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**Reunion in
Brownwood**

**Camp Bowie
Forever Changed
Brownwood**

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**Brown County
Welcomed 1940
Mobilization**

Vol. XI , No. 3 Fall 1991
Published by
36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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The Fighting 36th
HISTORICAL
Quarterly

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Spirits High As Time for 36th to Leave Nears

by Charles Boatner

Ft. Worth Star Telegram - 1940

Editors Note: This clipping was found in the files of Bill Jary and gives significant detail of 36th units moving to Camp Bowie.

It was like the night before Christmas for Fort Worth units of the Thirty-sixth Division Thursday as time for their departure for Camp Bowie, Brownwood neared.

Emotion was especially high at the One Hundred Forty-fourth Infantry armory, East Lancaster Avenue and Commerce Street, when six trucks, loaded with regimental office equipment and manned by 25 members of the Service Company, rolled out for Camp Bowie at 8 a.m.

The truckers were urged by other members of the One Hundred Forty-fourth here to "see everything" and bring back good accounts of their preview of the division training site for the next year.

The six trucks are due back here Thursday night, and loading of the eight-truck and station wagon convoy that will take the Service Company to Brownwood Saturday morning will be started early Friday afternoon.

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36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly



1990/91 OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT:

Walter S. "Rusty" Pope (Helen) Div. Arty.
P. O. Box 950
Boerne, TX 78006 (512) 537-4532

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT:

Robert J. Faught (Elizabeth) 141st
1731 Cheshire Lane
Houston, TX 77018 (713) 681-4083

SECRETARY/TREASURER:

Julian H. Phillips (Ruby) 143rd
11017 Pandora Dr.
Houston, TX 77013 (713) 673-7746

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY FOR MEMBERSHIP:

Leonard E. Wilkerson (Frances) 141/144
P. O. Box 2049
Malakoff, TX 75148 (903) 489-1644

UNIT VICE PRESIDENTS:

141st Alfred "Al" Dietrick (Bertha)
322 West Glenview
San Antonio, TX 78228 (512) 732-4753

142nd A. P. "Pete" Johnson (Dorothy)
4009 Upland Way
Garland, TX 45042 (214) 494-6455

143rd Dale E. Meredith, Sr. (Evyonne)
P. O. Box 18220
Fountain Hills, AZ 85269

144th See T-Patcher Editor below.
Arty Robert Massago
P. O. Box 1301
Mountain View, AR (501) 269-4537

Div. Trps Bern Ballard (Elizabeth)
3206 Beanna St.
Austin, TX 78705 (512) 478-3148

DIRECTORS:

Marvin A. Steitle (Posey)
906 McNeel Road
San Antonio, TX 78228 (512) 735-5157

A. P. "Pete" Johnson (Dorothy)
4009 Upland Way
Garland, TX 75042 (214) 494-6455

PRESIDENT LADIES AUXILIARY:

Millie Wiley (Gregg)
229 Helen Marie Lane
Kingsville, TX 78363 (512) 592-7853

EDITOR, HISTORICAL QUARTERLY:

Hicks A. Turner (Jamie) 111 Engr. Bn.
Rt. 2 Box 236
Clyde, TX 79510 (915) 529-3579

EDITOR, T-PATCHER NEWSLETTER:

Bert D. Carlton (Clara) 144/143rd
806 Aransas Dr.
Eules, TX 76039 (817) 267-7864

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36th Division's Long Trail Began In Brownwood

by Gordon Rose, K-143

The genesis of the Camp Bowie celebration was the idea of Isaac E. "Ike" Franklin, C-111th MED (captured at Altavilla Sept. 14, 1943-20 months POW) who in 1989 proposed that the Cowtown Chapter of the 36th Division Association join with the Dallas Metro Chapter "to honor the survivors of this (36th) elite group" in Fort Worth.

The National Association heard about the idea and asked the Cowtown and Dallas Metro groups to merge forces under the banner of the National group. They did so. Unfortunately, Ike's big heart stopped Sept. 7, 1990, before he could relish what he had so loyally created. That 6'-6" old (80) "T-Patcher" 1st Sgt.'s shadow will still stretch long in front of the rest of us. A Tulsa son and an Arlington daughter will agree.

The trial of the 36th Infantry Division in World War II began at Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas. Volunteer soldiers from 75 Texas cities and towns, in the tradition that had lasted 155 years, once more reported for duty to fight for freedom and to end oppression in the world.

Youngsters left farms, schools, jobs, sweethearts, wives and families, many for the first time, to become part of a military unit with a bunch of strangers in coping with an unforeseen disciplined life. Hard training made buddies of them all; combat made them brothers.

"T-Patchers" became a major part of the Brownwood civilian scene as well. Strangers they came to this Central Texas city, but friends they were when they left. The old friends have now returned.

They were proud to wear on their shoulder the division insignia, an Infantry blue arrowhead with the dusty "T" brand on it. Early beginnings of the division were traced to the Texas War for Independence (1835-36) which overthrew despotic rulers and created the Republic of Texas. Ten years later, the young nation voluntarily agreed to be annexed to the United States.

The aura that surrounds the name, "Texas," known worldwide, was established by those volunteer fighting military units which could not stomach oppression by the Spanish, the Mexicans, Pancho Villa or anyone else. The Texas Rangers had its beginnings with the division. Fiercely independent, Tex-

ans could always be counted on to enter the arena to fight all enemies of freedom wherever or whomever they may be. As the division expanded, soldiers from other states, learning the Texas tradition, were imbued with the same fierce pride. Proud, too, were those who also wore the regimental insignias of "Remember the Alamo," "Arms Secure Peace" and "I'll Face You."

As we celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Mobilization of the Texas National Guard, we are reminded of a part of the little-known and rarely sung fourth verse of the Star Spangled Banner:

*"Oh Then thus be it ever
when free men shall stand
Between their loved home
and the war's desolation."*

It was here, 50 years ago, that "free men" began the uncharted "Trail of the 36th" which led them to Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, Massachusetts and then overseas. Held in reserve in the waning North African campaign, the 36th Division was pulled back and prepared for the invasion of Europe. Along the "36th Division Trail" were deadly obstacles at Salerno, Cassino, Rapido River, Rome, Southern France, and in Belgium and Germany. Casualties of the 36th number more than the present population of Brownwood.

