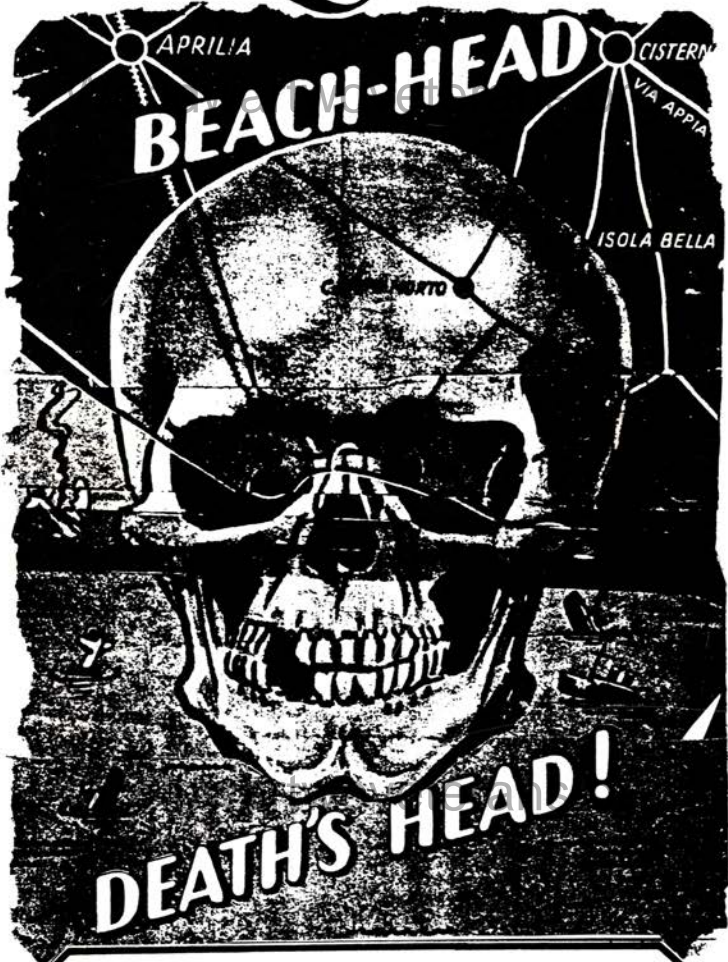


William E. Haley

The Fighting 36th
Q HISTORICAL
Quarterly



DEATH'S HEAD!

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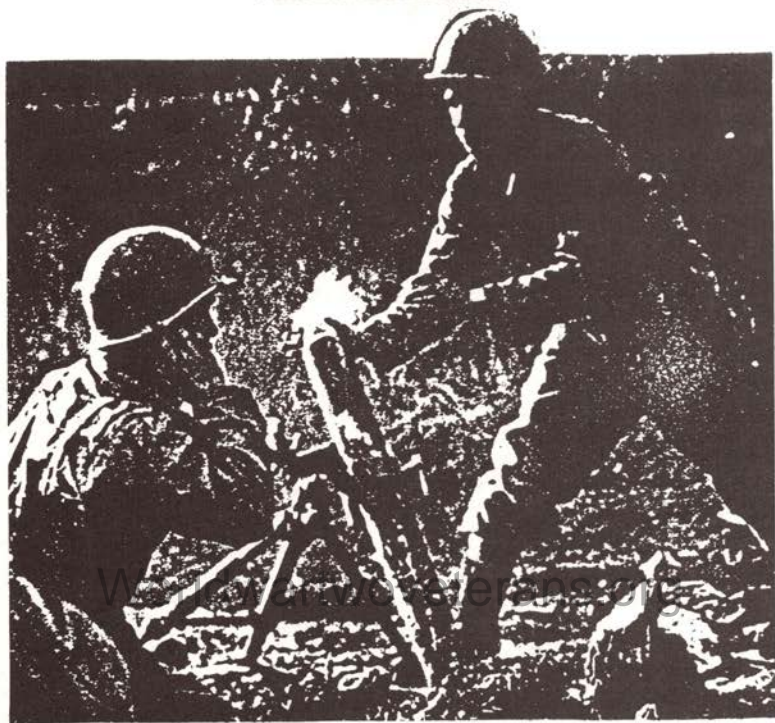
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The Fighting 36th

WorldWarTwoVeterans.org

HISTORICAL  QUARTERLY



Vol. VIII, No. 1, Spring 1988

36th Infantry Division Association



36th Division Service Record in World War II

The famed 36th (T-Patch) Division was mobilized into active federal service on Nov. 25, 1940. The division trained at Camp Bowie, (Brownwood) as a square division up until Pearl Harbor Day (Dec. 7, 1941.) Two units, the 144th Infantry and 2nd Battalion, 131st Field Artillery were quickly dispatched to defend the West Coast area in event of an invasion. The 2nd Battalion, 131st Field Artillery was sent on to the South Pacific and were later captured in Java. The men who survived spent over two years as POWs in Burma and Japan.

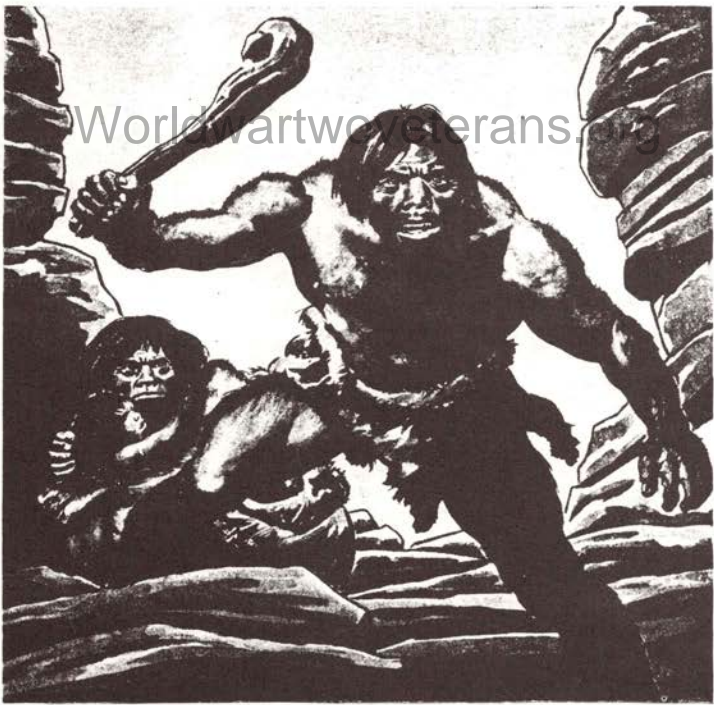
The remainder of the 36th Division departed for overseas in early 1943 landing in North Africa. The division was the first American unit to invade Hitler's European Fortress, by landing at Salerno, Italy

on Sept. 9, 1943. The division later captured Rome, Italy on June 5, 1944 and made the Southern France invasion on Aug. 15, 1944, and fought through France and Germany until the war's end on May 5, 1945.

The 36th Division suffered over 27,000 casualties, the third highest of any World War II division. The men earned 15 Congressional Medal of Honor, 80 D.S.C.'s, 2,354 Silver Stars, 5,407 Bronze Star Medals for Valor and 12 Presidential Unit Citations.

It is the only military unit known to have had fighting men in the Pacific and Europe at the same time during WW II, as military records were never changed to relieve the 2nd Bn, 131 F.A. from the rolls of the 36th Division.





MAN'S FIRST WARRIOR...

“Growl Loudly, and carry a big stick”
Worldwartwoveterans.org

Vol. VIII, No. 1, Spring 1988

THE FIGHTING 36th



THE BEACH-HEAD

is going to be the big blow
against the Germans.

Wasn't that the slogan when the Allied
troops landed at Nettuno on January 21st?

TODAY

exactly three months of hard fighting have
passed and you can now celebrate this event.
But the skull merely a beach head, passed with the
skulls of thousands of British and American soldiers!

~~The Beach-Head has~~
become a Death's Head!
The German is grinning you with a grin, and also those
who are coming after you across the sea for an
appointment with death.

Do they know what they are in for?
Yes, they feel that they are landing on a

DEATH'S HEAD



Our Cover Story by R.K. Doughty will give you a new look at some
amazing events — "Anzio Annie", and a most macabre encounter,
the Rat Invasion and many more new insights at Anzio.

Shown above, the flip side of the propaganda leaflet dropped dur-
ing April 1944. Ha, ha.



THE FIGHTING 36th HISTORICAL QUARTERLY



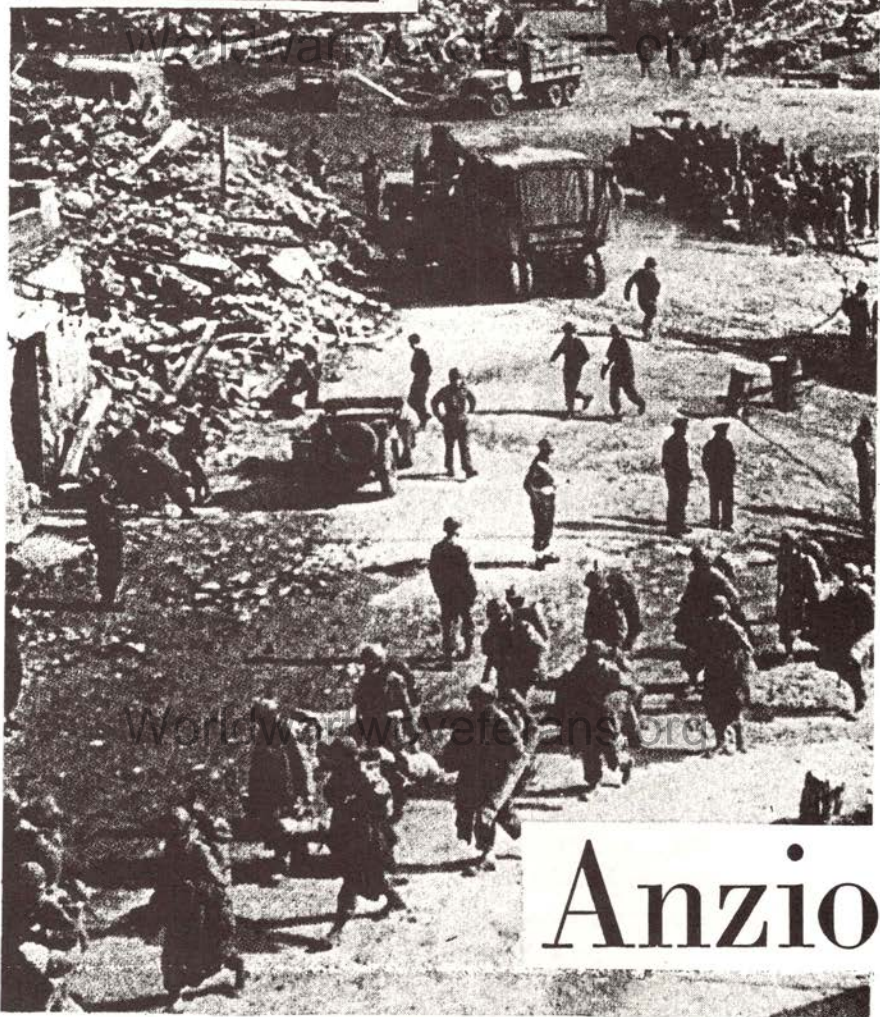
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Cover Story



Anzio

"It was conceived as a short-time battle and developed into a murderous siege. . . ." Defeat looms—but here come replacements.

STRANGE INTERLUDE



Worldwarveterans.org

By R.K. Doughty
Mamaroneck, New York
Former S-2, 141st
and G-1, 36th Division

While death and desperation were the stalking horses of the days spent in the shadow of Monte Cassino, Italy, aberrations, verging on the ridiculous, seemed to blaze the military trail from Anzio to Rome. Perhaps the sudden release from imprisonment, fashioned by the German Army of unforgiving mountains and relentless troops, produced a glitch in the battlefield psychology of our forces.

Maybe the season of the year, with its greening fields and warm breezes, **interfered with the business of killing**. Possibly, too, the swinging of the pendulum toward better times for the Allies and worse for the Germans was in the air, forcing errors as concentration wavered for a moment. Whatever the cause, some of the strangest things happened, so far as I was concerned, in that part of the war in which the 36th Division was placed in Army Reserve, sneaked into Anzio, broke out and fought its way into Rome.

My trip to Anzio was by boat, of course, in a stateroom shared with War Correspondent Eric Sevareid and a British Correspondent. Eric had not been to the front before and, like a lot of us, was concerned about the fact that all of the Allied installations, including port facilities, were within light artillery range. It was somewhat disturbing, too, as Stars and Stripes had noted, that a nurse in a hospital there had been killed by artillery fire.

After we sailed from Naples we three discussed the probable reception we would get at Anzio. I recall stating that the Germans

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were conserving ammunition because Allied strategic bombing had reduced their supply transport to a small fraction of what was needed. I also noted that our troops were using smoke constantly to blind German observation. Having been through the scrap at the Rapido and Monte Cassino in the not too distant past, I was certain that no matter how hot our reception might be it would be a lot cooler than any I had experienced lately. I hazarded a guess that we would probably find ourselves making a quiet, peaceful landing even though I half-way doubted that possibility.

After giving my fellow-travelers some maps of the Anzio area, since they had none, and outlining the respective positions held by contesting forces, I hit the hay. It was surprising to me to find, next morning, that I had slept through the night without interruption and that the ship had stopped moving. I got into my gear and went to the outer deck. There among the barrage balloons floating above dozens of ships at piers were thousands of swallows, skimming and uttering their small cries, giving every assurance that all was peaceful and serene.

There were no sounds of warfare. The sun shone and the scene was one of purposeful unloading of men, material and machinery. Eric Severeid was on deck watching the controlled chaos and gave me an OK sign with his hand as he yelled, "Nice G-2ing". I've supposed all along that he referred to my wild guess about a quiet landing. The last I saw of him and his British conferee, during the war, was when they took off in a jeep toward the front.

At that point the "things" I found extraordinary began to happen. At noon I had arrived at a so-called "sealed" bivouac among some trees in a reserve area where the landscape was pitted with foxholes, dugouts and other shelters used by Allied troops before our entry upon the scene. Sounds of battle were quite noticeable from that vantage point as artillery duels were being fought.

Suddenly an overhead explosion occurred that was unlike any I'd heard before. Several of us hit the dirt in instinctive reaction to the sound. Nothing else happened except that in the far distance a heavy concussion could be heard a short time later.

We got up and dusted off our uniforms and talked about what it might have been. Finally an officer who had been at Anzio for some time came along and, when he heard the story, laughed and said, "You just heard the booster charge on an Anzio Annie shell". Apparently, to gain range, the heavy shells from the huge railroad guns had been equipped with a booster charge timed to kick the shell further along at some point on its trajectory. We had heard the booster let go with a "Bang"!

Strange Interlude

Only later in the war did I have occasion to be near the receiving end of an Anzio Annie shell. I had been injured in a jeep accident near Montbron in the Saar Palatinate and evacuated through the 100th Division to a hospital in Saverne. While I was being X-rayed, a city block near the hospital was destroyed by a single round from an Anzio Annie. When I felt the explosion and saw the hospital walls crack as equipment flew in all directions, **I decided to leave the premises, with or without permission.** I told the surgeon who was studying my X-rays that I was returning to my front-line unit at once, **"where if you get hit you're not apt to be pulverized like you people would be by one of those damned things."** He signed me out.

The 36th Division's presence at Anzio was to be kept secret since the Allied main break-out point would be given away if the Division's whereabouts could be established by the Germans. As Army Reserve, the Division and its components were kept busier than ever before developing alternative plans to be put into effect dependent upon all of the variables that might be anticipated. Before the Division was committed to action, there were something like eleven major plans of operation packaged and ready for use. This set an all-time high for the war so far as the Division was concerned.

I think it was then that the tactic was devised which, more or less, described the normal condition in which the 36th and its Regiments found themselves for much of the rest of the war. Dubbed **"The Low Whirl"**, it never found its way into the textbooks but the term aptly described the situation confronting any unit that got out in front of its neighboring allies, as was constantly true of the 36th, and had to lower its horns and do a 360 degree whirling watch to avoid surprise. On many occasions thereafter, whenever a FUBAR situation developed within the 141st Regiment, someone was bound to call out, **"Time for the Low Whirl!"** Any one of the 11 operations plans put together for the Anzio break-out would have served as a blueprint for that tactic, since there we had enemy on three sides.

Something of the mystique of the times and the area must have affected the thinking of the High Brass as well. Omitting a description of the opening moves of the break-out by the rangers and others, there came a time when the 141st Infantry was ordered into action against the city of Cisterna in the center of the Anzio defense arc.

I happened to be passing the Division Hq. and was given a message to carry forward to the 141st C.O. It ordered him to follow the retreating Germans closely, **to take the ground rapidly but**

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under no circumstances to commit the Regiment to battle! As I recall the situation, there was a need to maintain the 141st as the last unit of the reserve still uncommitted.

There was a look, if not of consternation, then of disbelief, when the Regimental C.O. received this message. There was also something said to the effect that **"The Germans may have something to say about whether we get committed."** This was in recognition, of course of the very great possibility of a German counter-attack. Fortunately, none developed.

That afternoon the 141st CP was set up in a home in Cisterna that had been a German CP. It was one of the best prepared strong points I had seen. There were escape tunnels in all four directions from the interior of the house. A deep sleeping area had been dug beneath the floor at one end of the house with its roof logged over and the walls revetted against collapse. Silken coverlets festooned the walls, floor and bedding of the dormitory. Sand bags were piled in strategic places near firing embrasures at ground level.

We found suitcases packed with loot standing around the various rooms. Food still warm and partially eaten was in plates on a central table. Uncorked wine bottles stood at each place. All signs were of a hasty evacuation. Even so, we had the engineers search for booby traps but none was found.

This led to the uneasy feeling that the place had been purposefully left for our use and as a possible aiming point for future operations against us. It was with a sense of relief that we moved almost at once to a field outside of Cisterna where we made camp after dark. That night a heavy German air raid struck Cisterna and I fell asleep watching our Ack-Ack, like a lethal fireworks display, blasting away at the planes as they bombed an empty city.

Symptomatic of the callousness that crept into the attitude of some of the troops during this period, was the action of a member of one of the units attached to the Division for special functions. We had moved north of Cisterna to a small village only to find it the site of the German graves registration unit, whatever its German designation might have been. The fighting had barely ended when the advanced CP of the 141st reached the site.

Some bright soul to relieve the monotony of C and K rations, had arranged for box lunches to be distributed to the various fighting echelons. The change would have been even more welcome had the sandwiches been fresh. Even so nobody complained. I walked through the house we had taken for a temporary CP carrying one of the box lunches. Stepping into a fairly large back yard that was

Strange Interlude

completely walled off from the neighboring houses and the street by a solid, high fence, I encountered one of the macabre sights of the war to date.

In the center of the yard piled ten feet high, were human arms, legs, torsos and other souvenirs of the battlefield that had, fairly obviously, lain under the snows of Anzio for most of the winter and only recently had been collected by the Germans for appropriate disposition. All the flesh that I could see was dessicated and yellowed by exposure to the elements. Our break-through and rapid advance had interrupted the work of the soldiers handling this grisly assignment, for we found seven or eight soldiers lying dead in some sheds at the rear of the yard.

