

The Fighting 36th
HISTORICAL
Quarterly



“Kreigie”

End of the Line

Vol. VI, No. 1 – Spring 1986

Published by
36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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The Fighting 36th



HISTORICAL

QUARTERLY

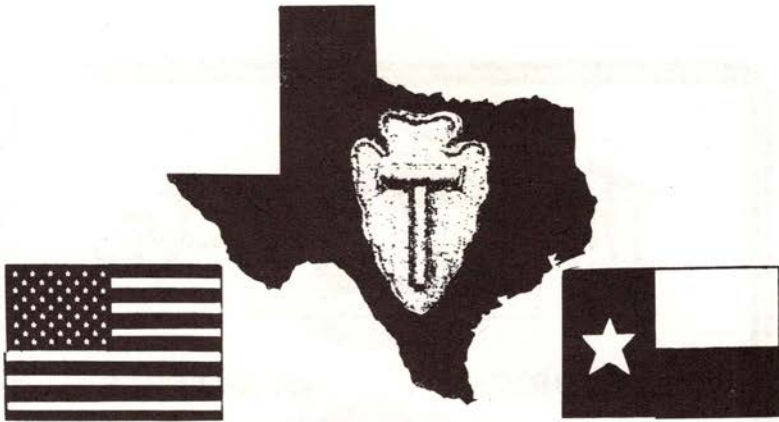


THIRTY SIXTH
TEXAS
DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Vol. VI, No. 1,

Spring 1986





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

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

The 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.

Vol. VI, No. 1

— Spring 1986



The Fighting 36th



Texas 36th Division Association

Celebrate  150th

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

”KREIGIE”

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Prisoner of War in Germany
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PART I

From Salerno Bay
to the Polish Corridor

By Alan “Chum” Williamson

“Kreigie”



It was an offer we couldn't refuse. Surrender and stay alive. The alternative: A dirty, useless death.

Leaving rifles and carbines in the shallow gully that had been our company CP (**Co. E, 143rd Infantry**), we walked toward the Mark IV tank with our hands up, its cannon and twin machine guns boresighting us. A German officer stood beside the tank, as unconcerned as if it were a training exercise. To his right, a squad of panzer grenadiers, crouching, trained their weapons on us.

This is the moment of truth. If they are going to kill us, chances are it will be now.

A shot rang out from the direction of our 3rd Platoon. The officer jerked his head to one side. It was that close. **2nd Lieut. Arthur D. Morrow, the platoon leader**, had chosen that moment to try to kill a kraut. Fortunately, his aim was no better than his timing. Had his shot found its mark, we would have been slaughtered.

The squad leader angrily swung his submachine gun toward my midsection. My gut tightened, half expecting to receive a burst of hot lead. **Captain James B. Bond, our company commander**, shouted over his shoulder, “Cease firing!” Morrow was about to squeeze off another round. From his position, he couldn't see the panzer grenadiers. Only the tank, the officer, and our small group. Curiously, the men of his platoon didn't fire.

The feldwebel waved us through the gap in the hedgerow with his



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weapon. He walked gingerly around the body of a German soldier lying on his light machine gun. At the road junction a few yards away, tanks and trucks loaded with troops were moving to the front bumper to bumper. Not until later would we recall Tennyson's immortal lines, **"Not though the soldier knew / Someone had blundered."**

Guides directed us in the opposite direction of the advancing column. Our numbers increased at the next road junction. We were then joined by guards who led us to a PW collecting point, where a number of T-Patchers were already assembled. I had the strange feeling that I had died, passed on to the Great Beyond, and these were comrades-in-arms who had passed on before me. Since then, other POWs have stated that they had the same eerie feeling.

We were soon joined by our three rifle platoon leaders, **Lieutenants John J. Hannan, Floyd L. (Leonard) Vaden and Arthur Morrow**, and what was left of their platoons. **Lieutenants Brantley B. Hart, our Weapons Platoon leader, and Burdette F. Berry, a spare officer**, were among the eleven of us taken at the company command post. I was the company executive officer.

All seven of our company officers had survived to become POWs, none wounded. Company E suffered fewer casualties than Company F, in the line on our left. The brunt of the attack hit them first.

Difficult to cope with Nicotine fits

It would appear that it was an ideal time to quit smoking. But it is difficult to cope with "nicotine fits" under such stress. I had fewer than a pack of Luckies. However, Len Vaden had a full carton, which he generously volunteered to share with me. He said, **"We will both run out together."**

The wounded were treated by our Medics

A number of the captured T-Patchers were wounded. Their wounds were tended by two captured medical officers. The German commander in charge of evacuating the POWs asked each if he was married. Both were. Then he asked each if he had children. **Captain Emmett L. Allamon of Port Arthur, Texas** did have. He was left with the wounded who were unable to walk, to be liberated by the advancing Fifth Army.

Now . . . the interrogation starts

I could not help but admire the professionalism of the German soldier. He wasn't mad at anybody; in fact, most were friendly. He was just doing a job, and he did it well.

"KREIGIE"



"We do things the Russian way."

We spent the night in a field alongside a paved road. The nights were cold, and we used straw for cover. The guards set up machine guns covering possible escape routes. The German commander warned, **"For every man who escapes, we will shoot ten."** Of course we knew he was bluffing.

Marching down the Historic Appian Way

Next morning, we were marched down the Via Appia, the historic Appian Way. We were assembled in an open field, where a German captain, flanked by several other officers, had a table set up for interrogation purposes.

Speaking fluent English, he acted quite friendly, even jovial – no doubt to put us off guard. **He began by asking what we thought of (Italian Prime Minister) Badoglio and the King declaring war on Germany.** When no one replied, he said, **"It was a surprise, even to us. And we're used to such things."**

He had the officers show their ID cards, and briefly interrogated some of us. Looking at my ID, he said, **"What do you do? Go around signing drivers licenses?"** Before being reassigned to Co. E, I had served 18 months as the 143rd Infantry transportation officer.

Still in a state of euphoria after the narrow escape from death, I was caught unaware. **"Yes,"** I replied. **"I used to run drivers schools."**

He said, **"We've captured a lot of men with drivers licenses you signed. Do you know Lieutenant Colonel Barnett?"**

"Yes. He's a friend of mine."

Our 'last' hot breakfast

"We've got him too." Not so. They hadn't captured 'Litle Joe,' and would not. He added, **"I'm going to let you go now. We've got a hot breakfast waiting for you."**

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It would be a long time before we were served anything for breakfast by the Germans. And then it would be a bowl of a sort of porridge, served on Sunday mornings only.

After a week of marching, during which U.S. and British aircraft passed over the long column of "Kriegsgefangenen," so near, yet so far, wagging their wings, a night truck ride brought us to an abandoned Italian POW camp on the banks of the twisting Volturno River. During the march, we were given no food except a few slices of bread and a can of corned beef for every 17 men — an ominous portent of the starvation diet that lay ahead. We subsisted on fruit the guards permitted us to pick from Italian orchards along the way.

At Capua, we were given a cup of sweetened macaroni per man per day. The German commandant explained that food was not available on the local market, as the people had barely enough to feed themselves. And that the Germans had not expected to have so many POWs to feed.

I had last shaved aboard the USS Elizabeth Stanton the day before debarkation. By the time we reached Capua, I had a good growth of beard. Lieut. Col. Charles H. (Hal) Jones, CO of the 2nd Battalion, 143rd Infantry, asked why I didn't shave.

"I don't have a razor," I replied. "I've decided I won't shave until we're liberated."

Lieut. Col. Gaines J. Barron of Waco, Texas, CO of the 1st Battalion, 142nd Infantry, who was captured at Altavilla, said, "He looks like an old English wit."

Jones said, "Yeah. A half-wit. I've got news for you, Williamson. You're going to shave."

One of my fellow PWs happened to have a safety razor. I was the last of 33 men to shave with the same blade. Ouch!

We were at Capua a week when the German announced that we were to be moved by train through the Brenner Pass to Austria. Officers and EM were to be transported in freight cars. However, the senior British officer told the German that the Allied officers refused to ride in boxcars. It would be a violation of the Geneva Convention.

The German officer, surprisingly, obtained passenger coaches for the officer PWs. The enlisted prisoners, American, British and Italian, were loaded into the "40 and 8" boxcars of World War I fame.

Before boarding, the German commander conferred with Lieut. Col. Jones and Captain Clarence M. Ferguson, Jones' S3 and close friend. He said, "I don't have enough guards. You are ordered to tell your men that for every enlisted man who escapes, we will

"KREIGIE"



shoot five. For every officer who escapes, we will shoot twenty."

Jones replied, "What you have said is a violation of the terms of the Geneva Convention in the treatment of prisoners-of-war, and I protest."

"You are not registered prisoners-of-war and will not be registered until you get to Germany. That is what we did on the Russian front, and that is what we will do here. Tell your men."

Jones was taken away for interrogation and would not rejoin us until several months later at Oflag 64. Captain Ferguson passed the word about the threat of retaliation for any escapees. Of course we knew the threat was idle.

Lieut. William R. Swanson observed, "An Air Corps officer told me there are no trains running in all Italy. Yet here we are, boarding a train 25 miles from the front lines."

We were given half a loaf of bread each before entraining; nothing else until we reached our destination. However, Italian women at points along the route gave us food. A woman at a station north of Rome had some 50 crates of apples stacked along the track which she distributed to grateful POWs.

Bayne and Quarles make clean 'escape'

There were at least three escape attempts enroute to Austria, all successful. The daring nighttime leap from the moving train by **T-Patchers Carl Bayne and Julian Quarles**, which demonstrated the highest order of courage, has already been told. Next morning, a German officer went through the train with drawn pistol, searching every cabinet and compartment where a prisoner might hide. Of course nobody was shot.

When the train stopped at a station in a Rome suburb, an Italian colonel and I were sitting in the door of the baggage coach next to the

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engine, our feet dangling inches above the pavement. A crowded commuter train, packed with standees, its large side door open, pulled alongside on a parallel track some 15 feet away. Our guard had posted himself between the tracks, his back to us, facing toward the rear of the train. He had no doubt forgotten that the two men in the engine's cab were Italian.

The colonel slipped to the pavement and hurried across to the crowded commuter train. The standing passengers parted quickly to admit him, then closed ranks. The guard, sensing a commotion, looked over his shoulder toward our coach. After the colonel's escape, the train wasn't searched. Italians didn't count.

Italians were also held as POWs.

Because of Italy's switching sides, Italians were now being held as POWs by the Germans as well as the Allies. Some Americans captured in North Africa were interned for a time in a camp guarded by Italian. They were later evacuated to camps in German occupied Europe. A few eventually arrived at Oflag 64.

When these received word from home in 1944 that Italian POWs at a camp in the U.S. were being treated as honored guests by neighboring Italian-Americans, they were very angry. Said one, **"The Italians were miserable people to be prisoners of. They used mass punishment. At the slightest infraction by a single PW, they would say, 'For that, you don't get any water today.' The withholding of water in the African desert was a terrible punishment. American prisoners actually saved their urine and drank it."**

The night after the colonel escaped, our second night aboard the train, we went through the Brenner Pass. The train stopped only briefly, as a guard shouted, "Der Brenner!" Next morning we arrived at Stalag VII-A, a camp for British PWs at Moosburg, Austria, where we received our first American Red Cross parcels. Each parcel contained 11 pounds of canned foods, soluble coffee, cube sugar, assorted toiletries, and five packs of cigarettes.

To the smokers, and most of us were, the cigarettes were almost as welcome as the food. **1st Lieut. Teddy Roggen** of Houston, S4 of the 2nd Battalion, 143rd Infantry, a non-smoker, traded his cigarettes for four overcoats. He gave me one of them, for which I was most grateful. Like most T-Patchers, I was in shirt sleeves and the weather had already turned cold. Ted had enough smokes left over to trade for a dozen eggs, providing several of us with our first breakfast of fried eggs since leaving the Elizabeth Stanton. It would also be the last until liberation. Generous to a fault, Ted asked - and received - nothing for his kindness.

"KREIGIE"

After a week at Moosburg, the American company grade officers were taken to **Stalag III-A, at Luckenwalde**, a city 50 kilometers southwest of Berlin. We passed through the Berlin rail center enroute, then doubled back. Escorted under loose guard, we rode between railroad stations by subway. German civilians paid scant attention to us, showing no animosity. They were used to winning, and to prisoners of many nationalities.

At both rail terminals we saw **women slave laborers**, little more than skin and bones, carrying rails and repairing bomb damage to the tracks.

At Luckenwalde, we were processed into an interrogation center for American Ground Force officers which was an adjunct of Stalag III-A. There was a similar center for Air Corps officers at Dulag Luft, Wetzlar. The center at Luckenwalde was operated under the command of a Hauptman Williams. (He pronounced it "Villiams"). According to U.S. intelligence sources, his real name was Wilhelms and he had formerly lived in New Jersey.

We were thoroughly searched, and everything was taken from us except the clothing on our backs. Then we were put in solitary confinement, each in a cell with a bunk, table, chair, and a drop light bulb that could be turned on and off only by the guard out in the hallway. We were allowed no tobacco, no reading and writing materials, no toilet articles. We were permitted no exercise and singing, whistling, any kind of noisemaking, was verboten.

The single window in each narrow cell was painted so one couldn't see out. I scraped enough off with my thumbnail for a peephole. A guard outside immediately closed the wooden shutters, leaving me in darkness.

To answer calls to nature, one knocked on the door. A guard in the hallway, after making sure the toilet was not in use and no American was in the hallway, would escort the prisoner to a john equipped with one commode.

The food, if one could call it that, was something else. One bowl per day of boiled grass or beet tops, containing enough sand that only a couple of spoonfulls off the top was edible. Enroute to Luckenwalde, we had asked one of the guards if it would be our permanent camp. He replied, "**For some of you, yes. For others, no.**" Of course this was part of the intimidation used at Luckenwalde to persuade PWs to talk.

Questionnaire had 25 stupid questions

On the first night in solitary, a guard brought me a questionnaire, but no pencil. It contained about 25 questions, some of them innocuous, such as name, rank, serial number and date of birth. Some harmless,

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such as home town, mother's maiden name, and religion. Others were no-nos, such as company, battalion and regiment.

On the second day, the guard gave me a pencil. I answered only the questions required to be answered by the Geneva Convention.

Also by the second day, I had an acute case of sinusitis. I appealed to the guard, who seemed sympathetic. He asked if I wanted to see "docteur." I replied, "Yes." However, that was the end of the matter, and the condition cured itself after several painful days.

The monotony & agony of solitary

The monotony of solitary was otherwise relieved only by a Russian prisoner who came to sweep out my cell every day. He spoke no English, but was very friendly and understood my requests for tobacco. Every day he gave me a butt from a roll-your-own cigarette and a light.

On the tenth night, "Villiams" came to my cell, accompanied by a guard. He said, "**I want to get you out of here. Which regiment were you in? The 141st, 142nd, or 143rd?**"

"**You know I'm not supposed to tell you that**" I protested.

"Come on!" Williams snapped impatiently. "**I want to get you out of here!**"

Looking around as if I was afraid I might be overheard by the prisoner in the next cell, I held up two fingers. Apparently Williams accepted the slight falsification. He ordered me out into the hallway, where less than a dozen of us, all members of the 2nd Battalion, 153rd Infantry, formed a column of twos.

Williams said, "**We want to get you 36th Division people out of here and make room for some real soldiers. Who's the senior officer?**"

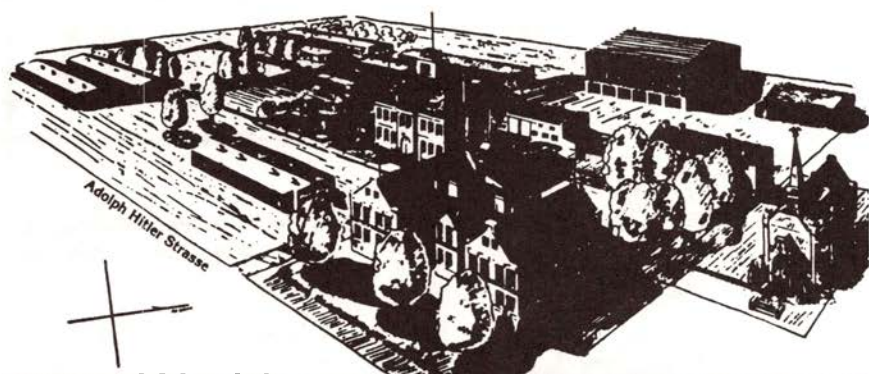
Captain Richard H. Torrence raised his hand. "**I am**" Dick was the only captain still in solitary.

Williams said, "**Captain Torrence! Lead the 36th Division out of here!**"

A guard escorted us to a room with double deck bunks, where our meager belongings were returned. The rest of the group that had arrived at Luckenwalde with us had been called into Williams' office, interrogated, and sent on to Oflag 64. Since one of them was a 2nd lieutenant, we surmised that those interrogated had filled in more of the blanks on the questionnaire. But no matter. Each of us could have told Williams everything we knew and it would have made no difference.

