignment center. Ainsworth is also from Luling, and like Logan is a veteran of the 36th division's Italian fighting. Ainsworth was a regimental executive officer in the 36th division.

YOU may have forgotten, but **Jim Logan and Audie Murphy**... are the **ONLY TWO** men who won both the Congressional Medal of Honor - and the DSC (Distinguished Service Cross) in the entire spectrum of World War II.

WHY, well this honor is given to a few whom do something heroic which is worthy of getting an Oak Leaf Cluster. But, the War Department does not give a cluster for CMH. Therefore the DSC is proper compensation, as it is the Number Two highest Award.

So when you add it up- Audie of the 3rd Division and Logan of the 36th will go down in the history books as the real STARS of WWII. This makes every man in the Texas 36th VERY PROUD because both of these great men --- were TEXANS!!!

“Colonel Andy”



APRIL 15, 1944 - was taken on Andy Price's arrival back to the states at Charleston SC (note identification badge) before being sent to McCloskey General Hospital at Temple, Texas for additional treatment for his wounds. (This is the BEST of all the XXXX photos of Andy in his scrapbook and files). He was 42 years old at this time.

PROFILE

Andrew F. Price 1900-1972

This story about a fine soldier, civic leader and a great American is pieced together from files and scrapbook that was recorded by his first wife, and it has been officially passed on to the 36th Division Association Archives. After his wife died, Andy re-married and this RARE material was given to us by his widow, because she knew it would be used, protected and be available for posterity. This is true.

ALL his papers, stories etc. are catalogued and ready for a permanent place (when it is decided).

Colonel Andy spread the word about the valiant T-Patchers at Salerno, Rapido, Cassino to local media and several are reproduced here and following pages.

Colonel Price, Back From Italy, Praises Infantry

Lt. Col. Andrew F. Price, executive officer of the 141st Infantry, 36th Division, paid tribute to the infantryman Tuesday afternoon when he arrived home, 4806 Bryce, on a 30-day sick leave from McCloskey General Hospital at Temple.

"I wish there was some way," he said, "to give the infantry soldier the recognition and praise that is rightfully due him."

"He sleeps in a foxhole, generally muddy, exposed to the elements and to all the weapons the enemy has. If he gets four or five hours of interrupted sleep a night, he's lucky.

"A can of warm C rations is like a Christmas dinner to him. A drink of water is a blessing.

"He's damn lucky to be alive.

"It's a scratching, clawing, bayonet, trench knife proposition.

"He's hungry, cold, wet, miserable—yes, and scared, but you can't take a piece of ground without him.

"I don't want to detract from anybody else's glory, but you can't win a war without the infantry."

Colonel Price, former Fort Worth insurance man, is convalescing from shrapnel wounds suffered last Feb. 13, when a German shell struck a forward command post near Cassino. The shell

blast killed his regimental commander and severely wounded two enlisted men.

He expects to be on limited service for several months and then hopes to get back into overseas action.

Executive Officer With 36th Division In Italy Enlisted at 15 During World War I

Col. Price, Now 42,
Observed 16th, 17th
Birthdays Overseas

A Fort Worth, who served overseas in the last World War at the age of 16, is playing a major role in this war as an executive officer in the 36th (Texas) Division, now hammering with other divisions of the Fifth Army, almost within reach of the walls of Rome.

He is Lt. Col. Andrew Price, an insurance man in civilian life, whose wife resides at 4806 Bryce.

15-Year-Old Soldier

Colonel Price, whose military life began with an attempted enlistment at the age of 15, is only 42 now, young enough to stay close to his men as they traverse the often boggy and mountainous terrain in Italy.

His letters to Mrs. Price are filled with praise for the members of the 36th Division, "the finest soldiers on earth." In some of his most recent letters, written on Jan. 8, the officer wrote:

"The men in this division have again covered themselves with glory. They are as gallant and as brave as any men who ever lived. They have done Texas proud."

The 36th Division originally was made up entirely of Texas National Guardsmen, but replacements have been added from other parts of the country.

36th Still 'Texas'

"In a letter I received from the adjutant," Mrs. Price said, "he called himself a 'Pennsylvania Texan.'"

Her husband, a born military leader, must have been only 15 years old when during the last war he and a couple of the other students at Central High School en-



Lt. Col. Price

Members of Texas Division Called 'Finest Soldiers'

listed as buglers at old Camp Bowie, then located here. That enlistment was short-lived, however, for when his mother discovered what he had done, she obtained his release and started him back to school.

Shortly thereafter, Price enlisted in the Marines at El Paso. He observed his 16th and 17th birthdays in France, serving with the Allied Army of Occupation. When that policing group was removed, Price was still young enough to return and finish school at old Central High.

Doughboys and Bayonets Only Road to Victory In Italy, Says 36th Colonel

Texas Officer, Wounded and Sent to McCloskey, Says We Have More of a Fight at Anzio Beachhead Than People Think; Tells Gripping Story of Heavy Losses, Fierce Battles

Lieut. Col. Andy Price of Fort Worth, executive officer of the 141st infantry, 36th division, who was one of the 60 wounded veterans arriving at McCloskey General hospital at Temple this week, was quoted by The Associated Press Monday as saying: "We have more of a fight on the Italian beachheads than most folks think, and the only

man who's going to get that country is the doughboy, and he's going to have to go in and plant his bayonet there and hold it. Nobody else can do it."

Colonel Price and Colonel James C. Styron of Hobart, Okla., chief of staff of the 45th division, who left the Anzio beachhead Feb. 10, described the beachhead fighting as the toughest of the war for the 15th, and 36th's Salerno invasion as a "picnic compared to what happened later."

On the beachhead at Anzio, level and under constant fire, casualties are heavy, and the Germans "see every move you make and lay it on you," said Colonel Styron.

Sunday School Picnic

"When we hit Salerno beach Sept. 9 we didn't think it could be worse, but it was a Sunday school picnic compared to what happened later," said Colonel Price.

That later fighting included a bloody drive at the Rapidio river in which two battalion commanders, their staffs, and all their company commanders were killed, and constant attacking at Cassino.

Also in the group who reached McCloskey hospital was Pvt. Edward E. Elliott of Temple, wounded at Cassino Feb. 12, who said that his infantry outfit of the 36th had moved only recently into the Anzio beachhead as relief forces.

A Close Shave

On Feb. 12 Colonel Price came as close to death as a man ever will come. He was standing during an artillery barrage in a doorway of a building near Cassino, handing a cigar to his regimental commander

as the regiment was launching an attack on the Cassino monastery.

A shell exploded nearby, killing the regimental commander and badly wounding two enlisted men standing back of the two officers. Colonel Price, receiving three shell fragments in each leg, came out with minor injuries.

One impressive sight Colonel Price recalled was that of a Mexican fighting on the other side of the Rapidio river.

"I'll never forget a Mexican soldier who had one foot blown off on the other side of the Rapidio. He kept shooting Germans until his ammunition was gone, then he used his bayonet and left it in a German, and then the crawled up on the sentry, got him down and cut his throat. And he swam the river and got back to our lines.

"A Lieutenant Davey (now captain) took 12 men 600 yards beyond the river and brought them back safely. They threw a wire across the river to help them across. They came back without any clothes at all.

"On Feb. 1 the New Zealanders took over the Rapidio sector and we moved over to Cassino to attack the monastery. The First and Third battalions made the first attack and it took them 12 hours to climb the mountain. One company was wiped out.

"On a hill we held facing the monastery we killed Germans until we were relieved.

April 1944

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



THE EARLY DAYS at Camp Bowie 1942 - Here's Colonel Nat S. Perrine (of 35th in WWI) going over a map situation with (then) Captain Andrew F. Price. Photo from the master scrapbook compiled by Andy's first wife.

We knew that Andy Price had many friends in the Staff section of the 36th, and we asked C. N. Red Morgan to say a few words about Colonel Andy:

Dear Editor: I was associated with Col. Price many times. When, the then, Captain Price was promoted to Major, it was on his recommendation that I succeeded him as Adjutant of the 142nd Inf. in 1941. He had the office well organized and I contacted him often. He was a patient and capable instructor. Later he went to the 141st with Col. Nat Perrine. In Africa, I went to the line. I was later transferred to the 141st Inf. on the Rapido River and again became associated with Col. Price. I have a great admiration for this man.

"Col. Andy Price, a leader of men, was one of the finest officers I have ever met. He was a big man physically and mentally. There was an air of confidence and stability about this man that enabled him to bring out the best in individuals with whom he came in contact. His way of exercising command was unique. Orders were given or passed on a quiet spoken manner. Col. Andy Price never pressed the panic button. When others pressed the button, he remained cool, calm and collected."

"COLONEL ANDY,"



ITALIAN MAYOR WELCOMES TEXAN LIBERATORS - This photo was taken and released by P.W.B. and appeared in the 5th Army area and then released to wire services in the United States. The name of the town was not given due to the early days tight security on locations of troops, etc.



Lieut. Col. Andy F. Price, Fort Worth, Texas, points to a hole in the helmet of Capt. Howard Elt (left), Moscow, Pa., which was pierced by a German bullet during the fighting in Italy. Elt escaped with a grazed scalp.

'Our Boys Fought (Before Cassino) Until Last Bullet,' Says Colonel Andrew Price

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY BEFORE CASSINO, Jan. 25. (L.P.) Swimming and forming human chains, American troops retreated across the Rapido River last night under murderous German mortar and machine gun fire.

Today, (last Sunday) stragglers still were sliding down the rocky banks and trying to swim the swift-flowing icy-cold stream where the Americans established their bridgehead Friday night.

Some of them didn't make it.

The American troops retreated only after their ammunition and food supplies were exhausted and after a series of violent counterattacks by fresh German troops had splintered the thin American line.