Several soldiers of an attached unit came through the building and sat on benches that were located around the perimeter of the yard. Apparently, unconcerned by the sepulchral atmosphere, they dug into their lunch boxes and sat eating and talking about the day's fighting. I was about to cross the yard by skirting the obscene pile when one of the soldiers moved to the pile and stood peering down into it. **Holding the remnant of a sandwich between his teeth, he took out a pocket knife, reached deep into the pile and pulling on a belt buckle, severed it from a belt, rubbed it against his pant leg, restored the knife to his pocket and resumed eating his sandwich.** His companions stopped chewing to watch him and as he pocketed his knife, one of them yelled, "**Jeez Joe! Waddya wanna do that fer? That's like robbin' graves.**" The looter shrugged his shoulders and reached for another sandwich.

Kaleidoscope of Events . . .

Next in the kaleidoscope of events was one of the 141st Regiment's CPs. Located in a deep wine cellar the entrance to which was situated on a hill somewhere north of Cisterna, it was reminiscent of a Battalion CP I had visited at the base of Mt. Rotundo, earlier. The one at Rotundo, however, had had something unique about it which fortunately was not present in the one above Cisterna.

Because the Battalion at Rotundo was located in a deep salient, extending up onto the flanks of Rotundo, only night visits could be made to its headquarters. On one such nightly visit, I managed to slide over the embankment of a river into the water when a flare suddenly lit the night scene. Since it was late Fall, the unexpected bath was most unwelcome, particularly since the Germans owned the opposite embankment thirty feet away. I got out with the help of some of the I and R men who, naturally, found it impossible to hide their

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chuckles at my predicament. At the Battalion CP I peeled off most of my clothing and under a blanket sat in a chair with my feet elevated near a stove. All at once, one of the Battalion officers yelled, "**Here they come, again!**"

I had no idea what he was talking about but could hear a rushing sound. Suddenly hundreds, if not thousands, of rats, like a miniature buffalo stampede, poured out of a long, dark tunnel. Men struck at the creatures with whatever came to hand. Since I was in a fairly good spot to stay out of harm's way I watched. **Some men got badly bitten.** These rats were big and they were hungry. Men sleeping in other tunnels that radiated from the spot where the main CP was located could be heard swearing and swatting at the rodents rampaging for food. It took ten or fifteen minutes for the place to subside to normal. Wet clothes and all I bailed out of that dismal place with a better understanding of what "**fighting the war the hard way**" meant.

It was, therefore, with thoughts of the rat invasion I'd seen at Rotundo that **I descended the 33 stairs into the wine cellar above Cisterna.** However, inquiry of the owner, who was living temporarily in a nearby cave, brought the good news that there were no rats in his cellar. He also told us that the soil of that area was such that when exposed to the air it became flint-like, needing no support to stand firm for centuries when carved into tunnels and caves. He wasn't so sure what would happen if artillery shells started to fall in any numbers above the tunnels.

I was concerned that traffic to and from our CP could be seen by German observers in the hills further north. The simple expedient of hanging camouflage nets straight down from ropes, slung between trees on the enemy side of the hill containing our CP entrance, screened the approaches to the CP. Fortunately no shells were directed at that location while we were there. Living like trolls had its drawbacks, however and from that time forward deep underground command posts were shunned.

Next came one of those moments which, though due largely to fear and the tumult of war, is completely human and understandable, but strange. **On or about the 24th day of May 1944 when the 36th Division was breaking out of Anzio and the battle for Velletri was at its height,** I was on the road between Velletri and Valmontone. General Walker had taken a small combat command group with him and had set up a temporary headquarters in a barn on the outskirts of Velletri. The 141st Infantry was moving into the town and was engaged in heavy fighting.

At that time of year, the Italian countryside was burgeoning with

Strange Interlude

crops. Vineyards provided cover for German self-propelled guns and tanks that were interdicting the roads of that vicinity with heavy shelling. The escalating noise of battle rising to an enormous crescendo could be heard for miles. The break-out by Allied troops from the encircling German forces at Anzio had thrown the latter into such disarray that great gaps had occurred in their lines. **It was difficult to assess the strengths of any German defensive position.** Many of the German commanders had headed for Velletri with their units as it was the largest town in that immediate vicinity. **Other areas were completely unmanned.**

At that time, in one of the anomalous moves made by the U.S. High Command there were U.S. Airmen attached to our regiment in exchange for some of our troopers visiting air units, the avowed purpose of such exchange being to acquaint each with how the other lived and fought. Just why a man, untrained for ground warfare, should be exposed to infantry combat for any reason, could never be satisfactorily explained to an infantryman, much less the exposed airman.

Most of such men, if they made it to the front at all, simply dug a foxhole and lived in their own filth not daring to move until their "sentence" was completed. They for the most part were exposed to great danger and their presence endangered the lives of the men around them who, of course, couldn't depend on the airmen's support in case of need.

There was but one exception to the general rule that came to my attention and that only after he returned to his air station. A **sergeant of the Air Force had taken to the life of an infantryman from the first moment he appeared at one of our battalion headquarters.** He had even volunteered to go on patrol behind enemy lines! He had moved into the darkness one night as part of a patrol, disappeared for three days and had returned as patrol leader, the original leader and several patrol members having been lost to enemy action. **He, among others, had reported the existence of wide breaches in the German lines. This intelligence eventually led to the dangerous night infiltration past the German lines up onto Mt. Artemesio, which cut off the German main line of retreat and opened the way to Rome.**

General Walker, Lt. Col. Reese, IG of the Division, (killed later that day) and several others were watching the progress of the battle for Velletri and were receiving reports by radio from forward units when I walked into the barn. **I handled my business with the G-2 personnel present.**

When I started out of the barn I saw three civilian men walking

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down the road talking and gesticulating as though there were no battle being fought around them. First one would talk, shaking a hand in the face and eyes of the middle man. Then the outside man on the other side would repeat the performance. Several shells exploded nearby but the trio appeared deaf to the blasts. I stopped at the door and watched as they approached the barn.

They were still in a highly agitated state as they crowded past me. When their squabbling got General Walker's attention he held up his hand to silence them and then nodded toward me. I took this to mean that I was to handle the situation and beckoned them to the yard outside the barn door. The man who had been the one to whom both of the others had appealed was obviously an elderly Catholic priest. He had a fairly grim visage made grimmer by the manner in which he was presently compressing his lips.

Since my command of the Italian language is a minus quantity, I asked the priest if he spoke French. He responded in French so that we at least could communicate verbally. The trouble lay in the fact that the moment we started to converse both of the other Italians broke in with what sounded to me like Italian polemics. I told the priest that we were interfering with the prosecution of the war and that unless we could get the matter straightened away at once they'd have to leave. I also suggested that, from what I had seen of their approach to the roving CP, **they were nuts!** He rolled his eyes upward but had no words to express his thoughts.

He introduced the men as a young father whose son had been born that day and a local lawyer. When the priest finally explained the problem he talked so fast and interspersed so much Italian language into his statement that **I had to ask him to repeat in the French language only.** This brought on even more voluble Italian explications from the other two. I silenced the young father and the lawyer took the opportunity to write out a message in Italian which I still have in my war journal.

In effect, the message said, under interpretation by the old priest, that the baby belonging to the young father had been born that morning. However, since the birth had not occurred until after the Germans had been driven by the Americans north of the cave where the mother had been delivered, **the baby was, perforce, an American and not a German! This in the middle of a battle!**

The lawyer asked if I could throw some light on the situation. In a way it was funny and in another way, pathetic. I assured them that the nationality of the baby was Italian as the priest had already confirmed to them. When the lawyer wanted to argue I asked them to

Strange Interlude

leave. Off they went back along the perilous route they had come in on still arguing and still oblivious to the war.

The next afternoon, our troops in the meantime having reduced the defenses of Velletri, found me in the large central square of that town. As I started out of town to the north in a jeep I encountered a column of German prisoners about to enter the square under guard by two GIs who looked dead on their feet. **There were some 200 prisoners including about a dozen of their officers at the head of the column.** The guards had sub-machine guns dangling over their arms and looked like sleep walkers. The prisoners were the dirtiest, scrawniest, tired-looking men that I saw during the war. Even the officers, who normally kept themselves in good shape from all I'd previously observed were ratty looking. The whole column showed the debilitating effects of the beating they had taken from our forces.

There were two jeep loads of I and R men with me. I sent one group back to find trucks to transport the prisoners to the rear while the other group of three men, with a 50 caliber machine gun mounted on the jeep, and I stood guard. The prisoners had been stopped in the middle of the town square and the two guards told to return to their units. **It was getting on toward evening when a German SP gun high in the mountains opened fire on the square.** I told an English speaking German Major that the prisoners, in order to protect them from the German shelling, would be moved into an extensive gully that fell away from the square to the south. All of the prisoners had simply sunk to the ground when we stopped them and had gone to sleep. Meanwhile the war and all of our troops had moved on. There was no one else in the town.

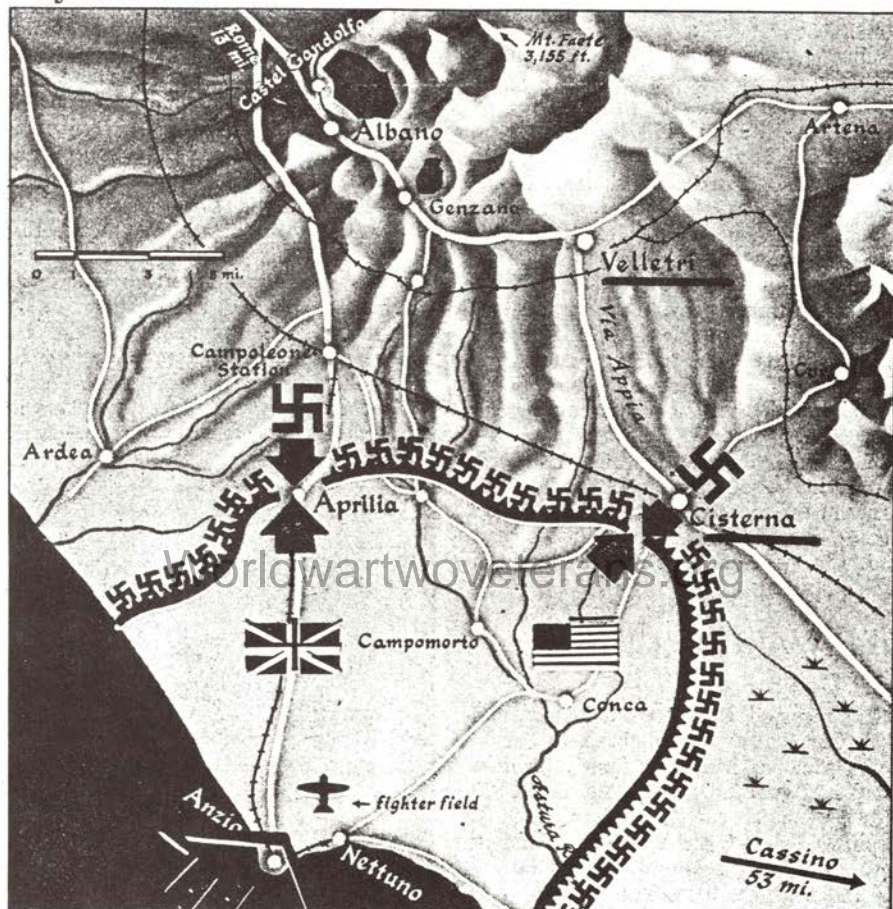
Under the prodding of their officers, the prisoners moved to the gully and, as I had ordered, kept their hands in sight. The only sound was that of snoring and exhausted breathing. The officers were bunched in front of the jeep and as the dusk started to deepen one of them asked in English, **"Tell me Major, what will you do if the trucks don't come?"** He had come very close to reading my thoughts. I had every reason to believe that the I and R men would return in any event, but I couldn't understand what had taken so long.

"What would you do?" I asked the German officer. Several of the other German officers spoke sharply to the one who had questioned me, suggesting the possibility that they, too, could at least understand English. I told the officer who addressed me to tell the others to stop talking. The moment of truth was just about at hand when the trucks, led by the I and R jeep drove into view. It seems that the

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drivers had rebelled against driving so far forward until the I and R men told that there were only four of us guarding 200 German prisoners.

We loaded the officers into the first truck and then got the men aboard the remaining vehicles. Fortunately several guards had been provided for each truck. As the procession moved out and our small group could breathe freely once more, a prisoner, who apparently had slept through the arrival of the trucks and whom we hadn't noticed among some low shrubs, woke up. Seeing that he was about to be left behind he made no bones about his desires. He yelled, whistled, waved and, running as fast as he could up out of the gully, caught the tailgate of the last truck to be hauled aboard. He stood facing back to where we were standing in the road and in spite of fatigue, enmity and the observation of this fellow prisoners, executed a smart hand salute - not the Nazi kind - but the right-hand-to-the-eyebrow kind!



TIME, FEBRUARY 21, 1944

Strange Interlude

The scene now shifts to a large villa overlooking Lake Nemi a few miles up the road from Velletri. A subdued jubilation was in the air as the moment approached when the first major capital on the Continent of Europe would fall to our forces. There was, albeit chiefly among the higher brass only, a kind of competition to reach the Holy City first. To the Joes in the ranks it was still the same old business of filth, fear and risk-taking.

The 141st Infantry's CP was located in the villa and tension rose as word was awaited that German resistance at Marino, the last real bottleneck before Rome, was being reduced. The telephone at one of the desks rang and a staff officer, no longer alive and therefore to be held nameless, answered. I sat beside him and heard him say something like this, "Never mind what the General told you; just do what I tell you! Get your battalion to the road junction at--"

At that point I could hear another voice cutting into the conversation. It went on at some length and finally the staff officer said, "Yes, Sir! No, Sir, General! Very Well Sir!" and hung up. After a moment of silence in which the offending officer rubbed his face with both hands, he stood up and said, "That was General Walker. He had his aide tap into the line to call this headquarters and heard what I said. I'm to be relieved at the first opportunity."

There was nothing anyone could say or do to change the situation but as things worked out nothing drastic happened to the staff officer. Later, when he was relieved of his post with the 141st he, eventually, assumed other duties elsewhere and, having learned a tough lesson the hard way, performed well.

I have always assumed that the General took into consideration the one-in-a-million chance that he had tapped into the line at such a crucial moment and that he understood the pressure of the race for Rome and therefore discounted the derogatory remark.

Just after the telephone incident I was called away to interrogate a number of German prisoners all of whom I found to be dressed in the blue uniforms of the German Luftwaffe. It was heartening to learn that they were being used as infantry, there being no planes to fly. What made them seem less hostile than some we had taken, and perhaps more human, was their understandable fear of artillery fire. This was a universal phobia expressed by them under interrogation. Many of them stated that they never stopped walking once they reached the front lines but kept moving forward toward our positions until they were captured. This was one of the first signs of weakening among the German Armed Forces that had come to my attention directly.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

The German resistance at Marino was tougher than expected. I left the villa and moved toward the town of Marino but was stopped short of it by German shells falling at the road junction. A high ranking officer from the 36th Division Headquarters arrived in a tank and ordered a double envelopment of Marino by an infantry battalion attacking from each flank.

The German commander of the Marino defenses was not only skillful but daring. He must have reasoned, once the battle got under way, that the attackers had had little opportunity to coordinate their efforts. As the fighting progressed, there came a moment when the C.O. of one of the attacking battalions concluded that the other battalion had taken the town, for he saw troops marching four abreast down the main street. He called Division Hq. to learn the facts and was told that the other battalion commander was on the line with a similar question about the first battalion. The German defenders, at a critical moment, had simply formed ranks and marched out of town in broad daylight, banking on the fog of battle and a little luck to confuse their enemies.

Whatever was causing these events on the route from Anzio to Rome seemed to dissipate once we had passed the City on the Seven Hills. This may have been due to the boost in morale that came with news of the invasion of Normandy, launched as we entered Rome. The knowledge that forces were at large in Europe to drive the Nazis to oblivion brought everything into sharper focus.

Yet, from this distant perspective, little changed, for in reality the whole war was nothing but endless successions of searing events for the infantryman, pushing flesh and blood beyond endurance, paying off all too often in dismemberment or death and with no way for anyone never exposed to modern battle to comprehend the price paid by the men employing the weapons that give war its cutting edge.



The beach at Anzio as it appears today during the busy summer is known as the Roman Riviera, with hotels and apartments

Strange Interlude

Dear Editor:

The "Strange Interlude" may not seem so strange... **but there has always been an unusual cast to my recollections of that interval in the war which verges on the mysterious.** It may relate to the fact that it was the only time in the war that the Division's whereabouts, as Army Reserve, **was to be kept top secret.**

One time before, you may recall, in N. Africa, we made a "**secret**" move to the Rabat area only to be greeted that night by Axis Sally's voice from Berlin, welcoming us to the cork forest with its little green worms.

If I had to bet on it, what with all of the **double agents operating in Naples,** I would hazard a small bundle on the German's knowing of our presence at Anzio on the day we closed into our bivouac area there.

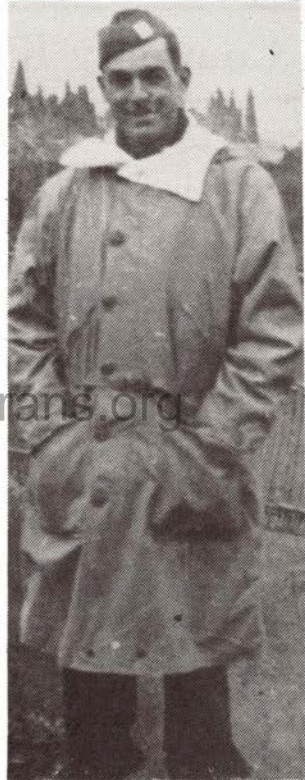
With the tide going against them then, there was probably very little they could have done about reinforcing Anzio in any event. Even so, we probably felt that we'd taken our new position secretly since no one from Berlin greeted us on arrival.

The Anzio Annie "booster" was a novel experience for me and even though I heard but one, I constantly expected to hear more. I imagine the main effect of such weapons as Big Bertha in WWI and Anzio Annie in WWII was psychological. Having seen the devastation wrought by one shell at Saverne, France, I'm glad that, for the most part, targets for such guns were at long-range.

I shall never forget the pile of human fragments I saw at the German collecting point, nor the callousness of the soldier (not a member of the Division) who cut a buckle from a torso while holding a sandwich between his teeth. While there would be no way to know, I imagine that the pile represented parts of well **over one hundred bodies.**

I have not identified the offender's unit for obvious reasons since I'm sure, judging from the reactions of his friends, that he was not representative of that unit.

The rat invasion to the Mt. Rotundo headquarters was not a fluke but occurred, I was told, several times each night that the battalion was there. Very few officers of any higher headquarters visited that site. When men started to crack under the strain after weeks of no sleep, no real rest, no surcease from constant bombardment from three sides, **the brilliant solution was to send a team of psychiatrists to learn what was wrong with the men!** But that's another story —



R.K. Doughty
815 Stuart Avenue
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Company K



Combat Tales

142nd Infantry Regiment

and a Few More...