1st Lieut. Anthony M. Graham was kept in solitary an extra night, joining the rest of us on the following morning. Graham had refused to give any answer at all when asked which regiment.

"KREIGIE"



Prisoner's drawing of Oflag 64, reproduced from The Item of January 1, 1945
Drawing does not show the three, high, barbed wire fences surrounding the 900 feet by 1200-foot area of the P.O.W. Camp; nor are the eleven guard towers shown.

BY JAMES DICKERS

OFLAG 64

Two Old Buddies From 143rd Greet Us on Arrival

We arrived at Oflag 64, a camp for American Ground Force officers located in the Polish Corridor, in November. We were greeted upon arrival by **T-Patchers Roger Cannon of Waco and Joe K. Emerson of Itasca, Texas**, both former members of Headquarters Company, 143rd Infantry. Both were captured on D-Day at about 1300 hours. Colonel William H. Martin, the regimental commander, sent them to get the regimental radio truck. On the way back, they met a German tank about a mile from the beach.

The tank commander shouted, "**Hands up!**"

They were marched away on foot, as vehicle and radio were destroyed by the tank's cannon.

* * * * *



This is Part 1 of a series.

For the next several issues of The Quarterly, Williamson will tell about 'life' in Oflag 64, the nitty-gritty of a grim existence which covers more than two years as guest of the Nazis.

Related stories of life at Oflag 64 appeared in earlier issues...

Oflag 64



Vol. II, No. 4, Winter 1982 has a story about Oflag 64, pages 42 through 51.

It is more of a 'general' coverage of the compound, covers many other men and short items about their experiences during this unpleasant stay with the Krauts.

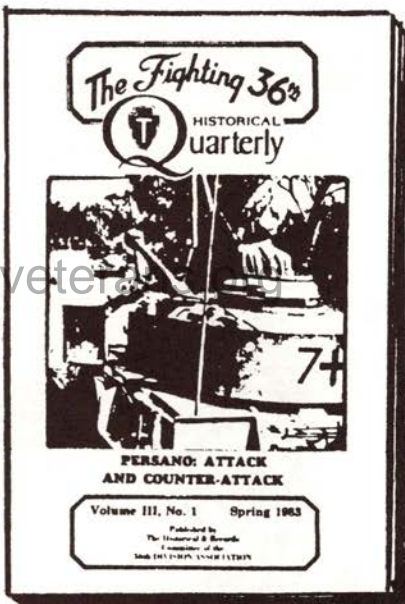
Chum Williamson, Austin Webb, Roger Cannon, Murray Mattleman and others added their part to this story. The funeral service held at Oflag 64 for Capt. Richard Torrence is noted with photos on page 48.

Williamson then, started working on this story now in print after three years of additional search and many re-writes.

THE BATTLE FOR PERSANO is the cover story shown here, Vol. III, No. 1 1983 issue of the Quarterly. This covers the action that took place from D-Day at Salerno beachhead until and including action that involved this story.

To better understand this one, "Kreigie", a reading, or re-reading would be helpful.

ALSO, check Vol. II, No. 1 1982 for story about **ESCAPE FROM A PRISON TRAIN**, excerpts from an illustrated story in LOOK Magazine, March 12, 1945. It gives vivid description of the exploits of Capt. Carl R. Bayne and Lt. Julian Quarles who successfully out-foxed the Nazis and finally after 33 days at large, made their way back to join their unit. A truly exciting feat, and worthy of being made into a TV documentary.



Ex-POWs visit Texas



WW II REUNION: Some of the 23 former German officers visiting the Mexia, Texas, site of the prisoner of war camp where they were held more than 40 years ago display a German flag on Tuesday. The former POWs say they hope the reunion, which includes Texans who were their guards at the camp, 100 miles south of Dallas, will strengthen USA-West German friendship. The meeting is an event in Texas' 150th anniversary celebration.

Call it a coincident, but just as we were in the process of completing this story, several news stories appeared in area newspapers, and USA Today (above) about this group of German ex-POWs who were incarcerated near MEXIA Texas. . . grabbed headlines

Please note that a "German" flag, not a Swastika is used. It took only seconds to recall that a story about this group at MEXIA was published in **Vol. V, No. 2, Summer 1985, and carried on page 72-73, of a story about . . . "NAZIS IN TEXAS, A Forgotten Story"**.

Starts on page 66 runs through 73, tells tales about German POWs of the AfrikaCorps were confined in more than 100 camps in Texas.

The tie-in is the fact that MEXIA is homebase for Company B 143rd Infantry of TNG and mobilized there in fall 1940. Some of the locals were a bit put-out about this harboring these "demons" of Hitlerism, but the Germans were treated kindly, which is the American Way.

The 'Invitation' to these men of AfrikaCorps was from the Mexia officials as a part of the 1986 Sesquicentennial events, and 23 former Germans enjoyed their return visit to Texas, where they admittedly received very graciously by the local gentry.

During their stay at Mexia, 1943-45, they spent most of their time working for farmers in the area, and many friendships were established, with letters in the years following to their benefactors.



“Sweeping The Hills With The 36th”

By Dewey W. Mann
Company B 142nd



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In 1944 somewhere in France • Jim Minor gave an order – **“take Co B and sweep those hills”**. Well, that sounded clear and concise. You could hardly misunderstand that. At home back in the hills of West Virginia the mother of this unit commander had given his similar orders – take the broom and sweep the kitchen floor. However, the word sweep took on an entirely different meaning when spouted out by Jim Minor. As a matter of fact he would think that there was no difference in the two at all. Just go ahead and do it. It is as simple as that.

The task was to do the sweeping in the dead of night through deep forests. The objective was to rout out and subdue well armed German soldiers whose personal objective was not to be routed out and subdued.

The attack was put into operation. It may have been Jim Minors' idea that by using sweep, the awful impact of **attacking the enemy** would be lessened and give more confidence.

Scouts were sent forward. The Captain and his Co. headquarters marched with the reserve unit. Bringing up the rear in an attack is the most favorable place to be. Even though there is not much distance between the front troops and the reserve unit, those up ahead will take the initial brunt. **They are the sitting ducks.**

The company was not meeting any resistance and all was going well when a message came down for the Captain to come forward. So up front he went along with his faithful runner, **Abraham Amchin**. There, it was discovered that there was some question as to where in the hell they were. This came as no surprise as when you are **“sweeping the hills”** in the dead of night in the woods without

"Sweeping The Hills With The 36th"

the use of a light it is likely that you will lose your bearings **(sometimes your mind)**

You see, Jim Minor implied in his order to refrain from using flashlights. If such was done this extraordinary combat Battalion Commander from Texas may have raised his voice to a roaring pitch. **One would also shudder to think what the stately and most efficient graduate of West Point, Col. George E. Lynch, Regimental Commander would have said.** Abraham Amchin and the Co Commander surveyed the situation. They, they journeyed forth ahead of the others to check out a road that should have been on the left. **It was suddenly realized that they were behind the German lines.** They could see some Germans asleep in their foxholes. Without hesitating the Captain made a tactical decision to go for help. Quietly, but very hurriedly the two started back. Shortly thereafter Amchin pulled on the coat-tail of the Captain and said, **"Say, I stole that German soldier's rifle". Well, there was no strong desire on the part of the Captain to spend any time to discuss the matter right then. His immediate interest was to get back into the strong arms of Co B as soon as possible.**

His only nervous comment to Abraham was, "let's go". They had not gone very far when again the Captain felt a tug on his jacket and Amchin said, **"Since I got his rifle do you want me to go back and get his pack"?** As souvenirs were not the primary issue at the time Amchin was answered with a definite no.

Upon reaching the head of the Co the situation was explained and emphasized that our only alternative was to keep spread out-move forward rapidly and to pound them with all the firepower at our disposal. Needless to say the enemy was surprised, **and they were pulled out of their foxholes by the dozens. Dawn came soon, and the Co had taken fifty or sixty prisoners and suffered not a casualty.**

That morning the men of Co B were sitting around waiting to move back to the battalion area when it was reported that some Germans may have entered a house on the fringe of the woods. It was thought best to ask them to surrender so one of the men who could speak German was summoned to convey this message to them. Well, the soldier seemed a little more nervous than the Captain and was not speaking loud enough.

The Captain asked him what German words to use, and he would do the yelling. **He yelled for them to surrender and really got some action!** Out comes a couple of Germans and attempted to set up a machine gun. Immediately, they were mowed down by Co B rifle fire.

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This Captain has often reflected that his knowledge of the German language has a lot to be desired. **He thought that he was asking for a surrender but apparently it did not come across that way.**

It is remembered how the men of Co B were sitting around that morning conversing (through an interpreter) with their German prisoners. One of the Germans said that he awoke and looked all over for his rifle but could not find it. all laughed about it. The prisoners said that they had heard the Americans would give them clean sheets to sleep on and were anxious to find out if this was true. Cigarettes and candy were shared with the Germans. What a contrast, **"killing and giving."**

The prisoners were turned over to the 1st Battallion. A report was made of Lt. Col. Jim Minor that his hills had been swept.

Abraham Anchin was duely decorated

At a Co. B reunion in Lancaster, PA in Aug. 1985 the above story was related. Dr. Abraham Anchin was asked why he took the action he did and especially why he wanted to go back and get that Germans' pack. He simply answered, **"You know, I was just a teenager"**.

For sure, he was a brave teenager. That German rifle that he lifted could have taken the lives of many Co. B men. Abraham Amchin showed uncanny coolness, courage and bravery in his heroic action. He was duly decorated. Subsequently, the coveted Purple Heart was awarded him for wounds received at Lemberg, France 9 Jan. 1945.



Company B 142nd East Reunion at Lancaster PA,
— here's Bob Greiger (from left), Dewey Mann,
Bill Repke and Robert J. Maritn, New Port Richey FL.

DEWEY MANN, the great Guru of
Co B 142nd (Nabob of Nitro W VA)
gets around, visits with his former
comrades, hither and yon. . .he works
hard to keep these men in touch with
each other.

"Sweeping The Hills With The 36th"



70 Veterans Attend Company B Reunion

Last weekend's reunion of Company B, 142nd Infantry, 35th Division was highly successful, with 70 veterans of the group attending with their families.

This was the first time that members from the East have joined the Texas group in the annual reunion. Twenty-seven registered from out-of-state and the rest were from Texas. This was also the first time since 1945 for many of the veterans to see each other, and there was a lot of conversation, exchange of pictures, and viewing of World War II souvenirs.

Dennis Norton from upstate New York traveled the most miles—2,200—to attend.

A parade was held downtown on Saturday morning, followed by the placing of a memorial wreath on the courthouse lawn marker.

New officers elected for the association on Saturday afternoon at the National Guard Armory

At the Saturday night barbecue, Captain Middleton of Ballinger presented honorary Texas Citizenship certificates to out-of-state veterans. The certificates, signed by Gov. Briscoe, were arranged by Ralph Pridemore. Musical entertainment followed the barbecue.

Sunday's program included a memorial service, also led by Capt. Middleton.

The large group of visitors filled Coleman motels, some stayed in Brownwood motels, and others were guests in homes in Coleman. There was even an East-West tennis match at 8 a.m. Sunday between Woodrow Baxter of Coleman and Charles Hoffman of New Jersey, with Baxter winning for the West.

Special activities for the women of the group included a coffee and special art demonstrations at the Coleman Bank on Saturday. Sarah Stewart planned these events.



A MEMORIAL WREATH was placed on the memorial marker in front of the Courthouse Saturday morning by Capt. Dewey Mann of Nitro, West Virginia. The wreath was in memory of and to honor departed members of the Company B. (staff photo)

DEWEY IS THE MANN FOR COMPANY B 142nd

As Captain of Co B 142nd, they are so strong it takes an Eastern and Western unit to handle it. Coleman, Texas is homebase, and each group has reunions. Dewey attends them all.



A Critical Look At The Italian Campaign

Dear Editor:

5-10-86

Today I read The Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly and found it very interesting. When one hits the 60's it is natural to look back a bit. After all, we are the survivors whatever our rank or contribution was in those days of long ago. When young people ask me over a beer to tell a war story, I sometimes tell this one:

"It was the middle of June, 1944. We had just climbed a hill north of Rome and apparently the Wehrmacht didn't want us there. Now the relative safety of darkness was arriving. A sergeant pointed out a spot and ordered me to dig in. However, I had never been so tired in my life. After he left, I spotted three dark forms sprawled out under the outline of a stunted tree. So I laid down among them figuring that if they thought it was safe enough not to dig in, then I would take my chances, too.

Next morning I awoke and the first thing I noted was a brain lying beside my head. Another look revealed that it had belonged to one of the dead soldiers I had been sleeping with. All had been killed by a tree-burst the day before and that explained why they had not been dug in. I woke up in a hurry and started digging. As it turned out, the Germans were polite enough not to start blasting the hill with their 88's until I had finished."

James Erickson, Co E 141st Inf.

It was a time of madness and many governments of the world were eagerly taking part in the "second big killfest of the century." The date was September 9, 1943. The ships of the U.S. and England had just dumped off 30,000 young men on a defended beach near Salerno, Italy.

Here there was a definite possibility that many of their jelly-like bodies would sooner or later be penetrated by pieces of flying metal. This was being scattered in all directions by chemical explosions. The hills overlooking the Salerno landing site were already occupied by the German enemy which provided the lethal opposition. In the postwar textbooks **the enemy would be referred to as the German 10th Army which was commanded by field Marshall Kesselring.**

For centuries war has been called the "sport of kings". If one cares to substitute words such as "prime ministers" or "fuehrers" for "kings", this bloody event was no exception. It would be assumed that the players were well-trained experts in playing the game of war with

A Critical Look at the Italian Campaign

their doomed human pawns. In other words, that they would "spend" them wisely.

However, the history of the Italian military campaign from 1943 to 1945 made this a doubtful assumption. The landing at Salerno beach was the opening move in a long, deadly confrontation which was characterized by a number of blunders from the Allied side. Meanwhile, their pawns died by the thousands.

An ego trip for the Fifth Army commander

The man in charge on our side was General Mark W. Clark (1896-1984) of the Fifth Army. His ego trip was to go down in the history texts as another "**conquerer of Rome.**"

With 700 ships in various convoys converging on Salerno, the unrealistic goal was to make a '**surprise**' landing. As one might expect, the Luftwaffe had been shadowing it all for a couple of days and had even dropped a few bombs. The Germans had not only figured out where the landing was going to take place but had even calculated the time. However, the original plan called for a surprise landing so the beach area was not softened up with naval bombardment. This oversight would prove to be a **colossal miscalculation** and the whole invasion force came close to being wiped out.

The U.S. 36th Texas Infantry Division "**spearheaded the attack**" and was supported by the 45th Oklahoma Division. The British X Corps was also involved..

The idea of invading Italy was Prime Minister Winston Churchill's from the beginning. He was a politician who liked to play at military strategy from London. Churchill had called it the "**soft underbelly of Europe**". It turned out to be anything but soft! The plan was to capture Naples in five days so that the Allies would have a port for supplying the invading army. It turned out that it took three weeks to get there and 12,000 troops did not make it. The Germans had plenty of time to destroy much of the harbor equipment and also planted long-term time bombs in public buildings before abandoning Naples.

After occupying the wrecked city of Naples the Allies continued their advance north. Numerous battles occurred in the mountains and along the winding Volturno River. The defending Wehrmacht was usually on the high ground and attacking Allies were below. The slow advance continued mainly because of an overwhelming U.S. air and artillery advantage.

The rains were bad that winter and mud added to the miseries of the GI's as well as to the problems of the officers. After each hill was taken, another loomed ahead. This continued until the area of Monte

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Cassino was reached. It was here that the second big stage of the Italian campaign took place.

By this time the Fifth Army had become quite international including French, Polish and New Zealand troops. In the American Sector there were not only the 36th and 45th Divisions which landed at Salerno but also the Minnesota-Iowa 34th Division and other units.

The road called Route 6 entered the Liri Valley which headed toward Rome. However, to reach the valley brought the Allied army under the guns of the Germans in the terrible Abruzzi Mountains around Cassino. **The German commander immediately responsible for the defense of the Cassino area and keeping the Fifth Army out of the Liri Valley was General Frido von Senger.**

He was an intellectual of sorts and had earlier studied at Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar. He supposedly had decided that Hitler's war was lost but wanted to make his mark in future military textbooks anyway. Probably, his most famous victory was the utter defeat of the U.S. 36th Division's attempt to cross the swollen Rapido River beginning on January 20, 1944. The official figure of dead, wounded and missing was 1,681 but was placed much higher at the time.