Today, although the Americans' gallant effort didn't net any territorial gains, they received commendation for diverting German strength from western Italy where the Allies landed behind German main strength.

Those Americans who returned told a grim story of their retreat.

"Our boys fought until they didn't have a bullet to shoot," Lt. Col. Andrew Price, of Fort Worth, now a divisional executive officer, said.

"We couldn't get them ammunition or food, because German guns would have got three out of every four men we would have sent across the river, because of mines and interlacing fire. We lost three-fourths of our boats crossing over and had to leave all the equipment we took with us.

"Yesterday, the Germans kept shouting in perfect English: 'Major Brown says to surrender.' We didn't have any Major Brown."

Staff Sgt. William Weber, of St. Mary's, Pa., told of tying a telephone wire around one of the best

swimmers in an attempt to throw a line across the river.

"We had to pull him back," Weber said. "Then I tied a wire to a pick and threw it across the 50 feet of water until it stuck behind some rocks. Then seven of us went across."

Sgt. Frank Schickner, of Baltimore, Md., said he was one of 12 soldiers who crossed the river by forming a human chain.

Capt. William Kaupert, of San Antonio, swam the river.

"Just as I was about to dive in," he related, "a big German sitting nonchalantly on the bank only 50 yards away yelled:

"Hey, Yank, don't you want to surrender?"

"I dived into the water. Later I learned that he asked others to surrender—but he never killed them, although he had a tommy-gun."



The rare photo of Andy, with his ever present cigar was on a Christmas card to him from "Dick" (no other info) who obviously is the Captain in front, says: "Merry Xmas, Andy, may you be as beloved and happy now as you were then." ANYONE in the 141st recognize this man, Dick??

A CLUSTER FOR SILVER STAR

C I T A T I O N

ANDREW F. PRICE, Lieutenant Colonel, O218892, 141st Infantry, for gallantry in action on 22 January 1944 in the vicinity of San Angelo in Teodice, Italy. During the bitterly opposed crossing of the Rapido River, Colonel Price, Regimental Executive Officer, went forward to inspect the dispositions and arrangements of the 2nd and 3rd battalions which were reorganizing under heavy enemy artillery, mortar and small arms fire. With utter disregard for his personal safety, he advanced through areas under intense enemy artillery, and mortar fire. Although constantly exposed to heavy enemy artillery fire, he remained at the battalion command posts over an hour transmitting the orders of the regimental command for fortification and continuation of the attack and checking the dispositions and arrangements of the battalions. By his calm assurance and with utter disregard for his own safety Colonel Price inspired the Battalion Commanders and their staffs to increase their efforts to complete plans in order to continue the attack. His gallant action reflects great credit upon himself and upon the Armed Forces of the United States. Entered the service from Fort Worth, Texas.

Colonel Price Recipient of Italian Medal

Lt. Col. Andrew F. Price, United States Army, retired, was the surprised recipient of another medal for his heroic achievements executive officer of the 141st Infantry Regiment of the 36th Division fighting in Italy. Saturday when the War Department forwarded him the Cross of Knight Commander in the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The medal was awarded Colonel Price by the Italian government for his actions during the 48 continuous days and nights his regiment was fighting at Mount Lungo during November and December, 1943.

The medal is worn around the neck on a red and white striped ribbon and is centered by the Italian crown on a blue circle.

Gold filagree connects the crown with four white enameled leaves that form the outside of the medal. The ribbon, worn on the uniform in lieu of the medal, is red and white with a tiny gold crown in the center.

Accompanying the medal was a letter to Price from the First General to His Royal Highness the Lt. General of the Realm, Adolfo Infante, in Italian. Translated, the letter read, "His Royal Highness, desirous of expressing his high esteem of the good performed by you in the capacity of executive officer of the 141st Infantry Regiment during action on Mount Lungo, is pleased to confer upon you, of his own free will, the Cross of Knight Commander in the Order of the Crown of Italy."

General Infante expressed his happiness at conveying the honor upon "Ten. Colonello Price" and said that the Magistrale Diploma will be forwarded to Price as soon as it is received from the Grand Magistrate.

A Tireless Civic Booster and Fund Raiser



GOLD STAR GIFT—Mrs. W. W. Ashing, mother of the first Fort Worth man to lose his life in World War II, presents a bond for Veterans Memorial campaign to Col. Andrew F. Price, chairman of the drive.

Mother Whose Son Died In First Battle Makes Gift

The mother of the first Fort Worth man to lose his life in World War II today appealed to the people of the city not to "let down the boys who didn't come back," as she contributed a \$25 bond to the \$500,000 Veterans Memorial fund.

"If people would only stop and consider what this memorial building stands for in honoring those who were killed and those who came back, they would certainly do their part in supporting the memorial," Mrs. W. W. Ashing, 1608 E. Cannon, said.

Her son, Carl Blake Ashing, fire controlman 3-c, was killed at his post on the destroyer Pillsbury in Manila harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, by Jap machine gun fire from strafing planes. He is buried in a military cemetery on Luzon.

"I don't think we can really do enough for the men and women who made sacrifices for us," Mrs. Ashing stated. "But I think we can do something to show our appreciation. And the Veterans Memorial Building, it seems to me, is the best way we can do this.

"COLONEL ANDY,"



VETERANS MEMORIAL—Andrew F. Price, left; T. J. Harrell, center, and Marshall Kennady, leaders of the \$500,000 campaign to erect a memorial to Tarrant County war dead, talk things over at the large company division dinner —Staff Photo.

Stirring Appeals Mark Memorial Fund Meeting

An overflow crowd of more than 700 representatives of the city's 100 largest business firms and 28 veterans organizations and auxiliaries at Hotel Texas Crystal Ballroom Tuesday night was stirred by two appeals to raise \$500,000, for a memorial to Tarrant County's dead of all wars.

T. J. Harrell, former mayor of Fort Worth and general chairman of the campaign, and Andrew F. Price, chairman of the large company division of the drive, both veterans, drove home their points justifying the memorial with a sincerity that bespoke their own emotions.

Price, who as an Army colonel commanded a regiment in the 36th Division, described the heroism and devotion to duty of the men under his command into the fight-

preceding and following the ill-fated Rapido River crossing in Italy.

"I want to see the names of the gallant dead inscribed on the walls of the chapel in the Veterans Memorial Building," Price declared. "I want to see the names of Sgt. William Tucker, Sgt. Pappy Matthews and Capt. Lucky Barnett, all Fort Worth boys, who died heroically in Italy. I want to see their names in that chapel."

Want a Living Memorial.
Harrell opened his talk by announcing that 76 per cent of the employes of Trader's Oil Mill Company have already raised 125 per cent of their campaign quota of \$1,000. He is president of the company.

Harrell also announced that Governor Jester would speak here June 11 at the kick-off dinner of the general solicitation phase of the campaign which ends July 4.

BRECKENRIDGE AMERICAN—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1960



Tribute Paid To Living And Dead

New friends are the silver of our lives and old friends are the gold — more precious than real gold, Col. Andrew F. Price of Fort Worth, first personnel officer of the 142nd Infantry, told members of Company L at reunion assembly Sunday morning.

Introduced by Robert E. Mehaffey Jr., the colonel, speaking briefly, said that "some of the finest soldiers I ever knew came from Company L. It is a wonderful thing to have this reunion for you just do not have any other kind of friends like these."

The assembly was called to order by President Buck Sheppard, who said he had spent the lastest three days of his life in this reun-

ion. Rev. Alan C. Lynch delivered the invocation.

Mayor Ted Brown welcomed those attending the meeting, pointing out that a large number came many miles to attend. Response to the welcome was made by Frank C. Coker, first combat commander of the company, who declared the response to the reunion had been wonderful and praised Breckenridge in high terms for the hospitality shown the visiting veterans, as did many others in impromptu talks later in the meeting.

A memorial service was then held. Charles Groseclose, who was company commander Nov. 25, 1940 when the company was mobilized,

PHOTO above: Robert E. Mehaffey knew what to do when he wanted a great speaker for the Co. L 142nd for their first reunion, Nov. 13, 1960... he asked "Colonel Andy" to show, and he did just that, cause he was a real pro at that. Buck Sheppard was their president, but Bob Mehaffey was in charge of arrangements. As a former member of Co. L 142nd, what could be better than Andy Price?

"COLONEL ANDY,"



RETIREMENT AFTER 46 YEARS . . . Col. Andrew F. Price is shown here receiving a silver tray from Don L. Sarno, Vice-President and director of Agencies, State Life of Indiana, for 46 years service with that Insurance Company. Col. Price, 2912 Owenwood, Fort Worth, Texas, Hqs. 141st Inf. Regiment is one of the 36th biggest boosters and workers. He spearheaded the fund raising committee in 1945-46 for the SALERNO Monument; has devoted time and effort to many projects in behalf of the 36th Division, the Association and civic work in Fort Worth. Col. Price recently underwent major surgery, and is now convalescing .

T-PATCHER FEBRUARY 1972

IN CONCLUSION - It was your editor's good fortune to have been a neighbor of Andy's on the westside of Fort Worth in the postwar years.

He was constantly reminded of his wounds in Italy, but it did not hinder him from offering his services to hundreds of projects. One example is, Col. Stovall called on Andy first when he was in progress of organizing the printing and sales of Gen. Walker's **TEXAS TO ROME**. He assisted Stovall in the initial \$10,000 seed money to assure Gen. Walker that the book would BE published, and paid for on delivery. That is exactly what happened, and Andy deserves some of the credit for its success.

At Salerno and San Pietro there were more examples of individual heroism in less time than ever before, Colonel Price wrote.

"Such display of courage, bravery and daring I never hope to see again. Our men never thought of backing up or running away."