WorldWarTwoVeterans.org
By Albert G. Kudzia

As the years roll by and I become older, my mind goes back to the combat days with the 36th Inf Division and how lucky I really was. To the veterans who were in Italy, I'm sure that they can readily recall the single file formations over the hills and mountains and this one particular time a quite high fence had to be climbed.

One of my platoon Sgts ahead of me climbed over the fence, my turn was next and I did the same and then a Sgt behind my got to the top of the fence and a **sniper shot him in the temple**. I always felt the he, the sniper, hadn't quite zeroed me in and waited for the next one.

Shortly after we landed in Southern France, Lt Col Coyle assigned Co K the mission of getting into Frejus and the time being late at night, to succeed without being detected by the Germans. My platoon was the lead one and as we marched down the road, **Sgt Paul Lis** led the left file and I led the right file. Only a few minutes went by before we were approached by a squad of men, Germans, raising their voices in German asking our identity.

Fortunately, Lis and myself had the same thought. Without saying a single word, we surrounded them and captured the entire squad without firing a single shot. As we continued our march down the road, we came upon a German machine gun crew alongside the road and the darkness helped again for they also surrendered without a shot. Col Coyle soon joined us and was elated over our success.

As we continued on to Frejus in the middle of the night, I'm sure that we bypassed what looked like to be German barracks. We got into Frejus without any further incident and the next morning learned that a relieving unit had to fight thru some Germans in order to get to us!

Company K Combat Tales

Another time, my platoon was approaching a French village and this time Sgt Jack Hall was on the left side of the road and I was on the right side. Being much smaller than Jack, a German sniper picked on him and shot him just below his heart. Fortunately Jack recovered and we recounted the incident at the 1986 reunion. Guess it paid to be about 5'7" rather than 6'.

One time when I and another K company member were firing at the enemy, my right leg was close to his left leg, both of us in the prone position, and some machine gun fire gets him in his left leg, just inches away from mine. I can't recall his name except that he was a taxi driver from New Jersey.

Later on during the France campaign, now being a company commander, our unit had to stop for some reason and I started to dig in behind an embankment, resulting in very hard digging to get anywhere. My radio operator decided to go back about 10 yards where the digging appeared to be easier. I mentioned the safety of the embankment, but he ignored my suggestion. Within a few minutes the Germans learned of our location and the 88 shells started to come in. **One of them came so close to my head that I thought I was a goner for sure.** I looked back and learned that it had killed my radio operator instantly. **How strange fate works in combat. Just wasn't my time.**

"Hey, you, I need a runner"

I don't recall the name of the village in France, but one late evening, as the CO of K Company, 142nd Inf, I was called to the Battalion CP to receive an attack order for the next morning. Since I was the first company commander to arrive at the BN CP, I sat down on the floor in one of the corners of the dimly lit room by candlelight to await the arrival of the other three COs.

One of the newly assigned officers to Bn Headquarters needed a runner for some message to one of the companies and looked directly at me and hollered **"Hey you, I need a runner."** When the Bn Commander realized what he was doing, gave a big smile and said to him: That runner happens to be the Company commander of K Company.

"Where's your lead scouts"

Shortly after the capture of St Marie Aux Mines, and as the old saying goes, no rest for the wicked, the 3rd Bn was given the mission of seizing the Koenigsburg Castle and LTC Gillette directed my company to lead the way. In those days, the only ones

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to have a compass were the officers and the route to be taken was mainly thru a wooded area.

I would give my lead scouts a bearing to be taken and every 200 yards or so, would look at my compass and give them directions again. It wasn't very before a message came up that said we were progressing too slowly and a faster pace had to be maintained. To avoid any further delay, I became the lead scout and off we took toward the castle. This time, another message came down the line that M Company couldn't keep up and to slow down.

I decided to stop for a few minutes and it wasn't long before LTC Gillette joined me and inquired as to where my lead scouts were? When I told him that this was it, he quickly ordered me to send some men up front as a protective shield. At any rate, we got to the Castle well before dark as no Germans were observed enroute.

After we arrived, all the men were hoping that we would stay around for a couple of days, but at dawn the next day, we were on our way again — no rest for the wicked.



“Fresh Eggs, Anyone?”

During the FALL of 1944, we had advanced to an area near **Rehaupal, France** and settled down into a defensive situation at the edge of a wooded area. After a day or so, my platoon received a combat patrol order to proceed across an open area to search out several farm buildings where Germans had been spotted.

Upon reaching the first building, we opened fire on about 5 of them, and quickly captured all of them. As soon as we opened fire, the German artillery started landing on the open area that we had just crossed and in a creeping fashion backward, hit the rear squad of my platoon, wounding several and fatally wounding my platoon sergeant, **S/Sgt Harold O. Barnett**.

As Harold was lying on a litter, I was kidding him about having it made now and that he was going back home, unaware of the severity of his wounds. I later learned that he had died at the aid station. Another sad day for me.

Company K Combat Tales

Two days later, we were still in a defensive situation at the same spot, and like most combat veterans, disliked it for the Germans knew exactly where we were and their artillery made most of it.

Another farm home was located about 150 yards, in the open, at our left flank. This particular afternoon, I spotted a few chickens walking around and I asked a few of my men if they wanted to go with me to see if we could find some fresh eggs.

About 4 said O.K. and off we went. Once we got inside the farm house, a German mortar shell landed in front and the next second, one landed in the rear of the house, and knowing about the bracket system of firing mortars, we got the hell out there in one big hurry. And to this day, I can't remember if we got any fresh eggs or not.

"Twice Prompted on Field of Battle, Local Polish Youth Home", that's the headline on a story in Kudzia's home town, Kalamazoo Gazette, Fall 1944.

Al Kudzia is one of our biggest boosters, and this collection of Combat Tales of Company K 142nd is his fourth outing in our Historical Quarterly.

He's an excellent bird dogger and seeks old buddies, and signs'em up. Bully for you, Al and we all thank you!



Albert G. Kudzia, CLU

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Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Adviser To French Colonial Troops



By Alan "Chum" Williamson

During the week beginning 16 May 1943, the 36th Division moved by rail and motor transport from a training area near **Magenta**, 80 miles south of Oran, to the great Marmora Forest of cork trees about seven miles east of Rabat, French Morocco.

In addition to training, our mission was to guard against the possibility that **Spain might enter the war on the side of the Axis Powers and attack through Spanish Morocco**. T-Patchers called the division's stay in the cork forest "**the Atabrine Campaign**," because of the yellow anti-malaria tablets they were required to take.

At the time, I was executive officer of Company E. 143rd Infantry. However, most of my prior experience was in supply and maintenance. Six years as a supply sergeant before mobilization and, on active duty, six months as a Battalion S-4 and 18 months as Regimental Transportation Officer. In the latter job, I replaced David M. Frazier, a hard act to follow. He was awarded two Silver Star medals and attained the grade of general officer.

In both jobs, I faced a TO&E grade block. Transportation officers and Battalion S4s were lieutenants. I asked Col. William H. Martin, our regimental commander, to reassign me to a rifle company. He agreed, but explained that it would be a while. "**I've got plenty of rifle company officers. But I'm short of officers experienced in supply and maintenance. And I want you to spend some time in a rifle company before you command one.**"

Adviser to French Colonial Troops

After I was taken prisoner at Persano, Italy, serving in a rifle company, the TO&E for an infantry regiment was changed to promote motor officers and Battalion S4s to captain. However, I was lucky anyway. My replacement as transportation officer, **Lieut. Buster, later became commander of a rifle company.** Shortly after getting his 'railroad tracks' he was killed in action.

The first night in our cork forest bivouac, I accompanied several other company grade officers to Rabat for an evening on the town. We imbibed freely of the low priced champagne and the locally brewed cognac, a form of white lightning the French facetiously called 'essence' (gasoline). By the time we returned to the bivouac, I had become intoxicated, then sick, and then had a hangover, all within the space of a few hours.

A message was awaiting me at the Regimental Command Post. I was to proceed early next morning with a team of five enlisted men to **El Hajeb, for duty with the 2nd Moroccan Division, French colonial troops.** There we were to set up a 2nd echelon maintenance repair shop and train mechanics.

Despite a ringing headache, I spent most of the rest of the night getting ready for the trip. My teams and I departed shortly after breakfast.

The town of El Hajeb was located high in the Atlas Mountains, 20 miles from the city of Meknes and 30 miles from Fez. There was almost nothing there except the military post where the 2nd Moroccan Division's 5th Infantry regiment was garrisoned. The division's other two regiments were in tent bivouacs in the field. The division was composed for the most part of French officers and NCOs and Arab and Berber privates.

We were assigned quarters with beds, electric lights, ceiling fans and flush toilets -- a far cry from the tent city we had just left. However, most of the toilets were the French water-borne sewage type holes in the floor.

We had our work cut out for us. The American motor vehicles issued to the division had been destined for the Soviet Union. **The manuals were printed in Russian and in English,** virtually useless to the French and Arab soldiers. Worse, there were no spare parts. My men alleviated the latter problem somewhat by scrounging parts from the 143rd Infantry motor pool during periodic return trips.

Later, I served as an Ordnance advisor in Korea, and still later in Vietnam. U.S. vehicles provided to both countries were accompanied by concurrent spare parts. **But not in French Morocco during World War II.**

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Since some of our apprentice mechanics were **Arabs and Berbers who spoke neither French nor English**, we required two interpreters. The Berbers were the indigenous population of North Africa when the first Arab invasion occurred in the 7th Century AD. The Arabs gave them the Arabic language and the Moslem religion.

The Arab and Berber soldiers, and to a lesser extent the French, had little or no experience in the maintenance of motor vehicles. For a while, my team was kept busy doing repair work, with little time for training.

Commenting upon his men's lack of mechanical aptitude, a French officer remarked, **"The Arab soldier is interested in just three things. Women, horses and guns."**

I replied with tongue in cheek, **"The American soldier is the same, except that he doesn't care anything about horses and guns."**

Fascinating were the sounds of the French bugle calls, which began before daybreak and continued until their version of Taps. Although different from ours, they were hauntingly familiar.

My men quickly learned that French military discipline differed from the American. **They hired a French soldier to wash their clothing.** A French officer gave him three days in the brig. Under their rules, he should have done the job without pay.

I had no such problem. They assigned a turbaned civilian (a 'rag-head') as my valet.

One of my men was a 75 mm artillery repairman. The French seemed insulted by his presence. The regimental commander said, **"The 75 millimeter gun is a French weapon. We don't need anybody to teach us how to repair it."**

I exchanged the hapless fellow for a small arms repairman.

I took the noon meal in the officers mess. It lasted two hours. Diners were served one at a time, in rotation, beginning with the commander and proceeding to his right. Those to the colonel's left had a long wait between courses. Pitchers of red wine were available. The evening meal began at 7:30 and lasted until 10:00 P.M. **Once was enough for me.**

One day we were served the usual meat course, which I had assumed all along was beef. A French officer said, **"This was a tough old horse!"**

I thought he was joking. But a few days later the mess officer asked me to take him to Meknes to pick up supplies. He obtained meat at a butcher shop where there was a pile of horses' legs out front, with horse shoes attached.

"They work them until something happens to them," the officer explained. **"Then they butcher them."**

Adviser to French Colonial Troops

My team members ate in the enlisted mess for about a week. Then they asked permission to set up their own mess, with food scrounged from the 143rd Infantry in the cork forest. Permission was granted. Thereafter, they took only an hour for lunch and quit work at 5:00 instead of 6:00 P.M.

Like many Americans, I was surprised to learn that the French were not too happy about the 8 November 1942 invasion of North Africa that brought them back into the war. After France surrendered, they didn't have to fight, were still being paid, and were not disarmed. The Germans didn't occupy their part of North Africa. They just took life easy.

Far from being looked upon as a traitor and a collaborator, Marshal Phillippe Petain, the World War I hero who was French premier during the German occupation, was considered a patriot. The feeling was that somebody had to head the French government. Why not Petain? Charles DeGaulle ran away.

A large-as-life portrait of Petain hung over the fireplace in the officers club at El Hajeb. The inscription underneath, translated into English: "I was with you during the glorious days. I remain with you during the dark days. Stay close by my side."

Of the "Huit Novembre" invasion, Operation Torch, several French officers claimed that the French and the Americans were shooting over each other's heads. They illustrated by pointing a finger upward. Not so. The French in North Africa collaborated with the Germans and strongly resisted Operation torch. The four-day war cost the Americans 556 killed, 837 wounded and 41 missing. French losses included some 700 dead, 1,400 wounded and 400 missing.

I was often regaled with the alleged exploits of the battleship **Jean Bart**, pride of the French fleet, moored in Casablanca harbor during Operation Torch. Here is the French version.

"The U.S. battleship **Massachusetts** opened fire on the **Jean Bart** at a range of 20 miles. When there was no answering fire, she moved in to 16 miles. There, the **Jean Bart** bracketed her with two shots. The **Massachusetts** then withdrew to 20 miles.

"Next, two planes from the deck of the **Massachusetts** dropped bombs on the **Jean Bart**, putting her main gun turret out of action. The U.S. warship again moved in to 16 miles. Meanwhile, welders had succeeded in freeing the **Jean Bart's** gun turret. She again opened fire with her 15 inch guns and again bracketed the **Massachusetts** with two shots. The American vessel then again withdrew to 20 miles."

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According to official U.S. records, the Jean Bart's main gun turret was put out of action by fire from U.S. naval vessels, not aircraft. It was not repaired until two days later. It was the U.S. cruiser **Augusta**, Admiral **Hewitt's** flagship, that was straddled by French guns, but not by the Jean Bart. A French admiral stated that although the Jean Bart fired several rounds, **"they didn't hit anything."**

One Sunday morning the colonel commanding the 5th Infantry took me to Meknes in his jeep. He said, **"I'll bet you that every French soldier we see salutes me, and that not one American salutes you."** He won the bet.

For recreation, my men and I drove to either Meknes or Fez several nights per week. In Meknes there was a red light district called the Reserve Quarter. There were French girls, Arab girls, Berber girls, and for the customer who wanted to change his luck, dark-skinned descendants of Morocco's sizable black population.

One one occasion, several T-Patch lieutenants were sightseeing in Meknes. They met a man who fit Gen. Walker's description in his book, **"From Texas To Rome," "As black as the ace of spades."**

Believing the man couldn't understand him, Lieut. Jep Reese said, **"You're no Arab, you black bastard."**

The man replied in English without an accent, **"F-- you, you sonofabitch!"**

A French officer explained the presence of so many Arab girls in the Reserve Quarter. **"When an Arab girl gets grown, she has two choices. She can get married and do all the work, or she can become a 'fille de joie.' Many prefer the latter."**

There was no red light district in Fez. But more than one bar featured hostesses who would go upstairs at the drop of a 1,000 franc note (\$20.00). Also, there were a number of waitresses and female bartenders who were available for wining, dining and romance, the same as in Meknes.

One of the Fez bar girls said to me, **"The British are polite. They court a girl. But you Americans are very abrupt. You just walk up to a girl and say 'How much?'"**

I had never seen the girl before and had said nothing to her. **"Then why don't you go with the British instead of the Americans?"** I asked.

"No money," she replied.

One night when I went to my men's quarters to take them to Fez or Meknes, all declined. **"We want to write letters home."**

Adviser to French Colonial Troops

The following night, the response was the same. I decided to spend the night on base. At about 9:00 P.M. I went back to the men's quarters. **They were all gone.**

A French soldier volunteered to take me where they were. He led me to a group of concrete huts in another part of the post which turned out to be a brothel. In the main hut, the madame in charge, a Berber woman, served tea, brewed on a small charcoal stove, for a few francs per cup. She had some half a dozen Berber girls who took customers to bed in nearby huts.

I learned that all French colonial troops had such an arrangement. When the unit went into the field, the madame and the girls went along with tents and bedding in the brothel truck, in the convoy just ahead of the wrecker.

A French officer explained, **"When the soldier wants a woman, he doesn't have to go looking for one. We provide them for him. That way he doesn't get into trouble and we can control venereal disease."**

By accident I discovered a recreation facility for U.S. Army Air Corps personnel near the French army garrison. It was equipped with a swimming pool, tennis courts and other recreational facilities. It was staffed with American female hostesses whose job was to take care of the needs of Air Corps personnel who came there for R&R. They let me know that members of the **Army Ground Force were persona non grata.**

On 11 June 1943 the garrison on the island of Pantalleria became the first in history to surrender to air power alone. U.S. planes had dropped 1,000 tons of explosives on the Italian island's military objectives during six days and nights of bombing.

On the following night, Saturday, 12 June, I took several of my men to Meknes. At 10:00 P.M., as the sidewalks were being rolled up, I returned to the rendezvous point. My men had two U. S. Air Corps lieutenants in tow.

One said, **"We just got through bombing Pantalleria and we've been given three days R&R at an Air corps recreation facility near El Hajeb. We flew over the place and didn't like the looks of it. Your men have invited us to spend the three days with them."**

I said, **"I've visited the R&R center, and it's the best. There's nothing at the El Hajeb military base except a whorehouse. You'll be disappointed."**

"Your men don't think so," he replied.

My men were right. The two lieutenants spent the entire three days and nights with us, although I offered to take them to the R&R

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center at any time.

One day a French officer advised me that there was a problem. He said, "When your men go to the brothel, the girls don't pay any attention to anybody but them. That makes our soldiers very disappointed.

"We have different hours for different grades," he continued. "From seven to nine o'clock is for privates. From nine to eleven is for NCOs and after eleven o'clock is for officers. All of our officers have their wives here. None go to the brothel. If your men will go after eleven o'clock, they will have the place to themselves."

Of course I agreed.

Following the example of the French, General Mark Clark had brothels set up for troops of Fifth Army. They were operated on an assembly line basis. Upon entering, the soldier presented his ID card and pass and paid the fee. He was required to take a "pro" (prophylactic) before exiting and his pass was stamped to show that he had.

Meanwhile, the girls in the 5th Infantry brothel were fascinated by the comparative wealth of my American team members and the two Air Corps lieutenants. They also listened wide-eyed to stories told by 5th Infantry soldiers about how the rich Yanks were throwing money around in the Moroccan cities.