Brownwood folks, who developed a close affinity for "T-Patchers," exulted in our victories, wept at our casualty reports, prayed for our mission, and empathized with their friends who fought and died in the hostile environment of mud, mountains, ice and snow in Europe, and while others endured disease, torture and starvation in the steaming jungles of Java as prisoners. This we know, and for this we are grateful and appreciative.

Cheers at military victories, unlike wins at ball games, developed from a strange and remarkable human recipe. In combination with the initial exhilaration and jubilation are elements of prayer, pain, sorrow, relief and thanksgiving. After the shooting stops, after the treaties are signed, after the parades are over, and after the grand speeches are made, the more sobering permanent elements of hard-won bloody victories abide forever in the hearts and minds of soldiers, their kin and their friends.

With effort we can forgive; we can never forget.

As we reflected on the hardships and trauma suffered in WWII after 45 million casualties world-wide, we took welcome refuge in the arms of loving families and friends. With renewed spirit, we took up our new lives and began carving out a future for ourselves and for those who follow in a world at peace.

The "Trail of the 36th" has led us back to our starting point, Brownwood, where we have been welcomed once again with open arms. You have shown that "Mi casa es su casa," another tradition.

We brought along a gift, a 10 ft. high monument which will express forever the mutual respect between a wonderful Texas city and your temporary military visitors, the "T-Patchers of the Fighting 36th," which has lasted a half-century.

The bond we acknowledge today will remain long after the winds of Texas have totally eroded this granite symbol of our esteem and gratitude.

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Camp Bowie Forever Changed Brownwood

by *Harriette Graves*
Bulletin Features Editor

Brownwood's face was changed as workmen and soldiers came to Camp Bowie before and during World War II. The town suddenly blossomed into a crowded city, jammed with soldiers and their families.

According to W.L. Watson's diaries, workers came from throughout the nation since there was still much unemployment resulting from the Depression.

At its peak, there were estimated to be 14,500 men working. Most were without families — there was no place to get housing. The men themselves found homes wherever they could.

Many dining places opened up. Stores were busy, and Brownwood's two theaters, the Bowie and the Lyric, were soon joined by six more.

Stores that ordinarily closed at sundown began staying open all hours of the night and even on Sundays.

"Since many workers needed tools, we at Weakley-Watson often stayed open until 10 p.m.," Watson writes.

All housing in Brownwood was taken with many people renting spare rooms. Extra bedrooms in homes became small rooming apartments for families of the men.

Originally, the camp was planned for a single division. But on Nov. 6, 1940, officials in Brownwood were notified that it would be home for 30,000 soldiers, and that three million gallons of water had to be furnished each day. The water district and the City of Brownwood devised a plan to enlarge the filtration plant.

To expedite the installation of a pipeline to the camp, the city purchased water from the district and sold it to the Army.

The original plans were to house the men in tents. A wooden frame was built and above it was placed a canvas tent. Each tent housed 16 men. The latrines were in a large wooden building placed among the tent structures.

Traditional Army plans were for each tent to be heated by a coal-burning stove. Some pressure was put on them to use gas for heating, which was more practical in this area than coal.

Late in the fall, it was decided to make the change and use gas space heaters. Quite a scramble ensued. No store had that many stoves on hand, and it took

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a while to fill all the orders.

Watson's diaries mention that the division was scheduled to be on Camp Bowie's grounds in December. Due to heating delay, the move was postponed to mid-January, and the mobilized 36th Division headquartered in downtown Brownwood. The public announcement was to the effect that the change was to enable service men to have Christmas with their families.

Shortly after the first of the year in 1941, the men of the 36th Division arrived in Camp Bowie.

At that time, the Army had not integrated its troops. Brownwood received a large number of black troops, who lived separate from whites. Since the Army still had cavalry units, they also came here.

In 1943, a prisoner of war camp was established here. Its location was in the valley immediately below the dam on the country club lake.

Not too much was known about activities in the prison camp. Admission was very restricted. Watson writes in his diaries that he had the opportunity to go into the camp. A visiting bishop was given permission to enter and address the prisoners. The bishop spoke German and I was on the committee with him. "There wasn't anything special to see, it looked pretty much like the America troop part of the camp." Watson writes.

War prisoners were utilized to work outside their compound. Work details would have only nominal guards with them.

The prisoners left their mark in one building. On the wall of the recreation hall, a prisoner painted some murals. In later years after the camp property was returned, this building became a center for senior citizens. The murals were restored and preserved.

There was a hush on what units were here, where they came from, and where they were going, but it must have been easy if someone wanted to spy on troop movements. Army wives working in town would mention names of units and might mention where they had last been. It wasn't unusual for one army wife to phone in that she would not be coming to work, that her husband's unit was being sent to Pensacola or somewhere else and she had to leave early to find living quarters.

After the war, Joe Renfro, who had five drug stores operating said that he had a cigar box full of checks made out to army wives who left in the middle of a pay period and did not give him a forwarding address.

It was inevitable that Camp Bowie would slowly change after the war. Watson writes that there had been some lessening of activity. But after V.E. Day, May 6, 1945 — the end of the war in Europe, no new troops came to train. Instead some of those troops which had been serving in Europe were brought here to be trained for service in the Pacific.

Watson tells a story of World War II that had a surprise happy ending. Before being sent to Europe, John Whaley had been engaged to Margaret Kasprak. But he promised his mother that he would not get married until the war was over. He was one of those who had served in Europe and now waited for the

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Pacific campaign to be over. They decided, however, that they would get married in spite of his promise to his mother. The wedding was set for 6:30 p.m. Aug. 14 at a chapel in Camp Bowie.

Watson had been asked to give the bride away since her father could not be there. "Driving out to the camp for the wedding about 6 p.m., the car radio carried the announcement by President Truman that the Japanese had surrendered and the war was over. When I got to the camp, I could tell them that they had lived up to their promise made to his mother — by a full 30 minutes."