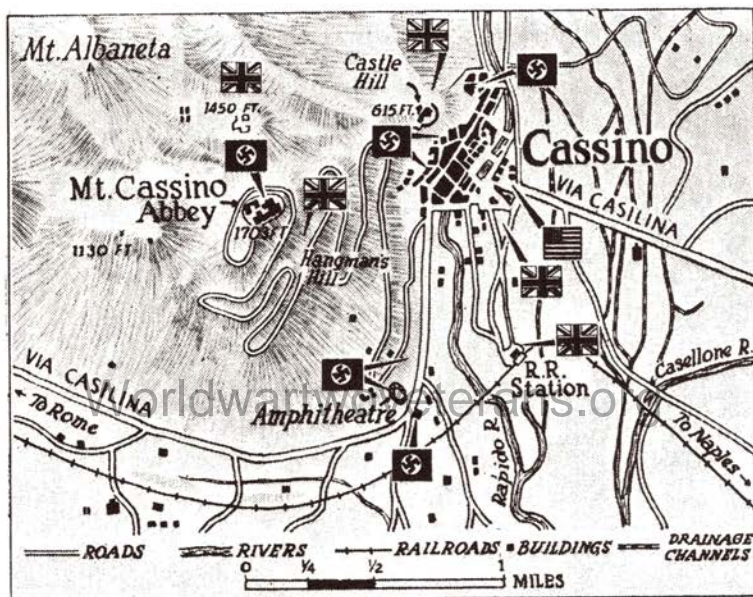
After the war, the 36th Division Association passed a resolution at Brownwood, Texas (Jan, 1946) designating the attempted Rapido River crossing as "**one of the colossal blunders of WW 2**" and calling upon the Congress of the United States to investigate a system which allegedly permitted "**an inefficient and inexperienced officer such as General Mark W. Clark . . . to destroy the young manhood of this country . . .**" This resulted in hearings held by the Committee of Military Affairs during the Second Session of the 79th Congress on February 20 and March 18, 1946.

It was inconclusive and hushed up. Kesselring, in a magazine interview ten years after the war stated that "If the U.S. general who ordered the attack (Clark) had been under my command I would not have treated him very politely. . . . From a military viewpoint it was an impossible thing to attempt."

On January 22, 1944, the third big move in the Italian war was made. It was a landing of some units of the Fifth Army, including the 3rd Division and the U.S. Rangers, near the seaport towns of **Anzio and Nettuno**. This was behind the German lines still holding at Cassino. It was led by Major General John Lucas.

When Lucas was informed at a conference about the Anzio plans he commented, "**The whole affair has a strong odor of Gallipoli and apparently the same amateur is still in the coach's box.**" this scorn-

A Critical Look at the Italian Campaign



Enlarged section of the Cassino area shows disposition of Allied and enemy troops as reported in front dispatches.

ful reference by Lucas to Gallipoli was about a landing made during WW 1. Winston Churchill was the First Lord of the Admiralty and he was largely responsible for putting ashore a large number of British troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula in Turkey. The ultimate objective was to capture Constantinople. The military undertaking was a dismal failure. Churchill was, as they would say in England "sacked," as a result of the fiasco. Possibly, the British premier was now trying to vindicate himself by promoting another more successful beachhead. The goal this time was to capture historic Rome instead of historic Constantinople.

Meanwhile, on the German side the politician, Adolph Hitler, was telling the expert Kesselring how to fight the war from far-off Berlin.

The idea for the Anzio beachhead sounded good on paper. There was a stalemate at Cassino so a landing in the rear would threaten the German communication lines. It was hoped that the defensive forces at Cassino would even be weakened if German troops were rushed north to meet the Anzio threat.

Things did not work out that way. Since a landing was expected somewhere a few German units were scattered up the coast to meet the possible threat. Now they could be concentrated at Anzio, and some were even left over to strengthen the forces at Cassino. Since Gen. Lucas did not move out to the Alban Hills immediately after lan-

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ding and occupy the high ground, the German communication lines were not affected.

The whole area came under the observation and accurate fire of the enemy which had quickly occupied the high ground. The American and British troops found themselves bottled up in a small area which came to be known as the "hell of Anzio".

Before the war it was an hour's drive from Anzio to Rome. Now it was to take four months and tens of thousands of casualties before General Mark W. Clark was to ride proudly into Rome seated in a jeep.

Two days after Rome fell (June 6, 1944) the Normandy invasion took place. From then on the war in Italy was of little interest to the world's media. But the gory scene of dying and the shedding of blood went on as the thin red line on the military maps was slowly moved north to the Alps. It was only on VE Day that it all ended.

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World War II hero sees return of patriotism

One of 2 Texans to win honor medal, DSC

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MEDAL OF HONOR



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JAMES M. LOGAN
"I'm proud of them."

By **BOB SMITH**
Longview Daily News

KILGORE — During World War II, two Texans won both the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross, a sort of "Oak Leaf Cluster" to the nation's highest award.

One was the famous Audie Murphy.

The other is a quiet, unassuming man who doesn't like to brag about his awards — James M. Logan, 65, of Kilgore.

According to the "Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly," the Armed Services awards only one Medal of Honor per man. Most other decorations have Oak Leaf Clusters as follow-up awards for additional acts of heroism.

But in the case of the Medal of Honor, a second award in the nation's highest category earns one the Distinguished Service Cross. Murphy and Logan were the only ones so decorated in World War II.

Not many soldiers have lived long enough to earn

the DSC. Most of the heroes are killed in earning the Medal of Honor.

"I'm proud of them," Logan said of his awards. But, he said, he doesn't like to "go around bragging" about them. When asked if he would do the same thing over again, his answer was short and sharp — "Yep!"

At home in Kilgore, he spends a lot of time visiting friends. But he doesn't reminisce too much about World War II.

Logan thinks "everybody lost interest" in patriotism and America's GIs during the Vietnam war. "I felt sorry for those boys," he said of the men who fought in Vietnam.

Logan believes Americans should be more patriotic, and that American patriotism is on the rise. "We're seeing a lot more patriotism now, but it's still not enough," he said.

Logan had joined the National Guard while living in his hometown of Luling. On Nov. 25, 1940, the 36th Division, then the Texas National Guard division, was called into federal service.

It was Sept. 9, 1943, that Logan, then a private in Company A, 3rd Battalion, 141st Infantry Regiment, earned the Medal of Honor.

He was in the first wave that hit the beach at Salerno, first action in the invasion of the Italian peninsula.

Logan and his comrades-in-arms were met with fierce resistance in the form of heavy artillery barrages. And the German infantry was dug in and stubborn.

The fire caught the men of the 36th while their landing craft still were trying to make it to the beach. Despite heavy losses, Logan and some of his men made it ashore and to slight cover from the enemy bullets and artillery shells.

The German counterattack was not long in coming. Logan shot down the first three enemy soldiers to burst through a hole in a rock wall not far from the beach, exposing himself to rifle and machine gun fire.

The official citation notes that Logan was splattered with dirt and splinters of rock torn out by bullets.

After downing the enemy soldiers, Logan raced about 200 yards as bullets continued to tear up the ground around him. He made it to the shelter of another

Logan Sees Return of Patriotism

er wall, then crawled until he was near the machine gun position. His accurate fire cut down two more Germans.

Then, the citation continues, Logan seized the machine gun and turned it on the Germans, causing them to flee with heavy losses.

Afterward, Logan managed to capture a German officer and a private. Later that morning, Logan raced into a building in the face of a hail of bullets and killed a sniper.

Some time later, Logan earned the DSC at Velletri, during the 36th Division's campaign to capture Rome. His unit came under a fanatic counterattack by a German SS unit, an elite group of paratroopers. According to the citation, Logan took up a Browning Automatic Rifle and attacked the Germans.

Logan was hit by a shell fragment as he was helping carry a badly wounded soldier to a medical aid station.

This was in June 1944, after the Allied forces had taken Rome. Logan received the Cross of Valor from the newly created democratic government of Italy, then was sent home for an official tour in which he and other heroes helped sell war bonds in the United States.

Returning home after the war, Logan worked as a roughneck for Exxon Corp. 35 years before retiring.

And still, he is modest about his achievements: "I just did what needed to be done."



JAMES M. LOGAN, CMH WINNER

JAMES M. LOGAN is shown here in a feature story about men who won the Congressional Medal of Honor, appeared in LIFE Magazine in 1948. Next to Audie Murphey, he got his share of news stories.

In the Vo. II, No. 4 1982 issue of our 36th Quarterly, he is featured on pages 20 through 31. It gives his complete record and how he won the two top Awards.



WAR

Is Not All Bad

by Julian H. 'Duney' Philips



Co. G, 143rd. Infantry was pulled out of combat on 23 December 1943, just north of San Pietro, Italy. The Company had been on the line since 16 November 1943 and its strength when relieved was less than a platoon.

Capt. Earl Higginbotham, from San Antonio, Texas had been moved into Co. G to take command after **Capt. James Wharton** of Baltimore, Ma. had been wounded and shipped stateside.

The Christmas of 1943 found the Company in bad need of rebuilding. The Officers and Sgt's. were working overtime under the supervision of Capt. Higginbotham who was a hard taskmaster.

The Command Officer had explained to Sgt. Higgins, our mess Sgt. that Christmas dinner would be given first priority even though the strength of the Company was down to around thirty four men, counting cooks, supply personnel and the platoons. **Christmas dinner in 1943 was fit for a king.** We had turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce plus all the trimmings to include dessert. The Company Commander and mess Sgt. beamed with pride.

After Christmas the Company began receiving replacements who had to be worked into the training schedule so the Company would be ready when called upon.

Between the rain, sleet and snow the winter of 1943-44 was miserable for the American soldier as he tried to push the German Army up the boot of Italy. We saw our first cases of trench foot and frost bite that winter which caused more casualties than combat for the division. When General Wilber asked the medical officers why we were losing so many men to those two maladies their answer was the men aren't changing their socks often enough. **Little did they know that man on the front line had only the socks he was wearing.** So, the big order came down instructing the men to change socks every night. If a man didn't have an extra pair of socks he was instructed to remove his boots and socks and massage his feet, then put the wet socks and boots back on. This was to help the circulation.

The doctors at division rear and the aid stations said this theory would work while they sat in chairs in front of stoves wearing dry

War Is Not All Bad

boots and clothes. It wasn't quiet that way on Hill 1205. We had no one checking on the front line men to see what kind of living conditions they had to endure. The weather was freezing and their only protection was stacks of rocks to get behind. The men only knew that trench foot and frost bite to them was a pass out of hell and into a hospital where they could stay alive a few more days.

Quartmaster issued extra socks and every officer was told to check his men each night to be sure they changed socks and massaged their feet.

It wasn't long after the Americans entered combat that the war department realized the front line men would need a rest from time to time, so rest camps were opened. **Fifth Army opened rest camps at Caserta so the combat weary soldier could have a place to take a shower, draw clean clothes, enjoy hot meals and sleep as long as he wanted to.** It was a great idea but it wasn't long before the camps were being abused. Sometimes there were more rear echelon men in the camps than line soldiers.

During WWII, in the European Theater, all combat divisions wore wool uniforms the year round. It separated us from the rear echelon men from Caserta and Naples who wore khakis in the summer. At first the khakis in the Naples area upset me until one day when I was in that city and about to enter a restaurant. There were four rear area officers ahead of me and one of them asked the manager what he had on the menu. The manager was polite as he answered, "Only pasta, no meat will be served today, I'm sorry." I was next to be seated along with two enlisted men who accompanied me.

We were in our woools, dirty, sweaty and I'm sure we smelled but the manager led us through the restaurant to a small alcove that was reserved for his family and special guests. It was the best table there and as he pulled out a chair for me he asked, "**How would you like your steaks prepared?**" I took him by the arm and said, "**I heard you tell those four officers that you had no meat today.**" His answer was, "**Those officers are rear echelon from the Naples area and they have their officers clubs that they could go to...clubs you wouldn't be welcomed in. You men are front line troops and you are from the Texas Division. We think you are special.**"

I had always been proud of my division shoulder patch. It had gotten me in hundreds of fights in 1942 while stationed in Camp Blanding, Fla. against men from the 1st Division. The 1st Division was an old regular army unit whose men thought that a National Guard Division didn't measure up to the Big Red 1.

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Never had I felt so proud as I did that day in Naples, Italy when an Italian restaurant manager told me **"You are from combat and fight with the Texas Division. . . you men are special."** The restaurant was just off Via Roma in front of the Kings Palace and from that day on I enjoyed many fine meals with other combat men who were also fighting in the Italian campaign.

The manager took a liking to me and many times when I was in Naples after the restaurant was closed and the cooks had gone home I could knock on the door. He would let us in relock the door and prepare us a delicious meal.

After instances such as this I wore my woools with pride. They were hot from May to August but I considered them my badge of courage. **I always held my head high and was proud to be an Infantryman and be known in history as the "Queen of Battle."**

A sad chore, handling mail to KIAs

One of the jobs that stared the company in the face each time we were off the line was going through the two pyramidal tents. This was where the letters and packages were kept after a man was killed in action or sent stateside after being wounded. This was a chore no one enjoyed. It had to be done but always opened wounds and brought back memories of a close friends last words as he died in your arms.

The mail for all the men killed in action was marked KIA, signed by an officer and returned to the sender. All company personnel had been polled before going into combat, reference food packages from home. Food, such as salami, crackers, cheese cookies and cake would be divided among the platoons.

In all of my combat and each time we prepared to go to the line I had never polled a platoon or company and had a man say he wanted his packages sent home. Every man knew in the back of his mind we were going to have casualties when we went into combat but they felt it would always be the other man who was killed or badly wounded. Every soldier felt he would still be healthy when the company was pulled off the line.

Going through all the packages and letters took time. All officers did their share to get it over with as soon as possible. I known of many new officers must have been shocked by the way we spoke of our losses and sampled cookies and cakes from their packages.

On 27 December 1943 we had worked on KIA mail and packages well past midnight. We were all tired and called a halt for the night. I picked up my coffee cup and walked across the tent and sat down at the typewriter. I started an old typewriter exercise.

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country." I had done this exercise hundreds of times in high school, so it came natural. One of the Lt's. commented, "Duney you don't do bad;

War Is Not All Bad

what are you typing?" I came right back with, "I'm dead tired from training all day and working on KIA letters and packages most of the night, so I think I'll type up a request for a weeks leave in the Naples area." The officers broke into fits of laughter and then one said, "Do you think the Commanding General will approve a leave to Naples?" It was just a thought and something that hadn't been tried before, but was worth a try. They were still making comments and laughing as I jerked the old paper from the Underwood's carriage and inserted two clean sheets and started typing.

"Don't believe the Old Man will buy it"

To: The Comanding General, 36th Div. Subject: Pass to the Naples Area. I continued typing as the Officers laughed and joked about what was doing. It got so noisy that Capt. Higginbotham walked over from the C.P. to see who was making all the noise. As he entered the tents one of the Lt's. said. **"Capt. Higginbotham, Duney is putting in a request for seven days to the Naples area."**The Captain's answer was **"he deserves it."** As he turned to me he said **"Duney I don't believe you can sell it to the Old Man."** One of the Officers who was going along with the teasing said, **"Duney if you are serious about submitting that request, why don't you ask that transportation be provided?"** As I came to the last paragraph I added, request transportation be provided.

When I had completed the letter I took my pen and signed my name to the bottom and handed it to Capt. Higginbotham. All he said was, **"Duney are you serious? Do you want me to send this request forward?"** I answered, **"Capt. I'll never get a week in Naples unless I ask. I know it's never been done before, but all General Walker has to do is put two words on this request. . . Request denied. I want him to say I don't deserve the week. In my heart I don't believe the General will turn me down while the division is off the line. All you have to do is put the first endorsement on my request and I would hope it would read like this. . . Request Approved."** We all had a big laugh and joked about the request while emptying the coffee pot before turning in for the night.

All the next day I was ribbed about my request to see Naples. I took their ribbing with a smile and added **"this is my way of seeing what General Walker thinks of me,"** which brought all kinds of comments. Just forty-two hours from the time my request left the company, it was back from Division Hqds. with the Old Man's endorsement of. . . **Request Approved.** All that day I walked around like a peacock. It had never been tried before and the Old Man couldn't see his way clear to deny my request. . . he had approved it. . . God Bless him. Now, it was up to me to scrounge enough money for a week in Naples. My wife and baby were receiving most of my monthly paycheck.