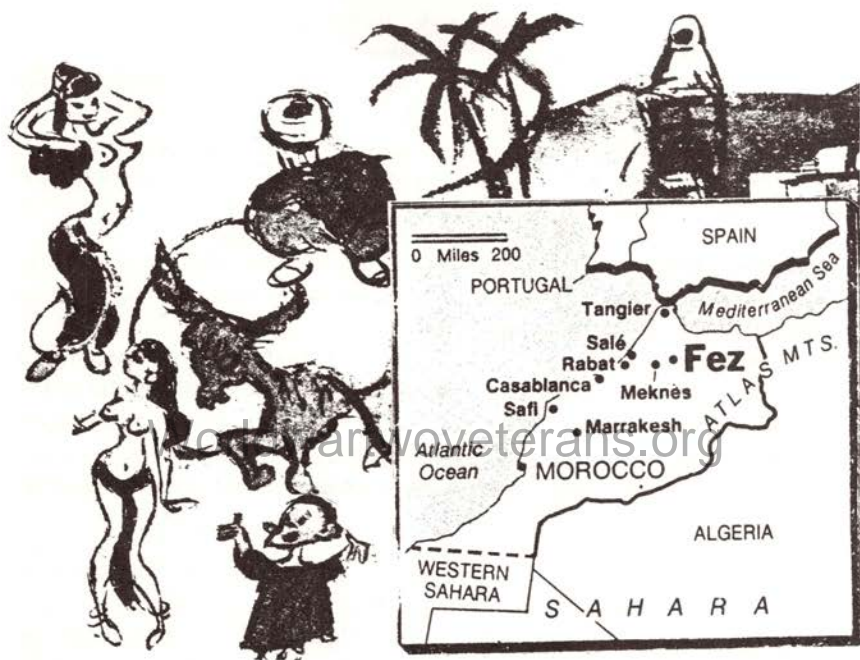
Two of the girls ran away, hoping to get a piece of the action. But they didn't know anybody "on the outside" and had no place to go. Within 24 hours they were picked up by French police and brought back to El Hajeb.

The Arabs were something else. It wasn't just their language and their attire that differed. They were like beings from another planet. The Moslem religion forbade them to kill any living creature except for food and except for 'infidels.' The latter were any human beings not Moslems.

Many of them had lice, which they picked off themselves one at a time and laid down gently, so as not to hurt them. The French launched a campaign to change the practice. They put up posters showing an enlarged drawing of a louse. The inscription, in French and in Arabic, read: "THE LOUSE CAUSES TYPHUS! DESTROY THE LOUSE!"

Partly because of the ancient hatred of Arab for Jew, most were pro-Nazi. On one occasion, my men and I stopped a young boy on the streets of Meknes to ask directions. As he replied, a much larger Arab youth struck him in the face. His nose bleeding, the youngster ran away crying.

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"Why did you do that?" I asked the Arab.

"Jew!" he replied. "No good!"

I became acquainted with a Jewish family in Meknes. They owned and operated a small business. I found them to be more like Americans than the French, the country's colonial masters. Not mad at anybody, they were just trying to survive.

There were few if any screens in North Africa except in U. S. military bivouac areas -- screened kitchens and mess halls. Yet flies were so numerous that in restaurants they were cooked in the food. A special fork was furnished diners for raking them to the side of the plate. I asked a French friend why there was no fly control program.

"A fly lives only one day," he replied.

They live nearly 30 days if allowed to die of old age. I said, "Then why not kill them in the morning, before they reproduce?"

"Kill them before they make love?" he grinned. "That wouldn't be sporting!"

I had occasion to visit a U. S. Army artillery firing range near El Hajeb. A young American lieutenant was custodian of the facility. There was a dwelling house in the inclosed target area. On the morning I arrived, firing was about to begin.

When the first round landed a hundred or so yards beyond the house, an Arab man ran out of it, followed by a woman and a child.

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Firing ceased as the man hurriedly hitched a horse to a wagon. The family then drove out of the inclosure.

I could hardly believe my eyes. **"Why is that family living inside an artillery firing range?"** I asked.

"That poor bastard's about to go crazy," the lieutenant replied. **"I've tried to get him to move. But he doesn't understand English and I don't have an interpreter."**

He showed me a warehouse where target cloth and other materials were stored. Items on the ground floor were clearly visible, protected from pilferage only by wire mesh.

The lieutenant said, **"I can't keep the Arabs from breaking in and stealing stuff, mostly target cloth. I've got the place booby-trapped. The other day, a charge was set off. Since then I've seen an Arab hobbling around with his ass hanging out."**

I thought, **"This man is like a loose cannon. Where are his supervisors."**

I never saw the lieutenant again. But after the war, I read about him in Army Times. An Arab was killed by one of his booby traps. He was tried by court-martial and found guilty of manslaughter. He was dismissed from the service and sentenced to a long prison term. According to the Army Times story, the sentence was upheld.

During the latter part of July, I received word for my team to rejoin the 143rd Infantry. The regiment had orders to proceed to Arzew for preparation for a combat mission.

Upon arrival at the 143rd Infantry CP, I was greeted by Col. William H. Martin, the regimental commander. He said, **"Welcome back! We almost lost you! Fifth Army wanted to make you commander of an Ordnance company. It was approved all the way down to division, where I was able to kill it."**

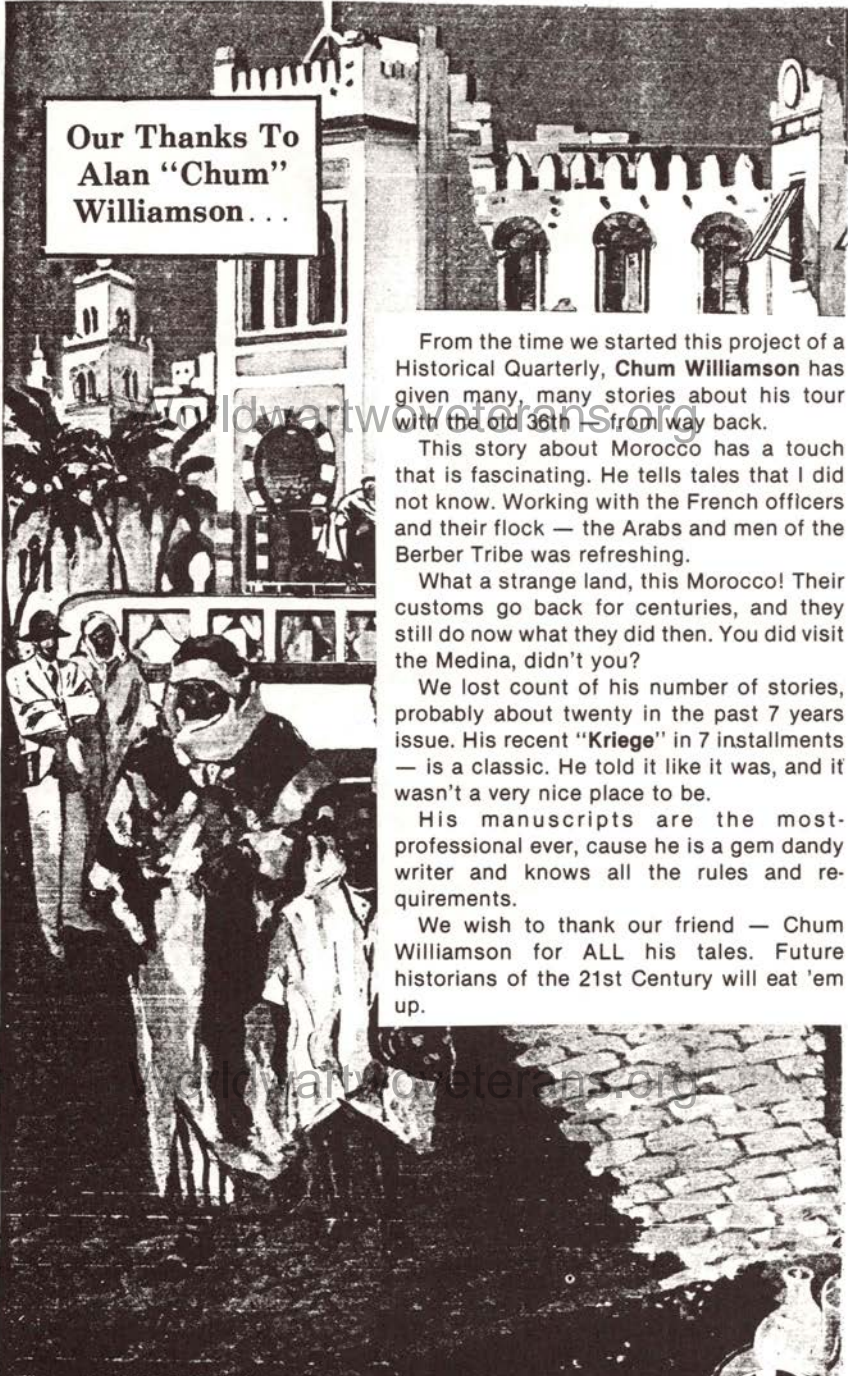
The End

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Adviser to French Colonial Troops



Our Thanks To
Alan "Chum"
Williamson . . .

From the time we started this project of a Historical Quarterly, **Chum Williamson** has given many, many stories about his tour with the old 36th from way back.

This story about Morocco has a touch that is fascinating. He tells tales that I did not know. Working with the French officers and their flock — the Arabs and men of the Berber Tribe was refreshing.

What a strange land, this Morocco! Their customs go back for centuries, and they still do now what they did then. You did visit the Medina, didn't you?

We lost count of his number of stories, probably about twenty in the past 7 years issue. His recent "Kriege" in 7 installments — is a classic. He told it like it was, and it wasn't a very nice place to be.

His manuscripts are the most-professional ever, cause he is a gem dandy writer and knows all the rules and requirements.

We wish to thank our friend — Chum Williamson for ALL his tales. Future historians of the 21st Century will eat 'em up.

The St. Die, France Outpost



Worldwarveterans.org
By Willie Walker
36th Recon Troop

As the troop moved forward to St. Die, we had a lull in the drive that had brought us this far. Capt. George Fell, troop commander told me to take a squad and follow a wagon road about three miles to a farm house and set up an outpost. As we occupied the house and scouted out the area for signs of the enemy, we decided that we had finally hit the jackpot and found a good area for a little R&R.

The house was about forty feet wide and about sixty feet long. The North side was the stable area and had only one door to the outside. The West side, or the side toward the Krauts was the living room and had two windows which was ideal for setting up the 30 cal. machine gun, which we promptly did.

After posting a guard and getting the phone hooked up to the wire that we had strung as we moved up from our C.O., we settled down to get some rest.

We almost felt guilty from such easy duty. We could hear the fierce battle raging over on our right flank where the French were located. I felt sorry for them as they were the most hated by the Germans. Our troop had one of the FFI men that stayed with us for a long time and he was a trooper in every respect.

We all loved him and wish that we could find out what happened to him. His name was Roger Renault, a grandson of the collaborator who was tried by the French and executed, I believe. I remember that he had to leave to go to his grandfather's funeral, and when he came back to rejoin our outfit he was not only sad but very mad.

All of a sudden someone came over and said "Sgt. Walker there's

The St. Die Outpost

deer here as I saw tracks outside". That was all it took for me, as I would love to have some venison for our next meal. I told Cpl. Milton Pritts to get his gun and come with me. As we left to go track down a deer for chow, Vernon Barker hollered "**Sarg. the phone is out, so there went the deer hunt.**"

We followed the phone line in the snow for about a mile and found that somebody had cut it with a knife. We made a splice and was a little apprehensive about how the line got cut, so we went back to the outpost. I called the C.P. and Capt. Fell told me that there wasn't a German within five miles of us, so we settled down for the night.

The next morning about daybreak, a Kraut patrol of 18 men started firing on our position. I grabbed the phone to report our situation and **The damn phone was dead again.** After we drove the patrol away we checked the phone line again and they had taken about forty feet of it this time. I think their C.O. had not believed them when they cut the line the first time, so this time they cut out a section to bring back for proof.

Before they withdrew they opened the barn door and a young French boy had been hiding in the back, so when they saw him they opened up with their burp guns and that was bad news for us. I opened the door to the living room and stood behind it with my Thompson sub on ready.

Low and behold a blue grenade came bouncing along the floor toward me and hit the wall. My heart was in my throat, **but the thing didn't go off.** As they were leaving we opened up with everything we had. I stooped over and with one motion grabbed the grenade and threw it out of the window and it exploded before it hit the ground. I think I earned another hash mark right there. **Anyway, that's why our underwear was olive drab.**

I told the squad that we were pulling out so we took off going back to the C.P. and Capt. Fell raised hell at me for coming back, and ordered me to take two jeeps and five troopers beside myself and go to the other side of a village and report to the 3rd Bn. 143rd Regiment C.P.

We arrived there about dark and I reported in to the C.O. there who was a Major. He gave me a map of the battle front and asked me where my other men were. I told him that they were outside and I think he sensed that something was wrong at that point. So he asked me just how many men I had and I told him "**You're looking at them**".

He then snatched his helmet off and threw it on the floor where it

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bounced four feet high and his language left a lot to be desired. When he calmed down a little he asked me who was the idiot that sent me up there with that few men and all I said was my C.O.

I told my men that we would post a guard and if the Krauts surrounded us that - we would offer to give up if they would go with us to get the man that sent us up here.

Just at daybreak we went up to one of the positions that Battalion was occupying and we heard someone digging and found out it was the rest of our platoon. We were real happy that they had come to help us. I told trooper **Vernon Barker** that I thought that the Germans had pulled out of the village and to come and go with me to find out.

As we started going from house-to-house checking them out we ran in to a Frenchman who told us that the Germans had heard the Third Battalion pulling out in the night and they hightailed it too. I was so happy I kissed the Frenchman.

PEOPLE OF DIE HONOR LIBERATORS RENAME MAIN STEM FOR DIVISION

« RUE NATIONALE » IS NOW « AVENUE DE LA DIVISION DU TEXAS »

To show their feeling of deep gratitude, the Village of Die, Southern France, passed a resolution naming its main street « Texas Avenue », in honor of their liberators - the 36th Division.

An extract of the resolution, dated August 31, 1944 presented to the division commander, Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist, stated that the inhabitants of Die wished to show their appreciation by renaming « Rue Nationale », the main stem of Die, to « Avenue de la Division du Texas ».

The mayor of Die, Monsieur Plan, had hopes of holding a format parade and review with the 36th Division troops, but the rapid advance made it necessary to forego the intended celebration.

Some 100 miles inland from the

invasion coast of Southern France, the village of Die is nestled in the warm valley of the Drôme, surrounded by the scenic Pre-Alps. The village is noted for its unusual wood work and furniture manufacturing. It's fine vintage wines are noteworthy - namely the « Clairette de Die », and their muscatel.

The ramparts of Die date back to the 3rd Century, with ruins of the Barbarian invasion. Porte St. Marcel is an ancient Roman triumphal arch at the entrance to the ramparts.

The village Cathedrale was constructed in the XI Century. Destroyed in 1570 by the Protestants was restored in 1673.

The Hotel de Ville is noted for its beautiful mosaics of the 7th and 8th Centuries.

— CITATION —

Sergeant Willie T. Walker 20428991, of Cookeville, Tenn. distinguished himself in Infantry Reconnaissance and was commended by Colonel Richard C. Werner Commanding Officer of 141st Infantry Regiment and Colonel A. B. Crowther, A.C. of S, G-2 36th Infantry Division.

Sgt. Walker displayed unusual qualities of leadership and courage in the conduct of a night patrol on 26th Nov. 1943. He was assigned the mission of reaching RJ69 behind enemy lines, to observe all hostile activity in that area, to return as late as possible, to reach the 3rd Bn CP just prior to daylight. Upon receipt of this mission at 1630 Sgt. Walker reported to K Company and met two men who were to accompany him.

With a minimum of preparation he led his patrol out at 2000, penetrated the hostile front line, reached his objective where he remained until 0315, returning to our front line at 0500 with his patrol intact.

He brought back valuable information of enemy activities. It is believed that his patrol was the first to successfully evade hostile forces and to reach RJ69. The route covered was a long one made difficult by obstacles, mud, ditches, fallen trees, darkness and accomplish the mission in the time allotted.

Patrols from the 141st Infantry Regiment, accustomed to working together and with adequate preparation had tried previously to cover, this Demolition Sergeant, and not Reconnaissance which made his success even more creditable.

WILLIE WALKER, shown here still lives at Cookeville, Tenn., and you read about him in the last issue, Vol. VII No. 4 1987 Quarterly, "Two Minutes to Midnight".

Dan S. Ray had told us about the exploits of Walker, and asked him to send in this story about St. Die Outpost.

Our thanks to both for this story. The 36th Recon Troop rendered a great service to our endeavor to evaluate whereabouts and strength of our enemy.



“Victory at Velletri”



By Dee Winn
Co B 111th Engineers

Worldwartwoveterans.org

On Sunday May 27, 1944 we broke out of Anzio after an all night march, we hit the Krauts at first light of day.

At this time, they were using mostly “snipers” and a bit of small arms fire. The snipers in the trees were just about anywhere you looked — they were there.

We made it to Highway 7, installed a road block of anti-tank mines. The soil was so firm, it was slow digging to bury them, but we ‘got the job done’ as usual.

We were on a small mountain road and for one time — we were ‘looking down’ at the Krauts. We had the mines buried and here they came, about 2 or 3 miles north of Velletri (on the road to Rome).

Our group was about a hundred in number, and we surprised them, and needless to say, “we had a field day.” The first two Germans were on motorcycles with two more in their little side cars — we got ‘em real quick like.

Then here came the infantrymen... I made sure I got the first two, one was an officer. This turned out to be a prize catch... I got the Luger from the officer, and proudly say I still have it.

Next came the trucks and tanks, hitting our mines blocking the road. These troops were well-trained, jumping from their vehicles and shooting like hell. By 3:00 p.m. we had killed or captured the whole bunch.

We knocked out two tanks, 3 or 4 trucks and several small vehicles... we captured 54 of Hitler’s hard-shell troopers. We then were concerned about how we would be able to hold them after dark... but about 5:00 p.m., our POW guards came to retrieve them, much to our relief.

Just an hour later we had a hand full of Germans coming our way... running and shooting their burp-guns, but we took care of them — quick like.

Victory at Velletri

At dark, we had orders to "head for Rome" . . . about 20 miles ahead. We walked, some had a ride . . . and behold, we (and some others) . . . **TOOK ROME**, the Eternal City at the first light of dawn on June 5th, 1944. What a great feeling for all of us. For centuries, all armies paid dearly for this epic event.

What a beautiful city!

It was a great feeling to be a part of an American Army — that was first Americans to set-foot on Hitler's Europa . . . and be with the 'first' in Rome. **It took nine months of blood, sweat and tears to achieve this.**

But, we did not linger long in this fabulous City, we did see the Vatican and many other ancient ruins of the Roman Empire . . . but we would travel another 200 miles north, capture hundreds of the enemy and then, get orders to pull back and return to the Salerno area for another assignment — **Invasion of Southern France!**

But, that's another story.

Dear Editor:

Per your request for names of some of my team mates — the three men listed here were on this mission at Velletri . . . **Combat Engineers as always, were "infantrymen."**

Staff Sgt. LEE V. LASSITER of Sunset, TX, was in charge of the Engineers on this mission . . . a great man and a great soldier. He died in 1978 . . . a very dear friend.

RAYMOND W. JOHNSON of Montague, TX, was a very close, personal friend of mine, he passed away in 1980.

PAUL K. ALGIER, 117 Second St, Leominster, Mass., probably saved my life during that action at Velletri. He was one 'good' Yankee, and a superb soldier. Regretfully, I have not seen Paul since the war.

Dee Winn,
6629 Murel Drive
Watauga, TX 76148
(817)485-4832



Four Americans Inside a French Outhouse



Or, Hazards of Life at the Front
as a Forward Observer . . .

Worldwartwoveterans.org

By Amil Kohutek
Btry C 132nd FA Bn.