Activity continued at the camp but on a smaller scale. Most of it involved deactivating troop units brought in from the fronts.

The Brownwood Chamber of Commerce had hoped to have the camp designated as a permanent unit. But on Aug. 1, 1946, the War Department declared that the camp was surplus and on Oct. 15, 1947, surplus items at the camp were sold.

Gradually, the city's activities dwindled. Several bus routes and taxi services began curtailing activities until there was only one bus and one taxi service remaining. Theaters closed until only two were left in downtown Brownwood. Today, none are left as theater buildings gave way to business ventures. Soon after war's end and the closing of Camp Bowie, even the buses stopped running.

Buildings in Camp Bowie were sold and then moved to other locations. Most Army families left Brownwood, but a number of former soldiers who met their mates while at Camp Bowie settled here to raise their families.

Vol. 4. No. 6 **SUNDAY, 17 JUNE 1945**



22 New Jersey Bands Serenade Lt. Gregg, 143rd CMH Winner

Lt. Stephen R. Gregg, L Company, 143rd Infantry CMH winner, recently was acclaimed by a crowd of 50,000 in a Bayonne, N. J. home town celebration.

According to an article in the New York Herald Tribune, the former 36th Division infantryman was honored by a parade which included 22 bands. Mayor Bert Daly presented the lieutenant with 6,250 dollars in war bonds and a check for 1,000 dollars, saying "the value of the gift is incidental—one cannot put value on what Stephen Gregg did, or what is being done every day by plodding men on the battlefronts."

Lt. Gregg replied: "If I could say anything, I'd want to say it to the mothers I see here. I know how happy you will be when your sons come home. My mother sat looking at me in church this morning—I don't think she ever took her eyes off me. I sat here on the platform and tried to think of something to say but the words just don't come. All I can say is God bless you everyone."

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly Reunion in Brownwood

The city of Brownwood, Texas and the 36th Infantry Division observed the 50th anniversary of the mobilization of the 36th, on Sunday, November 18, 1990. Committee members from the Division Association responsible for the Reunion were: Gordon Rose, Ruby Phillips, Mrs. Al Dietrick, Posey Steitle, Alice Thayer, Helen Pope, Millie Wiley, Elizabeth Rucker, Lenora McKinney, Lollie Wells, Julian Phillips, Al Dietrick, Marvin Steitle, Pete Thayer, Rusty Pope, Greg Waley, Payne Rucker, Vernon McKinney, Willis Wells, Roy Goad, Alvin Amelunke, Bob Scott, and Wesley Fletcher.



Photograph Courtesy of Richard M. Burrage

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Members of the 36th Infantry Division who swept through Nazi-occupied Europe during World War II, invaded Brownwood again this weekend, capturing anew the hearts of the city's residents who first welcomed them here half a century ago.

Highlighting a reunion held to observe the 50th anniversary of the mobilization of the 36th Division at Camp Bowie was the unveiling Saturday of a monument at the Brownwood Coliseum. The unveiling was carried out by representatives of the major regiments and battalions of the division, known as "T-Patchers" because of their uniforms' identifying arrowhead patch bearing a "T" for Texas. The arrowhead stands for Oklahoma.

The ceremony drew over 1,000 spectators, most of them the men and family members of the famed Army division.

The sounding of "Taps"; the keynote address by retired Major General Willie Scott, a former member of the 36th Division who later became adjutant general of the Texas National Guard; and comments from Walter S. "Rusty" Pope, president of the 36th Infantry Division Association, were key elements of the ceremony.

The monument, which stands at the coliseum, commemorates the bond between Brownwood and World War II's 36th Division which mobilized at Camp Bowie in 1940.

The ceremony was shared by a crowd including former members of the 36th Division, dignitaries from the Texas National Guard, and many who were in Brownwood when the 36th Division came here in 1940.

As wording on the monument became readable with the lifting of covering, was the immediate sounds of clicking cameras from news media and individuals across the coliseum lot.

In part the monument reads, *"In commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the bond between the citizens of Brownwood and the members of the 36th Infantry Division. It was the loyal support of these citizens that helped the division prepare for the years of intensive combat which lay ahead."*

The \$15,000, 10-foot tall gray monument was paid for by donations from approximately 300 members of the 36th Division, with other donations and civic leaders and organizations in Central Texas.

A wreath was placed at the monument honoring those who died in the line of duty.

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Spirits High As Time for 36th to Leave Nears

by Charles Boatner

Ft. Worth Star Telegram - 1940

Editors Note: This clipping was found in the files of Bill Jary and gives significant detail of 36th units moving to Camp Bowie.

It was like the night before Christmas for Fort Worth units of the Thirty-sixth Division Thursday as time for their departure for Camp Bowie, Brownwood neared.

Emotion was especially high at the One Hundred Forty-fourth Infantry armory, East Lancaster Avenue and Commerce Street, when six trucks, loaded with regimental office equipment and manned by 25 members of the Service Company, rolled out for Camp Bowie at 8 a.m.

The truckers were urged by other members of the One Hundred Forty-fourth here to "see everything" and bring back good accounts of their preview of the division training site for the next year.

The six trucks are due back here Thursday night, and loading of the eight-truck and station wagon convoy that will take the Service Company to Brownwood Saturday morning will be started early Friday afternoon.

Families Welcome.

Capt. Karl Brockman, commanding officer of the Service Company, said everything except the company's field kitchen would be loaded by Saturday morning, and after breakfast at 5 a.m. Saturday the range would be placed on a truck.

He said that families of the company members would be welcome to come to the armory Saturday before the departure at 7 a.m. to bid goodbye to them.

It was not decided definitely Thursday whether the Service Company of the One Hundred Eleventh Medical Regiment would truck the regimental office equipment to Camp Bowie Friday, but the move is likely.

The One Hundred Eleventh unit will utilize seven trucks of the One Hundred Thirty-third Field Artillery units here and in Dallas for its move to Camp Bowie Saturday. The company is scheduled to leave at 7:15 a.m. Saturday. Families of the men will be welcome at the armory before the departure.