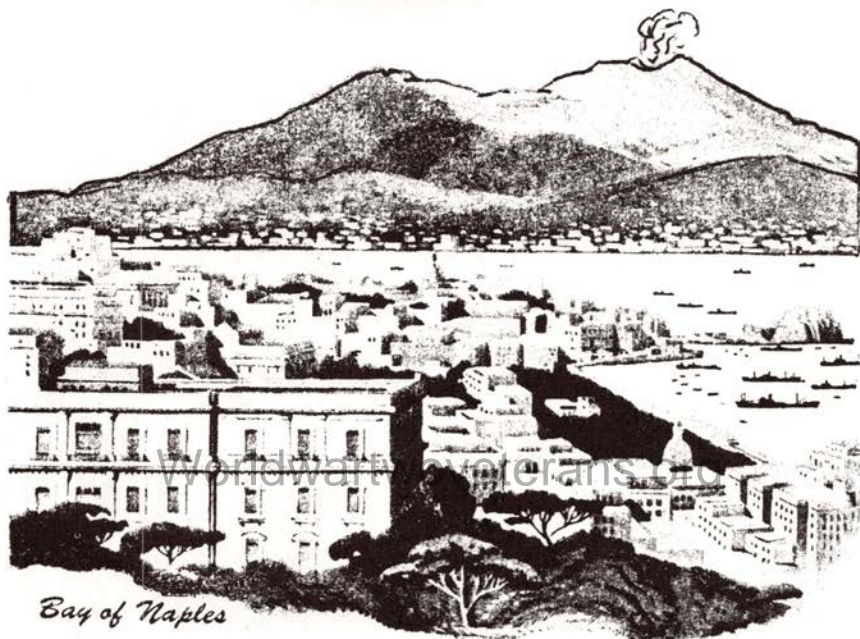
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Then it hit me. The General also approved my request for transportation, so now I had to find a driver who also wanted to go to Naples for seven days. It would be impossible to take T/Sgt. Mitchell Woods from Houston, Texas my platoon Sgt. because he would train the platoon while I was gone. I thought about C. L. **"Tiny" Thompson** who was in Co. G when I had enlisted in 1938. He had transferred to our Cannon Company after I left for OCS in 1942 and was now serving under Capt. Wiley Stem from Waco, TX. So, I left the Co. G area with my approved request and headed for Cannon Company. As I entered the C.P., Capt. Stem met me with a smile. He listened as I told him of my request for seven days in the Naples area which General Walker had approved.

As I handed him the letter I told him I could take a jeep but needed a driver. I then asked him if I could take Tiny Thompson as my driver. Capt. Stem was all smiles as he answered **"anyone who gets seven days to the Naples area that easy should be able to take whom ever he wants as his driver. Sure, Duney, go ahead and tell him."** When I got to the area where Tiny's tank was parked, he had twenty to thirty of the new men telling them war stories. No one could tell stories like he could but there was only one hitch. You never knew when he was telling the truth because he did exaggerate sometimes. He had received the Silver Star for knocking out German tanks in the Salerno area and we all knew he was one hell of a soldier.

I called Tiny aside and explained how I had requested seven days to the Naples area. His first words were **"Duney you are crazy if you think Division Hdqs. is going to approve that request."** As I pulled the approved request from under my jacket I handed it to him and said, **"Read it and weep. We will be on our way to Naples in the morning."** He came right back with, **"Where do you get we? Stem would never let me go."** I told him I had already spoken to Capt. Stem and he had approved his going as my driver and all he needed to do was get cleaned up, get his gear ready, draw us a jeep and pick me up at breakfast the next morning. Then we would be on our way to Naples as fast as we could get there.

When S/Sgt. Higgins from Co. G yelled that breakfast was being served, Tiny was first in the chow line. Higgins saw him and said, **"get out of my mess line fat boy . . . you now eat with Cannon Company."** Tiny came right back with, **"Not today James. Duney and me are on our way to Naples for seven big days."** Higgins said he was wondering who I would take as a driver. We had all been together in G Company since 1938 and it was like a big family and they would do anything for one another.



Bay of Naples

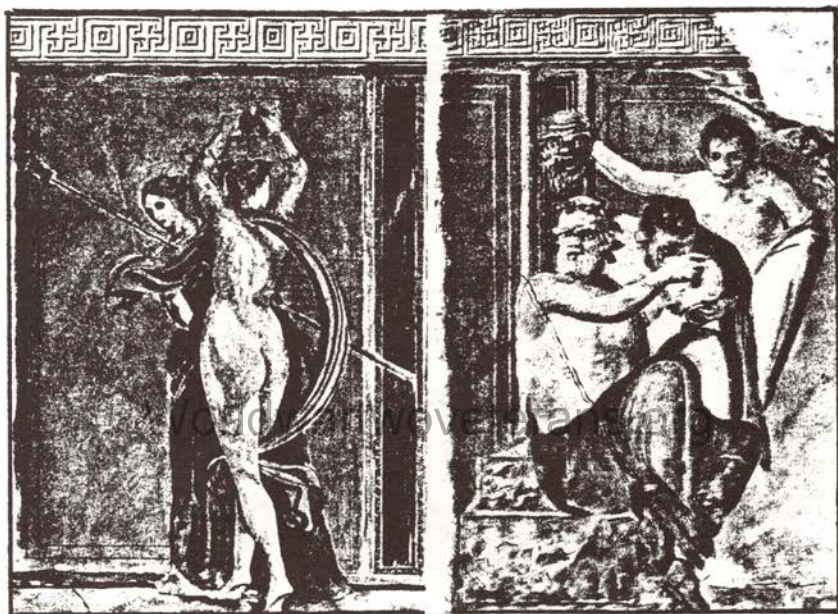
By noon we were just on the outskirts of Naples. Mount Vesuvius was active again with smoke billowing from its crater. It stood so majestically over the Bay of Naples and all the coastal towns.

As we entered town, Tiny looked at me and asked, “**Duney where and when do we eat?**” I directed him to drive to an Officer’s Mess just off Via Roma. As he pulled into the parking area and saw what it was he asked, “**Where in the Hell will I eat?**” I said, “**How about inside?**” He came back raising his voice, “**They aren’t going to let me eat in there, that’s a damn Officers Mess.**” As I climbed from the jeep I dug into my pocket and handed him a Lt’s. bar and a set of cross rifles and said, “**put these on and see who will stop you.**” Tiny pinned the bar on his shirt collar as I adjusted the cross rifles. He turned to me and said, “**Duney do I really look like an officer?**” I answered “**If they let us eat then you will pass my inspection also.**”

The meal was excellent even though Tiny had squirmed through most of it worrying about being recognized by one of the Division Officers who could have been in Naples also. As we returned to the parking area, Tiny remembered the Lt’s. bar and cross rifles which he handed back to me. Then he asked “**What do you want to see first?**”

Everyone ought to see Ruins of Pompeii

He had been in Italy since 9 Sept. 1943, so I asked him what he hadn’t seen? He said, “**Let’s head for Pompeii.**” The rest of the day was spent touring the ruins of Pompeii which had been destroyed in 79



A.D. The history we were viewing was interesting and the beauty unbelievable. We were seeing a part of history we had studied about in Jr. High School.

The first night we spent in Sorrento, a small town high on a bluff over looking Vesuvius, the Isle of Capri and the beautiful Bay of Naples. As we gazed out across the Bay to the Isle of Capri we talked of going over to see it but dreaded the slow boat ride.

The next morning while eating breakfast Tiny asked if I would like to see the area around Salerno and Paestum where the division had landed on 9 September 1943. So, we headed in that direction and the second day was spent in the Paestum area. We spent some time on the beached where a proud Texas Division waded ashore to face two of Germany's best, the 26th and 29th Panzer Grenadier Divisions.

The 36th Division had landed at Paestum, Italy and in spite of heavy fire were able to push inland. The fighting was hard. Field Marshal Kessering with his strong German Division did everything he could to push the Americans back into the sea.

As we traveled over the battle area looking over destroyed American and German equipment we remembered what the 36th Division had been through on it's first week in combat.

Our 2nd. Battalion had taken a beating in the Persano area from the 26th Panzer Division while the 3rd. Battalion had taken Altavilla but had lost it to the German 29th Panzer Grenadier Division counter attack. The German 26th and 29th Panzer Div. had fought Poland,

War Is Not All Bad



THE FABULOUS TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, Paestum

Russia, France and Italy. They were well seasoned Divisions and the fighting had been fierce with both sides taking heavy losses.

As we went over the area discussing the friends we had lost, some killed, other wounded and many captured I felt a hollow feeling creeping into my stomach. We knew the Division had lost many fine men in it's first few weeks of combat in WW II.

We could have stayed in the Salerno area for the rest of the week just going over places where so many of our Division had lost their lives.

"Come Back to Sorrento"

As Tiny turned the jeep north toward Naples I turned to him with tears in my eyes and said. **"Tiny, I know damn well we can do better. We have lost more than our share at Hill 1205 and San Pietro but you just wait. We took San Pietro from the German 29th and it cost us good men. We are learning and someday we will beat the Germans and not have as many casualties as we had here."**

We stopped for dinner that evening in a quaint Italian restaurant with a five piece band. The singer had a rich tenor voice and he sang the "Isle of Capri" and "Come back to Sorrento" His English was good and he was singing for the Americans for tips. When he came to our table he sang a song we had both heard many times before, **Lily Marlene**. It was a German song but the Italian singer had changed the words to English for our enjoyment.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

We tried to see everything of historical value the few days we had left. **These two young men from Houston, Texas were awed by the statues, paintings and wood carving we saw in the museums.** When the week was over and we turned the jeep north toward the front, we felt we had lived a life time in just seven days. We were broke for we had spent all of our money on presents to send home. We had cameo's from Torri Del Greco, inlay jewelry boxes from Sorrento and souvenirs from Pompeii but more than that we had a million memories from this part of Italy that we would have until our dying days.

As we arrived in GCO's area we were told every officer had put in for a weeks leave in Naples and each request had come back from Division Hdq. with the endorsement reading "**Request Disapproved**". **We had been lucky and we knew it.**

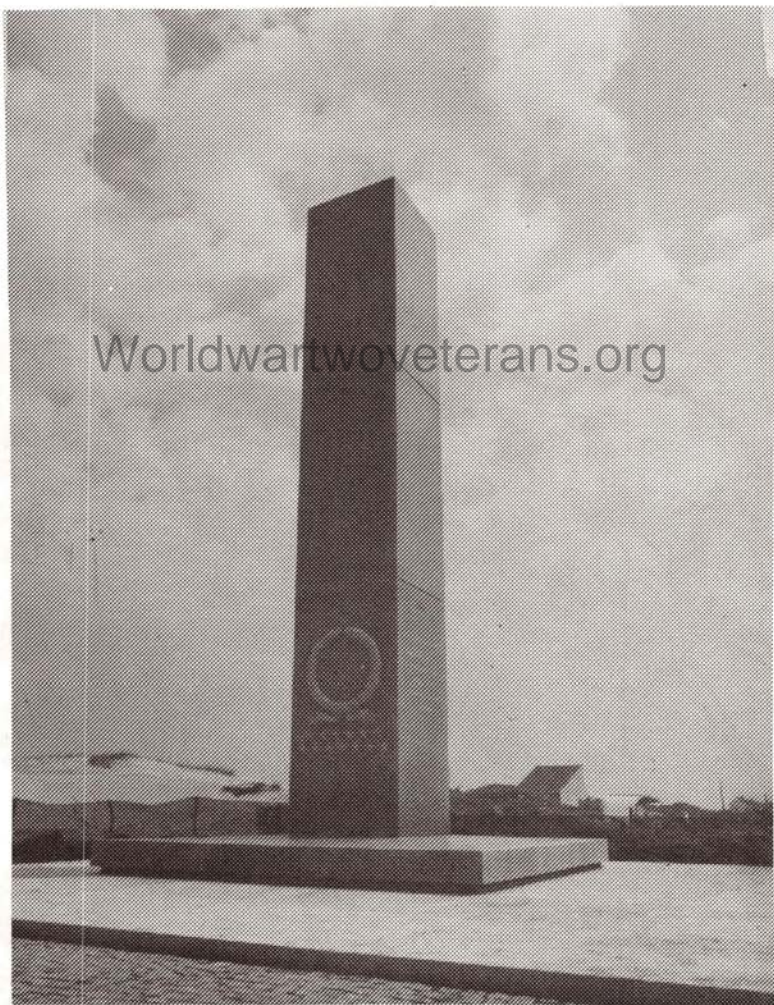
We had come back to a Division that was training hard for a river crossing which turned out to be the **Bloody Rapido**. War is hell and I will be the first to agree. It would be less than two weeks before we would go back to the line to see a friend killed, bodies torn and twisted or a man's body jerking each time a bullet from an M-34 tore through him and air raids leaving women and children dead and mangled. I could go on and on but **war isn't always bad.**

It takes children and young people and molds them into men who are able to face the world. **They never find a mountain too high to climb, or a river to wide to swim.** Obstacles are no problem. War lets him see beauty beyond belief that no one can erase from his memories. He travels to countries he could never have visited, he learns customs and languages foreign to him. **He is more tolerant, more patient, more loving and forgiving...he is a better soldier...yes, he is a MAN.**

"Duney" Philips



THE SALERNO BEACHHEAD ... A Massive Memorial Monument



The majestic monument will be approximately 25' tall with the shaft about four feet square at base. It would be made of same granite as used in our Monument at San Angelo, Italy, near the Monte Cassino on the Rapido River.



ROBERT 'Bob' NOWELL, Longview TX is Chairman of this project, and was announced late in 1984. Target date for the dedication - **September 1988**. That's 2 years, 3 months from now, and with a huge funding needed to do this, is a "hurry-up" project. Cost will be in six-figures, and information and details will come later.

Contribution have been received by Julian Duney Philips, treasurer, but the big-bucks will come from the corporate level and Foundation. It's a long, hard-work project.

COMBAT



MEDICS



"SAVING LIVES"

Cpl. Przygocki Rescues a Wounded Soldier Under Heavy Enemy Fire

BY PFC JOE ERSKUN

WITH THE 36TH "TEXAS" DIVISION—The phone in the Medical Battalion Aid station, rang sharply. everything and everyone was interrupted by the harsh buzz of reality. The men in the room cleared their eyes of drowsiness. The coldness of the room was momentarily forgotten.

Someone picked up the receiver and the buzzing stopped. It was "A" Company of the 141st Infantry Regiment. They wanted medics, immediately!

Corporal Val Przygocki, of Bay City, and eight others made their way up to Company "A's" CP, but they found no routine litter haul waiting for them. They were taken to the third platoon and there an infantry officer explained the situation.

From their position on top the wooded hill, the lieutenant pointed to a dark lump in the valley of white snow before them. That was their patient. He had been left there when the third platoon was forced to withdraw. The distance was about 150 yards. The area was naked of any cover. In fact the last 50 yards was without growth or defoliation. "That was why the platoon couldn't stay there," explained the officer. "And neither can I ask any of you to go down there and expose yourself." He looked at the medics carefully, and slowly continued. "If you want to volunteer, you can, but I'm not withdrawing this platoon until that man is gotten out of there."

Volunteers for Job

Sergeant John C. McIntosh, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, felt the responsibility rest heavy on him. He had seen it all from Salerno to the present. He had lost too many

buddies. He couldn't and wouldn't influence any of the men either way by his example. He saw the strained faces of his fellow medics.

"Who's going with me?" The words came out of Val's mouth without him realizing it. Private Harold R. Sorrel, Wellstone, Ohio, a new man with the medics, was the first to answer, "OK, count me in," he said matter of factly. Private First Class Melvin Johnson, Morea Colliery, Penn., looked at the others and said very unconvincingly, "I'll be damed if I go." And then he walked over and joined the first two volunteers. Sergeant McIntosh completed the squad.

With Val in the lead, the four medics took of crawling on their stomachs through the foot thick snow. From the hill, the infantry watched with growing excitement and mounting fear as the quartette made their way forward with painful slowness. The platoon sergeant cursed softly to himself as he watched, "They've got too much guts for their own good," he said to no one in particular.

The litter squad was now some 50 yards from their objective. There had been no fire. They had not been spotted. But from here on there would be no more concealment.

Rescues Wounded Man

Val called back to the others. "Can anyone see the guy?"

They raised up slightly for a better view. They couldn't see him with their limited field vision. Val rose up still higher. He saw the wounded man. Suddenly before the others realized what had happened, he was running fully erect with his hands in the air, to show he was unarmed.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

The Red Cross on his helmet caught the sun. Quickly he was at the side of the wounded man. He grabbed him by the collar and started pulling him towards the others. That's when the Germans opened up. The bullets were hitting all around Val. The snow seemed to come to life. It jumped up in a hundred different spots, leaving little black holes in the white carpet.

"I was sure Val would get it," said Johnson. "I still can't see how they missed. Standing up against that snow he was like a bullseye on a target." But Val didn't let go. He crouched now, keeping a firm grip on his patient. He kept going.

Meanwhile the third platoon had opened up. "It seemd like every rifle and machinegun in the army had turned on those Krauts," said McIntosh. "That's what probably saved us," he continued. "After those first shots at Val, they didn't get a chance to get in a good shot. They stayed pinned down deep in their holes."



The litter bearers completed their mission, they got the wounded man back to the aid station.

Corposal Przygocki is the son of Mrs. Mary Przygocki, 1101 South Jefferson street, Bay City. He was inducted into the army in October, 1943 and wears the Purple Heart Medal.