The Date was sometime late October or early November 1944. Four men, **Omar Lewis, Esquell Jaques, Lem West, and Amil Kohutek**, along with **Lt. Robert Lang**, arrived from C Battery 132nd F A Bn. to K 142nd Inf. on Special Assignment. As forward observers, exact location is not remembered. It is believed we were well inside Germany. As a meeting was called soon, we met in a large room, possibly a schoolhouse in a small town.

K Company assembled in this room. The officer who briefed us was standing in front of a large picture of Adolph Hitler. No one bothered to remove it. The next town beyond a small hill, was at the time being bombed. We were told by the French, with American planes. We noted several diving into the town, then heard explosions. we were also told that this town was our objective. Also, that the town was held by the dreaded S S Hitler's Elite Troops.

It had been raining before the ground was muddy. At the time, the sky was clear of clouds. The late evening sun was moving behind a mass of hills to the west. About mid-evening we moved out. I remember the meeting. **Capt. Albert Kudzia** told us that we have to attack with 90 men, less than half of the Company strength. Moving out single file in four equal Platoons, about half way we followed a muddy stream that emptied into the town. We moved and stopped, moved again; the four Artillery Men were in the second platoon, along with **Lt. Lang**.

We moved almost the length of a cemetery wall, when the call from up front came down the line for a BAR man. Soon a man arriv-

Four Americans Inside a French Outhouse

ed whom I knew well -- fellow named Brumley. As he walked by me I told him to be careful. He nodded at me. I watched him; ten steps from me he stopped, dropped his BAR, and raised his hands. I told my section what I had seen. We four Arty men pulled back about one hundred feet. A meeting was held.

Someone scouted out to where Brumley was last seen. He returned and told us the place was crawling with Germans. Two Platoons had walked into a trap. Most of the officers were captured. An 80 mm German mortar shell landed near me. The ground was very muddy and so soft that the shell buried itself before exploding. Every man nearby was muddy, but unhurt. We cleaned up as best we could, moved back and regrouped.

Someone said the wall behind was also crawling with Germans. We later saw our men being marched to the German rear. Some were bandaged, some were being helped to walk. With field glasses we saw L Company 142nd coming down a hill to our left. We hear rifle fire. Some of our men fell -- they never got up. The Medics did not come to them. At dark we had only two houses -- only two houses that were not burning. The town was ablaze.

We four Arty men could not find a place in the houses. So, we more or less crawled out back, and into a French outhouse. This was a typical French outhouse. It might have been a special outhouse. It was a two-holer. Critics will argue long and loud. How can four men, with equipment and radio get inside a French outhouse.

We did just that, and remained inside until daylight the next morning. The door was sagging and could not be pulled shut. The burning town caused a reflection, and I was afraid that we could be seen. I tried again to close the door and with much effort got it closed. Upon closing it, we heard a thud. Every man inside knew what that was. We held our breath. **Nothing happened.**

Next morning I opened the door. Nearby laid a potato masher. It was not there when we crawled inside the night before. It was a dud.

Had I not closed the door and had the potato masher not been a dud, and had been dropped inside the door, our First Sgt. Ed Tanner's report may have read:

"Four C Battery men killed in action; all were later found inside a French outhouse."

**Amil Kohutek,
Btry C 132nd FA Bn.
1933 College Street
Abilene TX 79602**



Tons of Paperwork



Adjutant General's
Department

By John McArthur

Beach Haven, New Jersey

Worldwartwoveterans.org

On Feb. 18, 1942, I reported to Fort Dix, NJ, to become a "GOVERNMENT ISSUE" person. Three days later, I was in Camp Blanding, FL, saying "Hello" to the Texas Infantry. After being issued all of my equipment — my guess was that I was the lighter of the two! — I became an infantryman under the best teacher of them all, **First Sergeant AUGUST WASKOW**. I was his "runner" and Asst Co. Clerk all during training in Florida, the Carolinas and Mass.

Early Spring 1943, I was transferred to the **Adjutant General's Section, 36th Div. Hq.**, under the direct supervision of **M/Sgt BILL HASBROUCK**. I am not sure of the T/O of the section but would think it to be about 25, with a variety of jobs. Over the years it is hard to remember all of the great people I had the good fortune to work with, but to name a few: **JOHN DEANE; HARRY KELTON; VINCENT LOCKHART; BILL STEGER; BILL HASBROUCK; SAM UTTERSON; CHARLES SWARTZ; FRED JOHNSON; TOM GATEWOOD; JOE GAWINSKI; BOB GERRITSON; OTTO ANDERSON; TERRY ALLEN**; and many others.

We were kept busy taking care of "**ALL OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DIVISION**" as a daily routine and the writing of orders — **SINCE NOTHING OR NOBODY MOVED IN OR OUT OF THE DIVISION WITHOUT ORDERS**.

We were able to get a day off once in a while, and once we moved to Camp Edwards, Cape Cod, those of us from the New York metropolitan area were able to get into Providence, RI, to catch a train for New York, and from there to our homes for a few hours visit. We usually got back on time, too!

We went overseas in April 1943, and we had a great "**APRIL FOOL'S DAY**," — we left from Stapleton, Staten Island, for our

Tons of Paperwork

trip overseas. Most of us were on board a former cruise liner of the Moore-McCormack Line named the "BRAZIL." (Her sister ships were also in the convoy — "ARGENTINA" and "PARAGUAY.") I kept my fingers in shape by mimeographing the ships' Newsletter "T-BONE." It took up the time and made it pass a little faster.

We were one of the largest convoys to leave the States at that time and although it took us quite a few days to make the trip at least we didn't run into any rough seas — I'm not too sure of that as I was not feeling that good anyway! About seven days later we put into the port of ORAN, NORTH AFRICA. Just trying to walk down the gangplank with our sea legs was quite a job.

We didn't stay in the ORAN area long, soon were on a motor trip to a more permanent location in a Cork Forest outside of the city of RABAT, MOROCCO. Our trip took us over the Atlas mountains and through some of the cities written about in our history books — OUJDA; TAZA; SIDI BELL ABBES (the home of the French Foreign Legion); FEZ; MEKNES; and SALE.

Our homes here were tents and our offices were HUGE tents usually used for hospitals set up in forests of huge trees which sheltered us, somewhat, from the heat of the desert. It may have been on the edge of the desert and hot and dry during the day, but the nights were very cool and we used blankets.

We still carried on the work of the section and were able to get a day off during the week and get into the city for a change of pace. It was interesting to learn the different customs of the people and how and where they lived.

In early June we moved from RABAT to ARZEW, near ORAN, to begin our preparations for the invasion of ITALY. During this time, **DAYS OFF WERE A THING OF THE PAST**, and we wondered if there would ever be a time when we were caught up with all our heaps of paper work.

Shortly we were loaded aboard and on our way across the blue Mediterranean (and it really is blue!) to the beaches of SALERNO.

WE, EVEN THOUGH "PENCIL PUSHERS," were on the beaches by late afternoon of D-Day with all of our typewriters, records, etc., and as soon as we could get them collected we began to set up "shop" and were ready to roll by early the following morning. Actually, some of us were ready and working late in the afternoon of D-Day and helping some of the others set up in the **Tobacco Warehouse**. Sgt HASBROUCK, Sgt UTTERSON, and I decided it was time for a bath and remembered that there was a brook not too far.

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Grabbing our soap and towels we went to the brook and jumped in. WOW! We didn't think that the water could be that cold in early September! It must have been running off a mountain glacier.

Here is where we got our **FIRST TASTE OF BATTLE CASUALTY REPORTING** — a 24 hour task. I remember reading reports coming from the lower echelons (we had to consolidate them for forwarding to higher headquarters) which included the **NAMES OF SOME OF MY BUDDIES FROM COMPANY I, 143RD INFANTRY**. It was hard to take but we had to remember what our job was — to make our reports accurate because of the responsibility involved, to insure that we had the right names and serial numbers to go with them. Worldwartwoveterans.org

Following **SALERNO** we moved up the boot to **ALTAVILLA** where we set up offices in the olive groves. Here we met and enjoyed the company of some New Zealand artillerymen and learned about their country and families. **It was here that I learned that F/Sgt WASKOW (my friend from Co.I, 143rd Inf.)** had been seriously wounded and later sent back to the States.

I also had a very good friend of mine — **Capt. HAROLD CRAFT** — from my home town captured here and he spent the rest of the war in POW camps in Germany. If nothing else we sure kept our fingers nimble typing all the reports, letters, orders, graphs, etc., that was required from higher headquarters. **Much of the work was of a CLASSIFIED nature and the burden of handling this fell on the strong shoulders of Sgt HASBROUCK**, who handled it with his usual quiet dignity.

Then on to the Queen's Palace in CASERTA. Here, at least, we were in a nice building, and could set up in a manner which made the work a little easier to do. Also here, some of us had a chance to get a couple of days off at the Imperial Palace, which had been taken over as a rest area. So, there were a couple of days when we had a chance to think of something other than our work.

We Entertain Irving Berlin

One night, at the office complex we had tables set up in the shape of a "T" and played host to **IRVING BERLIN** the noted composer. This was an enjoyable evening for us — he talked to everybody! Also, at this time there was another surprise for us. Mt. Vesuvius decided to act up and shower us with a generous coating of grey ash. We had lava ash in our breakfast, lunch, dinner, typewriters, files,

Tons of Paperwork

papers, clothing, etc.! To top all of this off, one of the Air Corps small bombers let loose a 500-pounder on the side of the mountain near us (BY MISTAKE!) and really set up a lava ash cloud.



General Fred Walker chats with Irving Berlin at a dinner party given in his honor. He also invited John Forte of Philadelphia, who composed "Somewhere on Via Roma" — an instant hit on Fifth Army Radio, to visit with America's greatest song writer — Irving Berlin shown above... this must have been an epic event for Forte. On May 11, 1988, Mr. Berlin was honored on prime time TV with a salute for his 100th birthday!

Then, on to NAPLES and POZZUOLI, where our offices again were inside a building. Our security blanket at this time was a series of caves which were formerly used for the storage of ammunition. They came in handy for us when the "INCOMING MAIL" showed up. Although "rear" echelon troops, some of these times we were told to close up the typewriters and head for cover. One of our artillery units was set up near us, so we sent some "mail" back to Jerry to let him know that we hadn't forgotten 'em.

We next set up near VENEFRO, near where the Rapido fiasco took place. This was a hell of a time for us, too, as these were OUR boys who were being clobbered! The horrible casualties and the reports required to be filed because of them kept us going during all kinds of hours. I remember a couple of times when we finally got some rest after about 30 hours straight. We couldn't keep track of time, really, because the hours all seemed to run together.

ALL THE FIGHTING UNITS AND THEIR SUPPORT GROUPS MUST HAVE HATED OUR GUTS BECAUSE WE WERE ALWAYS CALLING THEM FOR SOME KIND OF A REPORT TO BE FILED. We also were in charge of writing the awards and decorations on these heroic men, and also the sorrowful

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reports that had to go forward. And there were a lot of those!

Moving on up the boot to join our men at the ANZIO BEACHHEAD, our offices were in the woods and a scrambling time this was. Somehow during these hectic times we managed to get our reports out on time. **NOW THAT I THINK BACK ON IT, WE WERE A HELL OF A BUNCH OF WORKERS! WE WERE A TEAM!** I remember this place very well as this is where I gave the Dentist a real good reason to work — the removal of TWO impacted wisdom teeth.

On to VELLETRI and another unforgettable place — this time I ended up with malaria. The hospital said that it was because I had stopped taking the Atabrine that we were given in Africa. I didn't think that the disease would show up in the cold of Italy, but they said all the Atabrine did was to keep the disease dormant. It was two months before I could get back to headquarters.

We moved on to CITTAVECHIA; GROSSETO; PIOMBINO; and CECINA, overlooking the hills of PISA. It seemed that things were now beginning to run down in Italy and the thought was correct as we were turned around and headed back to NAPLES for a much needed rest.

When we arrived there, we were told that we would start preparations for the **INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE**. Well, here we go again! I was assigned to the old Barracks near the docks in NAPLES. It had formerly been an army barracks and fitted the purpose needed.

I was interviewed and given a **TOP SECRET** clearance so that I could work on the typing and mimeographing of passenger lists and orders for the invasion. A very interesting time, working in conjunction with the Navy, Air Corps, and other support units. **This turned out to be a two month job** and then back to headquarters to pack up and be ready to move to the French Riviera.

This time we did not accompany our friends on the invasion but **landed on D+15 AT FREJUS** after everything had been secured. As usual, everything was a mess, but the French people seemed to care more about putting things back in order than the Italians did. Quite a lot of the buildings that had been damaged were in some state of repair and electricity had been restored.

As we went on north up the Rhone valley through places like **AVIGNON; MONTELMAR; GRENOBLE; LYONS; BOURG; DIJON; VESOUL** and then to a place called **BAINS-LES-BAINS**. Here the weary-tired troops were brought back, after a 100 plus

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days in the line and were able to spend time "SOAKING" in the hot springs for which the area was noted.

On to EPINAL; BRUYERES; SELESTAT; and STRASBOURG. It can be noted here, in the area about BRUYERES, the story of the "LOST BATTALION" took place. Here we met the 442nd RCT — the Japanese Americans. They went out and found the battalion and took it back from Jerry. They were a heroic bunch and most of the story of their deeds is in the book by Vince Lockhart: "T-PATCH TO VICTORY."



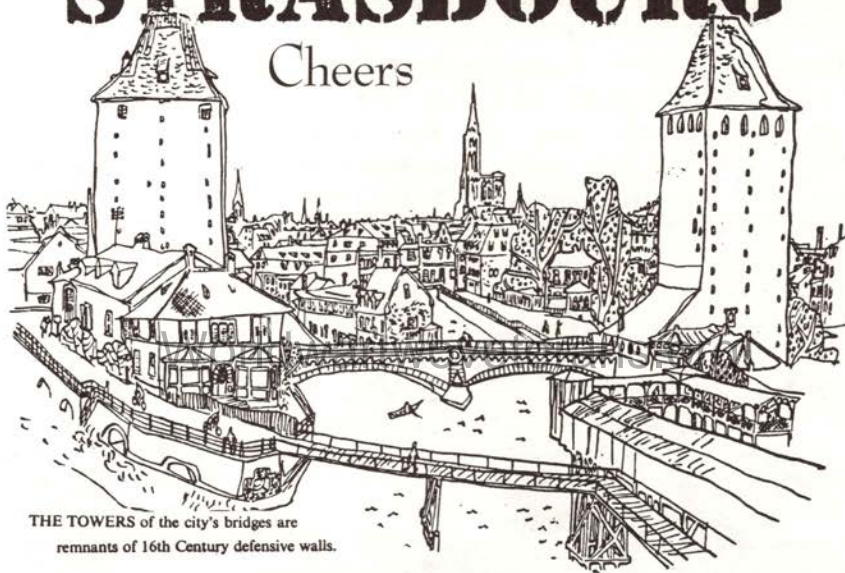
This foto taken in Italy 1944 shows 19 men of the AG office which was not all of 'em, and since this unit was so large, we list names of many who serve with AG, but are not identified to match this foto. **The Texas flag 'over Italy' is the star in this one.** Names and state listed below:

William G. Hasbrook, Texas
Edgar M. Gatewood, Kentucky
Lawrence Schreidell, Mich.
Harold Schwartz, Ohio
Ross W. Talbott, Texas
Francis X. Brauer, N.J.
James W. Jenkins, Ohio
B.F. Abbott, Texas
E.M. Bradford, N.J.
Dan F. Retzer, Ohio
Leo J. Freiburger, Mich.
Raymond A. Pfeffer, Neb.
Gilbert I. Nelson, NY
Richard J. Hoseman, Penn.
Nick A. Marchioli, NY
Hubert H. Wall, W/VA
Vadus Carmak, Tenn.
Ralph A. Brigante, NY
Earl Lecates, Del.
Edward G. Pavero, N.J.

Dick Pratt, Texas
Jerry Frangella, Penn.
Francis Christensen, NY
Temple Allen, Jr., VA
Alvin S. Demming, Penn.
Reece I. Tomlinson, Penn.
Thomas A. Fleming, NY
John W. McArthur, N.J.
William N. Banks, Jr., GA
Harry B. Kelton, Texas
Vincent M. Lockhart, Texas
William T. Steger, Texas
Otto W. Anderson, Mich.
Hilmer C. Gimbler, Texas
Donald C. McClenahan, Penn.
Alex A. Ciardiello, NY
Alvin P. Dell, Mass.
Wilson P. Clark, Wash DC
Luther W. Johnson, NY
Joseph T. Gawinski, Jr., Del.

STRASBOURG

Cheers



THE TOWERS of the city's bridges are remnants of 16th Century defensive walls.

"Merry Christmas," 1944, in the shadow of a beautiful cathedral in STRASBOURG, hoping and praying that time would be good to us so that we might spend the next Christmas at home. We heard the "buzz-bombs" along with our prayers but we enjoyed what we had — good friends and good health.

STRASSBURG

This amazing city is the only one we know of that has two sets of name plates for streets and public buildings etc. First in German, and then in French... since 1681, the city was German, then French and they changed "three times" each, over the years.

During our visit in 1944, the old German signs were still up (since 1940 occupation) — but were all changed during early 1945. Of course, the main city plaza was still: "ADOLPH HITLER PLATZ." How 'bout that!



We moved along, doing the usual seven-day a week job, and got to set up in a former school in the ancient German town of KAISERSLAUTERN IN Bavaria. Many of the men were given leaves at this time and I was able to travel to a town near the BELGIUM/LUXEMBOURG border where my brother, whom I had not seen since January 1942, was stationed with an Air Corps Photo Squadron.

We had a nice visit and caught up on the news we had missed out on. When I returned to headquarters I was reassigned to Forward Echelon with Awards and Decorations Section. I knew most the

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fellows as they had been a part of AG before this section became a unit of its own. Moving up to this unit I passed through **HEIDELBERG, AUSTRIA**, and over and along the Danube River.

We settled in **KUFSTEIN**, and it was here on **MAY 8, 1945**, that we opened a bottle of champagne which we had "liberated" from the wine room at the hotel when stationed in **WISSEMBOURG**, to celebrate **VE Day — THE END OF THE WAR!**

And now, on our way to the **Grand Hotel in KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA**. This was the end of the line for us and for Jerry as well as it was here that our boys brought in **HERMAN GOERING**. I remember that it was written in the papers Stateside that he had a turkey with all the fixins dinner. He may have eaten his off the china in the hotel, and I had eaten mine out of an aluminum messkit. But at that time, I'll bet mine tasted better to me than his did!

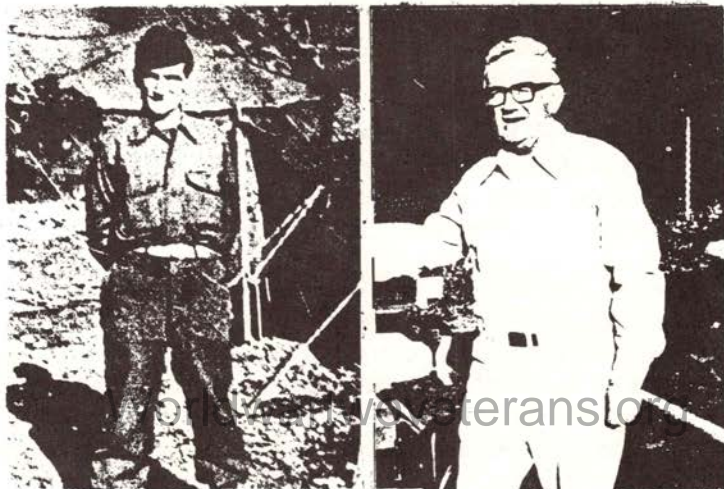
About 3 months later some of us were transferred to the **63rd Infantry Division** to complete some of the paper work that they had let fall behind (they knew a good bunch of workers when they saw them!) — awards, decorations, letters, orders, etc. and the final papers to close out the Division as a unit.