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Will Be Returned.

The trucks after arrival at Camp Bowie Saturday noon will be returned to the artillery batteries for use in their move Tuesday.

All equipment of the One Hundred Forty-second Infantry was being prepared Thursday for shipment to Camp Bowie Friday in a five-truck convoy.

Jubilant that concentration of the division at Camp Bowie is not to be delayed again, the members of the Fort Worth units put new zest into their drill Thursday. While they have had good meals and a rigorous training program since they were inducted into federal service Nov. 25 and stationed at home armories, the men haven't felt that they were "really soldiering."

They feel that with the transfer to Camp Bowie they really will become cogs in the national defense program.

Regimental headquarters of the One Hundred Forty-second Infantry will be moved to Camp Bowie Friday. A five-truck convoy will move the equipment, and the staff will go by private cars.

Regimental staff of the One Hundred Forty-fourth will go to Camp Bowie Saturday, but the officers will travel by private cars and not in convoy.

Main Movement Tuesday.

The main movement of the Fort Worth units will take place Tuesday morning.

Headquarters Battery and Battery B, First Battalion, One Hundred Thirty-third Field Artillery, will leave their armories at 7 a.m., travel in truck convoy over the Benbrook-Stephenville route and arrive at Camp Bowie five hours later.

Remainder of the Fort Worth units — the majority of the Fort Worth soldiers — depart at 7:45 a.m. Saturday on a 17-car Santa Fe train which is scheduled to arrive in Brownwood at 1 p.m.

Plans at Camp Bowie are for the train to unload in Brownwood and for the men to march the mile and one-half to the camp, southwest of the city.

Units to Be Entrained.

Units on the train will be: Headquarters Company, One Hundred Forty-fourth Infantry, less motor detachment; Headquarters detachment, First Battalion, One Hundred Forty-fourth; Company B, One Hundred Forty-fourth; Headquarters, First Battalion, One Hundred Thirty-third Field Artillery; Headquarters, First Battalion, One Hundred Thirty-third.

A detachment of Battery B, One Hundred Thirty-third; Headquarters, One Hundred Eleventh Engineers; Headquarters, One Hundred Eleventh Medical; Band, One Hundred Eleventh Medical, and a detachment of Company B, One Hundred Eleventh Medical.

Four to Go to Fort Benning.

Before their men get settled at Camp Bowie, four Fort Worth infantry officers will leave for Fort Benning, Ga., to attend a 90-day rifle and heavy weapons course. The men are Capt. James T. Padgitt and First Lieutenant Wooten of the One Hundred and Forty-second and Capt. Ray F. Holmes and First Lieutenant Joe M. Loughry of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth.

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Major William J. Sutton of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth now is attending a battalion commander's school at Fort Benning, and he will report back to his command in January.

First Lieutenant Charles D. McDonald of Headquarters and Service Company, One Hundred and Eleventh Medical, and Motor Sgt. Julian W. Alsobrook, Headquarters Battery, One Hundred and Thirty-third Field Artillery, are being schooled in motor management at Camp Normoyle, Fort Sam Houston. They will report back to Camp Bowie in approximately three weeks.

Division's Casualty Figures Revised

Battle casualty reports for 36th Infantry Division were reported in "The Fighting 36th" book published shortly after World War II. They were the "official" figures from the Department of the Army's publication, "Battle Casualties of the Army," as of Dec. 31, 1946.

Some of these figures were changed after the War Department reviewed all records of all military units in 1949.

While researching figures to be included in the monument inscription, Gordon Rose (K-143) of Dallas met in Austin with Col. John Scribner, 36th Division Historian on the Adjutant General's Staff at Camp Mabry.

Col. Scribner produced a report entitled, "Army Battle Casualties and Non-battle Deaths in World War II, Final Report, 7 December 1941- 31 December 1946," published by the Department of the Army.

The document was reviewed, and it was discovered that figures in use since the war had been updated. The report stated, "The statistics presented herein include all changes processed in the card file records through 31 December 1949." It also stated that "statistics presented herein supercede similar data appearing in previous reports."

The following figures are official and are engraved on the Brownwood monument:

36th Infantry Division
World War II Combat Casualties
19,466 Total casualties
3,717 Killed in Action
12,685 Wounded in Action
3,064 Missing in Action

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Brown County Welcomed 1940 Mobilization

by *Harriette Graves*

Bulletin Features Editor

Bold black headlines screamed across the Brownwood Bulletin on Sunday, Dec. 29, 1940, announcing the soon-to-be arriving soldiers of the 36th Division.

Construction work on Camp Bowie then known as Camp Brownwood began on Sept. 24, 1940, exactly 20 days after the announcement had been made Sept. 4 of the selection of Brownwood as the training center for the 36th Division.

Officials at the time asserted that every business in Brownwood would benefit by the location of the camp in Brownwood.

"It will constitute the largest population boost offered a Central Texas city in recent years, and the payroll dwarfs that of any existing industry," an article in the special edition reads.

"The city's present effective purchasing power will be virtually doubled."

Brownwood made the government a written proposal to furnish the 2,000-acre campsite for \$1 a year rent, with four-year renewal privileges, and to lease 50,000 acres for maneuvers, infantry and artillery ranges for \$1 per acre per year with a one-year primary lease term and privilege of renewal for four years. Later the number of acreage was more like 100,000 acres.