Here's VALERIAN PRZYGOCKI, 709 Mulholland, Bay City MI 48708 who was kind enough to send in these old news clips about the exploits of the combat medics. These men gave their all, and we look forward to many more stories about these "Life Savers".

MORTARS AND BULLETS FAIL TO STOP MEDICOS



By Joe Ershun

The combat-payless medics were enjoying the warmth of the 11th Aid Station. It was safe inside, even though a mortar had put a hole through the adjoining building. The Krauts were still shelling the town that day so the men were glad to be indoors.

Their host, who owned a tavern, was patriotic and frequently tapped a keg for the medics who enjoyed the good brew. It was a dream set-up, soon to be interrupted by the surgeon who called for a litter squad. Sgt. Arthur Wenzel, Livingston, N.J., Cpl. Val Przygocki, Bay City, Mich., and Privates George Goldman, NYC, and Ernie Cooper, Levland, Texas, prepared for their assignment. A tank lieutenant had been wounded some 400 yards across sniper infested territory at the other end of town.

The men hugged the buildings as they threaded their way through the mortar torn streets. A block away from their destination they were spotted and all hell broke loose. They made the last block safely in one quick dash. After patching up the wounded officer they held a small council of war with the tank crew and decided to try to evacuate casualty by tank.

The littermen stepped out into the barrage of mortars now peppering the area and carefully lowered the lieutenant through the turret into the relative safety of the

tank. Cpl. Przygocki quickly followed him. Just as Pvt. Goldman lowered himself into the tank a shell landed nearby. Quickly he slammed the hatch tight and off went the tank to the aid station.

« The guys who deserve the credit are Cooper and Wenzel. There wasn't room for all of us to get into the tank so they volunteered to try to make it back on foot, » said Goldman.

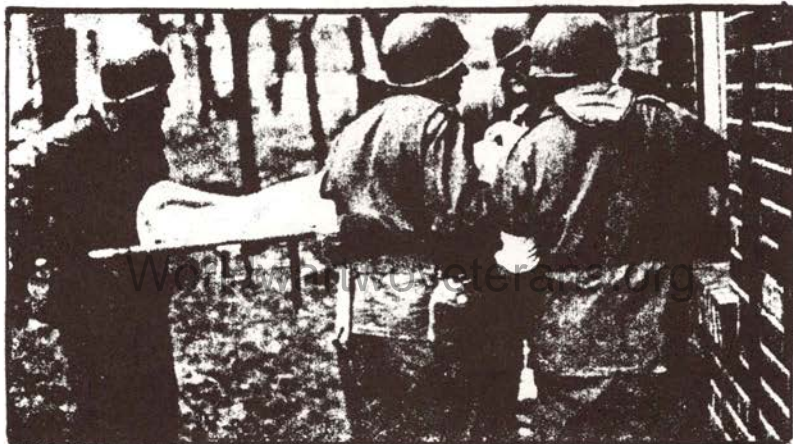
« We knew we couldn't go back the way we came so we took another route which turned out to be a blind alley. We retraced our steps but this time Jerry spotted us so we ducked into the first building we saw, » said Pvt. Cooper.

« Quite a place it turned out to be. A combination hospital and home for the aged, operated by Nuns. When they discovered we were Americans — nothing was too good for us. We ate, got warm and dried our clothes. When we started out again, we made for the river that ran through the town. It was waist high and fairly swift, but we got through Okay except for getting soaking wet. We dodged a few close ones, but they missed and that was all important. »

Pvt. Golman, formerly a machinegunner in one of the regiments said, « I thought I had some rough deals as a doughfoot, but this last one with the medics beats them all. »

Litterman Extraordinary

THE TERRIBLE CZECH GOES HOME



From BEACHHEAD NEWS, Italy 1944

Friday 'the 13th' wasn't a bad day for Sgt. Joseph E. Vodvarka, far from it. It was the easiest day for him to sweat-out, since he'd been overseas. « The Terrible Czech » was going home.

But the GI Paul Bunyan is leaving behind a lot of memories and friends. He is one of the two-footed mules who took over when the regular four-footed animals gave out in the mountains and winter of the Italian campaign.

The Terrible Czech is built like the mountains in which he worked. He looks more formidable with a litter than most men do with a machine gun. He stands 6 foot 4, and carries one end of a litter, with a combat pack of two shelter halves, 8 blankets, a full ditty bag, and two medical pouches crammed full. When ever he is at the front, he is the most conspicuous figure around.

During the campaign in the Italian mountains, there were very few men who could stand the exhausting work without rest. The problem of evacuating wounded infantrymen down the steep, winding, mortared sloped trails was a

heartbreaking, back - splintering danger. But when Joe was around the problem was half-solved. He would hitch himself around one end of a litter and bring a man down a hill faster than anyone else.

« Most guys think ours is a thankless and dirty job, » said Vodvarka, « but I don't agree. The medals are nice to have, but the most important thing is the warm feeling you get when you've brought a guy down from the mess he was in and see the medics slowly bring him back to life. »

« The greatest kick I ever had was to walk through the 142nd bivouac area or Naples or Caserta or Rome Rest Camp, and have some guy I couldn't recognize come up and stick out his paw and recall the time you got him back to safety. You can't recognize the guy, because - he isn't the same dirty, bloody, heavy load you had. He's clean and alive. Yep, being a front line medico has its points. »

Then Joe slung his pack and walked over to the orderly tent to get transportation. In the meantime, others came by to shake hands and say « Good-bye ».

Combat Medics: Unsung Heroes



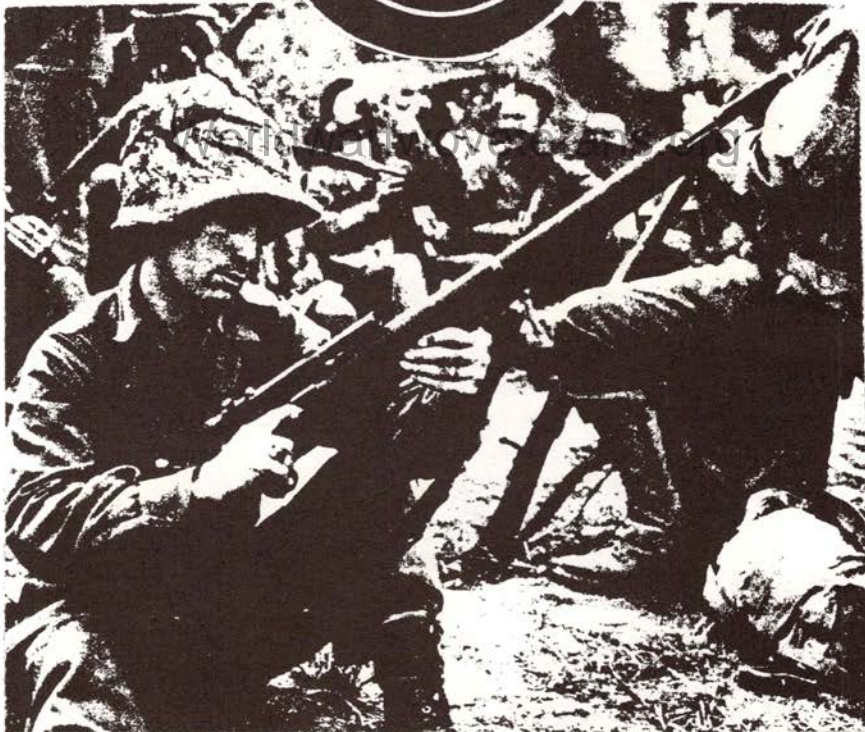
The old faded photo from Przygocki lists from left, standing: Sgt. Joseph Vodarka (the Terrible Czech), Hartly, Del.; Sgt. John McIntosh of New Castle, PA; Pvt. Leo Novitsky, Rochester NY.

Front: Sgt. Val Przygocki, Sgt. Arthur Wenzel of Mapleton, NJ, and Pvt. Harvey Reeves, Los Angeles, CA.

Val Przygocki made the trip in 1985 with the gang of T-Patchers on their visit to France, Germany and Austria stated that "Duney" Philips asked each to send in a story. "I'm glad he did, and hope these will inspire other Medics to also participate", Val added.



Bull's-eye Bullets



Pfc. Edward Foley, sniper with the 36th Division, checks his rifle before moving up to front in Italy. The U. S. Army made much use of snipers in its campaigns.

America produced 43 billion cartridges in World War II, many times the total made for War I. Despite the huge supply, the U. S. Army was the sharpshooting army of the war. This was due not alone to a better individual marksmanship. For the U.S. soldier also had the world's best ammunition—the result of deeper, better research



Worldwartwoveterans.org

This photo, above, was published in our 1946 Pictorial History, and again 36th 1984 Calendar along with February, and the legend says, Infantrymen prepare their equipment for Velletri infiltration. **NO** mention of the fact that this **MAN IS A SNIPER.**

By accident, years later we found this same foto with **proper identification** in an issue of GUNS & AMMO Magazine, vintage 1955.

Our interest was aroused by this, and hence — we now want to hear from our WWII Snipers! First, we had to do some research... so read on.

Exploring - the little-known,
but Exciting Origin and World of

Sharpshooters & Snipers



The Cave Man had many weapons. Abundance of rocks and boulders. He used these to kill critters for food, and to ward-off unwanted neighbors.

This was not a happy life. **But after eons of years, he gained some skill in his craft, and that's when accuracy was invented.**

He soon found that when confronted by an adversary bigger than himself, he had to use **BOULDERS**, a one-shot type of kill. **He knew MARKSMANSHIP was the answer.**

THE BOW AND THE ARROW. . .

A few thousand years later, someone **HAD** to devise a weapon that would **KILL** from a distance.

Who and when the Bow and Arrow was conceived is a mystery. Recorded history says that the Chinese, Turks and Egyptians all found this a 'dandy' weapon. **Beats the hell out of rocks and boulders.**

It took the English to perfect "long bow" and the British soldiers became the most dreaded warriors in Europe during the middle ages. **Robin Hood and his Merry Men added romance and glamour to this sport, only to be side-tracked when gun powder took over in the 13th Century.**

Maybe we can say that the Bow and Arrow was the beginning of SHARP SHOOTERS and SNIPERS. It had one redeeming feature that rifles did not. **IT DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND.**



Don't forget **WILLIAM TELL**, the legendary Swiss who shot an apple off the head of his son in year 1307. Can't you still hear the "**William Tell Overture**" in the background?

a tale of two states

KENTUCKY'S Daniel Boone

No one has come right out and given Dan Boone credit for being the first to make SHARPSHOOTING a household word. But, then maybe he was, because he was the first skilled and daring woodsman...200 years ago.



Daniel Boone, the Trail Blazer of Kentucky

DANIEL BOONE (1734-1820)

makes him a pre-Colonial War days newsmaker. He was born in Pennsylvania, but moved west and became the HERO OF KENTUCKY.

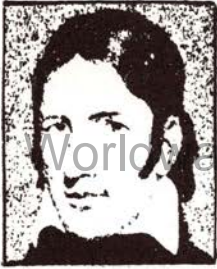
His skill as a marksman made him famous. He was a born leader, and everyone admired and respected him. HE LOVED PEACE, but could be a deadly fighter of unusual courage when the need arose.

Boone was a Trail Blazer deluxe...he blazed a trail known as "Wilderness Road" for a party of settlers in 1775, where they built a fort and called it BOONESBORO on the Kentucky River.

The legends of DANIEL BOONE are recorded and taught in schools all over USA, so most of us recall our studies about the early American pioneer...

and it is possible that men like DAVEY CROCKETT had heard about this great skilled and daring woodsman. Who knows? Read on.

TENNESSEE'S Davey Crockett



DAVEY CROCKETT (1786-1836) was born in Greene County Tennessee, was one of the great scouts during the pioneer days of America. A skilled hunter with his rifle, served under Andrew Jackson in the war against the Creek Indians.

Crockett had very little formal schooling, he was known as a wise and skilled politician, and became famous for his favorite saying, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." His expert marksmanship made his boast that he had killed over a hundred bears.

He was elected to Congress in 1826, in 1828 and in 1832, later joined the Texans in their war for independence.

He would become one of the 'great' heroes of Texas.

Crockett, along with several other men from Tennessee joined with Major Travis as defenders of the ALAMO, shown here being greeted by Travis.

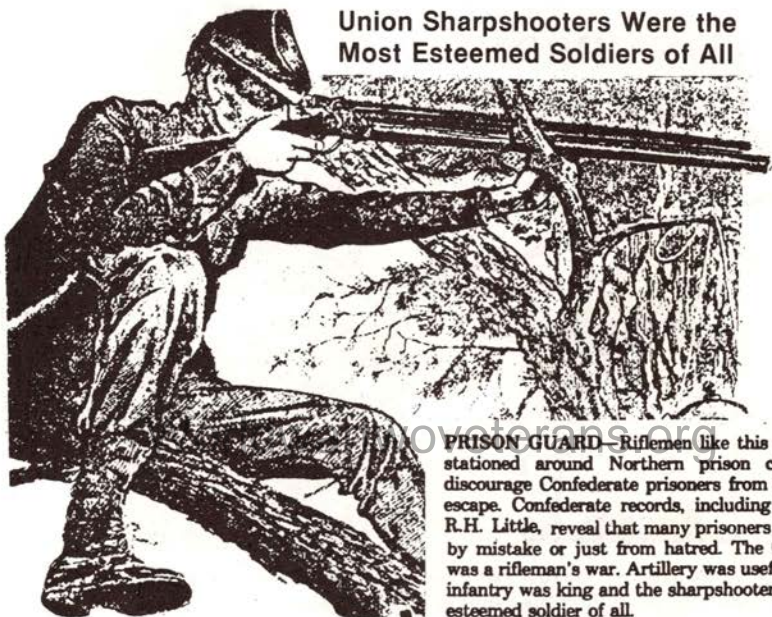
On March 6, 1836 the Alamo was overwhelmed by the hordes of Santa Anna's troops and all were killed. Crockett would live on in Texas legends and folklore as a TRUE HERO.

He has been honored over the past 150 years with towns, counties, parks and schools named in his honor, President Teddy Roosevelt characterized him as of "distinctly, intensely, American stock".



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Union Sharpshooters Were the
Most Esteemed Soldiers of All



PRISON GUARD—Riflemen like this one were stationed around Northern prison camps to discourage Confederate prisoners from trying to escape. Confederate records, including those of R.H. Little, reveal that many prisoners were shot by mistake or just from hatred. The Civil War was a rifleman's war. Artillery was useful but the infantry was king and the sharpshooter the most esteemed soldier of all.

U.S.A.



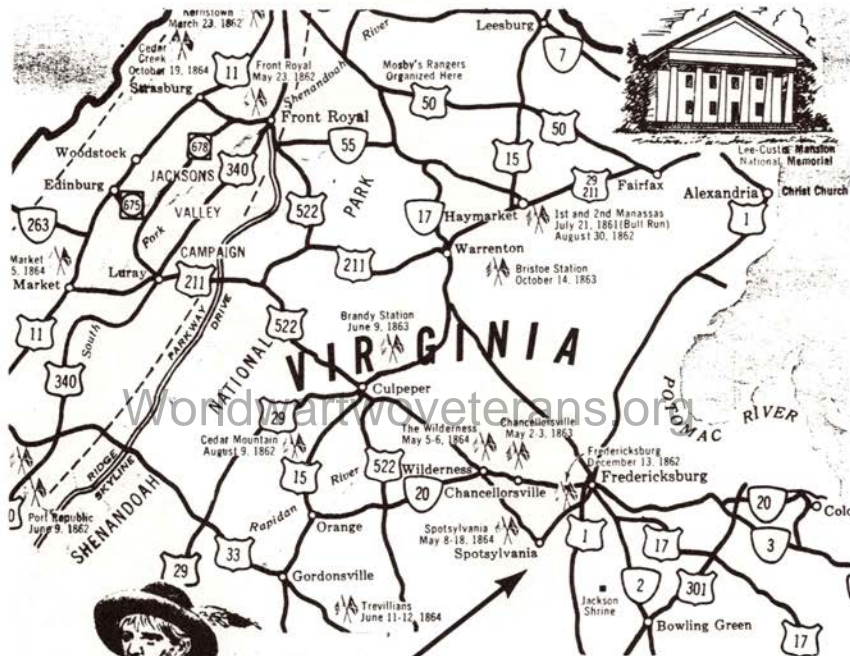
This soldier of the 2nd U.S. Sharpshooters was one of an elite unit of crack shot riflemen organized under the auspices of Colonel Hiram Berdan and aptly named "Berdan's Sharpshooters".



BERDAN SHARPSHOOTERS

Wearing European green, this regiment from the east had Sharps rifle, one of the best in the war.

SHARPSHOOTERS & SNIPERS



20TH TENNESSEE

Tennessee farm boys wore a variation of standard Confederate garb, carried sheath knife, 1812 musket.