We moved to **Camp Lucky Strike** about **Sept. 20, 1945** and loaded for home arriving in **Boston** **Sept. 29, 1945**. Then to **Camp Miles Standish**. It was here that we also turned over all of the records of the **63rd** that we had been working on for two months so that this "draft" unit could be deactivated. Imagine our surprise when the ones who served us our first meal Stateside were **German prisoners** who the **36th** had captured at **SALERNO** two and a half years before!

So ends the "Saga of a Pencil Pusher" with the comment being "**SOMEONE HAD TO DO IT.**" — and I know that the best pencil pushers during **WWII** were those of the **AG SECTION, 36TH DIVISION HEADQUARTERS** (because we **WANTED** to be)! I'm glad that I have been able to put this together and suppose that it should have been done a long time ago — nevertheless, here it is.

Thanks to **BILL JARY** for pushing me to get this done and for editing it. **EVEN THOUGH I AM A DAMN YANKEE, A GREATER BUNCH OF GUYS THAN THE "TEXAS DIVISION" NEVER LIVED.** And I am very proud of being a part of both.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



THEN & NOW . . . John McArthur who put together a story of "what the hell did AG do?" . . . the first of such stories of the unsung duties performed by men who handled the necessary paper work that HAD TO BE.

John has been a long time contributor to our newsletter, does alot of Bird Dogging, and as he said . . . "great bunch of guys from Texas and a flock of Yankees" made it happen. John and wife Marie reside at: 103 E. 25th St., Beach Haven NJ 08008, answers to: (609) 492-1937 — would like to hear from any of the old AG Gang.

This article on AG started two years ago, and John asked that I add some of his buddies, that he knew that I knew, cause they were from Texas.

The late Bill Steger, of Dallas was a close friend of mine in the post-war years. He was a real devoted worker in our Association, active in the old Dallas Chapter (now outta business) and attended all reunions.

Steger served as V/P Special Troops in the 1970s, bird dogged from way-back, always smiling and gregarious, admired and loved by all who knew him . . . died August 1982.



His widow, Ruth has carried on in his memory, attends all reunions and supports our projects . . . is a big booster for this publication. Write: Mrs. Wm. T. Steger, 1682 Nob Hill, Dallas TX 75208.

His story, "The First Draftee" was published in the 36th Quarterly, Vol. III Winter 1983 No. 4 issue. Read it! Steger served with AG from early days of 1941 as EM, later as Warrant Officer, and officer until end of war.

HARRY KELTON of San Antonio, shown at left took over as the Adjutants General in France, October 1944 — now deceased also spent his entire career with the AG office. Foto from Steger's files.

Tons of Paperwork



Adjutant General's
Department

Vincent M. Lockhart Tells of His Years of Service With the Adjutant General Office



My first assignment with the Adjutant General's office was handling officer personnel. My friend **Harry Kelton** handled classification and assignment of the enlisted men. Administration in general was handled by **John J. Deane**, and boss of us all was **Marvin Steen**.

As we prepared to sail from Staten Island, I was sent with the advance party to load and manifest personnel on all our ships, and in this job, I got close to then **Lt. Col. Robert M. Ives**. He asked for me as **Assistant G-1** and I held the job until **March of 1944**. At the same time, I was made Awards and Decorations officer. **And I was given the additional duty of Division Historian**, which really was nothing more than supervising the shipment of copies of all publications and records to the Adjutant General, Washington, D.C.

After the Rapido, General Fred Walker ordered me back to the Division Rear Echelon, in the Adjutant General's Office, **to organize and supervise an Awards and Decorations Section**. This I did, reporting direct to General Walker although I was nominally under Lt. Col. John Deane, the AG.

Shortly after we landed in France, General Dahlquist made the Awards and Decorations Section in the Rear Echelon into nothing but a paper factory. Decisions on awards were made by Captain Wells Lewis, son of Sinclair Lewis, who was serving as Dahlquist's aide.

In October in France, Deane became ill and was evacuated, with Harry Kelton taking over as AG. He made me his deputy and I served in the position the rest of the war.

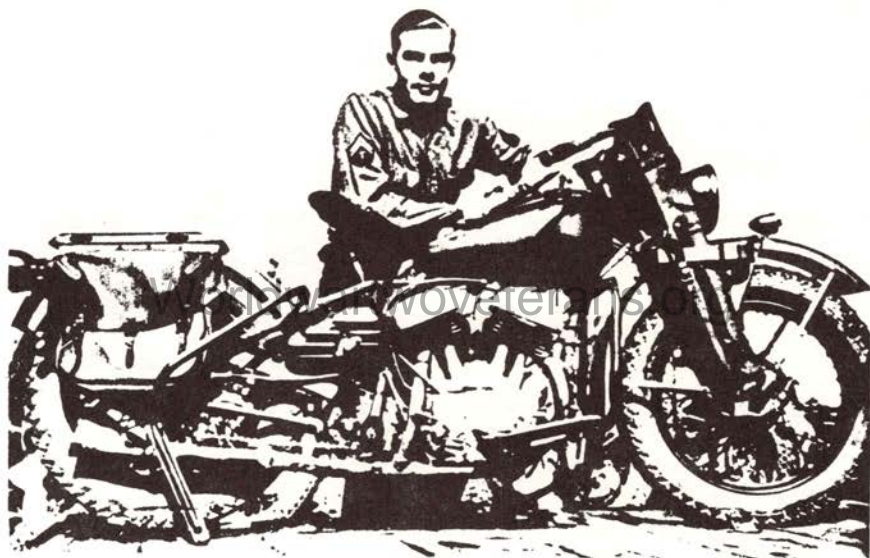
The Adjutant General's Office of a Division is the office of record — both incoming and outgoing documents of all types. Our job was to keep track of all the personnel of the division, from the time they joined us until they left. All Division personnel orders, both General Orders and Special Orders, were published and recorded by the AG.

Colonel Vincent M. Lockhart

10236 RIDGEWOOD DRIVE
EL PASO, TX 79925



My "Flying" Lesson



On A Motorcycle . . .

By Les Terry
36th Recon Troop

Dec. 27, 1943 — Started out like any other day except it was real cold and wet. We were in the heaviest fighting at San Peitro, and my being a messenger and motorcycle rider, it was rush, rush, rush all of the time. I had already delivered one message to 143rd Inf. Reg. HQ. and I was wiping off my motorcycle and checking it to see if anything had worked loose and it seemed to be in good shape.

I was convinced that Virgil Schultz was the best motorcycle mechanic in the world. I often thought of Old Dutch when I would be purring along on that wonderful machine.

When Capt. Wells was our captain, he would tell me to let the dirt stay on the machine so it would be hard for the Germans to spot. He was by far the best officer that I had ever had the pleasure of knowing. He had so much compassion for everyone.

At about 1 p.m. Capt. Fell screamed out, "Get in here Terry". I

My "Flying" Lesson

ran in the C.P. tent and he handed me a message and said, "Here, take this to G-2 at Div. HQ. right now". I started putting my helmet on and checked my gun boot to see if I still had a gun & it seemed that I wasn't getting on the road fast enough for Capt. Fell, so I jumped on, cranked up and left in a cloud of mud and gravel.

I was real sad for having to go against my training, but I found myself going faster and faster. I was going down the mountain so it didn't take long to get the thing going real fast. Suddenly I found that it was almost impossible to negotiate the curves on the mountain road. I was having to watch out for piano wires stretched across the road and was trying to keep my head down as Capt. Fell had reminded me to do.

I cut one of the corners a little too close and there was a long sounding boooooom, and I could feel myself flying through the air. It all sounded like it was happening in slow motion. It seemed forever until I landed on my back in a gully full of bowling ball size rocks. For quite awhile I was in and out of consciousness. The next thing I knew, I heard Capt. Fell say, "Hell, don't bring him here, take him to EVAC."



I was then on a stretcher and by this time I was hurting so bad I could hardly keep from screaming. There was a couple of other soldiers standing over me, so I asked one of them for some water which he gave to me and I drank it down and asked him about my motorcycle. He said that there wasn't much left of it.

It was then that I slipped back into unconsciousness and the next thing that I knew, I was on a bed with an angel standing over me. I thought that I was in heaven, but found out that she was real and her name was Anne Lee Wyatt. She told me to not worry, that she would get me well. To this day, I believe she had more to do with my living or dying than anything else on earth.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

I loved the 36th Recon but never did get to go back to it except one time in Rome, my C.O. let me visit my old buddies at the Recon. I could barely keep the tears from my eyes but knew that I would never get back in. I am so proud of the fact that I was a trooper that I asked them to put it on my discharge that I was discharged from the 36th Recon., which they did.

I was assigned to the 185th Combat Eng. Bn. and I only took one more flying lesson before the end of the war. There was an ammo tent that had two five gallon cans with gasoline in them in the inside of the tent. Several of us were trying to put out a fire and when the gas cans exploded, there I was, taking another trip.

I ended up back in Naples in a burn unit. After this, the war was over and I came back home for a lifetime of suffering, and believe it or not, I later took flying lessons and learned to fly with an airplane which is much safer than hitting land mines and being around ammo tents with gasoline in them.



Dear Editor:

In reply to your request for an update on my 36th Recon Troop Scrap book...it's now about five times larger than when I showed it to you a few years ago.

I transferred a larger book, 4" thick, 12" X 14" weighs about 11 lbs., contains 517 fotos and dozens of newspaper articles. It's a great pleasure to look through it, enjoy memories of my Recon buddies.

Thanks for encouraging me to continue this project, it's worth its weight in gold. Best regards,

Les Terry





T-PATCH

36TH DIVISION NEWS

★ GI Grapevine

Worldwartwoveterans.org

HOT AND COLD FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE

Seems we are in the wrong sector of France. The latest grapevine report tells us that in the city of EPERNAY, the Yanks liberated 50 million bottles of champagne. When the Germans began to evacuate the city, the best they could get away with was a mere 30,000 bottles, so say « Maison Mercier » the owners. How does one go about getting three-day pass to EPERNAY ?

Pvt. William Campbell, artilleryman from Page, W. Va., likes Christmas and the packages it brings. But the people who send them, he claims, are sometimes misled by what they hear. Like the friends who sent him a large five pound box in hopes that it would end all his worries about keeping spic and span, and keep his sweet tooth satisfied. The box was crammed full of hard candy, the kind all GIs know so well, and shaving cream. There was quite enough of both.

When Sgt. William L. Sanders, Fort Worth, Tex., artilleryman, captured a German « trouble-light », he decided that it was just what he needed.

A few days later, Sander's CO was in desperate need of a light — any kind of light. He then decided his chance had arrived to use his captured light.

With ceremony he took out his « trouble-light » and turned it on. It didn't work. By the time he had it fixed, the CO no longer needed a light. Sanders swears that all he needs is one more chance.

Jeep driver, Pvt. Art. Finney, of Kansas City, with the 141st, had the closest escape in eastern France of his three years with the 36th. He ran over a double-charged German Box-Mine.

A whole wheel assembly — wheel and tire — blew off into the air. A fender went sailing to one side. The front axle bent double. « I was doing about 30 when I hit the mine — the Jeep was blown fully four feet off the ground, » said Finney.

A GI from the 83rd Chemical Mortar Battalion recently asked a Frenchman in Sainte Marie the name of a street. He answered in German, « It is the main street. » Finally after much questioning concerning the name and a demand to know, the Frenchman hung his head saying, « Adolph Hitler Strasse. »

Memories from Manton



Henry Gomez Tracks Down ol'buddy of O.C.S. Days at Benning . . . after 45 Years — Gets a Report — Printed Here

Dear Editor:

I'm sending a letter that I feel will be of interest to our readers of the 36th Quarterly, from an old buddy of mine — 141st Infantry . . . **RICHARD M. MANTON.**

Dick and I were classmates at the Officer Candidate School in Fort Benning GA 1942. We graduated in OCS class number 113.

By co-incidence we both were assigned to the 141st Infantry. Neither one of knew we were in the same regiment.

I saw his name on the casualty list, first inkling I had that he was also in the 141st Inf. Regt. He was 21 while in OCS and we got along fine. **I mourned his death since he was reported MIA and never recovered. That was in 1944.**

Four Decades Later . . .

In February of 1985 reading the T-Patcher — a publication of the 36th Infantry Division Association I saw his name listed as a new member. I picked up the telephone and made contact! **That made my day and as he says — his also.**

Manton to Gomez, Dear Hank:

After I graduated from OCS I was sent to Camp McCain, Miss. which was a mud hole that was just being developed into a camp and there was only a cadre, there were no troops yet. We worked at building roads and walks, etc. Before any troops arrived I was shipped to Shenango Personnel Replacement Depot in Pa. We were inoculated and prepared for shipment overseas. **Lt. Upperco was my bunk mate.** Then we went to the east coast, I think it was Camp Patrick Henry. We worked there at outfitting enlisted men and sending them to the docks for embarkation on outbound ships.

One night one guy came in our barracks and said there were six vacancies on the ship that was sailing and asked if any of us wanted

Memories From Manton

to go. Lt. Lenny Upperco talked me into volunteering and away we went. We took footlockers and everything with us. At the dock we picked up gas masks, carbines, etc. and boarded. On board the purser said there were 5 vacancies in one cabin and one vacancy in a cabin with medical officers.

We drew straws and I got the short one and had to bunk with the doctors. Later on I will tell you an interesting twist to this story about the doctors.

Of course, you know we sailed to Oran where we were assigned various units of the 36th Division. In Oran I was assigned to Co. "D" - 141st Inf. One day a man told me that the chaplain's assistant wanted to see me. I was stunned to meet T-4 Stanley Wheeler. Stan had lived across the street from me in Niagara Falls. I had no idea that he was in the 36th Division. Perhaps even stranger is the fact that I haven't seen Stan since we were together in North Africa.

As you are aware, we took amphibious training in North Africa and then on Sept. 9th made the landing at Salerno. On that day every man in the platoon - (the heavy weapons platoon) was awarded a Bronze Star medal for valor. We got in front of the rifle platoons and with bazookas took out 5 tanks so the riflemen could get through.

Up at the Rapido River our luck ran out and after 6 assault boats with my men in them were flipped over in the icy water - the men had mortars, base plates, machine guns and ammo cans strapped on their backs, they didn't have a chance. Finally we crossed over a pontoon bridge and dug in. We were immediately pinned down by enemy machine guns and artillery. We were there for three nights, pinned down and we ran out of food, ammo, and everything. Nothing to fight back with, so with the German troops moved in we could offer no resistance. They just picked us out of our fox holes one by one. That was on Jan. 22, 1944.

I finally wound up in Oflag 64 in Poland, near Pozen a POW. On the way we went through Rome to Frosinone where we were interrogated, then on to Spoleto for further interrogation. On Jan 31st we were shipped like cattle in a box car into Germany, through the Alps. They took our shoes away from us to make it difficult for any one to escape from the train in the cold winter weather.

We went to Muhlberg Germany where we were interned at Stalag IV B a short time. On the 14th of February we were again loaded into RR box cars and shipped to Altbergund (formerly Zubin) Poland where Oflag 64 was located.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

After the Russians started to move again in January 1945 the Germans decided to evacuate us back into Germany. **This time we were to walk, carrying everything we could with us.**

While on the road I feigned sickness and sat down on the side of the road. The German "Volkstrum" guard just waved his arms in exasperation and they moved on leaving me sitting there. I ducked into a Polish house where the people hid me and provided food from their meager supplies. A lot of Americans and other Allied troops escaped from the Germans at this time. A sizable number of us assembled at a Polish country house.

I recall one night sleeping in the barn. We spread a rain coat on a pile of manure and slept on them. The manure generated heat and we were warmer than we had been for some time. **That night Lt. Jim Lisembre was with me. Jim had been with E Company 143 Inf. and he was a Texan from Temple.** I was surprised that a Texan would be afraid of horses but Jim was.

During the night one big old work horse got loose from his stall and was stomping in the barn. Jim would give me no rest until I got up, caught the horse and returned it to his stall. That night Jim got badly bitten by lice from the manure. They didn't bother me.

Eventually we got back to Warsaw, Poland and then crossed the Vistula River to a town called Rimberstoff. The Russians had established a redistribution center there and there were people from all the Allied Forces assembled at this location. They provided one hot meal a day, a hot shower and a place to sleep. A rather large number of us Americans assembled there and finally loaded on box cars and shipped down through the Ukraine to Odessa on the Black Sea. We were housed in the old Italian Embassy building and there was a full Colonel in charge of us.

We were there until March 7, 1945 when we left on a Liberty ship. The first of the war to dock at Odessa. We were taken from there to Port Said, Egypt where we arrived on March 13. Four days later I sailed back to Naples, Italy and on March 30 left Naples by ship back to Boston where we arrived on April 8th.

Eventually after recuperation leave and re-processing I was assigned to Fort Meade, Md. and worked at processing troops for shipment to the West Coast. I left the army after the war ended -was discharged in Jan. 1946 so I could return to college under the GI Bill. **I got my degree in business administration and took a job at Marine Midland Bank where I worked for 27 years.** After taking early retirement from there I worked for 6 years for the County of Niagara, NY until 1984. I am now fully retired.

Memories From Manton

"It's a Small World..."

I had mentioned that I would tell you something interesting about the "doctors"...how about this...

The bank I worked for provided annual medical exams by a medical group in Buffalo. I was assigned to Dr. Montgomery. On my first visit while I was giving my medical history he questioned me very extensively about my military background. He even asked about the ship I sailed on to North Africa and finally he told me that I had been his cabin mate on the ship to Oran.

Now if you look on the roster of the Fighting 36th you will see him listed on page 56 Warren R. Montgomery, Jr. Capt. in the 142nd Inf Medical Detachment. Dr. Montgomery is still alive and practices medicine in Buffalo, NY. If you are interested in contacting him, I will be glad to send you his present address.

I have a photograph of my OCS class. If you would like it I will be glad to send it to you but I would like it back. I haven't got any black and white photos taken recently but I will get one and send it to you. Your letter, although brief, was very interesting - **"YOU MADE MY DAY TOO"**

Sincerely,
DICK

Dick Manton
1294 Master St.,
North Tonawanda, NY 14120



DICK MANTON at left, and his old buddy **ROY BROWN** who was his gunner in Co F 141st get together after all these years at Brown's home in Wellsville, NY. Dick says, "when I joined the 36th Assn. a few years ago, Roy Brown saw my name in the Newsletter, and he called me".



Another Withdrawal From
My Memory Bank...