Trap Broken:

Texas-Sprinkled Infantry
Platoons Slaughter Nazi
Convoy, Then Escape

COMPANY F 142nd INF



SEVENTH ARMY FRONT (By Air Courier). — Two infantry platoons, sprinkled with Texans, slaughtered a convoy of Germans and fought their way out of a town in which they were trapped after infiltrating enemy positions in the dark of night.

It was the little town of Baudoncourt, three miles from Luxueil and twenty miles from the important Belfort Gap. Nazi elements were sensitive to American efforts to penetrate the stronghold until the sneak attack was pulled. Hours after the platoons got inside Baudoncourt the remainder of the battalion, hearing only scattered rifle fire, thought their buddies had been lost. At daylight they heard a good-sized battle raging and knew the platoons were holding out.

Here is the story as told by First Lt. John W. Gist, slender Lamesa, Texas farmer, whose bazooka started the fireworks; Tech. Sgt. J.A. Carr, big blond platoon leader from Canyon, and Sgt. James W. Hughes, Comanche, several of the Texan members of the night expedition; Pvt. John Bruce Golinski, Buffalo, N.Y., and Sgt. Clay A. Teal, well known midget race car driver from Muncie, Ind.

"We crossed the river near Baudoncourt shortly before midnight. The bridge was covered by Jerry and we wanted to sneak in. Damn that water was cold. We waded waist deep and some of us almost slipped under. The night was pretty dark and misty and that was good cover for us.

"When we reached the other bank we had to cross a road. Four Germans walked right into us and we grabbed some of them. Some shots

Company F 142nd Slaughter Nazi Convoy

were fired and we knew we were being attacked. We cut the Germans down.

"Sergeant Teal, arm's length from one of them, shot him in the belly, pushed him aside with his rifle barrel and moved on. Then we walked right into town without Jerry knowing just where we were or how many of us there were.

OUR THANKS to John W. Gist, Rt. 1 Box 221A, Breckenridge, TX 76024 of Co. F 142nd for sending this yellowed-clip of a story by the late WICK FOWLER, Staff Correspondent for the Dallas Morning News.

Date not shown, but it was published in fall of 1944, shortly after the 36th's action at LUXEIL, France. Note: The Dallas News also released these stories about T-Patchers to all metro papers in Texas.

"We took over four houses, two on each side of the main street. Lieutenant Gist and Sergeant Carr were on the third floor of one of the stone houses. The lieutenant was at a window with his bazooka. We could hear scattered firing over the town, but we don't believe the Germans had us located, although we were definitely surrounded. We had no communication with our company or battalion and it was too risky to send a runner back for reinforcements.

"At daylight we heard a rumbling down in the street. Here came a big truck loaded with Germans, ammunition and towering an anti-tank gun. As it got near, the lieutenant fired at it with his bazooka, got it right smack in the motor and started a fire. The Jerries began piling off and we began mowing them down with our tommy guns and rifles.

"Then the ammunition started exploding, blowing the Germans to pieces. Heads, arms and legs were scattered all over the street and many of them burned in the wreckage. One German following the truck in a passenger car, had run away, but later came back after his vehicle. We let him have it.

"It wasn't long until another truck came along. It was loaded with ammunition, towing an anti-aircraft gun, and two columns of German infantry were walking on each side of the street.

"Lieutenant Gist waited until the infantry got by him. He was aiming for the truck and didn't want to hit a man first. He hit this truck in the gas tank. Jerries began getting off and the infantry

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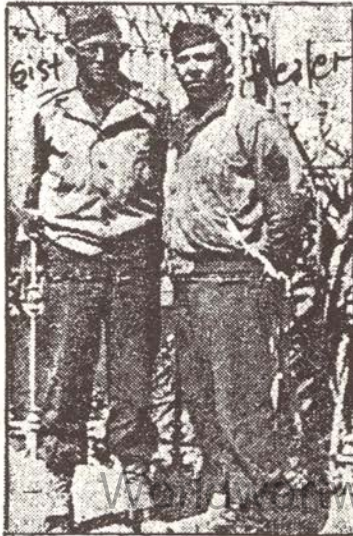
tried to scatter. We cut them down from all sides. It was really a hot fire fight. One German sneaked up under our window, Carr said, and had the pin out of a concussion grenade.

"Just as he drew back to throw it in on us, one of our men in another house shot him with his rifle. The German leaped into the air and fell to the ground. The grenade exploded when he turned it loose and blew him to pieces."

The Lamesa officer said the infiltration movement from the river brought them within twenty feet of German machine-gun positions, but the enemy didn't know they were there. After the battle the platoons moved through town and established a road block. Soon the battalion moved across the bridge and on to Luxueil, the next objective.

The Buffalo doughboy said it was one of the tighest spots he has been in.

"I hope my folks read about it," he remarked.



Above is a picture taken in Italy, March, 1944, of T/Sgt. John W. Gist, 30, left, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ike Gist of Rt. D, Lamesa, and T/Sgt. Robert B. Healer, son of Mrs. Gertrude Healer, of Rt. 1, O'Donnell.

Sergeants Gist and Healer entered the army the same day, March 7, 1941, as members of the famous Texas 36th division. They received their training at Brown-

Local Boys Serve Together Since Entering Service

wood, Texas, and Camp Blanding, Florida, attending officers training school at Camp Blanding. They were sent to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts for final and pre-invasion maneuvers over Cape Cod.

These boys have been through the thick of it, battling side by side. Both have been promoted at the same time, were among the first American soldiers to land on European soil, and both were wounded at Salerno, Italy and Cassino. Both have been awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster for wounds. At present each is in charge of a rifle platoon. John is up for promotion to second lieutenant and Robert is expecting a furlough home. As you can see in the picture taken in March, 1944, they are still among "The wild men from Texas," and are proud of the 36th Division, as all red blooded Americans should be.

Officer From Canyon Holds 2 Silver Stars

DALLAS, June 27 (Spl.)—Having earned two battlefield promotions for leadership and two Silver Stars and the Bronz Star Medal for bravery, First Lt. Joe Gill of Canyon is now holding down a captain's job as a company commander with the 36th Division in Italy.

After the fall of Cassino he wrote his sister, Mrs. Millard Dilg of Dallas, that he was given rest leave and slept on a bed for the first time in more than a year. He is now with the troops north of Rome.

Gill, 23, arrived in Tunisia in time for two days of frontline fighting at Bizerte, an experience he called invaluable for the battles to come after the Salerno landings in Italy. It was near Cassino on Dec. 9 that he volunteered for the action which later brought him the Silver Star and his commission. He led a three-man patrol deep into enemy territory. "With courage and initiative," his citation reads, "he stealthily advanced through the darkness and rain over steep, muddy trails in the mountains, encountering hostile as well as friendly artillery along the way and enemy patrols which he skillfully evaded. With utter disregard for his own safety he remained in this area during most of the night to observe German movements and secure valuable enemy information which he later successfully re-



LIEUTENANT GILL.

turned to his unit."

On Dec. 15 he again volunteered for a dangerous mission. He was awarded the cluster to his Silver Star for a secret night attack, which was described in a letter from Capt. Vincent M. Lockhart. His mission was to lead an infantry platoon to the top of a hill held by the enemy. Lockhart said Gill and his men crept across a valley sown with mines and up the back side of a mountain. Despite the darkness of the night, Gill observed a cave with a German shelter half over its entrance. Slipping up to the mouth of the cave he yanked aside the canvas. Just then one of his men shot a German officer who had a bead on Gill. Gill sprang inside the cave and dragged a German soldier outside. He forced him to locate other Germans, with the result that the platoon captured 15 more prisoners and obtained much valuable information.



Gill

The above newsclip of JOE GILL appeared in the Dallas Morning News June 27, 1944, just two weeks after Rome fell, and the 36th was Grossetta area was included in material received from John Gist.

Joe W. Gill of Co F 142nd, also served with Companies E and G of 142nd, resides at: 2416 11th Avenue, Canyon, TX 79015 . . . is active member of the High Plains Chapter.

Famed Sergeant Gonzales Remembers Mother's Day

FORT DAVIS, May 9 (Spl).— Staff Sgt. Manuel S. Gonzales, who unostentatiously won the DSC, the Silver Star and the Purple Heart in some of the 36th Division's hottest fighting in Italy, has taken time out to remember Mother's Day.

This week his mother, Mrs. Carmen S. Mendoza, received a dozen carnations, with Manuel's card attached.

He was shot three times and lay 36 days in a hospital, then had influenza and malaria, but, according to a letter just received, is back with his company and feeling fine.

Gonzales, who doesn't want to be "rotated" home because he might return to a different outfit, is credited with almost incredible feats. In his first hour of combat he blew up an 88-mm. German gun that was shelling Americans landing at Salerno Beach and also exploded its ammunition, knocked out four machine guns and a mortar. He fought with hand grenades, an automatic rifle and his Garand. In another episode he stood off German attacks, almost single-handed for 24 hours. At Castellone he took machine pistol slugs in the groin, but walked unassisted to an aid station.

Lately he has been getting his



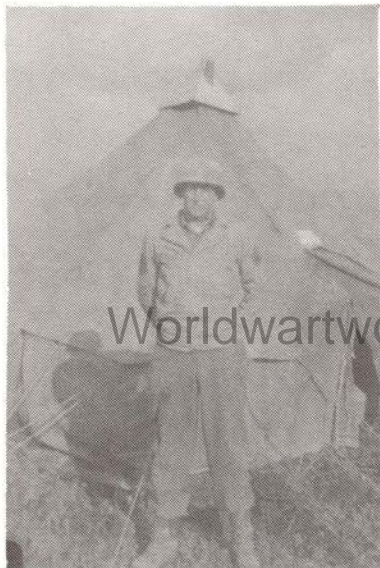
SERGEANT GONZALES.

second round of publicity, with emphasis on his unwillingness to talk about himself. After two and one-half years in the CCC he enlisted March 6, 1941, and that fall took part in the Louisiana maneuvers. He was captured by the "enemy" and searched for messages and arms.