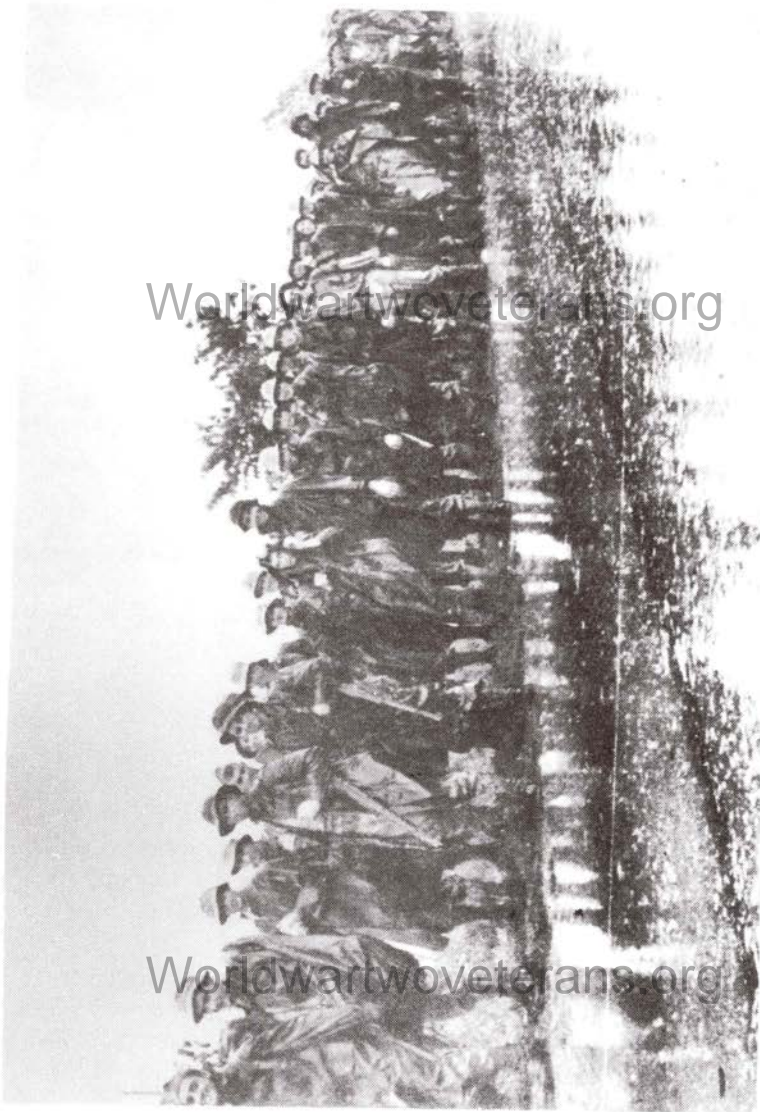
It was on Nov. 25 that the War Department ordered the 36th Division to be mobilized and to train at Brownwood. At the same time, it ordered the 111th Observation Squadron of the Texas National Guard to mobilize for service in Brownwood.

The Camp Bowie edition devoted a section of the newspaper to the early history of the 36th Division. "The Texas National Guard of which the 36th Division is the largest unit, has been around a long time," the report said. In fact, the organization really had its beginning back when Texas wasn't Texas, but part of the Mexican State of Coahuila.

Texans resented a dictator so much, they drove him from the country and set up their American form of government composed of the volunteer units from which the 36th Division is descended.

Back in the 1830's the dictator's name was Santa Anna and the fighting men went under various names — the Huntsville Volunteers, the Alabama Grays and the Louisville Volunteers. But the spirit of the men who fought at

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Gonzales, at the Alamo and San Jacinto is the same as that of the men who form the 36th Division, men who fought and died on European soil during World War II.

The newspaper carried an editorial that gives an insight into Brownwood's enthusiasm for the arrival of the 36th Division to Brownwood.

In part it reads, "This edition of the Brownwood Bulletin, designated as the Camp Bowie edition, is intended to convey, in an humble way, Brownwood's welcome to the officers and men of the 36th Division..."

"It serves to convey, to those who are here for service to their country in a time of need the true status of the local public mind. If it imparts in a small way the wholehearted desire of everyone that Camp Bowie shall become a new phase of the continuing epic of Texas's glorious history of contribution to the undying flame of liberty — then it shall not be in vain."

"This Texas Division is and will remain the typifying group of Camp Bowie, Brownwood, even as it was of that first Camp Bowie at Fort Worth.

The 36th Division had its official beginning when Texas and Oklahoma troops were mobilized at Fort Worth during World War I. It was organized under a War Department Order dated July 18, 1917.

"To prepare for the task of defending America is equally important now as was the ordeal of Flanders in 1918," the pre-World War II writer suggested.



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New Memorial To Those of the 36th

Katie Sinclair, a Hopkins County native who now lives in Quitman, doesn't want people to forget the sacrifices made by American soldiers in World War II.

To that end, a monument to honor World War II soldiers who served in the 36th Infantry Division was dedicated at 10 a.m. Thursday, May 30, on the Sulphur Springs Heritage Square.

Mrs. Sinclair originated the gesture of honor to the division in which her husband, L.M. "Buddy" Sinclair served.

She selected Wallace Memorials in Sulphur Springs to make the granite monument.



Katie and L.M. Sinclair place a wreath at the monument they donated in memory of the soldiers of the 36th Infantry Division recently during a dedication ceremony at Heritage Square in Sulphur Springs. (Courtesy photo)

"I wanted the history of it for the school children to read," she said. Her husband was a staff sergeant in the motor pool and was a member of the group from Jan. 13, 1941, until June 28, 1945. He joined her as a sponsor of the monument.

The 5-foot-tall slab of autumn rose granite bears information about the division and the countries where it was active.

Sinclair served with over 50,000 other soldiers in the 36th Infantry division during World War II. The Texas division participated in campaigns in North Africa, Italy, France, Germany and Austria. The division suffered 27,343 casualties during the war and its soldiers were awarded 15 Medals of Honor, 80 Distinguished Service Crosses, 12 Presidential Unit Citations, 2,354 Silver Star Medals and 88 Air Medals.

Sinclair said his division was the first group of Americans to land in Europe during the war. He said the division assaulted the beaches at Salerno, Italy, Sept. 9, 1943, nine months and three days before the more-heralded landing on the Normandy beaches of France.

Although the 36th made the first landing on Nazi-occupied Europe, it is best known for its attempts to cross the Rapido River farther up the Italian peninsula.

Sinclair said although all three infantry regiments made attempts at crossing the Rapido, all were unsuccessful. He said more men died at the river than at the Alamo.