Rebel Sniper Bags Union Major General John Sedgwick May 9 1864 at Spotsylvania Virginia

The North was very aggressive with their use of Sharpshooters, but the Tennessee farm boys had their day also.

"Uncle John" Sedgwick, popular commander of VI Corps, was picked off by an (unknown) 20th Tennessee sharpshooter, just shortly after assuring his men that — "these Rebel snipers couldn't hit an elephant at this distance (bang)... ance."

This made big news, and a painting on General Sedgwick at his death scene hangs on the walls of Plainfield Historical Society.

**Sharps Model
1859 Breechloading
carbine, a Federal
weapon so popular
that it was copied by
the Confederates
at their Richmond
armory**

Marksmanship Takes On a New Meaning
With Showmanship of Buffalo Bill and
ANNIE OAKLEY —



“the Star of
Stars...”



ANNIE OAKLEY (1860-1926) was born in a log cabin in Ohio, began shooting wild game when she was nine, and proved to be a perfect shot. Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show gave her a chance to prove she was the greatest of all sharpshooters.

With a .22 rifle she made a record of 943 out of 1000. She could hit a playing card thrown in the air half dozen times before it reached the ground.

On a galloping horse she blasted glass balls tossed into the air. She wowed royal audiences in Europe by nipping ashes off a cigar in the mouth of future Kaiser, Crown Prince Wilhelm. (too bad she didn't miss this shot). WWI would not have happened.

ANNIE OAKLEY should be honored the next time the Lady Libbers have a reunion, she did a real 'class act' many moons before their time as a great American Legend.

Sgt. Alvin C. York, Tennessee Hillbilly, "picks-off" 20 Germans One by One — Became Biggest Hero of WWI

Sgt. ALVIN C. YORK (1887-1964) was a most outstanding American soldier of World War I. He was born in Fentress County, Tennessee and brought up on a mountain farm. Though he was opposed to war, he enlisted in the army in 1917 with 82nd Infantry, went to France and... in the tradition of Davey Crockett, used his skill as a sharpshooter for hunting to singlehanded "pick off" 20 Germans from afar with his rifle, and forced 132 others to surrender. That's real sharpshooting!

French marshal Foch called his deed "the greatest thing accomplished by ANY soldier of all the armies on Europe."

After the war, York's admirers 'gave' him a farm in his native Tennessee. Being a very kindly man, York requested that the money given to him by his admirers be used to found the YORK FOUNDATION to promote education for the mountain children of Tennessee. What a man!

A shy and earthy man, York set an example for young people, lived a full life, died in 1964 at age 77.

His exploits probably had some influence in the valor of another Tennessean — Charles H. Coolidge of the 36th Division in WWII. Read on:

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

Charles Coolidge served with Co. M 141st Infantry, from Signal Mountain, Tenn., a machine gun section leader holds off Nazis in a four-day battle near Belmont sur Buttant, France, October 1944.

Coolidge, now lives in Chattanooga, Tenn., is an active member of the association, also received the Silver Star for action in Italy.



Sergeant Alvin York



SERGEANT YORK, the movie, was a classic of its genre, starred GARY COOPER as a hillybilly Tennessee farmer who became a synonym for heroism through out the world.

(This great movie is being shown on cable TV, so check your TV Guide, it's worth seeing again). Old "Coop" got the OSCAR for his portrayal in 1941. With Walt Brennan, Ward Bond, Noah Beery Jr and a great cast, directed by Howard Hawks. SEE THIS.

SHARPSHOOTERS and SNIPERS

When we first decided that a story on SNIPERS would be a new and refreshing look at a part of the war that has not yet been heralded (or not to our knowledge)...we find that Webster says:

SNIPER – A skilled rifleman detailed to spot and pick-off enemy soldiers from a concealed place.

A logical answer, but then – where do you find these men to take on a kinda 'dirty job'...? The company commander asks the S-1 to check the records. OK, we have two men who are classified as MARKSMEN. Maybe that's how it worked.

Step One would be to contact our most prolific war historian, writer and contributor to this publication – **DEL KENDALL of Anti-Tank 143rd (Muskegon Mich)** and here is excerpts from his letter ABOUT SNIPERS:

On the subject of Snipers, we knew they had to be out there somewhere, sorta like an early day SWAT TEAM. I imagine, probably went from Regiment to Regiment when ever snipers were to be needed. I know we had alot of pretty-good SHOOTERS (besides bull) in the outfit.

Tennessee Squirrel Shooters Were Best

I guess the squirrel shooters from TENNESSEE were the best – cause once a squirrell is shot-at and missed, he's one spooky critter to bag. In most battalions there would always be a couple of 'scouts' out when we moved up. These guys seemed to have a 'sixth sense' and could smell a Kraut a mile away. In other words, a scout scouting a scout, or a rear guard.

A couple of guys I knew, and they were Texans, sorta **LONERS and their own man**, they just substituted dogies with the Krauts. In fact the guys themselves ran it into the ground...like a couple of hound dogs they gave chase and never stopped until they were worn out, and the other guys stepped on a shumine, putting them outta business. I never noticed whether they used scopes or not.

Both of us know the Krauts had snipers working alot. With rear-guard action, what better to use?

My first encounter with sniper fire was at the foot to Mt. Chirrico when I came down off the hill, after being hit. Got this Dago woman to wash out my bloody shirt, once the bleeding stopped. I washed up and

SHARPSHOOTERS & SNIPERS

sat in a sunny courtyard waiting for my shirt to dry before going back up on the hill.

Our big guns on the beach were firing right overhead and when they sounded off, so would the sniper, or snipers, taking a pot-shot at you. As the bullets whined too-close for comfort, about all you could tell was that they were coming from in back of you, from the direction of the beach.

Got a pair of glasses and checked out the surroundings, all looked calm enough in the shimmering heat waves, not a soul to be seen.

Another one of our barrages, **and piiiining, the Kraut sniper was at it again**, cagy enough not to fire when all was quiet. Later a runner came by and handed me my first Purple Heart. (I'd barely stopped bleeding). I thought it some sort of joke.

SNIPERS HAD A ROTTEN JOB . . .

But snipers, yes it had to be a rotten job, but as the saying goes, somebody has to do it. Just before we moved on Velletri and the Alban Hills and then to Rome, there were still a few of the rascals around.

"I Was On The 'Receiving End of a Sniper'"

Our outfit was on a flank waiting for the artillery to zero in on Velletri. I was watching the first smoke shell hit town, when I felt a crap coming on. I crossed the road into a grape vineyard, dropped my drawers when – **piiiiining, a couple of grape leaves fell shredded to the ground in front of me.** Just one shot. I yanked up my pants and hit the dirt, and with my eyes on ground zero down a row of vines, I got a fleeting glance of a pair of legs, and they crawled out of sight, and that was the end of that.

You'll Never Forget - "PIIIIIING"

That night we moved up and we had to move a stack of Teller mines to find a level place to park and get off the one way road. The following morning (we were on "hold") so while some of the men were getting chow (K-rations) I shaved at the side of a truck. Just bout finished one side of my jaw, when **piiiiining!** that one thunked thru the tarp overhead. The sonofabitch was probably attracted by the glint from my shiny steel shaving mirror, and knew just what he was shooting at.

With that as you moved around the other side of the vehicle a couple guys put down their conteen cup of coffee, grabbed their MI and scouted thru the open woods. Nothing doing. Tho this sniper didn't wait for the sound of arty. fire to cover his few more shots. Then just on the outskirts of Rome, where the traffic was so bad our whole Regt. was herded into some open fields to await travel orders into Rome proper.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Remember a long time ago, I told you, **the biggest fight for Rome was the different services fighting to see who would get the best hotels for their HQ's. That's why we, the gypsies, had to wait.** During that wait, a sniper started to take pot shots at all those men and their vehicles. **Like shooting fish in a barrel.** Well a coupla shots wizzed overhead and the whole crowd would duck, looking much like a present day crowd of spectators in a stadium doing that "WAVE" bit, sitting then standing etc. in turn.

It was a funny sight, that many men ducking in waves. The bastards were finally found in a small utility shed along a garden path, two drunken (now deceased) Krauts. I wish I'd had a movie of that. So you see, maybe you can get somebody to come up with a story of what it all looked like thru a snipes scope etc., etc.

Let's play "Bull's Eye Bingo!"



Now, we know who this "sniper" really is, for the first time,

← and we've had Kendall's comments about being of the "receiving" end of a Nazi Snipers (to be know as a "Sniperee") so let's hear from the troops out there in T-Patchland.

Since we have no idea as to how many T-Patchers were **SNIPERS**, we are sure we have many who were **SNIPEREEs**...the "comming in" bullets. We need both, so we beg your assistance, and sen in yours. Maybe **BULLS EYE BINGO** can be as big as the Hullahoop.

Send to your editor, or to Leonard Wilkerson, our hard-working membership chairman, and ye shall be thanked, more way than one.



Texas Soldier-Heroes in Italy Don't Forget They're From State

Traffic-Jammed Roads Carry Signs Telling Distances From Home

By DON WHITEHEAD,
Associated Press
San Antonio Evening News,
Dec. 23, 1943

Worldwartwoveterans.org
WITH THE 5TH ARMY IN ITALY, Dec. 21 (Delayed)—
Along a winding, traffic-jammed road to the front there's a
sign: "5.872 miles to Austin, Texas."

That is when he jeep-weary traveler knows he is getting somewhere near the 36th infantry division, the doughboys from the wide open spaces who spearheaded the invasion of Italy. And when the traveler begins to hear almost everyone talking with a slow, friendly drawl, his journey is over.

The 36th has come a long way, not only in miles traveled from home but in establishing itself as one of the U.S. Army's finest divisions.

That is the consensus of those who have watched this Texas outfit since it landed on the beaches of Salerno in the dark hours before dawn Sept. 9. Since the invasion of Italy the reputation of the division has climbed steadily.

While the regiments have taken some heavy losses in bitter mountain fighting, the 36th fighting spirit is not dimmed and the morale of the officers and men is excellent. There is something contagious about the good humor and friendliness of these men who take such pride in their home state.

Worldwartwoveterans.org
Recently I saw a column of tanks thundering toward the front. The crews had given them such names as "Avenger," "Spitfire," "Destroyer" and "The Killer."

Smack in the middle of the column was an impertinent little jeep with a lanky kid behind the wheel. Painted on the front of the jeep in big letters was: "Texas, By God."

Because of replacements during the past year only about a third of the division is actually from Texas, but that doesn't seem to dilute the enthusiasm of the others. **In fact, it has been said that it takes only 48 hours for a newcomer to become a Texan.**

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Many stories about the exploits of the men in the 36th have been woven around the division's fight for objective "X".

In the first assault, one platoon reached objective "X" which was strongly held by Germans hidden in caves and dugouts. **Lt. Nolan Peale, of Robstown**, headed one unit which battled the enemy at close range.

Apparently in his excitement, Peale dropped back on his boyhood training and was shooting from the hip – with a carbine. A carbine is supposed to be held to the shoulder and aimed, but Peale handled it like an old pearl-handled six-shooter. He knocked off three Germans.

Some men thought they'd seen the last of Peale in that action. But a little later he turned up with what men he could round up and attached his little group to another company.

"He is one rough and rugged customer," said Maj. Milton J. Landry of San Antonio, **"and a solid soldier."**

"Peale couldn't find his own company when he came back from that fight, so he just linked up with another. When he found we were putting in another attack he got his men and went with us."

As far as rough and ready customers are concerned, Maj. Landry fills all the requirements, although he is not a big fellow and his voice is low and soft.

He led his men into four attacks on objective "X" and the last one turned the trick. They went through minefields and a hail of enemy fire to storm hidden machineguns.

When they closed in with the Germans they lobbed grenades back and forth across the steep slopes of a mountainside.

"Sgt. Sixto Frusto of El Paso did a great job," Maj. Landry said. **"Every officer in his company had been killed and the men were pretty badly disorganized for lack of leadership when Frusto stepped in and took charge of things. He rounded up stragglers and got his men organized, and then reported to an officer for the next attack."**

Non-coms, most of them from Texas, did a magnificent job in the fight for objectives. When they became lost in the darkness with their men or when their officers were killed, the non-coms took command and attached themselves to the nearest officer whether he was from their company or not.

"Although this had not been stressed in training," Maj. Landry said, **"the boys remembered their old teaching, which was that in the event of being lost or disorganized they were to round up all the men possible and attach to the the nearest officer for the next move."**

Texans Don't Forget They're From State

"It sounds easy, but in darkness and in the confusion of battle with the men fatigued, it is a difficult thing to round them up and keep them together. But the non-coms did it."

It is not uncommon for an officer to know the full names and hometowns of almost every man in his unit. Many of the boys they remember as kids who lived in the next block or as men with whom they trained in the National Guard.

Many doughboys in the 36th hunted, fished and played ball together back home, or went to the same school. Before one attack by the 36th I found an advanced platoon in the foxholes awaiting the zero hour.

In one foxhole was Sgt. Wilfred Baron of Gonzales and a few feet from him in another hole was Sgt. Charlie Tuch, also of Gonzales. They had known each other for years and had stuck together after getting into the army. Around the hill from their holes were two other Gonzales boys, Staff Sgt. Donald Howell and Sgt. Robert Van Deveren.

All of those boys had known each other at home, trained together, entered the army together and now were fighting together with the kind of understanding and team-work that makes – good division.

Howell called another boy over to the trench where we were talking and said: "Here's another Gonzales boy, Pvt. Joy Cavasar.

"Naw, I'm not from Gonzales," Cavasar said.

"Go on and say you're from Gonzales like the rest of us. You don't live very far away.

"No, sir." stubbornly insisted Cavasar. "I'm from Bebe, Texas. This is probably the first time it has ever been mentioned to a newspaperman over here, and damned if I'm going to lose that chance to get some publicity for the hometown.

DONALD HOWELL, (center), 1503 Neuman, Gonzales, TX 78269 sent in this newsclip, by Don Whitehead of AP, which is mostly about men of Co K 141st Inf, 2nd Bn. At left: Arthur Hunter who was KIA, and Raymond Miller, foto taken at Camp Edwards.

Don Howell is a new Life Member of the Association, was POW, released May 3, 1945, to come home.



LOST in the Rhone Valley



By
JOHN H. LINDSEY, Jr.
Co A 111th Engineers

The infantry was too scattered to cover the front, so the Engineers were called up to help hold the line in case of a counter attack by the Germans. We were still scattered too thin, **Danny Ryan** and I were dug in a brushy area with a 30 caliber water cooled machine gun with several belts of ammo. My Squad **Sgt. Donald Barnett** sent a runner to tell us to fall back to strengthen our position.

By the time we got the order we were over run by the Germans. Danny starting spraying the area, swinging the machine gun back and forth as far as it would go. I was busy moving the ammo around so he could keep the machine gun firing. We saw many Germans drop to the ground. Soon the machine gun became so hot we had a hard time removing the breech to throw away before withdrawing.

The Germans kept coming, we were cut off in all directions. About 100 yards away was a cement and brick two story building with an 8 foot stone wall with a 3 foot open gateway. Bullets were flying all around us as we ran for the gateway. Danny made it through the gate, I followed and as I entered the gateway heavy machine gun fire splattered the wall. I felt the heat from the bullets and froze for a few seconds. Tanks and mortars started firing all through the building.

Several Germans and Americans were in the basement battling it

Lost in the Rhone Valley

out. Danny and I went up to the second floor and jumped out of a window. I jumped first and hid behind some bushes, as Danny jumped two Germans came from the opposite side of the building. Danny put his hands up and surrendered, I couldn't fire at them for it would have endangered Danny's life. When I could I moved out and started to work my way back to the American lines. The ground was marshy with 18 to 24 inches of water with weeds, vines and some low brush. For several hours I stayed in the water moving very slowly.

A group of Germans stopped to eat, they were up on higher ground and threw their scraps into the water where I was hid. I didn't move or even breathe loud until they finished eating and moved out. I was able to eat some of the scraps they had thrown in the water. I continued moving in the water until dark, then I came out as I was very cold, every bone in my body ached. Insects were very bad, I continued on following the water, until I could hear tanks moving around.

It was very dark so I started moving toward the noise. Finally everything got real quiet and I could see the shape of a tank. I crept up and put my hand on the tank and then I heard Germans talking. There five or six tanks, if it had just been one tank I would have known they were Germans, as our tanks made a different sound. It was starting to get light so I went back into the water and continued moving until daylight. Then I started across open country on dry land. I was very tired, the sun came up and I had to rest, I went to sleep.

When I woke up I could see two people coming toward me, I just felt limp, couldn't keep my eyes open. The next thing I knew I was in a building, there were two glasses on a table in front of me, one was large the other small. I reached for the large one and began to drink. It was French wine, I thought it was going to burn my insides out. They had water in the small glass. I was in a French underground headquarters. I tried to explain to them I wanted to get back to the American Lines.