Newspapermen were present as Gonzales was thoroughly frisked. The searchers found nothing on him. Then, with a big grin, Gonzales drew four or five clips of rifle cartridges from various parts of his person and the Fort Davis boy made headlines. Shortly afterward he came home on furlough, wearing chevrons.

This tattered, yellowed newsclip about Manuel Gonzales was sent in by John W. Gist with this note scribbled on the side: "Sgt. Gonzales and I entered the Army at Fort Bliss, El Paso, March 7, 1941 and was assigned to Co F 142nd in March 11th. Manuel died in 1947 at Fort Davis, Texas."

Company F 142nd Slaughter Nazi Convoy



JOHN W. GIST then and now: Above is T/Sgt. Gist at Maddiloni Italy March 1944, a few days before he was awarded a battlefield commission. Record-breaking catch at Hubbard Creek Lake, May 1978, here John Gist proudly poses with this 32 pounds of seafood caught in 18 ft. of water on a trotline. John says, "I guess that's why I spend most of my time now fishing."



MESS CREW of Co F 142nd Infantry (Camp Bowie or Blanding) from left: Ray Garza, Mat Simms, Mess Sgt. Jack Inman, Jack Bewley, Top kick Curtis Ellison, and fellow walking in background, Leon Barton.

Nel combattimento chi esita, cade.

G. Riccioli Platoon 20/5/1943

MUSSOLINI



CARTOLINA POSTALE PER LE FORZE ARMATE



Con affetto e rispetto per i
compagni di combattimento
che sono stati e che saranno
cognati



A. Capella - Santeramo

510 Duomo AP.

SCRAPBOOK

Grac
Car. S.
Repar
Ag.

5550



L'EUROPA CONTRO L'ANTIEUROPA

Italian propaganda was not nearly as good as the wild stuff the Nazis cranked out. Here you see motherhood being protected by an Italian soldier with assistance of a German trooper to shut out a hideous monster (please observe the hammer and sickle at bottom). At top of postcard: "Nel combattimento chi esita, cade. MUSSOLINI". The date: May 20, 1943.

Combat Evac



By Del Kendall
A/T 143rd



It's 1645 hrs., MARCH 23rd of '45.... approaching the RHINE you enter the town of NEUPFOTZ GERMANY.... a sniper bullet picks off an officer in a lead vehicle.... one tank blasts three suspect houses to smithereens.... no flags of surrender showing.... for the 4th. Bn. 143rd. here's trouble.... the men fan out down the street on the double.... small arms pop here and there.... voices shouting RAUS! RAUS!.... it's getting dark.... Krauts being herded down the street.... BOOM a big explosion sends a shockwave thru the town.... the sky lights up like the 4th of July.... some houses in flames.... more Kraut prisoners.... a scoutcar sits dead in its tracks at a log barricade.... suddenly you're hit.... too late.... too late to notice those shiny black boots that ran out of the darkness.... you both fire pointblack and duck behind a building.... two Jeeps appear.... where'd he go?.... in that house.... did he getcha?.... yah.... a P38 bullet thru your lower right arm.... you sit on the curb pooped, while a platoon of riflemen file past.... you find your Co. aid station.... side yard filling with Kraut PW's.... inside by the light of a Coleman lantern, you could see thru the hole in your arm, 'till the blood welled-up and dripped to the floor.... several of the Co. men hit badly.... they were near that ammo wagon that blew skyhigh.... Meiser, the 1st Sgt. hands you a beer and writes out a tag.... Jeez thanks.... you're sent to a waiting jeep.... going to Regt. Aid another town.... you arrive large bungalow.... rooms crowded.... medics stepping over prostrate forms.... men hunkered against the wall, smoking.... others, glassy eyed and under sedation.... a Kraut lay moaning, kicking as his pants are dropped and a rubber tube run up his cock.... someone read your tag.... motions you into next room.... rest, we'll call you.... its dark but looks like a parlor.... about a dozen forms stretched out on the floor.... nobody moved or talked.... you slid down, back against the wall.... too quiet.... hey Mac.... you're shaking the guy next

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

to you....no response....jeez, maybe you're in a room full of
stiffs....you hightail it out of there....have a smoke
outdoors....it's after midnight....a jeep takes you to an am-
bulance point, ten minutes away....you're given a cup of coffee
and half a sandwich....thanks Mac....the ambulance arrives and
loads up....the walking wounded climb in first....two to a
side....two stretcher cases are slid in on the floor....the doors
slam shut....total darkness....you grab for support....your
good arm, left over right, as you carom down the road....the stret-
cher case at your feet starts groaning...."vasser, vasser"....he's
moving around a little....in the darkness, two hands grab at your
leg and try and pull up....crazy bastard....a huge bump almost
tosses you and the other men onto the stretcher cases at your
feet....enraged you bellow as loud as you can....**CRISAKES!
SLOW DOWN UP THERE YA TRYIN' TA GET US ALL
KILLED?**....the vehicle slows....again the hands....strong
now....clawing....you hang on....what to do....you can't
leave go....you lift your left boot and scrape those fingers off your
leg with a couple of shoves....poor bastard drops back with a
moan....the ambulance races on....the rear, probably many
miles back by now....**MARCH 24th.**

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE....arrive early morning, 517th.
Field Evac. Hospital....no towns nearby....large rambling
building....wooded area....place crowded....half hour later,
wrapped in GI blanket, wearing just dogtags and boots....enter
large room....crowded with beds....three empty, you take
one....nurse enters....she asks you....you American?....nod
head, yes....next bed, pajama clad Kraut....you get
Penicillin....he gets sulfa pills....on down the line....later, off
to Xray....dog tags beside wound....click click....simple
enough....back in room....medic giving rump shots to
some....end of room, naked blond Tarzan leaves bed....talks
German to buddy....nurse shouts...."hey you! back in
bed"....Tarzan laughs goes back to bed....not a scratch on him,
that's funny....Kraut next to you puts finger to head and twirls
it....that's it eh?....he's crazy....you called to Op. room down
the hall....small pink walled room, like a bloodspattered
nursery....one doctor....one table....some tools....he
smiles....where ya from?....this don't look too bad....hell's
bells just put a pair of plaster pants on the last guy....he straps
you down....pentathol needle....count backwards....bingo
your out....in bed, you open your eyes and find a plaster cast on
your arm....lots of movement in the hall....German Wac brought
in....complete plaster headcast....slits for eyes and soda-straw

COMBAT EVAC

nostrils.... she wouldn't be saying SEIG HEIL any more.

Outside a window a messkit rattles.... you're starving.... medic brings can of peaches.... no spoon.... you gulp it down.... commotion in hall.... much screaming.... whitehaired grandmother brought in.... arm wrapped in straw and pine board splint.... nurse undresses her.... all eyes riveted.... 14 pettycoats come off.... cheers go for grandma.... a scream is rigged for the two females.... you get some PJ's before falling asleep.

MARCH 25th.... next morning get clothes back.... outside waiting for truck.... dozens of Kraut PW's working on the double.... erecting tents.... driving stakes.... unloading cots and equipment.... helping the wounded civilians as well as the soldiers.... a floodtide of battle casualties, lined in stretchered rows awaiting a roof over their head.... God Almighty.... you loadup and leave in convoy.... early PM arrive some other town.... some other hospital.... wait in the open for hospital train.... head for latrine.... huge tent.... inside like small stadium with its many tiered crappers.... darkness falls.... you wander by a burlap covered compound.... by the light of 3 naked light bulbs, you can see inside.... many Kraut officers milling about or standing in groups.... yah, alles kaput.

You're marched to a rail siding now several trains.... many coaches.... blocks long.... stretcher cases to the left.... walking wounded to the right.... climb aboard a snazzy new modern coach.... no stretcher frames this one.... club car in blue and chrome.... wow, first class all the way.... four of you pile into a banquette with a table between.... get the cards.... wonder where we're goin?.... who the hell cares.... can't beat this.... deal.... heard Madalaine Carroll's a RED CROSS NURSE aboard this train.... oh boy.... nurse, I'm gettin worse.... two MP's come thru with a medic.... announce.... all men receiving Penicillin two coaches back.... and stay there.... so long you guys.... you crawl into a stretcher on the floor.... no pretty legs pass by as you fall asleep.... clickety clack.... clickety clack.... into the night.... bright morning sun awakens you.... lots of feet pass by your head.... at a siding now.... stretcher case being unloaded.... careful.... easy does it.... you yawn and rub your eyes.... hey Mac, where are we?.... someone said.... 236th, GENERAL HOSPITAL EPINAL FRANCE".... it's March 26th, 1945.

The Long Way Home

Colmar To  Stalag 17B

By
Donald D. Barnett
608 North Pierce St.
Burnet, TX 78611



Company A
111th Engineers

WorldWarTwoVeterans.org

On December 13, 1944, our platoon was sent up to relieve some regular infantry near the city of Colmar, France . . . just a few miles from the German border. The Germans began a maximum effort all along the front about the time we got there. Their mortar never let up all that night. I was a squad leader, and just before dawn I moved from the hole I had been in most of the night to another hole where two of my squad were. I hadn't heard from the platoon Sgt. Art Baugh all night, or from the Lt.

It was still dark when we began to hear German voices behind us, although we were prevented from seeing behind us because we were in a covered fox hole. As neither I nor the other men had heard from anyone for some time, we really didn't know what was going on except that obviously the Germans had somehow got in behind us and cut off our entire platoon.