While in Italy, the division's soldiers also participated in the battles before Monte Cassino.

As the National Guard unit, the 36th was mobilized, along with all other Guard units, on Nov. 25, 1940, by order of President Roosevelt.

Sinclair was awarded the Bronze Star and an Oak Leaf Cluster for gallantry in action.

Nearly 47 years ago, Katie Sinclair was delighted to open a package sent from Italy by her husband, Sgt. L.M. "Buddy" Sinclair, fighting with the 1st. Bn, 141st Infantry Regiment. The story was printed by the **Dallas Morning News** in January 1944:

The package contained two large flags, one Italian and the other Nazi, captured during the battle of Salerno.

On the Nazi flag, which Buddy described as a symbol of German splendor and might, were the signatures of his 141st buddies and a sketch of a jeep.

"This (flag) is the thing which has caused us so many heartaches and hardships. As these things fall it puts us near our only goal, which is to get back to our loved ones," wrote Sinclair.

"May we look upon this flag in the days to come and remember our past hardships, which can help us to carry on in the years ahead." the "T-Patcher" sergeant wrote on the flag.

The flag is no longer at the Sinclair home, which is now in Quitman, Texas. It was donated to the Center for Holocaust Studies in Dallas, established to be forever a memorial to those thousands of Jews tortured, starved and killed at Nazi concentration camps.

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The Jewish National Fund, in gratitude for the gift of the "WWII German Flag and Book of the 141st Infantry in 1984," planted two trees in Israel, the Holy Land, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. L.M. Sinclair.

Other "T-Patchers" who signed the flag were Sgt. Major Henry R. Williams, Mail Clerk Eugene Ballard and Mess Sgt. Richard E. Cowart, all of Dallas; Richard Milan, first cook; Bill Wills, cook; Sgt. Jack Lansinger and Sgt. Louis Delgado, all of San Antonio, and Sgt. Harry L. Wilkinson, Fort Worth.

The significant aftermath of this story occurred in May, 1945, when the 36th Infantry Division captured three Nazi generals, Reichsmarshal Hermann Goering, Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, and Dr. Hans Frank, all of whom were later to face war criminal charges at the Nuremberg Trials.

The infamous Reichsmaster Dr. Frank, Gauleiter of Poland and perpetrator of the Jewish extermination pits, was trapped and captured in his office by Maj. Phillip Broadhead of the 36th Division's AMG team. Frank admitted his guilt, was sentenced to death, and was hanged in October 1946.

The "thing" Buddy wrote about had fallen, and he returned to his loved ones, just as he had hoped.



Long Let It Wave

by Sam F. Kibbey

Someone burned our Flag
Our American Flag -
Willfully and maliciously - Our American
Flag was intentionally
Set afire (Burn, baby, burn).

There are fiends that
roam this earth
Consumed by hatred,
Walking in arrogance, talking with profanity,
There was one such fiend
Who, to demonstrate his hatred
and his fiendness,
Set our American Flag ablaze
All the while smirking inside himself
(Burn, baby, burn).

The red in the Flag
burned brightly
Because the red in our Flag represents
the blood which has poured forth in battles
When freedom has decreed
That this Nation, under God, must
defend itself, and preserve our Flag, and the heritage
of this Republic.

The white of our American Flag represents the
immaculate honor of this Nation.
Perhaps the white of our Flag burned slowly
That day the Flag - our
American Flag - was burned in Dallas.

Oh, chaste integrity of the USA.
Though you have strayed
And come short of the glory of God
And though you have elevated
Sensuality to undue prominence
Deep within you, America.

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Imbedded within the white
of our Flag,
America's true virtue remains
inviolate
Yes, the white of the Flag
Must have burned slowly
As if resisting the violent rape.

The blue in the Flag
Perhaps burned boldly
Like a martyr burned
at the stake
The blue represents the
Courage - the bright courage of America.
The bravado that crossed the Atlantic
As an undaunted and unrelenting
spirit
With that brave spirit which expanded to establish seats
Of commerce along the Colonial shores;
Then pushing westward to the wild frontiers.
Pioneering, preaching, plowing and propagating
Until the prairies were cleared
Until new cities arose inland.
Skylines now reach heavenward as if in communion with God
We note that each succeeding echelon of posterity has taken hold of
That divine destiny which is the American dream and has moved it ever
higher.
Building it more secure with vigilance
Savoring the soft sweet scent of the freedom anent the land.

The stars in our Flag
Are diamonds aglow.
Windblown they seem to blink
And shine and wink
They seem to flirt with us
As if they were young lovers
Beckoning us to the enchantment of their chambers
Dedicating to us a faithfulness that alone makes love sacred

The stars in our flag are unselfish stars
They represent all that is lovely
And loved in America
Our star shines for a great state in the East,
Our star shines for a great state in the West,
And all of the states are assembled in a concert of stars

Singing of love, pride, and happiness
The stars in the American Flag
Sing melodies as they are whipped
To and fro by the elements they brave;
From springtime's wind and rain
To winter's night-caps of cold, with canopied white moustaches of snow.

Freedom! That was the name of the game
When American was first settled.
Freedom! That should be the name of the game in America today
The right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"
Not just dull words written in that new society of two hundred years ago.
Words that are still vibrant, inspired, clairvoyant
Words that breathe life into our own being
and life into the being of our fellow men.
Liberty so precious that
American lives have been laid down for
its continuation not as an abstract principle
but as a moving, energetic
purveyor of that which is good and great in America.
The pursuit of happiness?
Nowhere else in the World but in these United States can dreams
so fully blossom into reality.

The spirit of our Constitution,
the purpose of our laws,
All that which motivates our citizens must be
orchestrated by the "pursuit of happiness." The way
we make friends, the way we love our family, the way we worship
God; all these things,
and more, are bound up in our "pursuit of happiness."