**I Was
"Stood at Attention"
Over the Telephone
and Chewed Out**

By Ben F. Wilson
Col. AUS Ret

During the Spring of 1944 and while I was Division Special Service Officer, there was the policy of issuing through army P.X. Channels, **one bottle of whiskey per officer per month**. Colonels and above were eligible to receive a case of their choice. In this ration each colonel and above made their choice and the Special Service Section made the trip to Army Supply, where the draw was made and in due course issued out the liquor according to the unit and headquarters choices.

Everything was fine until the **Division Chief of Staff, Col. Skip Vincent**, changed his mind - he would take scotch instead of bourbon, and sent his sergeant assistant to make the switch. This created the problem; my sergeant in the Special Service Section told the Chief of Staff's sergeant, apparently in no uncertain terms, that this was what the Chief of Staff ordered, that was what he got. If you knew Colonel Skip Vincent, you know what happened.

**He was
like a little bantam rooster
and flew off in all directions.**



"I Was Stood at Attention"

As a result of this situation he traced me down someplace in the Division area and had me called to the phone.

After telling me what had happened, he stated that if he had me in front of him he would stand me at attention and dress me down. After a short pause he said, "Major Wilson, stand at attention." Then, are you standing at attention? I of course answered, "Yes Sir"!

Who in the hell do you think is running this headquarters you or me? I quickly answered, "You Sir".

Col. Vincent then proceeded to let me know how displeased he was and I was to straighten this up immediately. A lot of "Yes Sirs" were injected into the conversation, by myself and needless to say I corrected the situation immediately, both in the supply, choice of whiskey and in my Special Service Section.

Two days later I was walking past Col. Vincent's little trailer hut and he called me in, I thought, "Boy, here it comes again", but instead I was greeted in a friendly manner, asked if I would like a drink, and if I had any problems to call on him for assistance in my many activities. We had a nice visit, Col. Skip Vincent was indicating to me that I wasn't in a permanent dog house and we got along fine thereafter.

So far as I know I was the only officer in the E. T. O. to be stood at attention and "chewed out" over the telephone.



Hanko Gomez has a scrapbook of old WWII photos about a foot thick. Above is Major Ben F. Wilson (now Lt. Col. Ret.) Kingville TX, at Wissembourg France, (one mile from Germany) March 1945, at left.

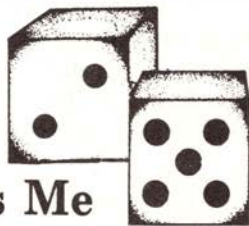
Ben F. Wilson, Jr.

WILSON'S  HARDWARE

231 E. KLEBERG • KINGVILLE, TX 78363



Vignette from Vannatta



“He Owes Me Ten Dollars”

LEM VANNATTA
Svc. Co 143rd Inf.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

I won't name this guy, not to protect the innocent, people in High Point, N.C. may think he was a war hero. I'd hate to expose him. I'll just call him “Joe Blow.”

The defense department made it a habit in 1943 and 1944 of drafting 18 year old kids, giving them 6 weeks basic training and sending them overseas to combat. Joe Blow was one of these, he was assigned to our company temporarily, to get him used to the combat idea. He was a cheesey, lazy, scared kid. I tried to make a man out of him before Hitler made a corpse out of him.

The outfit came off the line in March of 1944 to regroup and retrain after the Rapido River mess. Part of us truck drivers were assigned to a transport deal out of Naples. We would load up with Ammo and supplies, board L S T's, go to Anzio, unload and ride back the next day (if we were lucky). Joe Blow went with me as an assistant driver, he couldn't drive a wheel barrow, much less a 2½ ton GMC. Joe had a big time around Naples and on the boat. He borrowed ten dollars from me and gave the crap games hell. You could hear that North Carolina voice of his talking to the dice all over the boat.

When we were unloading from the boat, “Anzio Annie” was shelling the boat area. Joe Blow changed into a shaky, scared kid. As I was driving to the Ammo dump, he took to praying out loud for both of us. He promised God if he could live he would never shoot craps again. He made God all kinds of promises.

That night, we were dispersed in a field near the beach. I mean we caught it. We lost two trucks and had two men killed. The Germans were shelling with 88' from the front line, a plane dropped flares then came back and strafed us. Anzio Annie was active, then a sub surfaced and began to shell. I didn't have time to worry about Joe

"He Owes Me Ten Dollars"

Blow as I was doing some praying for old Lem's own hide. I imagine I made some promises I didn't keep either.

Next morning, we boarded a boat heading for Naples. As we backed from shore out of gun range, I heard a loud North Carolina voice hollaring to the dice. I eased up close to the game and said, "**Joe Blow, you promised God you wouldn't ever shoot craps again.**" He said, "**I have some of those fellows money I'm giving them a chance to get it back.**"

Late that afternoon as the sun was setting, I was on the main deck setting in a gun mount. **Joe Blow came up and began to talk. He said as he was only a kid he wasn't man enough to face combat. He said he would shoot himself in the foot or anything dishonorable to get out of combat. I tried to convince him to get that crap out of his head.**

Finally, I told him if he wanted to live the rest of his life knowing he was a yellow bastard, he could grab his back and say he had hurt it and couldn't perform as a soldier. I didn't think he had enough sense to do it. I tried to impress on him that life wasn't worth that price.

Next morning when we docked in Naples, Joe Blow didn't show up to help me untie the truck. I thought maybe he had jumped overboard. About the time two sailors passed with Joe Blow on a stretcher. I asked him what was wrong? He said, "**I fell on some steps and tore my back up.**"

A month or so later, I got a card from him. He was in a convalescence center in Miami, Fla. He was going to be discharged with a pension for his combat injury.

After the war, I wrote Joe Blow a letter wanting my ten dollars he owed me. **He never answered.**

I hope he reads this story, he will know who Joe Blow is.

I may even buy an extra Historical Quarterly and send him a copy.

I would hate to have to live with his memory of WW II.



Lem



P.O. Box 2, Arp TX 75750.



Our Famous 'Lost' Lost Battalion,
2nd Battalion, 131st Field Artillery



Col. Tharp Hides Precious 131st Data

Lost Battalion Records Saved

(Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of three articles gleaned from an interview with Col. Blucher S. Tharp, commanding officer of the Lost Battalion.)

By CAPTAIN PORTER OAKES

AMARILLO, Texas, Oct. 17, (Special)—Col. Blucher S. Tharp, commander of the Lost Battalion of Java, returned Stateside with no scars, yet plenty of memories.

The keen-witted leader of the military unit which will be feted on October 28-29 at a nationally recognized homecoming in Wichita Falls was reunited with his family this week after 43 months in Japanese prison camps.

Relaxed in a chair in his comfortable Tyler street home in Amarillo (striking contrast to the bamboo poles and burlap sacks upon which he "reclined" for three and a half years), the Colonel took time out for a detailed story of his imprisonment.

Records Kept

Explaining his miraculous preservation of battalion records, Colonel Tharp said the Japs had no rules against documents at first.



BLUCHER THARP

Finally, they ordered all documents destroyed. In five-gallon gasoline tins, property of His Highness, the squat, squint-eyed Son of Heaven, the precious records were secretly buried in Thailand.

Colonel Tharp then was trans-

From . . . Wichita Falls Times, dated
October 18, 1945, from ROGER WHITE

36th Famous "Lost" Lost Battalion

ferred to prison camps in a half-dozen different places; but fate was on his side when he was returned to Thailand, where he was liberated, at a spot only 150 miles from the scene of the records burial. His first action was to go back and retrieve them.

He also kept a diary which he managed to hide near him at all times. He succeeded in making entries enough to put down for the record the peregrinations of his group.

Most phenomenal of all were the charts he, other officers, and the men kept of all the cemeteries. The charts contain the key numbers to each grave. Colonel Tharp reported that the grave of each and every man in his outfit who died can be located and identified.

Every Man

He is anxious to come to Wichita Falls and almost impatient for the homecoming date to arrive.

Curious about the fate of some of his men, he wishes to swap notes with other officers of the outfit to get the complete picture. With his roster, records of deaths, and grave markings, he will be able to tell what happened to every man in the battalion.

The Colonel told a graphic story of how it feels to be barricaded from the rest of the world for

months on end, what it does to a human being to live with disease and pestilence without medical care.

The battalion had no doctor after Dr. Hugh Lumpkin, of Amarillo, died. Hot water was the only "treatment" they had for tropical ulcers, malaria, and other ailments. Native tobacco was available, but no matches. The American prisoners with Colonel Tharp didn't know what "GI" meant and had never heard of a bazooka rocket gun, or a B-29.

News

They learned from Jap guards that President Roosevelt was re-elected in 1944. They were unaware of his death until they heard Japs talking about President Truman. Truman was an unknown name to them.

Asked about atrocities and harsh treatment at the hands of his Nipponese captors, the Colonel smiled wryly and said: "Man's mind is a pretty elastic proposition, I guess. He recalls the funny things. That's something, too, the Japs never could understand, our sense of humor, even in pain and stress. The other seems away back in the distance.

He told us about "the ether," though. That comes tomorrow.

If you have all the issues of our Quarterly, please grab Vol. II, No. 2 1982 and read the story of this bunch of Texans of 2nd Battalion, 131st Field Artillery... "POWs Never Forget War."

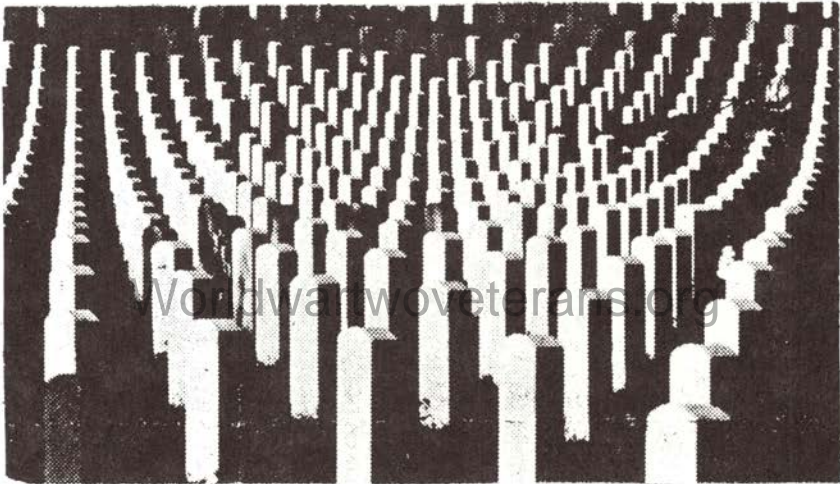
They spent 42 months in Jap POW Camps, built a 300 mile railroad with picks, shovels and bare hands.

The news clip printed here (a first) was sent in by **ROGER WHITE**, 2627 Worldland Road, San Antonio TX 78217 and we were glad to use it, and more stories are yet to come.

YES, they were "LOST"... our War Department could not find any records about the March 1942 capture by the Japs, on the Dutch Island of Java. Incredible! Roger White has our thanks.



White Crosses



Written by Austin Kennada
08-07-87

This article is dedicated to American military personnel, it is called "White Crosses".

As an American, I would like to say a few words about the freedom in our country and about our military veterans.

Freedom is nourished by the blood of those who dare to fight and defend it.

Our freedom was born at Valley Forge, many years ago, when General George Washington and his army vowed to fight to the death, if necessary, to win our independence. . . against seemingly overwhelming odds and fighting the bitter cold, those brave men held on and turned the tide of battle.

The war was won and our freedom was born. . . but as those men marched away from the battlefield, they looked back and realized they had left white crosses there. . . they knew that freedom was born and nourished by the blood of those who dared to fight and die, if need be, to win that freedom. These men were our first combat veterans.

Some veterans were wounded in combat some came back apparently unwounded, but with the scars inside and have nightmares and memories of that horrible, man-made hell on earth called war. This article concentrates on those

White Crosses

veterans, both men and women who gave their lives that we might have the right to do such things as assemble here in freedom...those veterans who lie beneath **"White Crosses"**.

Down through the years, Americans have been called on to fight for, and defend America on foreign battlefields.

In 1898, our forces fought and won the Spanish-American War. In France, in 1917 and 1918, American forces fought the military might of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. They fought in such places as Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood and the Argonne Forest. The Marne River ran red with the blood of American doughboys and marines. They did their part along with their allies and won the war.

Through barbed wire and artillery shells, through machine gun fire and poison gas, they attacked, driving the Germans back into Germany...there was great joy and happiness that the war was over but as those troops left the shores of France, they looked back and realized that they had left **"White Crosses"** there...that once again American freedom had been nourished by the blood of those who dared to defend it.

The peace that was attained in World War I was not to last. By 1937 Adolph Hitler, who had seized control of Germany began to overpower small countries while signing treaty after treaty and breaking every treaty just as soon as he wanted to. The Prime Minister of England, Neville Chamberlin, met with Adolph Hitler and soon announced to the world that Hitler was sincere and did not want war. He no sooner spoke the words than Hitler's armies invaded Poland. World War II had begun.

America stayed out of the war for several years, until the Empire of Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, killing many Americans. Once America was in the war, our forces fought in many parts of the world.

In World War II American soldiers fought in the burning sands of North Africa. They fought against a German army that Adolph Hitler and his Nazi comrades thought could not be defeated. This was the elite "Afrika Korps", led by General Erwin Rommel, the famed "Desert Fox". General Rommel was a brilliant strategist and a great soldier. He just fought on the wrong side. He fought for the Nazi Third Reich of Germany, a government which put innocent people to death in gas chambers. A government which threw people alive and screaming into blast ovens. Some victims were

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forced to dig their own graves and then shot to death and covered over with dirt.

Hitler had great powers of persuasion. He convinced thousands of people that such atrocities against man and God were justified. Looking at statistics and considering the training this German army had, the Americans had little chance.

The finest, healthiest, smartest children in Germany had been hand picked at the age of ten or eleven years, taught to carry broomsticks and pretend the broomsticks were rifles. They were fed the finest foods and went through years of training. They were Hitler's pride and joy, his "supreme", his "Afrika Korps". On paper American troops could not win. But these Americans didn't know the invincibility of the "Afrika Korps". So they just went right on and defeated them anyway. Hitler never recovered from this bitter and crushing defeat. But the victory was not without great losses, for as the American troops sailed away for other shores, they realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there. That once again American freedom had been nourished by the blood of those who dared to defend it.

On the shores of Sicily and on the Italian mainland in such places as Salerno, Anzio and on the Rapido River, American soldiers, sailors, airmen, paratroops and other military personnel suffered great loss of life, but the Allies won this campaign. . . but as many of those service personnel boarded troopships to help in the invasion of France, they knew that all of their comrades were not with them. They realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there.

Before I write of the invasion of France, I would like to say a few words about the way military units work together and depend on each other. For instance, the United States navy escorted troopships across the North Atlantic to England and across the South Atlantic to Africa and Italy. There were times when German submarines attacked and the navy fought them. There were paratroopers who parachuted behind enemy lines. Attacking enemy installations and holding on until the foot soldiers and tanks could reach them.

There are no fighting men on the face of the earth tougher than those fighting soldiers from the skies. . . American paratroopers.

Then the airmen who fought Messerschmidts and Fochewolf's keeping these planes off invasion troops. Many

White Crosses

ground troops owe their lives to these "Watchdogs of the Heavens". Then there were the bombers. The B-17's and B-24's and others who bombed factories that turned out tanks or assembled enemy planes. . . who bombed freight train marshalling yards and destroyed war goods headed for the Italian and Russian fronts.

As a result of the work of the United States bomber and fighter planes, many enemy tanks and planes were abandoned by the German troops as they retreated north in Italy. The tanks had no gasoline and the planes no fuel.

All these units and others working and fighting together. . . each paying its part in orchestrating a symphony of war. . . and waiting for the final crescendo of victory.

The situation was the same on all other fronts where Americans fought. All for one and one for all. . . each depending on the other, for survival and victory.

American service personnel and their Allies invaded France in Normandy.

General George Patton and other commanders led their troops to final victory and the Nazi beast had been destroyed. But the fighting was often bloody and we suffered great loss of life in places such as the "Battle of the Bulge" in Belgium.

Once again Americans were loaded on troopships and airplanes. . . some to join the bitter war against the Empire of Japan, being fought in the South Pacific. As they looked back at the shores of France, they realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there.

Americans had suffered great losses in the South Pacific, beginning with the dastardly and cowardly attack by the Empire of Japan on civilians and service personnel at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Many of our navy vessels were sunk. The battleship "*Arizona*" was sunk, but is still carried on navy records as a fighting ship of the line. Part of this battleship is above water, "*Old Glory*" still flies on her mast.

There were many bloody battles and American troops were forced to give up one island after another until our military forces were brought up to fighting strength. Then the tide of battle turned and American armed forces went on the attack. Their battle cry was "Remember Pearl Harbor". Americans recaptured one island after another, usually with heavy losses, and at long last came one of the hardest fought battles in the history of warfare. This was the famed

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battle of Iwo Jima. This island, along with Okinawa, was to be the "Jumping Off Place", the staging area for the invasion of Japan. . . Iwo Jima was heavily defended. Fox holes and other installations had been heavily fortified by concrete and steel. Food, ammunition, water and other supplies enough to last several months, were stored in Iwo Jima. The Japanese were ordered to fight to the death to prevent the invasion of Japan. As invasion forces sailed toward Iwo Jima, they knew this would be one of the hardest battles ever fought. There had to be doubts in their minds about coming out of this battle alive. Many of these men were religious and were seen praying and reading from pocket Bibles. They awaited their orders, then came a roar from all sides and those invasion forces realized that the good old United States Navy had opened up with its big guns. Time and time again, those guns volleyed and thundered, sending shells as big as trees onto those beaches, killing some of the defenders and wounding others. Once again the big guns volleyed and thundered, and at long last, the invasion began. . . the naval barrage had raised the morale of the troops and the sight of planes strafing and dive bombing the Japanese positions on the beach gave great confidence to these troops.

They went ashore and the fight was on. U.S. marines fought for every inch of that beach. Naval guns continued to growl, volley and thunder. After 36 days of bloody combat, the Japanese troops were defeated. The United States marines raised "Old Glory" on Mount Surabachi. This battle was over. The last big battle of the South Pacific came shortly thereafter. This was the Battle of Okinawa. Okinawa was heavily fortified and the fighting was fierce, United States marines took this island, but suffered heavy losses.

Now came preparations for the invasion of Japan. Soon after the Battle of Okinawa, atomic bombs were dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima in Japan and the Japanese surrendered. The war was over. As American troops sailed for the United States and home, they looked back and realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there. . . once again American freedom had been nourished by the blood of those who dared to defend it.

Let me say a few words about the atomic bombs that were dropped on Japan. Some people think it was cruel for the United States to drop atomic bombs on Japan. All during the war, both Germany and Japan had been trying to perfect the

White Crosses

atomic bomb. Japan had their atomic bomb research center in Korea. Japan was working twenty-four hours a day, working frantically to perfect the atomic bomb. They would have dropped it on us, so thank God and hallelujah our people perfected it first.

Five years later, American forces fought alongside of other United Nations Forces in South Korea. . . This was the war that the President of the United States refused to call a war. He called it a police action. Regardless of semantics, some 50,000 Americans died there. For over 30 years, American troops have stood guard in South Korea, ready to fight if North Korean troops attempt an invasion. When our Military personnel sailed for home, they looked back and realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there.