About that time a grenade was thrown over our cover and into the hole with us. None of us had ever tried to sleep all that night because of the shelling, but there was an unrolled bed roll near me, and I was the closest one to the grenade. I took my foot and nudged the bedroll up over the grenade. I thought perhaps this might absorb some of it at least. Just about that time a German soldier started shouting into our hole that we should come out! He had a heavy brogue and might have been using some German mixed with his English, but we knew what he was saying, and knew we had no choice but to comply. But the grenade was between me and the entrance to the hole, and I expected it to go off at any moment, and knew that if I stepped forward to climb out the thing would go off while I was right over it.

By this time the German was in front of the hole and must have

Colmar To Stalag 17B - LONG WAY HOME

got a little nervous when he saw we weren't in any hurry to get out. For a moment, I thought the grenade had gone off! But within an instant I knew that it hadn't . . . that he had shot me! The guy was actually sort of apologetic about it. He asked, "Why didn't you come out . . . why didn't you come out?" I pointed to the grenade and said (as best as I could since I had been shot in the face) Grenade! Grenade!

They either killed or captured all but one of us up there that day. Art Baugh had caught some shrapnel in the leg sometime that night or early morning. Our line had been in a forest on a hill overlooking the valley below, and whenever they started taking us under guard down the hill into the open area below, Art (whose family spoke German in the home) started trying to talk the guards into surrendering to us . . . told them it would be better for them . . . the war would be over for them. They acted as if they considered it for a time . . . but obviously thought better of it.

After we went on down the hill for a ways, some of the boys put me on a blanket and carried me into the village below, where we were all put in a wine cellar. Soon, everyone but Art and myself was taken off somewhere else, and we were taken on to an aid station. They tried to wrap my mouth there to stop the bleeding, but this did no good at all, for the paper bandages would immediately soak up with blood. Then they took us to a nearby house and put us in the basement. There were two nuns there and they wanted to take us and help us escape, but Art knew that I was bleeding to death and must get to a hospital very soon, so he told them no thanks. I didn't realize at that time just how much blood I had lost.

Sometime after dark a German ambulance driver came part way down the steps of the basement and said that he had room for just one of us . . . Art insisted that he take me. The ambulance took me a short distance into Colmar and I was taken to another aid station along with the German wounded and put into a chair. They put some thick absorbent papers on the floor in front of me for the blood to drip on, and I sat there for what seemed like a long time.

Finally a German officer in a neat dress uniform came in and came over to me and started to talk to me in German. I guess he thought I was a German soldier, for we all looked about alike in that aid station. Some of the others waiting told him I was an American! He went up to the desk, and apparently chewed the man at the desk out about something . . . at least that was what it sounded like. In a few minutes they brought a stretcher, put me on it and took me to an ambulance. We drove off somewhere into the night to a field

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

hospital where I was taken into surgery and six or seven Germans operated on me and stopped the bleeding.

When I woke up I was extremely thirsty and just kept asking the ward boy for a drink. I don't think I was supposed to have anything to drink, but he finally brought me a cup of wine to sip on.

I stayed in the hospital that one night of the same day I was wounded, and the next day they took me to the train station and put me in a car of free French prisoners. There were also German wounded on the same train. None of us had any water or anything else to drink, and we were all very thirsty. We could see a stream of water nearby and asked the guards if we could have some of the water. The guards told us the water there was "nichts gut!" Finally some civilian teenage boys brought us some wine to drink.

We had been sitting there for several days on the siding before I learned that there were some American prisoners two cars down. I went down there, and there sat Art Bauch. I visited with him for a while until it was time for our "food." All we usually had on that train was some hard bologna, and sometime some porrage type gruel, which was about the only thing I could really get down, although I cut the bologna into very small pieces and worked it down to where I could swallow it.

After a while they let me move down to the American car for the rest of the time. The train took us across Germany to somewhere in Czechoslovakia to a real nice hospital. We showered, put on clean pajamas, and were put in clean beds, given good hot food and lots of care by the Czech nurses . . . we thought this was really nice! Since I had so much difficulty eating because of my wound, a nurse even brought me warm milk to drink. The next morning they got us up, made us put our old bloody smelly filthy uniforms back on and put us back on the train!

I don't remember how many days it took to get to Krems, Austria, after we left the hospital, but it was at least three or four. We were taken to Stalag 17-B, just outside Krems. Art and I were taken to the hospital unit of the prison a little ways off from the main prison. The first thing they did was clip our hair just as short as they could . . . said they were going to de-louse us. I don't think any of us had ever had live until we had been in that hospital for a while. After our "haircut," they let us shower. The hospital was staffed by some French doctors who were also prisoners. I wasn't there long till they de-loused us again, and it was right after that that I got lice for the first time in my life!

Colmar To Stalag 17B - LONG WAY HOME

Each room or ward had six to eight beds in it, and we had a small charcoal stove in each room that was our only source of heat. We also used this stove to cook on. It was the middle of the winter and very cold. We each drew rations of charcoal which were small bars. Occasionally we would manage to swipe an extra bar or two whenever one of us was sent to the supply room to draw our ration. Our rations were very sparse and dull. But we would take a boiled potato, slice it, and put it on top of the stove to "fry." This would break the monotony a little. After a couple of months I was sent to the regular compound which was about one fourth mile away, and assigned to a barracks.

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Stalag 17-B was made up almost entirely of Air Corps prisoners, and the guards were all in the German air force. All of the Americans there were either officers or non-coms as far as I could tell. We never had to go out on any work details, but some of the British prisoners were used this way. The American prisoners all got American Red Cross parcels pretty regularly, although by the time I got there we were only issued about half of what I understand had been the normal fare. Each parcel would contain maybe a pound of bread, perhaps a pound of powdered milk, a box of cubed sugar, a couple bars of tropical chocolate, a small package of instant coffee, a can of oleo, either a box of raisins or prunes, a pack or two of cigarettes and in some of them a small can of cheese spread. Two men had to share a box each week. In addition to the Red Cross parcels all the Germans gave us to eat was one cup of hot water for breakfast, and at lunch a small boiled potato (two if they were small). Sometimes they would also give us a cup of barley soup with little or no meat in it . . . or a small portion of boiled greens of some sort. The greens often had worms in them but we were still glad to get them and didn't complain.

Then on up in the afternoon we had a stove in the barracks that we could use our charcoal rations in to doctor up some of our food we had saved back. We might take our cup of barley soup or our potato and put some of the raisins or prunes in it and along with the sugar and powdered milk, make a sort of pudding. Later that evening if you wanted a cup of hot water to make coffee, you could exchange one cardboard "flap" from the Red Cross parcel box for the water. One of our boys would supervise the heating of the water with these pieces of cardboard. Our cups were made out of empty cans from the parcels, and someone made me one right after I got there.

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Right next to us was a Russian compound, and it was close enough that the boys could throw items across to them and trade if they wanted to. I don't know if the Russians got anything to eat besides what the Germans gave us or not.

The German guards would occasionally trade items to us for things out of the Red Cross parcels. Cigarettes and chocolate being the main items of trade. The Germans were also getting pretty hard-up by this time in the war, and I don't think our guards had much more to eat than we did. A lot of our boys had traded around and had crystal radio sets to listen to the news with.

Someone had a large radio they had traded the Germans out of, and they were able to get all the news of the war with this. Every day someone was sent around to each barracks to announce the news. He would read the news just like a newsman on the radio. We always knew just where the front was and pretty much exactly what was going on in the world.

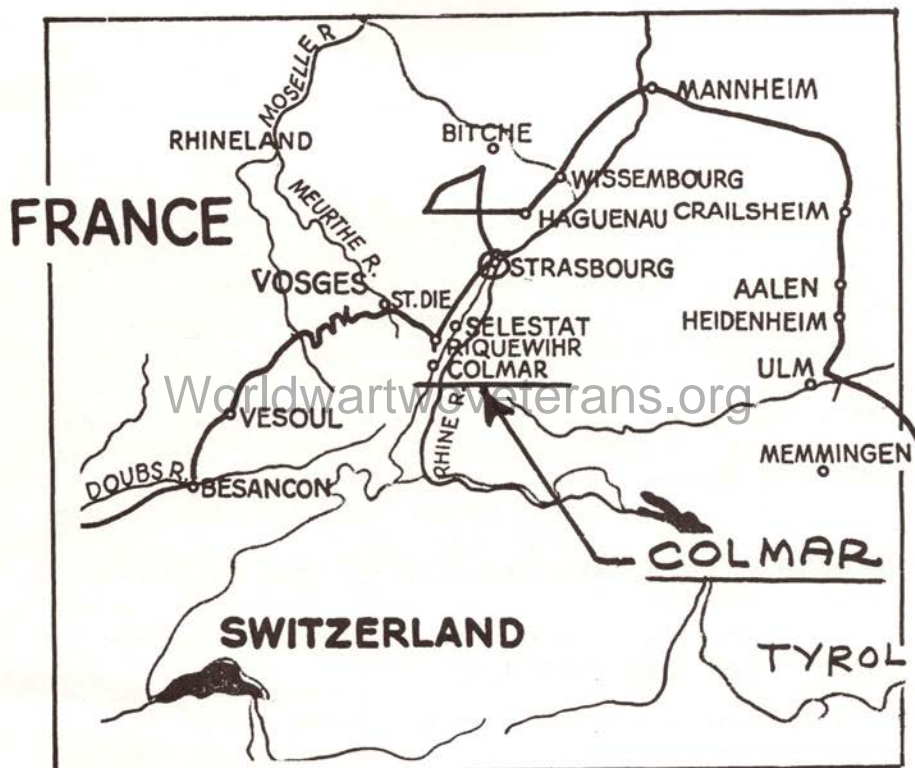
Around the first part of April (1945), whenever the Russian Army had advanced to within about 40 miles of Krems, the Germans, not wanting to be captured by the Russians, decided to march us toward the American lines to surrender. Every prisoner who was able to walk was ordered out to march to the American lines.