Individual rights?
Sometimes this is a paradox.
Like when someone burns our Flag -
Our American Flag - then goes into a Court of Law, then, all the
way up
to our Supreme Court, asserting a right to do this dastardly
thing, a right claimed to be protected by the First Amendment
to the Constitution.
The Flag burners had me leaning their way for awhile.
Initially, I was under the impression that a man could
do what he wanted to do with his own property.
On a closer reading, I learned that the man who burned the
Flag did not even own it - he had stolen it. He was a thief,

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but he's a bigger thief when one considers that on that day in Dallas that one fiendish fellow also robbed our Flag - our American Flag - of its dignity, rendering it to ashes. Destruction and affrontery has become a life style in America of late. The right to dissent does not include the right to destroy.

I've placed myself beyond the ear-shot of the free-loading, dissidents who only seek to destruct. I firmly believe that the man had no right to burn our American Flag. No way, Ray.

Regardless of the title thereto.

To commit such an act is to incite violence.

It incites anger in my mind as I write this today. Freedom of expression does not now, or has it ever been intended, to protect acts or words that instigate disorder, that thrive on such tawdry turmoils.

That only shame and cowardice ensue.

No one has the right to be wrong.

Our Flag - Our American Flag - is much more than merely symbolic

It lives as surely as the mind recalls

That men died to keep it waving

Our Flag is more than an inanimate object

It is a magic garment that enshrouds this Nation

Bringing warmth and comfort to all those who wear it in their hearts, and believe in it with their minds and souls.

The immortality of the Flag is woven into its fabric

It is "part of us" on our buildings which house

Governmental activity, Our

Flag spruces up our wide avenues in our cities where parades go by. Our

Flag is magnificently displayed by patriotic merchants who

recognize that but for reverence for the Flag -

Our American Flag - that their right to do business with a minimal amount of governmental interference would be altered by those who

would destroy the freedom to be left alone. Like that nondescript in Dallas who wreaked his wrath on us all.

Our Flag - Our American Flag - goes with us to battlefields. Sometimes it is folded up and placed to rest with whoever gave the last full measure of their devotion to that Flag. ("Lo, I am with you always...")

Justice should perhaps be acutely blind, but it should not be permanently sightless

The American Flag flies in Holiness, fully dressed of Divinity

Might as well desecrate a grave as desecrate the American Flag. Might

as well desecrate the military cemeteries where sleep our honored dead

as trample upon our flag with maniacal fury.

The American Flag is history, tradition, and spirit all woven into one mighty ensemble of freedom
Not the freedom to destroy or oppress but the freedom that is unfurled in truth and dignity.

Our American Flag is more than mere symbol.
It is a living, breathing embodiment of all that is great in this Nation.

It is not a clone, it is a spirit dressed in cloth.
A spirit that is immortal as surely as we are immortal
The American Flag is the spirit that wraps around our souls
(Shoot if you must this old grey head
But do not burn my flag.)

Woven into our Flag is the faith of the fathers and mothers who lived together, loved together and passed the torch on to us in the love that is bound up in our beautiful Flag -
One not made to be burned but one stitched together to be held high
As high as the hopes that beat in our breasts.
Burn the American Flag? Why,
you might as well cremate the conscience of America.

In partaking of the intoxication which freedom brings this Nation should not become drunk.
Why do our Courts insist, ad nauseum, that the level of the American intelligence may be diluted by those, under the guise of freedom, seek not to express legitimate argument but to destroy by blatant and provoking conduct?

The First Amendment, yes, the entire Bill Of Rights, were added to the United States Constitution to be a shield against oppression not a sword for arrogant and self-seeking aggrandizement.
A legal mind is not necessarily a thoughtful mind,
A judicial mind too often falls in love with its own meanderings
The trouble with a Court - a Supreme Court - making a mistake is that no matter how unacceptable it may be its ruling holds - if not forever - for interminable years. Bad legal decision are blights upon the lives of all of us.

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When we look at our Flag, there is seen therein the United States itself.
 The Stripes have clothed us well these last two hundred years.
 The Stars have lighted our way in times of challenge and change.
 The sanctity of our Flag deserves protection.
 Who could incite possibly us more than to see someone
 burn the most precious garment in this land.

Holmes, the Senior, was not a lawyer
 But a very perceptive man
 Holmes, the Senior wrote,
 "One Flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one Nation, evermore."

We are bound by tradition and destiny
 To our Flag - Our American Flag
 It should not be trampled asunder
 By act of a citizen or by Court decree.

"ONE FLAG, ONE LAND, ONE HEART, ONE HAND,
 ONE NATION, EVERMORE."



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ITY AT THE RISK OF BEING
SLAPPED BY GIVING THE RE-
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THE PURPLE QUART

ESTABLISHED IN 1944. AWARDED
FOR HANG-OVERS, D.T.'S AND
BOTTLELY HARM RECEIVED IN
ACTION UNDER ENEMY FIRE WATER.

To The Rear March

by Amil Kohutek

Battery C, 132nd F. BN

I had been in this man's army about three weeks. Every morning from the time I joined Battery C we answered roll call...long before daylight. Sometimes before the morning star peeped above the eastern sky.

Roll was called all present and accounted for "Sir." We were dismissed, and all this time I tried to follow through and do everything they did and just sort of keep a low profile. At least, until I got the hang of all the movements. That particular morning -- must not have been my day. The next formation following breakfast, we were made ready to march out to the motor pool for some close order drill. The Battery was turned over to Sgt. G. Roy Heifrin, a recent Texas A&M grad, just recently graduated from A&M with honors - loud, mean and nasty. I learned soon that he was most proficient in all three. His motto was that he never made a mistake and neither did you.

His first command that morning was right face; every man in the ranks made a right face, that is except me. I do a left face. It took something like a half split second for me to know what I had done and I quickly corrected. In fact, I had done such quick thinking and correcting, the Sgt. never saw this. I learned much later that nothing got past ole' Eagle Eye. After a couple of column rights and column lefts, most were limbered and warmed up. Then ole' Eagle Eye had us hurdling forward when he called or commanded to the rear march. I had never heard of this, never saw one, nor ever took part in this to the rear march. And before I could collect my wits, after being trampled over by half the Battery, I not only picked myself up out of the mud, I was very rudely assisted by Drill Sgt. Heifrin. Seems that he had a double hand full of both shirt pockets; and he turned me loose and I promptly collapsed. With a little more effort, mostly on my part, I found myself standing nose to nose with the Sgt. Seemed like forever. I had to inhale his stale morning after breakfast breath. I detected IW Harper and Jim Bean, mixed with whatever we had for breakfast that Mess Sgt. Wingo had hashed out.