The final war I want to talk about is the war in Vietnam. . . the most controversial war ever fought.

Our intentions in Vietnam were the same as in South Korea. . . to protect the freedom of South Vietnam against the forces of North Vietnam. In the beginning, the President of the United States and many members of Congress thought that if the non-Communist countries including America, did not fight there, that all of Southeast Asia would fall to Communism. After years of blood fighting a treaty was signed with North Vietnam. They agreed not to invade South Vietnam. Our troops pulled out. The North Vietnamese broke the treaty and invaded South Vietnam. They then invaded Cambodia and Laos and overcame their weakened forces. It is documented history that over half of the Cambodian population were intentionally starved to death by the forces of North Vietnam. Russian navy vessels now occupy many of the installations once used by the United States Navy there in Vietnam.

Many Americans opposed the Vietnam War, but for many different reasons. My principal objection was not whether we should be there or not, but the way American troops had to fight the war. When enemy troops can occupy sanctuaries in neighboring countries and attack our forces, then retreat back across the borders and we cannot pursue them, there is something radically wrong.

I seldom ever agreed with Adolph Hitler, but there is one thing I do agree with him on. He said, "You cannot defeat a country militarily, unless you can invade that country." Our

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forces fought with one hand tied behind them in two different wars. Korea and Vietnam.

When the President of the United States issued orders to bomb a sanctuary in Cambodia from which the enemy was attacking our forces, killing our troops, and then retreating back across the border, I was amazed that some members of Congress wanted to impeach the President, saying, "He was escalating the war."

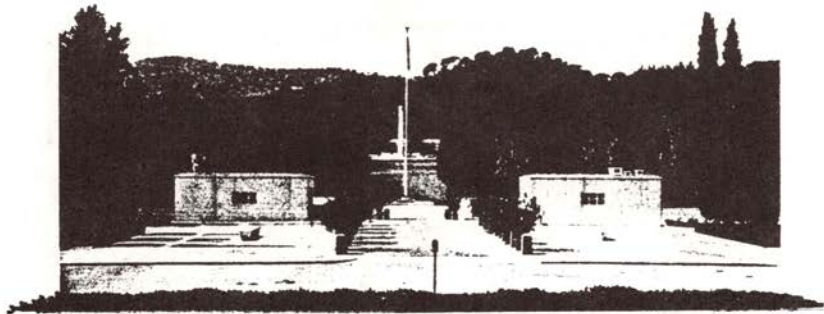
I hope that never again will American troops have to fight under these conditions. The answer to this problem is fairly simple. Tell the country from which the enemy is attacking our forces do not allow these enemy forces to build these sanctuaries. If they cannot enforce this order, to have them evacuate civilians and the United States forces will attack and destroy the sanctuaries. None the less, when our troops sailed away from Vietnam, they looked back and realized they had left "**White Crosses**" there. And that many Americans had died in a cause for freedom.

Honor your men and women who have given their lives for this country. . . most of these veterans were in their teen years or in their twenties when they died. By giving their lives, most of them never knew the happiness of marriage. They never knew the joy of raising children. Those veterans beneath "**White Crosses**" never got to hug and kiss a little daughter for bringing home a little crayon drawing to them from her first day in school. They never got to know the pride of seeing their little boy playing little league baseball, bragging about their son getting the game winning double last week and that he had hit four home runs this season.

Those veterans beneath "**White Crosses**" will never be able to become grandparents and carry in their purses or wallets pictures of their grandchildren which they proudly show to anybody and everybody. They gave all that up when they sacrificed their lives, that future generations of Americans might be born in freedom.

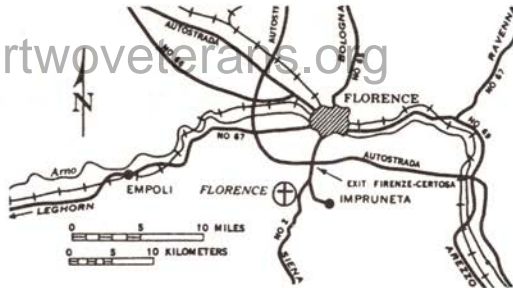
In conclusion I ask you to honor these veterans. . . and to remember them in your prayers as they lie asleep in the arms of God. . . beneath "White Crosses".

White Crosses



**Florence
American
Cemetery
and
Memorial**

Cemetery Office and Visitors' Building



**Members of the 36th Infantry Division
who are interred at
Florence American Cemetery:**

PFC BAKER, Vernon A.	142 Inf	Lampasas	Tex
S/Sgt DOHERTY, Floyd C.	142 Inf	Bellinger	Tex
1LT MIETLICKI, Edward H.	141 Inf	Buffalo	N.Y.
PFC SECREST, Wayland W.	143 Inf	Dallas	Tex
PVT STANLEY, William E.	141 Inf		Fla
S/Sgt CLEMMONS, Robert J.	143 Inf	Waco	Tex
PFC TRSINAR, Ralph R.	143 Inf	Cleveland	Ohio
PFC HEIM, George C.	142 Inf	Bronx	N.Y.
PVT GEDMAN, Florian F.	142 Inf		Ill
PFC WALTERS, William L.	141 Inf	Kirkville	N.Y.
PVT BAKER, Nevin B.	141 Inf	Berkley	Mich
PVT TRIGG, Ewing A.	141 Inf	Canton	Miss
Sgt DICKERSON, Arthur L.	141 Inf	Shelter Island	N.Y.
PVT CUNNINGHAM, Charles C.	143 Inf	Salem	Va
PVT CUNNINGHAM, Joseph A.	143 Inf	Pittsburgh	Pa
PFC HARMON, William T.	143 Inf	Columbia	Ky
1LT HOOKER, George D.	142 Inf	Niagara Falls	N.Y.
PVT Mc LEOD, Otto W.	142 Inf	Seattle	Wash
PFC NELSON, Waldo N.	142 Inf	Birchdale	Minn
PFC DUMAIS, Albert C.	142 Inf	Fitchburg	Mass.
PFC IRWIN, Leo C.	142 Inf		Tex
PVT PINKSTON, Lee R.	143 Inf	Mcewen	Tenn
PFC CASAZZA, William J	143 Inf	Danbury	Conn

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Statue of Soldier Overlooking Plot A from the East

SGT MILLER, James E	143 Inf	Avery	Texas
PVT PARROTT, Russell H	142 Inf	Plattsburg	N.Y.
PVT LA MONTAGNE, Paul E.	141 Inf	Lewiston	Maine
PVT MARCHESE, Frank C.	143 Inf	Brooklyn	N.Y.
PVT RESSINGER, Marion A.	141 Inf	Carlisle	Ohio
PFC BASCOM, John D.	143 Inf	Scotia	N.Y.
PVT FOLEY, Joseph	143 Inf	Pittsburg	Pa
PVT KONUTIAK, William	141 Inf	Syracuse	N.Y.
PFC LELAND, Howard R.	143 Inf	Upton	Mass
PFC ROMAINE, Linford O.	141 Inf	Warwick	N.Y.
PFC WERNER, Harold L.	142 Inf	Morris	Ill
PVT FRIEDMAN, Jerome A.	143 Inf	Jermyn	Pa
PVT GARGER, Anthony J.	142 Inf	Passaic	N.J.
PVT MORAN, Frank C.	143 Inf	Cleveland	Ohio
PFC EVDOKIAS, Alexander G.	143 Inf	Corona	N.Y.
PFC CAPUTO, John J.	143 Inf	Kennett	Pa
1LT PIKE, Roy J.	141 Inf	Pratt	W Va
Sgt BAUGHN, Harold R.	143 Inf	Marion	Ohio
PVT DORSA, Nicholas A.	143 Inf	N.Y. City	N.Y.
PFC BRISCOE, Robert J.	141 Inf	Trenton	N.J.
PFC BECKER, Paul S.	141 Inf	East Syracuse	N.Y.
PVT JAYNES, Richard A.	141 Inf	Greenup	Ill
PFC KRAMER, Fred	141 Inf		
PVT MUNN, Glenn E.	141 Inf	Mill Hall	Pa
PVT MONTOVIDLAK, Michael F.	142 Inf	Canton	Ohio
PFC STEINBERGER, Frank X.	141 Inf	East Syracuse	N.Y.
1LT MAGAY, Gordon	142 Inf	Worcester	Mass
PFC LO GIUDICE, Anthony A.	142 Inf	Garfield	N.J.
PVT REAMAN, Merl W.	142 Inf	Chicago	Ill
PVT FLEISCHMAN, Francis E.	141 Inf	Chicago	Ill
S/Sgt DU GALLO, Edward L.	141 Inf	South Prairie	Wash
PFC SPRIETZER, Matthew J.	142 Inf	Calumet	Mich
PVT ELGRIM, Russell	142 Inf	Long Branch	N.J.

White Crosses

PVT TRITZ, Ralph M.	142 Inf	Dubuque	Iowa
PFC GARDINER, Warren H.	141 Inf	Washington	R.I.
PFC COOLEY, Joseph J.	143 Inf	Troy	N.Y.
PVT DALE, Marvin E.	143 Inf	Greenville	Tex
PFC ARICO, Nathony	143 Inf	Brooklyn	N.Y.
PFC HART, Barney F.	142 Inf	Sherman	Tex
1LT MILIS, George C.	141 Inf	Gloucester	Mass
PVT DZIELINSKI, Alexander	142 Inf		Conn
Cpt BOYIE, Gaines M.	132 FA BN	Paris	Tex
Sgt CRUIKSHANK, Gordon G.	36 RCN TRP	Ingram	Tex
PFC REIFFER, Raymond M.	141 Inf	Grandville	Mich
PFC SOMMER, Smith B.	143 Inf		Ind
PVT CANTRELL, John	141 Inf		Ala
PVT GERRY, Randolph B.	142 Inf	Lincoln	Maine
PVT SMITH, Veldon J.	143 Inf		Ky
PVT SMITH, Roy M.	143 Inf	Henderson	Tenn
1LT VOSBURGH, John B.J.	141 Inf		Kans
PVT BRUSH, Joseph W.	143 Inf	Newark	N.J.

Memorialized at the Tablets of the Missing:

PVT FIELD, Ernest R.	142 Inf		Wyo
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PLETCHAN, Piero R.
Asst. Superintendent

This article by **AUSTIN KENNADA** is a very special message for us all to read and re-read to get the full meaning of your comrades that paid the supreme sacrifice for their country.

Austin Kennada served with Co G 143rd Infantry of that famous unit of Houston . . . this was sent to your editor by Julian 'Duney' Philips, same unit, and he is a dedicated advocate of the Salerno Monument which is now under construction at Paestum — to be dedicated on our 45th Anniversary of that epic event . . . Sept. 9, 1943.



"Duney" Philips

Col. Philips has made XXXX trips to Italy and he included the story about the Florence American Cemetery and a special list of the 36thers whom are interred in this sacred ground.

Kennada's article is something you can't throw together — his depth in research proves that he did all the homework. He has our heartwarm THANKS! (Ed).



Remembering . . .



Fort Worth Star-Telegram / CAROLYN BAUMAN

Members of the 36th Infantry Division Drill and Ceremonial Auxiliary fire a 21-gun salute

Those who died serving their country

BY DOMINGO RAMIREZ JR.
AND KATTI GRAY
Fort Worth Star-Telegram

A few months ago, Dr. Griffin T. Murphey started plans to stage a special service on Memorial Day for 11 members of the British air force who died in Tarrant County during World War I while training as fighter pilots.

He wanted to get more than just a handful of people at the event, which had been off-and-on the last 70 years.

Murphey's dream came true yesterday.

About 100 people saw a fly-by salute of biplanes and a ceremony at Greenwood Memorial Park, complete with a

squadron leader from the Royal Air Force.

A portion of the cemetery purchased in 1924 was devoted to 11 World War I British, Canadian and U.S. fighter pilots who were members of the British forces. For the last 70 years, the city has held services for them, but not on a regular basis.

"I believe the last year we had any lengthy service was 1978. I had a small service in 1986," Murphey said. "But I wanted a bigger one this year. It's the 70th anniversary, and I thought it would be fitting."

Britain had sent its pilots to Canada

Remembering . . .

during World War I, but because cold weather curtailed flying, a search began for a place where training could proceed without interruption, according to City Manager Doug Harman and documents and articles about the training.

Texas was chosen, and training fields were opened in Everman, Benbrook and Saginaw.

Training was wild in those days — crashes occurred almost daily, according to the documents.

As Harman spoke about the corps' brief history in Tarrant County, biplanes which resembled the fighters used in World War I flew overhead, honoring the pilots.

"It's important to remember sacrifices made, and that's why I hope this becomes an annual event again," said Squadron Leader David Woolridge, Senior Officer of the Royal Air Force stationed in Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls.

Woolridge was a spectator at the event along with Harman, who was dressed in World War I Royal Flying Corps attire; Chris Pearson, deputy consul of Canada; various military officers; and residents from throughout North Texas.

The Royal Flying Corps was combined with the Royal Naval Air Service in April 1918 to become the Royal Air Force.



Fort Worth City Manager, Doug Harman is a real war-buff. We know that he knows about the Fighting 36th, cause we had a long visit together last year in my library.

Several hours later, in the evening at Fort Worth's Mount Olivet Cemetery, others also were standing with their memories. Some were Vietnam War veterans who stood hoping to ease what they called an unresolved pain.

The cemetery, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Navy League, American Legion, Vietnam Veterans of America and Veterans of World War I played host to the 59th annual ceremony at the North Side cemetery, dedicating it for the first time to soldiers from Vietnam.

WORLD WAR I **36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION** CEREMONIAL & DEMONSTRATION CHAPTER

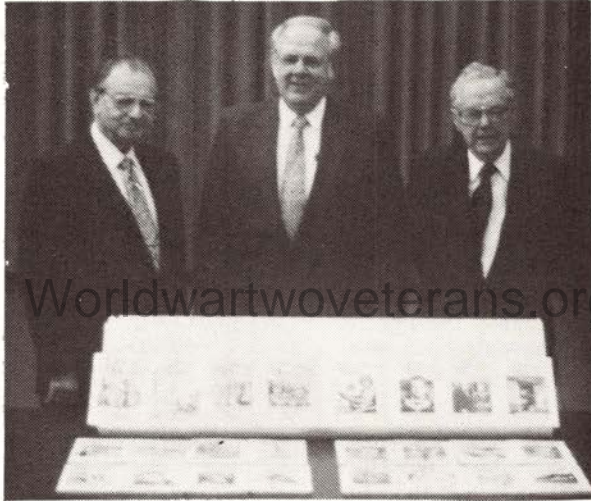
MEMORIAL DAY — 1988 . . . when Americans turn out at towns and cities all over. We selected this one from many places, because this one shown here at Fort Worth features the men of our **36th Ceremonial & Demonstration Chapter**.

These young men in their 20s and 30s wear the old T-Patch with pride and are all members of the Association. They give their time and best efforts at events such as this, also mock-battle demonstrations at military events at Camp Mabry, Austin — and all over Texas.

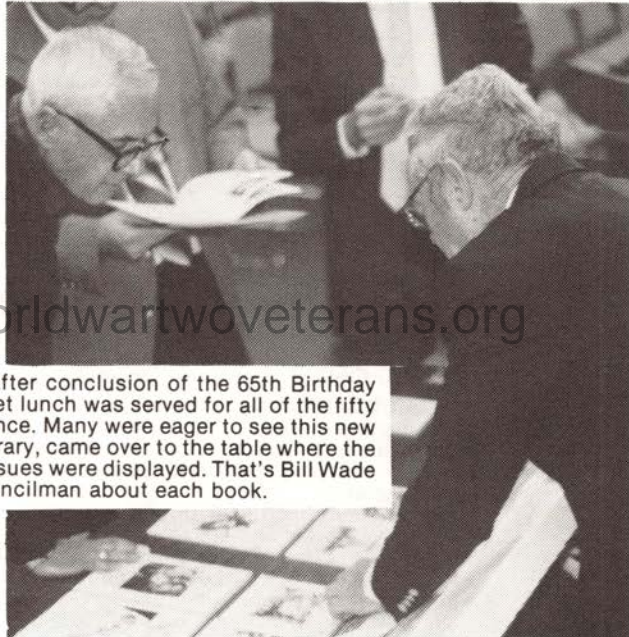
Now, would everyone please stand and let's give them a big, happy round of applause! THANKS.



**The Only Thing Better Than Reading
the 36th Quarterly — is Giving a Set
or two Volumes to Your Local Library!**



A donation of six sets of Volume 1 thru 6 of Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly was donated to Arlington (TX) Public Library System by Bill Wade (at right) at meeting of the Library Board, Jan. 12, 1988. Former Mayor of Arlington, Tom Vandergriff (at left) a 36th booster made the Acceptance speech, in behalf of Jack Corliss, Library Director.



After conclusion of the 65th Birthday Celebration, a buffet lunch was served for all of the fifty persons in attendance. Many were eager to see this new donation to the Library, came over to the table where the 6 Volumes, all 24 issues were displayed. That's Bill Wade explaining to a councilman about each book.

The Fighting 36th



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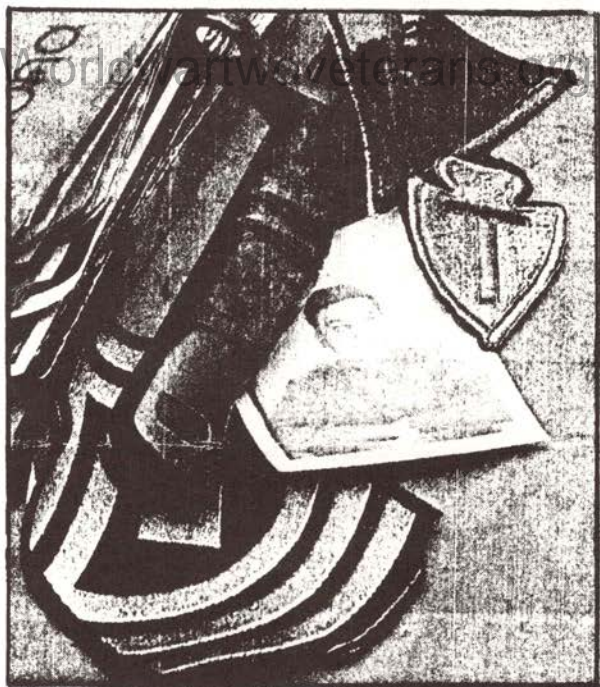
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MY MEMORIES...

MY SOUVENIRS...



Every soldier has some keepsakes that are a real treasure... "Wouldn't take a million bucks for this one" and we have all said it.

But it can't tell a story like the one that only you can tell...like the ones you read in the Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly.

Worldwartwoveterans.org

Worldwartwoveterans.org

thanks, Ben



PHILADELPHIA (AP) — Delegates to the Continental Congress, legend says, rejected Benjamin Franklin as author of the Declaration of Independence, tapping young Tom Jefferson instead, because they were afraid Franklin would sprinkle it with witticisms.

Indeed, the story is told that when the treasonous document came to be signed, John Hancock urged a unanimous decision, saying: "We must all hang together."

"Yes," Franklin said. "We must indeed all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."