Art had an infection in the bone of his leg where he had been hit, and was going to have to be left behind to be liberated by the Russians. I asked to remain behind to help Art, but they would not let me. Altogether I think there were about four to five thousand Americans, and we were put on the road in groups of five hundred and spaced about fifteen minutes apart. Some of the boys had been in prison for several years, and many had log books, some of which had very good art drawings of prison life and army life, and accounts of their imprisonment.

By the time we had been on the road several days many of these log books and a lot of other gear had been left in the ditches. Both sides of the road were stacked with all sorts of clothing and personal items that just got too heavy to carry. It was still cold at night, so everyone kept his blanket.

We got very little to eat on this march! One night we were served some soured soup, but we were so hungry that we ate it anyway, and it gave us all diarrhea. That night we were put in a multi-storied

Colmar To Stalag 17B - LONG WAY HOME



building to sleep, and really had a time crawling over each one to get out to relieve ourselves. We marched eighteen days stopping only at night . . . all the way to the old Austria-Germany border near Braunau, Austria . . . Hitler's birthplace!

Before we got to the border we met a group of Jews marching under guard in the opposite direction. They were absolutely starving to death. They made us get off the road to let the Jews pass. I remember very distinctly one Jewish man who could hardly walk. He kept falling to his knees (they were bleeding, and his trousers were torn at the knees and bloody). Two others with him that were a little stronger than he would keep helping him back up. We found out in a few minutes that the reason they were helping him keep his feet, was because if they fell down and couldn't get up . . . they were shot!

After they passed we fell back in and resumed our march. About a half mile down the road we came to a place where the Jews had probably stopped to rest . . . the ground here and there was strewn with the bodies of Jews who apparently lay down to rest and

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couldn't get back up. They had been shot! We heard more shooting down the road in the direction that the Jews had marched. As we traveled on . . . we turned up a fork opposite from where the Jews came. No telling what we might have seen had we traveled over the same road from where they came.

We stopped at the border and waited several days till the Third Army made contact with us and liberated us on May 3, 1945. In the mean time, we were more or less on our own. Some meat was brought in and a ration was issued to us in units of six or so men. We prepared it ourselves as best as we could. I know for a fact that it was horse meat, for my group had been issued the head. We were very glad to have it! The German guards had apparently surrendered to some of our men before we made contact with our boys. After the American army arrived we were in Braunnan several days before they brought in C47s and flew us to LeHarve, France, and trucked us to the "Lucky Strike Camp."

The first two days we were fed very light food, and then moved up to get heavier rations for two days, then moved again to receive even heavier food, and so on. I was about forty pounds under my normal weight when liberated.

We moved on out to a shipping point and were sent home on a captured and converted German ship . . . now a troop carrier. We landed at Staten Island where the Red Cross was waiting for us with cases and cases of fresh milk. We were then sent to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey where we were issued new uniforms, and paid some back pay.

From here we boarded trains, and I was sent to Ft. Sam Houston in San Antonio, and furloughed. After I got back, I was sent to William Beaumont Hospital in El Paso for plastic surgery. I hadn't seen Art Bauch since I left him in prison at Krems, but when I got to El Paso, and was sent to a ward . . . There Art lay . . . in the first building I went into. We had both taken the long way home from Colmar, France.

National **POW
MIA** Recognition Day July 20, 1984

 **Veterans
Administration**

SCRAPBOOK

Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

People Done Told Me

Dear Ed: Main body of 36th Texas Division disembarked here at Newport News and was officially deactivated Monday after five campaigns, 27,000 casualties, 15 Congressional Medal of Honor winners, 10 Presidential Unit citations and millions of K rations. On behalf of all the wearers of the T patch, Merry Christmas, Ed, and thanks for your many plugs for the 36th which reached us overseas in your column and on the radio. Capt. Patrick Harness, Public Relations Officer, 36th Div.

The country can tip its heart to the famed 36th at this Christmas, because they were a hell-for-leather outfit. . . . The 6-foot-4 Pfc. Riley Tidwell told me one of the great stories of the 36th, relating to Ernie Pyle's great story on Capt. Henry T. Wasskow, as his men brought the body of the slain leader down the Cassino mountainside. . . . "I often thought," soliloquized Tidwell, "about that scene after Ernie wrote it. On that same night, four other bodies were brought down the mountainside. On the ground, blanketed, among the five bodies was another captain, Capt. Horton, whose men idolized him as much as we idolized our Capt. Wasskow. There they were, five men killed on bloody Hill 1205, but the country never did get to hear of Capt. Horton."

It was at Salerno's bloody beachhead that the 36th Division was in such peril for five days that the Coast Guard boats that landed them, pulled in close to shore to take them back to the ships. . . . At this moment, a Texas lieutenant delivered one of the classics of the war. . . . Stepping in front of the men, he reached up, unbuttoned the throat of his shirt and ripped off a tiny chamois bag from his neck: "Boys, this here is some Texas soil Mom sent me. I'm going to sprinkle it along this line here. From now on, this ground here is Texas—and, by God, we don't move backward an inch." . . . They didn't!

The T patch wearers who captured von Rundstedt and Goering stormed through Italy, France and Germany in 182 days of consecutive combat, crossing the Rapido River, the Moselle River and other waterways which the Germans considered impossible of crossing. . . . In the French landing, the 36th cut the touted German 9th Army to pieces and singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," headed for the Vosges. . . . The Texans, great sportsmen, were lavish in praise of men from other states. . . . They idolized Pittsburgher Charles (Commando) Kelly, admitting "he's crazy enough to be a Texan." . . . And their affectionate respect for the Jap-Americans, the Nisei of the 442d Combat Infantry, was boundless: "We were proud to have them with us," said the Texans. "Those Jap-Americans are all-wool, and a yard wide."

Your pore old editor wishes he could recall who sent this tattered clip to me, but it must have been one of the NEW YORK CHAPTER lads who was kind enough to do so. YES, this is the same ED SULLIVAN of the famous TV show during the 1950's and beyond. Now go back and read the 2nd paragraph again - RILEY TIDWELL has a story coming up in the next issue of the QUARTERLY.

REMEMBER - "There are 8 Million Stories in the 36th"

"THE SILVER STAR"



Footprints In The Sands of Time Chapter I

By Charles W. Stimpson, Jr.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

It's been a long, long time - 34 years to be exact, but some of you may want to close your eyes and return with me down the path of yesterday. Come with me and I'll attempt to piece together some of "G" Company's (142nd) past as we knew and lived it.

Bear with me, if you will, for father time has erased some of the facts and in many instances only faded memories remain. It's strange how the passing of time confuses the details that were once so very vivid in our minds. Somehow, the passing of the years leaves us with the "good things" we knew and removes and eliminates "the hurts and pains" that were also with us. But the truth is - "The Good Lord meant it that way."

Back in the fall of 1940, the clouds of war were sweeping toward America when President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered the 36th Texas National Guard Division to mobilize. His order brought a drastic change in our lives, as well as for the future of everyone of us.

Do you recall that cold, dreary morning of November 25, 1940 when we assembled at the old national guard armory building on Deep Creek in Snyder, Texas and were sworn in as soldiers of the Army of the United States? Remember when 1st Sgt. K.O. Pitner called us to attention, turned and reported to Captain Tim O. Cook, "that G" Company was all present and accounted for?" The picnic was over then, but I really doubt that any of us knew it.

Little did we know - or even realize - what lay ahead for the men of "G" Company. I suppose it was better that way, don't you agree? One hundred and six men of Scurry County, Texas answered the call that day. Eight of these same men were to fall in battle in some foreign land, never to return to the "home" they loved so dearly. All but about a half dozen were to be wounded in action, but so

“THE SILVER STAR”

very fortunate to live for another day. Call it what you may — but “G” Company was there!

How about the first inspections we had on the old City Fairgrounds? The sloppy close-order drills with all the green rookies that didn't seem to know “column left from column right.” The boxing drills conducted by Lt. Richardson with the honors being taken by R.B. Etheredge, Bill Shields, Lynn Fenton and others.

Do you remember the funny felt campaign hats and the old wrap leggings? Then were to come the new canvas leggings, and later the combat boots, but that was to be a long way down the road. We had the inspections, close order drills, hikes and let's never forget K.P. under the watchful eyes of good old Clarence Thomas “Polly” Merritt. One thing about it — Polly always “Set A Good Table” for us, didn't he?

It was so confusing to us all, wasn't it? We were not going to war for it would be just more maneuvers like those in Louisiana the previous summer. War was something that America ended back in 1918 in the thing “that ended all wars.” Most of us were not even born then, so how could we have the slightest idea of ever “really going to war.” We didn't!

How about that heavy snowstorm around Christman of 1940 when we made that long hike south of town in the seemingly bitter cold. But then we didn't know that some day we'd call it “a walk in the park” in comparison to that awful winter of 1943 in the mountains of Italy below Cassino. The long wait at the Rapido River on January 22, 1944 and those dreadful nights when we attempted again and again to take Mount Cairo.

But back there in Snyder, little did any of us realize what lay ahead for us down that long road into the future. I know you'll never forget that January 2, 1941 morning when we packed up and headed out for Camp Bowie. I still remember the wives, especially of the newly married guys telling us goodbye! Service Company trucks rolled in and when all the loading was done, we pulled out from the old armory, headed east across the square of Snyder, and on to Brownwood. That was to be the last and final time that the men of “G” Company would gather in Snyder as a group. Our destiny for the future was beginning to unfold and it's contents would be written in the history books for all time to come.