Two Frenchmen with guns put me in the back seat of a car with another Frenchman driving. We went across rugged open land. We came to a hill where we found approximately twelve men from the 36th, that had also been cut off from their units. The Frenchmen headed back where they came from, on the way they hit a land mine. This drew enemy fire, **the car was demolished and all the Frenchmen killed.**

The men were from the Infantry, Artillery and other parts of the division. A Tech Sgt. had the most rank so he was in charge. We were in a building with one wall partly standing and the foundation. Half of

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

us slept while the others guarded. We had a mortar land where we were sleeping but it didn't explode. I cleaned my rifle the best I could, could hardly see through the barrel. We shared what little food we could find, changed guard every two hours. About day break we moved out to try and get back with the division. We moved on at a time across an open space till we came to a wooded area. On the way across the open space was a patch of what looked like honey dew melons. Two of the men picked melons and got across with them. All of us had a slice of it. The worst melon I ever ate as it was green, but it was food.

For two days and nights we walked until we finally got back to the division, where we parted, all going to find their outfits. It was the fourth when I got back to my company. They were getting ready to place me missing in action.

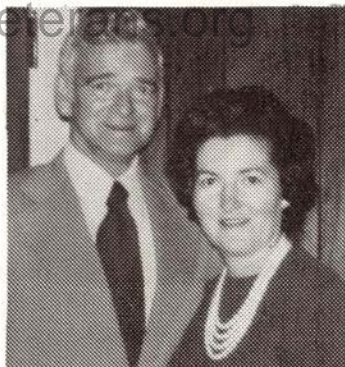
The First Sgt. said, "**I knew you would make it back.**" I told him he sure knew more than I did. My platoon had a rough time getting back also.

When the war was over May 8th, **Danny Ryan came back to the company from the P.O.W. Camp.** He worked on a potato farm so ate a lot of potatoes. We rejoiced that we both lived through the war, but I haven't seen or heard from him since. His address from the 36th division roster was: Macine Gunner Daniel J. Ryan, 2370 28th St., Astoria, N.Y., would like to hear from him.

Our First Sgt. Co A 111th Engineers was **Monroe Hobbs from Victoria, Texas** (now deceased). Squad **Sgt. Donald Barnett, 608 N. Pierce, Burnet, Texas.** Runner was **William Kirby, 127 Parke St., Terre Haute, Ind.**

I have no idea what the names of the men were that I linked up with, perhaps some of them will write about it after reading this. After the war I went to California where I worked in construction for several years. In 1955 I went to work for the government at Marmar Naval Air Base in San Diego. I retired in 1974 from the pipefitting & plumbing dept. and with my wife Norma we moved to Albany, MO, where we are enjoying our retirement.

John H. Lindsay, Jr.
402 W. Jefferson St.
Albany, MO. 64402



Letters

THE BATTLE OF BENNIWIHR AS REMEMBERED BY PIERRE BUCH



Buch to Jary

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the way in which you handled my story in the Vol. V No. 4 1985 issue of the Quarterly . . . **The Battle for BENNIWIHR** (page 26-37).

I have received letters from three 36thers who were in the action – Deep In The Colmar Pocket. I would still like to know WHO was brought into the basement of the school cellar on Dec. 9 1944 as a prisoner of the Nazis . . . and the 9 men on patrol who came there on Dec. 10 or 11th.

Had planned to attend your Reunion at Dallas, but I am taking a group of veterans of the 3rd T.D. back to Alsace, it this will be a 'first' time the people of my hometown will meet any of their liberators. Would like to do same for men of the 36th Division.

Sincerely, Pierre Buch
Rt. 4 Box 657
Moneta, VA 24121



AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI French Sculptor who created the Statue of Liberty

A TV Movie by NBC was presented June 20th 1986, titled "Liberty" with Frank Langella playing the part of Bartholdi. Whose name is now a household word (after 100 years).

It was Barholdi who had the idea for "Liberty," and all America should be know about the amazing, "Man From Colmar". T-Patchers who fought in the Colmar Pocket won't forget.

THE MAN FROM COLMAR



Liberty
1886-1986

“Little Nick”

THE FORGOTTEN MAN?

By Cook “Fla” B. Hall



CO. F. 143

KITCHEN

WHO is this soldier?
He is **PRESTON H. NICHOLAS**, Rt. 2, Box 94-A,
Shelbyville, Texas.

My first recollection of Cpl. Nicholas (also known as **Little Nick**) was in 1942 during the North Carolina Maneuvers when I was a ‘new’ cook for Co F 143rd.

Nick taught me how to light the garbage can (gasoline) heaters. Later at Camp Edwards on Cape Cod, a heater “**blew up**” while attempting to light up – in his face. He was hospitalized several days for inhaling hot air into his lungs. A sad accident.

Little Nick had the unique job of “**fixing**” anything the other troopers didn’t know how to fix. A real handy-dandy for Co F Kitchen.

When we were in North Africa, one morning we were eating our C Rations. I asked Little Nick, “**why are you not eating?**” he replied, “**I stole mine last night while on guard duty**”. I replied, “**how could that happen**”.

Nick said, “**easy, I thought I was in your pup tent**”. “**Well, Nick, if you’d been in my tent, I’d be the one that would not be eating**”. “**Yep**” he replied, “**but since you wasn’t, gimme a sip of your coffee**”.

The day after Thanksgiving in Italy 1943, Little Nick and I carried down the chow on a muddy road. Unfortunately, we didn’t have a ‘**splash lik**’ on the fruit cocktail pot.

We discovered about an inch of **MUD** on top of the fruit cocktail as we were getting ready to serve. Little Nick said, “**Hall, don’t get excited. I can fix it**”. He poured 5 gallons of water into the cocktail to wash out the mud. He fixed it good!

We then set up the chow line in a tent that Mess Sgt. Bob Nowell had instilled the day before to serve the Thanksgiving dinner. The weary troopers came in a few at a time to eat when they returned from the front line.

"Little Nick": The Forgotten Man?

We brought with us that day three replacements for Company F. **One was Lt. Natan A. Hughes.** Soon after his arrival, he crawled into the ten (flaps were closed to hold in the light) where Bob Nowell, 1st Sgt. Gennie Jones and five or six more were drinking coffee.

Rookie Lt. Hughes stood up and said, **"don't you soldiers know how to salute an officer? Can't you see my rank?"** Nowell, calmly looked up and replied, **"all I see is a shave-tail 2nd Louie, and they're a dime a dozen 'round here".**

After a few more remarks from the others, Lt. Hughes told Nowell to have 'someone' get him a cup of coffee, Bob replied, **"get your OWN coffee."** Hughes shot back with, **"I'll have all of you court martialed!"** . . . then crawled back out of the tent.

LITTLE NICK followed him outside and shouted, **"Why you little dumb bastard, I can't believe you can be that dumb . . . WHO do you think you are? Get your ass back in there and get your own coffee"**

Lt. Hughes then replied, **I don't have my canteen cup".** Nick shot back, **"any of those dog-faces will LOAN you theirs"** They returned to the tent, and Nick told the group, **"the Lt. does NOT have his canteen cup".**

First Sgt. Gennie Jones looked up, as he was eating his favorite bread and grape jelly, and said, **"one of you guys let the Iron Man borrow your canteen cup."**

FROM THAT DAY . . . Lt. NATHAN A. HUGHES was to know to his comrades as THE IRON MAN. **He would become — the 'most respected' and best liked officer in Company F 143rd.** he would later be serve as COMMANDING OFFICER of Co F.

Later on — Hughes would tell his other officers — that LITTLE NICK taught him MORE about combat conditions in the first five minutes — that he was taught at OCS in six months. THE IRON MAN later was transferred to 36th Division Hqs. and wore the rank of Major at war's end.

During our long association with each other, Nick and I would come under artillery or mortar fire while taking chow to the front lines. Nick would always say, **"Hall, keep this goldurn Jeep rollin', we ain't scared of dim-dam bastard Krauts shells."**

One night, Little Nick and I setup the chow line in a barn yard. We learned it was located between our Co F lines and the Krauts lines. When the bullets began dancing around, ricocheting off the chow pots, we waited until it stopped, and made a fast withdrawal.

Little Nick had alot of compassion for his fellow man. In a combat

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

zone, he exhibited a great deal of courage and bravery. He would often 'volunteer' his services, no matter how hazardous or dangerous the duty would be.

Many times after supplies were delivered, Nick would crawl from one foxhole to another, telling a joke and giving his moral support to his comrades, adding his brand of sunshine to the troops.

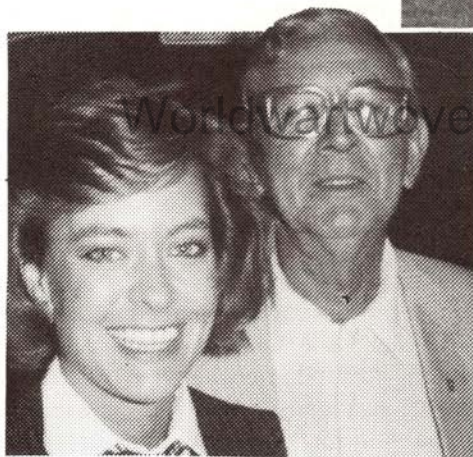
Soon after the Southern France Invasion, Nick's health had declined slightly, plus news from home that his father passed away. In Feb. 1945, Sgt. Bob Nowell recommended that he be transferred stateside.

Nearly 40 years later - I made my 'first' 36th Reunion at Houston 1982 - and the first person I asked about was Little Nick. Bob Nowell informed me that Nick had passed in April of '82 due to lung cancer. (see Nov. 1982 T-Patcher, page 8, "Mixed Emotions")

Looking back, in the short time I was associated with Cpl. **PRESTON H. NICHOLAS** he became one of my most cherished buddies. Nick will always be remembered by those of us who knew him. He was an outstanding soldier.

Here's Bob Nowell and "Little Nick", from left: in a 1980 photo taken when these two got together. The late Preston H. Nicholes story is a great one, and Fla Hall, who sent it in, has our thanks.

This pix sent to Fla by Nick's widow and daughter. She'll get it back.

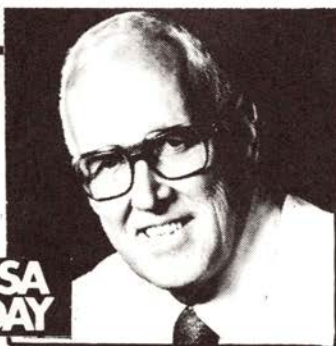


Fla Hall, 521 Natl. Ct. Dr., New Bern, N.C. 28560 shown here with a Delta Airline flight attendant, taken aboard the plane when Hall was enroute to the Houston Reunion. He failed to give her name and phone number, thanks, anyway.

OPINION

The Debate: FIGHTING TERRORISM

There's enough guilt to go around

DICK DOUGHERTY

USA TODAY columnist

ROCHESTER, N.Y. — The idea of extraditing terrorists sounds good to me. I just hope they apply the concept across the board. Anyone who would blow up innocent people should get what's coming to him.

By the way, what ever happened to those Germans who fired the buzz bombs at the civilian populations of London? Weren't they down in Alabama somewhere making missiles for us after the war? Maybe we should find them and extradite them to Britain. That was terror, wasn't it? I wonder if there's a warrant out for them? But that's different, I suppose.

Speaking of Germarts, they'd probably like to get their hands on whoever ordered the bombing raid on Dresden, killing all those civilians in those terrifying fire storms. That's different, too, I suppose.

Besides, the Germans invented the idea of waging war on civilians with zeppelin bombings in World War I, didn't they? Or was it Ghengis Khan who invented terror by massacre? I forget. But anyway, that's different, I suppose.

Remember all those sieges in the Middle Ages when they'd surround a city and starve the civilian populations along with the defenders? And how about the Spanish Inquisition? Did those monks ever get what was coming to them? But that was probably different, too, I suppose. Too late now anyway.

The Sioux terrorized us, but of course we terrorized them right back so that case is closed, I think. We certainly terrorized Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but they had terrorized us first.

The whole idea that there is a distinction between acceptable terror and unacceptable terror is pretty murky to me, but I'm all for terrorizing terrorists wherever we can find them, whether they're in government or out of it.

Arrest them wherever they are, extradite them if necessary, throw the book at them, then try them and sentence them if they're guilty, no matter who they are.

That's simple enough. It won't eliminate terrorism, of course, but it will make us feel as though we're doing something about it.



DICK DOUGHERTY served with Btry A 131st, is an active member, resides at: 276 Dale Road, Rochester, NY 14625 is columnist for Rochester Times-Union. See his story Vol. II No. 1982 — "Weissenburg Revisited".

War stories still haunt old friends



Wichita Falls
Times

Wednesday, April 9, 1986

By Matt Curry
Staff Writer

Luther Ellis, 67, of Wichita Falls and Hank Johnson, 65, of Rockford, Ill., were among the first American boys to hit European soil in World War II.

Now, nearly 43 years later, the two members of the Army's famed 36th Division have reunited in Wichita Falls. They said they have been talking about old times and remembering the many friends they lost.

Ellis, of 1648 Lucille Ave., said he contacted Johnson in Illinois last year about a reunion.

"He couldn't come to the reunion," Ellis said. "But (Johnson and his wife) went down to Arizona and they wrote and said they would come see me. I'm so happy. The last time I saw him was Sept. 14, 1943."

That was the day, while entrenched inside Italy, they were shelled by airburst artillery from the Nazis. The shelling killed five of their 15 squad members, and left Ellis and Johnson and two others wounded.

Johnson, a machine gunner, was hit in the foot, and Ellis, the

squad leader, "basically lost" his left eye during the action.

"We lost a lot of good men that day," said Johnson. "We lost 72 percent of the division."

The men said they had been given the impression before the invasion that the German troops had pulled back and they could just "walk right in."

"We were the ones that got surprised," said Johnson. "They had 90,000 Germans waiting on us."

"We're real fortunate to be alive," added Ellis.

The Wichitan said he still wakes up at night trying to figure out some way that the lives of some of his comrades could have been spared.

"The officers said there was just no way," Ellis said.

Johnson said, "We didn't have much of a place to go."

Ellis is retired from Sheppard Air Force Base. Johnson retired from a life insurance agency last November.

War Stories Still Haunt Old Friends



LUKE ELLIS and his buddy - HANK JOHNSON

The men said that up until last year they had only communicated once since 1943.

"After you get retired, you have time to think," said Ellis.

Both men said they now intend to contact other comrades. They said there is a bond from war-

time that unites all of them.

"There were no heroic acts," said Ellis. "(What we did) is what most everyone would do.

"It's just after 43 years, we got to sit down and talk without somebody shelling the hell out of us."

Overdue reunion

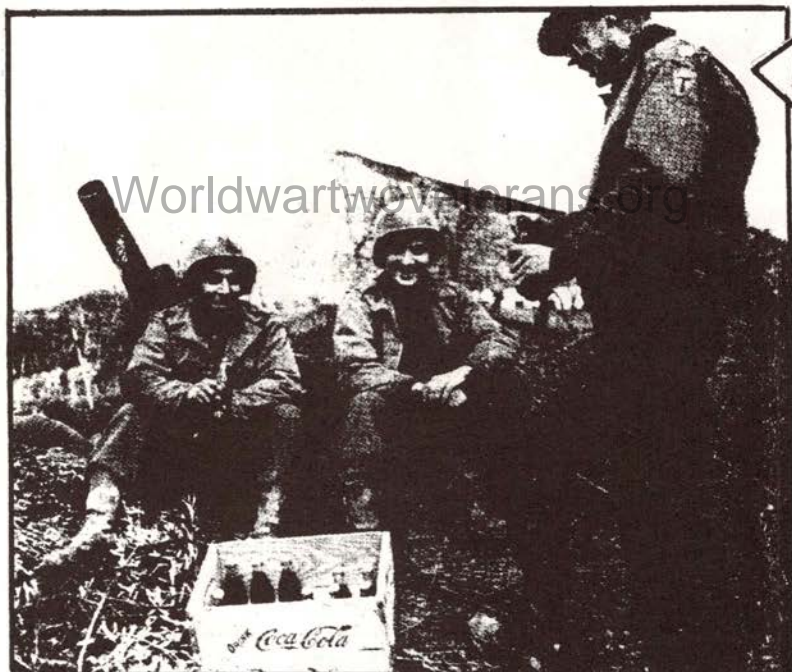


WHEN they were wounded, 1943 along with most of the other members of their Co M 142nd squad (shown above) Luke and Hank were separated. And, they hadn't seen each other since now (April 1986).

Out thanks to Luke Ellis, 1648 Lucille, Wichita Falls, TX 76301 (former V/P 142nd) for sending this story.

Coca-Cola cowboys

T-Patchers Featured In Coca Cola's Ad



WHO ARE THESE two 36thers, shown here in Italy 1943 with an unknown Captain, enjoying that issue of Coca Cola, you remember that, don't you? It was handled by our own Special Service Section (Major Ben F. Wilson's outfit).