TO BE CONTINUED

* * * * *

The Pontine Marshes

ANCIENT ARMIES BESIEGING ROME

ROUTED BY MALARIA;



TODAY'S VICTORY ENABLED BY MEDICAL CORPS

(The following was written in May, 1944, prior to the capture of Rome by the 36th Infantry Division. It was written by **James E. Farmer of Indianapolis, Ind.**, then with the Public Relations Branch of the Allied Force Headquarters at Algiers, who only a month before had been assigned to AFHQ from the 36th Infantry Division as an Army correspondent. When he wrote it he did not know his former division would be the division to open the way to Rome.)

FOR RELEASE ON FALL OF ROME:

AFHQ, MEDITERRANEAN THEATER — The fall of Rome to Allied armies was more than a victory over the Germans. It also symbolized a victory over a tiny winged enemy which had completely routed Gaul and Barbarossa armies as they besieged Rome in the early centuries. **That enemy: the malaria-carrying mosquito.**

Triumphant warriors in this phase of the battle for Rome were Medical Corps malaria control experts under Major General Morrison C. Stayer, Surgeon General of the North African Theater of Operations. Their job was that of minimizing malaria's threat so that fighting men would be physically fit.

Over the same Italian roads, fields and marshes scheduled for conquest by Fifth Army forces, malaria had shattered the health of Caesar's army in the Roman civil wars. Malaria also so scourged

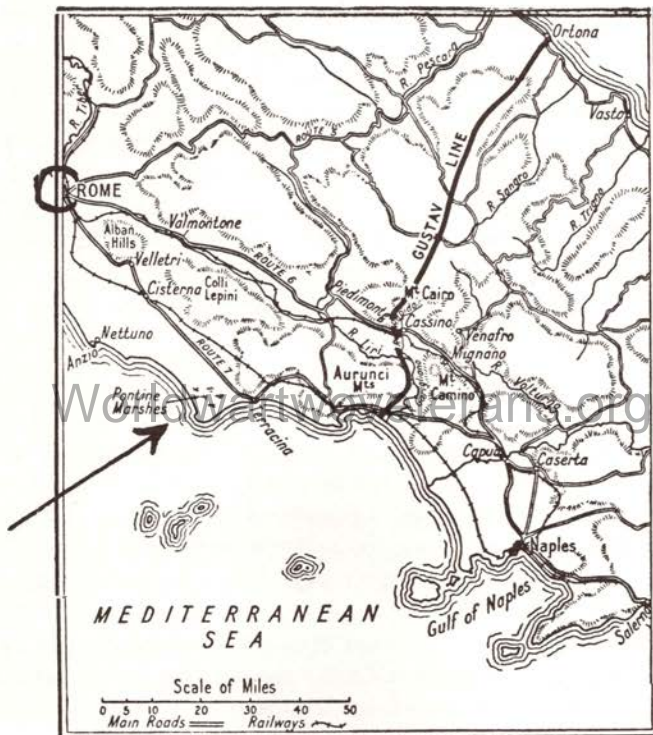
THE PONTINE MARSHES

Gaul forces besieging Rome they retreated in disorder. Later, in the 12th Century, malaria completely disorganized the army of Frederick Barbarossa bent on capturing Rome. Defeat of his enemy by malaria was commemorated in verse by Godfrey of Viterbo who wrote:

“Those from whom Rome was unable to defend herself,
were dispersed by the air
At whose breath the German youth fell.”

Allied strategy in today's war was to take the fighting man through such areas as the Pontine Marshes below Rome, long famous as a highly-malarious area. The Fascist government in 1920 made the marsh area livable for man by the installation of a vast system of drainage canals and water pumps. But the retreating German army, in attempts to obstruct the Allied advance, destroyed the Pontine's pumps and flooded the area. April came and with it the Anopheles mosquito.

Many months ago the Medical Corps started its battle against the mosquito by a malaria control program of education and supply. Technicians were trained in Washington and sent out to train others



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

overseas. Some were charged with the mechanical duties of combating malaria at its sources and others set out to make the individual soldier "battle wise" in his private war with the mosquito. Experts of the War Department's scientific research branch were assigned the task of improving known mediums for killing or repelling the mosquito.



Among the products of their research, two are presently outstanding: DDT, a powder insecticide which already has proven its worth in killing insects which transmit typhus, and a gaseous insecticide which is many times more effective than the normal "fly spray." Scientists also improved insect repellants which, rubbed on exposed parts of the skin, prevent insects from biting.

When Fifth Army troops formed the junction between the Anzio beachhead and the southern front, they crossed the flooded Pontine Marsh area. In a matter of hours Allied planes, loaded with DDT, were swooping low over the Pontines. The DDT load of one plane was sprayed on a strip one mile wide and six miles long, and it did in two minutes what would have occupied the efforts of 200 men for one week on the ground.

Malaria control experts have discovered that not only does DDT affect a more complete kill than most insecticides, it also cuts down on labor and costs. By its simple characteristic of being lighter than water, for instance, it turned what is usually a hindrance into a help. Normally when a flooded area is prepared for dusting or oiling, all grass and shrubbery breaking the water's surface is removed. But with DDT, the grass and shrubbery was left as it was — it prevented DDT from drifting.

Planes were followed by ground crews who started work repairing the Pontine's broken pumps. Other men on the ground used DDT in spraying buildings occupied by troops. Paris green insecticide,

ROME SAID IT AGES AGO

formerly used for that purposes, necessitates respraying every seven days. One spraying of DDT is effective for one month.

The aerosol spray was also used inside buildings. Such a unit is a pint-sized pressure cylinder nicknamed, "Little Bomb," by GIs. It contains an insecticide which expands from liquid into gas when a screw lever releases the pressure inside. Gas spews from the "Little Bomb" like steam and penetrates every part of the room. "Little Bomb" does the job of a gallon of ordinary commercial insect spray.

Since the aerosol product is fireproof, it has been especially valuable in spraying of highly inflammable airplane compartments. Although not its intended purpose, aerosol's founders say, "Little Bomb" can, if necessary, be used as a fire extinguisher.

Among essential fighting equipment carried in the individual soldier's pack was a bottle of insect repellent and a supply of atabrine tablets. The soldier who rubbed repellent on exposed parts of his body was guaranteed that mosquitos would not bite for from three to eight hours. As a suppressive therapy, atabrine, taken in required amounts, kept characteristic chills and fever away from soldiers infected with malaria. This was until they ceased taking the pills — at such a time they were not needed from the military standpoint.

Said NATOUSA's General Stayer: "In this war for the first time, an army is working in highly-malarious areas relatively unaffected. Malaria has cost us many hospital days but in comparison to the cost to armies before us, it has, in effect, been a real medical victory. Mainly through the malaria-consciousness of the individual soldier has the fight against the mosquito succeeded as much as it has."

Meanwhile, the Army Medical Corps revealed that three-fourths of an estimated yearly total of 300,000 malaria cases occur in those areas of the world where Allied forces today fight or maintain supply lines. In the Mediterranean Theater notoriously malarious areas include West Africa, Corsica, and the Pontine Marshes of Italy.

Malaria rates have been very low and, except under certain circumstances, have not seriously interfered with military operations. Under prompt and adequate treatment, the death rate is less than .5 percent. In the North African Theater of Operations in 1943, the death rate was .14.

By James E. Farmer
6438 Bramshaw Road
Indianapolis, IN 46220



Formerly of
G-2 Section, 36th
Division Headquarters

The Last Day of Combat

Straum Castle Was Full of Uncountable Crates of 'Loot'



Straum Castle, Austria - May 8, 1945 "V-E" Day
-here's Ed Torres (from left) John Mabrey of
Dallas, Walt Kanetzky and big Dave Jones all of
Co. c 143rd, and this was one helluva swanky
bivouac.

The 1st Bn. of 143rd was up in the hills 15 miles from Bad Tolz, Germany, facing a number of battalions of Kraut (SS) troops, badly outnumbered. They were in no mood to give up.

But after the SS officers were shuttled between our Hqs. and theirs, were finally talked out of further combat.

Early on May 7, 1st Lt. Dave C. Jones, Sgt. Edward Torres, of LaGrange Park, Ill; Sgt. Walt Kanetzky of Schenectady, NY and John Mabrey were sent a few miles further into Straum, Austria as a quartering party.

We moved into Straum Castle. Just before midnight, a small arms

STRAUM CASTLE, STRAUM AUSTRIA

fire-fight was subdued by the Austrian Home Guard. Next day we learned the war was over! However, since there was very little food in the castle, two of us were sent back to a quartering party for supplies. We spent 4 days in the castle before returning to Bad Tolz.

Straum Castle was very elegant and willed with what seemed an array of crates of 'loot.' This was the residence of Asst. Minister of Foreign Affairs, Straum and his daughter, Catherine.

A note of interest: four men who trained at Camp Bowie, Brownwood and still together at Bad Tolz, and were rotated home from Ulm, Germany in July 1945—were: Ernest Lusk, Sour Lake, TX; Charles W. Holecek, Houston; Antonio Curiel of San Antonio and myself."

"I served all but 4 days combat time, when I was wounded on 1205, and hospitalized in Naples.

John Mabrey
Co. C 143rd Infantry
10044 Ridgehaven Drive
Dallas, TX 75238



Photo at left: Ed Torres has this one made in the back of Straum Castle, and the Austrian Alps in the background. Right: this one made 15 miles out of Bad Tolz, Germany on the way to Straum Castle. That's John Mabrey in fur cap, and Davis Gussman, others not identified.

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

...only 7,984,624 more to go -
and the Fighting 36th Quarterly
will bring 'em to you...

On history's front line

Newsman relives the era of Nazis

"The Nightmare Years, 1930-1940" (Volume II of "20th Century Journey: A Memoir of a Life and the Times"), by William L. Shirer. 639 pp. (Little Brown, \$22.50.)

By STEPHEN G. RABE

"THIS IS Berlin." With that sign-on, William Shirer began his daily broadcast for CBS radio news from Nazi Germany. Shirer, best known for his monumental history, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," has summarized his life and work as a journalist and then broadcast correspondent in Europe in the 1930s in this dramatic memoir. His tale is of revolution, violence, barbarism and war.

Shirer witnessed an incredible decade. Assigned as a young man by the Chicago Tribune to cover international affairs, he wrote from India of the saintly Mohandas Gandhi and his civil-disobedience movement. Transferred to Europe, he reported on the collapse of the Third Republic in France, the 1936 Olympics in Germany, the end of Austria or Anschluss, the appeasement of Hitler at Munich and the Nazi invasions of Poland and France. Indeed, he was, via radio transmission, the first to inform the world that France had surrendered to Hitler at the very site where Germany had laid down its arms in 1918.

Within this chaos, Shirer struggled to maintain his family, his sanity and his

Savagery a fact of life

Author William Shirer is at his best when he tells how it was to live amidst the savagery of the Nazi regime.

One morning he read in the newspaper of the executions of two young German women he had casually met:



William Shirer

"They were both from old aristocratic families, attractive, highly cultivated and intelligent, and they had not been backward in giving vent to their loathing of the Nazis. Probably this is what got them into trouble in the first place, though they were found guilty, the newspaper accounts said, of espionage for Poland.

"I had been having breakfast when the announcement caught my attention. It was a meal that was never finished. I was numbed at the thought of their heads — they both had silkened dark hair and lovely, refined faces — being chopped off."

journalistic integrity. Married to Tess, an Austrian woman, he barely managed to spirit her out of Austria. He hid Jews in his Berlin apartment and protected his sources from the Gestapo, the German secret police. What truly makes this memoir special is that Shirer's harrowing personal experiences are part of history. As he recorded in his diary at the end of 1938, "It had been quite a year: our first child, the Anschluss in Austria, our flight from Tess' native Vienna to Geneva, and finally, the Sudeten crisis and the shame of Munich." He concluded, "Tess and I wonder what the new year will bring?"

But it is Shirer's six years in Berlin, the Nazi capital, that is the heart of this story. Under the direction of Edward R. Murrow, who operated from London, Shirer helped organize the first world news roundup for radio. He reported on the awesome Nuremberg rallies, the rearm-

"THE NIGHTMARE YEARS, 1930-1940"



William Shirer prepares to broadcast France's surrender

ment of Germany and the hideous persecution of Jews. He drank with and interviewed "the gross assortment of misfits" and "veritable thugs" who were the Nazi chieftains — Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and Hess. And he watched with fascination and fear as Germans threw themselves with astonishing unity behind the tyrannical, brutal and emotionally unstable Adolf Hitler.

As the Nazi brutality spread, Shirer's work became difficult. Harrassed by the Gestapo and propaganda chief Goebbels, Shirer saw his reports constantly censored. Through voice inflections and meaningful pauses, he tried to indicate to his American radio audience when the Nazis were telling another "big lie." He recalls, for example, that the Germans charged that the British had bombed a mental institution for children. In fact, the Nazis themselves had, for propaganda purposes, deliberately destroyed the hospital. When he could, he tipped off Americans about Germany military installations he had seen. By 1940, Shirer had to flee Berlin. Friends warned him that he might be arrested as a spy.

What troubles Shirer 40 years after his

Berlin experience is why Germans gave up their personal freedom and democratic rights and committed themselves to Hitler and his totalitarian dictatorship. He knows that Hitler promised to liquidate the past, to free Germany from the consequences of the defeat of 1918. He also abolished unemployment with his public works and rearmament programs. And there was always the terror of the Gestapo lurking in the background.

But this was the country of Luther, Kant, Beethoven, Goethe and Schiller. Perhaps, as Shirer writes, all underestimated Adolf Hitler and his domination of the German people. Possessing an iron will, powerful personality and rich command of the German language, Hitler convinced Germans that, under his leadership, Nazi Germany was great, was strong and had a manifest destiny.

Those who know Shirer's books will find much familiar in "The Nightmare Years." Yet, it is important to be reminded about life in the Nazi madhouse.

Stephen G. Rabe, an associate professor of history, teaches U.S. foreign relations at the University of Texas-Dallas.

A LOOK AT WAR BOOKS

SIGNAL: HITLER'S WARTIME PICTURE MAGAZINE

S. L. Mayer, Ed.

“GERMAN
PHYSIOGONOMY”



When we reviewed *SIGNAL: Hitler's Wartime Picture Magazine* some time ago, we recommended its marvelous visual portrayal of Nazidom as presented in the pages of Germany's propagandistic equivalent of our own *Life* magazine as a striking reminder of what Hitler had wrought.

SIGNAL: Years of Triumph, 1940-1942 (Edited by S.L. Mayer; Prentice-Hall, \$12.95) once again recreates Nazi arrogance and fanaticism with lavishly illustrated facsimiles from the rare original magazines.

Published in 20 different languages, with sales reaching 2½ million copies by 1942, this particular version of *Signal* was produced in English from editorial offices in occupied Paris to be sold (for 10 cents) in the U.S. — until Pearl Harbor. These issues vividly record those early German triumphs in Poland and elsewhere, but more importantly, they offer revealing insight into the makings of the holocaust.

Note, for examples, the article on "German physiognomy," which expresses their guiding principle of art, "When Mars rules, the Muses need not be silent," the happy scenes of a marriage of pure Aryans in Berlin; the description of Germany's plans for regimented post-war housing for its victorious warriors; and best of all, the double-think essay telling us how Germany had actually banished war from the continent in such a short time.

It's simply fascinating material, of course, but let's not forget the monstrosities it reflected.

Required REading For Serious War Buff, Trying to Understand The Nazis

Bormann, the man behind the Fuehrer

THE SECRETARY: Martin Bormann. The Man Who Manipulated Hitler, by Jochen von Lang. Random House, \$15.95.

BY MICHAEL HESKETT

WHEN Martin Bormann was indicted and tried in absentia at Nuremberg, it was the first time most Germans had heard of him. On the rare occasions when his name had appeared in the press during the war, it was, more often than not, misspelled; not deliberately, but because few people knew who he was or what he did.

It was an anonymity he fostered; unlike many of the more flamboyant leaders of the Third Reich, he preferred the substance of power to its trappings. But however unknown he was to the rest of the world when the trials began in October 1945, he was as all too familiar a figure to the defendants in the dock. As a member of Hitler's inner circle since 1933 (as aide to Deputy Fuehrer Hess) and as his secretary since April 1943, Bormann was one of the most powerful, hated, and feared men in the Nazi hierarchy.

In 1947, in his *The Last Days of Hitler*, Hugh Trevor-Roper accepted the story of Artur Axmann, the Hitler Youth Leader, that he had seen the bodies of Bormann and Ludwig Stumpfegger, Hitler's surgeon, on the Ivalidenstrasse Bridge on the night of May 2. The Nuremberg Court had ignored or overlooked Axmann's testimony and so, it seems, did everyone else, because for the next 25 years reports of sightings of Bormann alive and well flooded into Germany from all parts of the world. Jochen von Lang, editor of Stern magazine, following Axmann's account, set out to find Bormann. In 1972, after an eight-year search, the bodies of the two men were found buried near the bridge.

The interesting story of that search and how the bodies came to be where they were found form the latter chapters of *The Secretary*. More importantly, von Lang has also written the most thorough biography of Bormann to date. Its subtle reads like the lurid headline of a supermarket tabloid, and Claus Sibyll, who is credited with assisting von Lang on the project, reinforces the feeling in his foreword with a statement that during the war years Bormann "became the se-



the shadows behind Hitler, Martin Bormann

cret ruler of Germany." Fortunately, the text does not adopt this type of uncritical attitude and is far more judicious in assessing Bormann's role.

That he was a most powerful man there can be no doubt. As private secretary he controlled access to Hitler in the last years of war. In that sense, he was at times and under certain conditions more powerful than the man he served. As administrator of the Adolph Hitler Fund he had considerable authority in how the largesse of the Fuehrer was dispensed.

He was devoted to Hitler, servile in his adoration. To his inferiors, to his family, he was often contemptuous and brutal. As head of the Reich Chancellery he controlled the entire Party machinery and through the creation of shadow bureaus within his department he exercised great power within the Reich Government.

The key to Bormann's success was that he exploited Hitler's traditional policy of keeping his subordinates at odds with each other through conflicting authority and contradictory orders. From his place in the shadows Bormann knew every cleavage within the system, and as the interpreter of Hitler's will he was able to control and even eliminate all but the most influential Gauleiters and Reichsleiters.

THIS FUNNY LIFE



A COW CASUALTY

At Oberoffen, France where Co. B 142nd was in a very good fire fight with tanks and all that good stuff one casualty was a cow. It was killed by the Germans. This presented an excellent opportunity to put something different on our menu. Word was sent to our Mess Sgt., Preston Burkett, to have a couple of cooks come up to do some butchering.

The men were notified that steaks were forthcoming.

The cooks, if my memory serves me right, Ollis Shephard and Glennett Lott came forward to show their skill. It was at night and when they started cutting up the cow the commotion aroused the Germans and they started firing. This was not to the liking of the two cooks so they tied a rope to the cow, hitched it to a jeep and dragged the carcass to a spot where they could work with less interruption. It seems that they could wield the knife much better under quieter conditions.

The Regimental Surgeon inspected the meat and Ok'd it for G.I. consumption but suggested that it be broiled. However, Sgt. Burkett knowing that the men were expecting steaks prepared it that way. It may not have been the most tender in the world, but it was a welcome change from C rations.

DEWEY W. MANN
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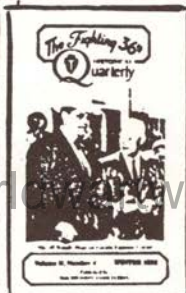
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