Our thanks to **ERWIN TEGGEMAN**, who is a beer distributor at Taylor TX, who has a sharp eye, and spotted this one in an illustrated multi-page ad by Coca Cola, celebrating their 100th year. This photo covered the early 1940's and brought to light the world-wide coverage of their bottling plants (this one was in Naples).

OK TROOPS... win a case of COKE for "identifying these three men and their unit. We know that 30 thousand bottles of this great beverage were given to men of the 36th — in the spring of 1944 (correct me if wrong).

So please rush down to your 7-11 store and get a six pack, and let's all give a toast to one of America's real treasures... Like Baseball, Hot Dogs, Apple Pie and COCA COLA... ain't it great to live in American, and to have had the privilege to have served your country with a unit like THE FIGHTING 36th! Cheers!

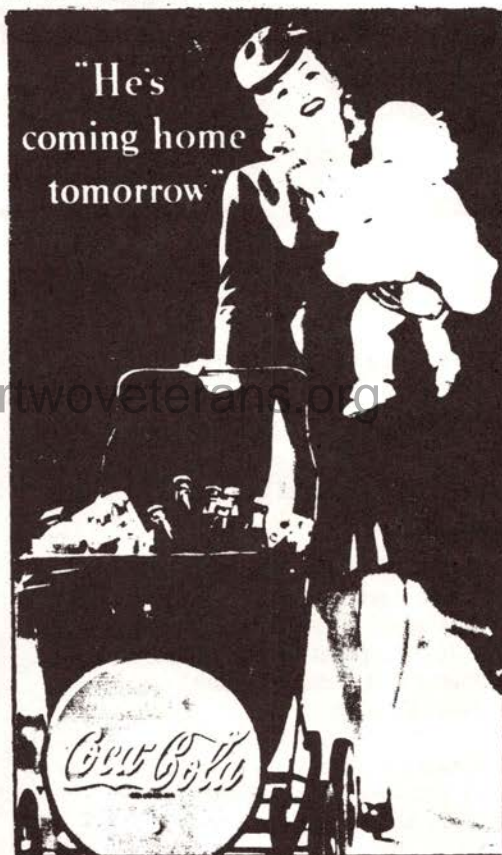
Coca-Cola at 100; Ad Features T-Patchers

Baby Boomers Turn 40

Since 1946 we have now 76 million Baby-Boomers, The biggest cohort in U.S. history... they relish the opportunity to choose their own lifestyles, and they have won for women a measure of equality at home & workplace.

Coke has always been tuned in to the times ... this ad of 1945 bid WELCOME BACK to a flock of T-Patchers.

Could this be Ruby Philips and baby daughter???



Happy 100th, Coca-Cola

The grand parade through downtown Atlanta recently tells the whole story: Coca-Cola is 100 years old this month, and the company celebrated its centennial in a big way.

Between last Wednesday and Saturday, the company booked every "significant" meeting facility in the city to host a birthday



bash to rival all others. The guest list — which numbered nearly 14,000 — included Coke bottlers, company employees and their families.

Besides the parade, the celebration boasted parties, dinners and jazzy theatrical shows that were two years in the making.

The Heritage Exhibit featured the largest display of Coca-Cola memorabilia ever isolated in one location.



Farewell to a Shamrock Houston landmark closes

City holds wake for hotel, marks 'day of mourning'

Associated Press

HOUSTON — They danced, sang and cried during the Irish wake at the Shamrock Hilton Hotel, paying their last respects to the Houston landmark that closed its doors Tuesday after 37 years.

An estimated 1,000 people went to Monday night's wake and party to say goodbye to the hotel, which many say helped put the city on the map.

"It's a day of mourning at the Shamrock," said Lane Conway, who wore a black jumpsuit and a green grass skirt. "You're supposed to either wear green or black. I wore a combination so I can be frolicking a bit and also be respectful."

Ms. Conway said the gathering had all the elements of a wake for a person.

"You're praying for their souls, but they're going to heaven," she explained. "So there is nothing to be sad about."

The 1,100-room hotel was built in 1949 by wildcatter Glenn McCarthy. The Hilton Corp. took over in 1955, then sold the hotel and its adjoining 22 acres to the Texas Medical Center late last year.



Medical Center officials have yet to announce plans for the Shamrock.

"Cry Me A River"

A lot of memories go with the end of the Shamrock. The 36th had 3 reunions at this "symbol of Texas", 1976, 1982 and out most recent 1985 reunion.

Members of the Greater Houston Chapter were in attendance of the 'WAKE' and roasted the old girl with a few shots of Irish Whiskey.

A symbol of Texas

Shamrock Hotel touted state image

The image of rich Texans cavorting like Middle Eastern sheikhs was popularized by Edna Ferber's best-selling 1952 novel "Giant" and its movie version. Although ranch society predominated in the book, oil had its moments, and thereafter the stereotype of Texas oilmen was that of Jett Rink, the loud, boastful, heavy-drinking, up-from-nothing brawler who drilled gushers and ended up with more money than he could spend.

In 1975 Glenn McCarthy sat in his office in Houston and recalled his only meeting with Edna Ferber and the events that followed.

"I didn't even know she was a writer," said McCarthy. "I was introduced to her, but I didn't pay any attention, you know. And it was the only one time that I talked to her. . . I got many calls later on, after the movie "Giant," from very prominent attorneys in Los Angeles, who wanted me to sue her.

HOUSTON — Ask a Texan oilman to name someone who fits the image of a flamboyant, hell-raising wildcatter and he'll probably say Glenn McCarthy.

In fact, Ernie Pyle, the famous World War II newspaper correspondent, once called McCarthy the "king of the wildcatters." The nickname seems to have stuck.



McCarthy



WE meet McCarthy — 1958 opening of the Ranger Room, Fort Worth resort hotel. Bill Daniel (from left) brother of Gov. Price Daniel, your editor, Glenn McCarthy and Roberta Lynne, Las Vegas star of stage and TV.



If only someone had stopped him

STALIN

and the Shaping of the Soviet Union
History/biography

Author: ALEX DE JONGE

Publisher: William Morrow

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Reviewed by
STEPHEN L. TATUM

It is rarely clear, upon close examination, if the great events of human political history are the result of affirmative actions of great men or are reactions to political vacuums provoked by human incompetence.

Are crucial events made so because of planning or missed opportunities? In his study of the life and times of Iosif Vissarionovich Djugashvili, alias Stalin, Alex de Jonge makes a persuasive case for the latter.

The distinct impression left by this comprehensive and exhaustively researched biography is that but for the self-delusion of Western governments and the mediocrity of his Russian contemporaries, Josef Stalin would have been unable to clamp an iron grip around the Soviet Union and change the face of modern politics.

Although the author disclaims much of his study of Stalin's early life as depending on various unreliable "official" histories, the man responsible for the deaths of millions and the terrorization of a nation apparently began his life quite inauspiciously. Stalin was the abused son of a shoemaker in Georgia, a semi-Asian backwater of the Russian empire. De Jonge explains that mistreatment during childhood and the discipline imposed upon him at a seminary he briefly attended caused a hatred of authority that led Stalin to strive coldheartedly to eliminate everyone and everything that threatened his power.

From the beginnings of his involvement with the fledgling Communist Party, Stalin's story is painful to read. Miscalculations and mistakes by his rivals and opponents permitted Stalin to advance in the party and eliminate the forces of moderation within the Communist organization that drastically could have altered the political future of Europe and the world.

Stalin was able time and again to escape the consequences of his activities because of the weakness or shortsightedness of his contemporaries: Kamenev, Zinoviev, and most significantly, Trotsky. One by one, these men were maneuvered by Stalin into political impotence or execution.

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The thoroughness with which Stalin handled his rivals is made evident by the fact that, excepting Trotsky, none of his political contemporaries — all once-powerful men in the Soviet Union — is familiar to anyone today who does not possess a deep knowledge of Soviet history.

Stalin escaped death at the hands of the pre-revolutionary Imperial Police, according to the author, because he informed on his colleagues in the party and was responsible for the destruction of more than one party cell. In addition to providing an insight into Stalin's character, that practice also shows how Stalin was able to progress in the party; he created vacuums that he then filled with varying success.

Stalin's rise through his association with Lenin and after the revolution was based upon his control of party officials at almost every level as head of the party personnel secretariat. He was consistently misread by all those who either supported or opposed him.

Even Lenin in his declining years finally realized the nature of the man he had unleashed upon the Soviet Union, but could not stop Stalin's accumulation of power. Lenin denounced Stalin in his will, the effect of which Stalin again minimized because of the ineptitude of his contemporaries.

The story of his nation after Stalin came to power is one of a continuous and ultimately successful struggle to break the power of any group opposing him or having the potential to undermine his authority — starting with the relatively small medical and scientific community in Russia, escalating to the massive Red Army, and ending with attempted collectivization and destruction of the entire

Russian peasant class. His actions in breaking the independence of rural agricultural Russia resulted in famines that killed untold millions, making Hitler's genocide pale in comparison.

The supreme irony is that Stalin could have been stopped at several places along the way. British diplomatic observers consistently gave their superiors accurate readings of the Stalin government, all of which were ignored or blunted by Soviet sympathizers in the British government, Anthony Eden being the most prominent.

Americans in good position to see what was happening in Russia displayed a naive willingness to believe Stalin's most incredible explanations of the savage purges he directed. The German army could have caused the overthrow of Stalin's regime had it not treated the occupied Soviet territories with such savagery.

De Jonge has written a fascinating book about what was and is, and what could have been, in the Soviet Union; and he has written it well. Despite its interesting subject, this book could have been as dry as most historical studies. But de Jonge writes a fluid and eloquent prose — describing Stalin, for example, as possessing the "bitter drive of a Shakespearean bastard."

Examining Stalin's efforts at collectivization and the creation of the Siberian gulags, de Jonge states in a nice turn of phrase that "it makes no kind of economic sense to declare war upon the 5 million or so ablest food producers in the land and ship them to a place in which they can grow nothing."

The author does tend to let details take over his narrative, yet those instances are relatively few for a work so painstakingly documented. De Jonge has created a chilling portrait of the man who transformed the largest nation on earth and left behind a political legacy for the modern world and his countrymen that is still influential.

Stalin and the Shaping of the Soviet Union frustrates one because of its portrayal of the series of lost opportunities that might have changed international politics in ways we can only imagine. Perhaps a more appropriate subtitle would have been "For Want of a Nail . . ."

(Stephen L. Tatum is an attorney in Fort Worth.)

War is hell, and a merciless test

Reviewed by
PAT TRULY

There have been outstanding accounts of the personal reality of war written by non-combatants (such as Stephen Crane in *Red Badge of Courage*); by observers (such as Tolstoy); and by participants (such as Herman Wouk). That these are in novel form does not detract from the validity of depiction of what Richard Holmes calls "the actualities" of war.

Holmes himself, in *Acts of War* — subtitled *The Behavior of Men in Battle* — provides a clinical study by a professional military historian. It is a remarkable book.

Holmes admits that most military history is either racyly romantic or studiously academic. He succeeds in making his study incisive and fascinating by calling it the way it is, not the way it might be.

The result is that those readers who dote on gore and glory will find much of it exhilarating. Those who oppose war for its inhumanity may consider it an anti-war indictment. What it is is honest.

Holmes goes beyond how men behave in battle (and before battle, and between battles) to explore why they behave as they do. He delves into the role of food, the importance of comradeship, the effects of training, the relationship of courage and fear, the horror not only of death and wounds but of the possibility of death and wounds, the part played by alcohol and drugs and religious fervor and societal influences, and the vital role of leadership, good or bad.

He succeeds in transmitting the sounds and smells — the feel — of the battlefield, as well as the emotions and weariness of the men involved. Digging into dim history as well as interviewing (shortly after the fact) both British and Argentine participants in the Falklands War, Holmes cites the testimony of literally thousands of soldiers, some of whom expressed themselves in letters written before their deaths in the next battle.

It is clear that even as war has changed (principally because of technological changes in the engines of killing), its basic ingredients, as they play on the individual soldier and his immediate comrades, have remained remarkably the same.

Battle is a deadly, exciting, boring, lonely, disturbing, fearsome, dirty, hungry, uncomfortable exercise. One never to be forgotten, even though the participants may remember only the scantest details. They may recall a smell, but not the fighting. They may remember a fallen friend, or an enemy, but not their own hazard.

ACTS OF WAR:

The Behavior of Men in Battle

History/Psychology

Author: RICHARD HOLMES

Publisher: The Free Press/Macmillan

Price: \$19.95



The reality of battle: France, 1917

There is always a reason for war, and the reason is political. Those who fight the battles are seldom political. They are common folk thrown into monumental events. They may be professional soldiers or farm boys and mill hands conscripted into service. They are not the ones who start wars, but rather the ones who suffer the indignities and achieve the victories, if any.

The battle may decide nothing. The sacrifices may lead to triumphs — they may even preserve freedoms in some cases — or they may be fruitless and wanton.

But war, and battle, are realities of human experience. Battle creates its own society, its own brotherhoods, its own dilemmas.

Holmes calls war "the most passionate drama of all ... hard to rationalize and harder still to describe."

He does not attempt to rationalize war, only to explain the behavior — good and bad — of those involved and the elements that influence that behavior. Drawing on the personal witness of those who experienced it, he achieves this end vividly and well.

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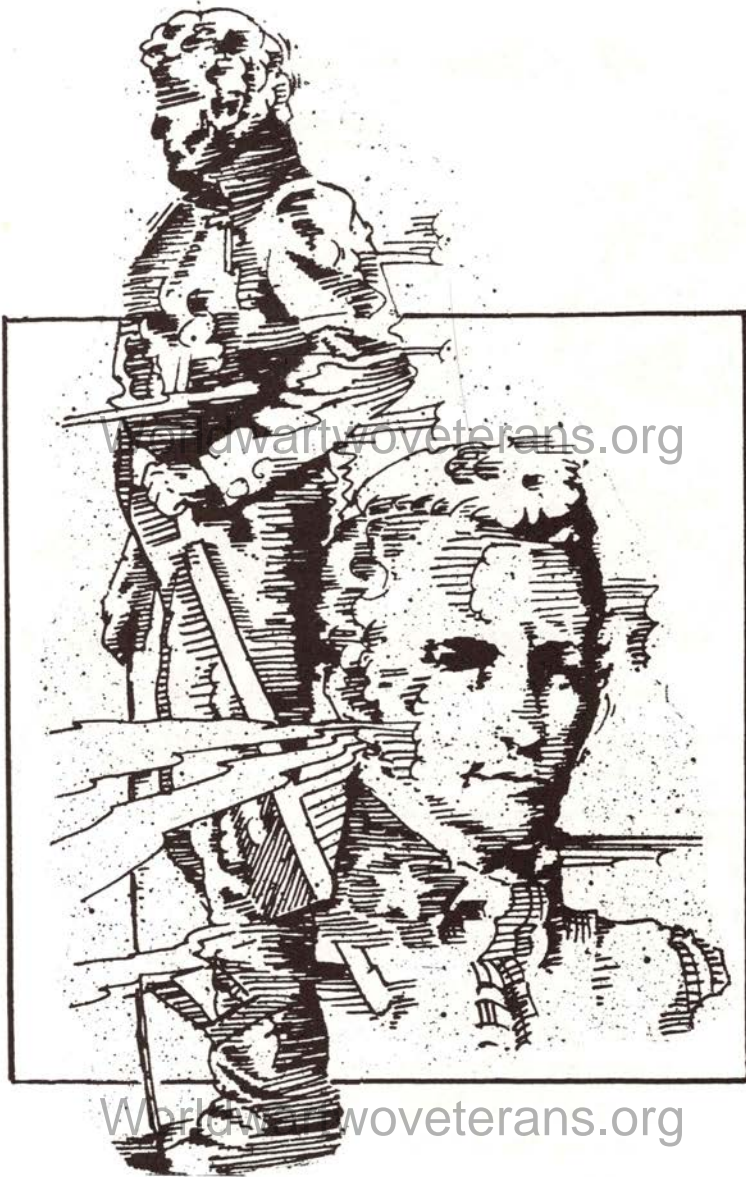
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"Take care of my little boy. If the country should be saved I may make him a splendid fortune. But if this country should be lost and I should perish, he will have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country"

This passage from the second most quoted letter written from the Alamo by William Barret Travis captures the true spirit of the Texas Revolution.

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“The Salvation of Texas depends in great measure on keeping Bexar out of the hands of the enemy . . . we would rather die in these ditches than give it up to the enemy.”



Famous even before the Alamo for his larger-than-life exploits and for giving his name to a deadly knife, forty-year-old Texas Colonel James Bowie at first shared command of the fortress with William Travis. But felled by a debilitating illness, he spent most of the siege on a cot in the barracks, awaiting the approach of death either from his sickness or at the hands of the Mexican attackers.

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