I was subject to the most verbal abuse. I was called names I never dreamed could have been mine -- some I would never call my mules or neighbor's dogs. I stood there trembling and helpless. I said nothing -- I couldn't. I once said, "yessir," but I was told in the most undignified manner that I am never to address non-coms in that manner. Trying to choke down the first "yessir," I just said another. With this, the Sgt. exploded. He went backwards, the only direction or choice he had because he was all over me. Up to then I had no earthly idea where the rest of the formation was. Out of the corner of my eye I saw them at the other end of the motor pool in charge of a two striper.

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The cold-hearted Sgt. decided that if I could not march, that perhaps I could wash dishes. Up to then I had nevr drawn KP. The Sgt., already hoarse from screaming at me, pointed me toward the kitchen. The Mess Sgt., already sitting on the front railing, one leg dangling, giving me the come on finger with the silliest grin I ever saw on a supposed to be human being. I did not even wait to be dismissed. I took a straight beeline towards the kitchen on the double. The Sgt. yelled at me to police up cigarette butts on the way. I sort of turned to acknowledge that by turning my head back in his direction.

As I turned by head back in the direction of the kitchen, I almost collided head on with a Major. Too late, but I made an effort to miss him, and almost did -- just sort of brushed his shoulder. While being observed by the Sgt. who had just dismissed me, the Major I collided with was a World War I retreat (or so they told me). He weighed no more than one hundred fifty pounds soaking wet, and looked as if he was caught out in the rain. He wore ill-fitting rimless glasses, almost on the tip of his skinny nose. His given name was unknown, but he was addressed as Major Forrester. In some circles he was called Winkum, Blinkum & Nod. The later arrivals knew him by the latter name. Up to this incident I had only seen him at a distance. I noted he was all over the place, always walking, stopping and observing troops who were mostly doing close order drill. He sometimes wore a campaign hat that had seen too many winters, followed equally as many summers, out of shape and slouched. A few times he was seen wearing an overseas cap and it was on backwards. His rank insignia was on the back of his head. When meeting him one could not tell if he was coming from you or going to you. I was not about to get myself into another nose touching position. With this I violated all the rules of common behavior and military discipline. I did not apologize for bumping him. I certainly did not salute him, and I left before being dismissed by an officer. If the Major said anything I did not hear him. I was long gone, arriving shortly out of breath, and once more rudely addressed by the Mess Sgt. Lawrence Wingo. Halfways through the door he stopped me -- had to return outside and clean my muddy boots.

Wingo then led me into the kitchen and near a sinkfull of dirty dishes -- hot GI soap water. First, I washed the cups, all seventy-five of them; after rinsing them with clear water was instructed to put them on the far side of the sink. Upon finishing the cups, the slinky Mess Sgt. called me Hoss (in fact, he called everybody Hoss) and found one cup that was rubbed against the sink and one dark spot showed up. I than had to rewash every cup over again. I then started to wash the plates and washed them twice.

Then I was directed to mop the dining room, finished that in record time, or I thought so. Ole' Eagle Eye Wingo found some chewing gum stuck under one of the tables. I am almost sure he put it there. For that I had to mop the floor over again.

At noon, the Battery trooped in; muddy boots, sweating and some were limping. They reminded me that I had caused them to be crippled from the morning incident. I later noticed Sgt. Heifrin fraternizing with some undesirable

characters; every now and then one glanced in my direction. I mopped the kitchen floor. This same gang of cut throats marched in for supper -- more stares. I then again repeated the process for the third and fourth time. About thirty minutes before lights out I was sitting on the edge of my bunk holding a towel and a bar of soap, thinking about a hot shower. My tent mates showed no concern for me. I got no sympathy -- just long faces, which got me to wondering how many of my tent mates did I run over that morning on the drill field. One ventured in a not too humorous manner, that I did in fact run over him and left him crippled. The men in my tent were Tuffy Lanier, Corporal; Baldy Pickard, Tom Hamilton, Dewitt Copeland, and Lem West. Sometime later a new recruit, August Filla, moved in with us. Since they did not overdo the welcome to my presence, I grabbed a towel and soap and headed for the shower.

While in the shower, the men simply ignored me. Then I noticed there was no one else in the shower room. They were still giving me the silent treatment. I returned to my tent and then an acne scarred Pfc., acting charge of quarters, told me that I was being transferred to another tent. He told me to pick up my belongings and move there right now. I thought, Lord, can't this wait, tired as I am. No one offered to help me move; made two trips, found the tent and a bed inside without anybody there. I proceeded to make my bed there, looked around, still no friendly faces. Was about to hit the sack, when that scar-faced Pfc. returned and informed me that I have moved into the wrong tent. Even telling him it was the tent he sent me to, made no difference. I had to move again.

This time I opened the door and saw Aubra Ford hanging from the rafters by his scrawny neck. I never once looked down toward the floor. If I had, I would have noticed he was getting a little support with a foot locker under his feet. I said something like "hey." Aubra moved slightly. I then thought he was still alive. I scattered my personal belongings and hit the door. My mission was to tell the 1st. Sgt. But just before entering the Orderly Room I was stopped by Porter McCreary. He quietly and politely informed me that I was set up, that it was all a joke and to go back and recover my belongings and return to my original tent.

Porter told me how I was just getting the usual initiation. With that I refused to go back into that tent when I had found Aubra Ford supposedly hanging. Porter led the way; the tent was cleared of Ford's ropes and foot locker. Ford told me later that night he sure was tired waiting for me to discover him. (Additional rope was applied and hidden by his shirt collar, which I did not first see).

I moved back into my old tent and was more or less halfway welcomed back. Some snickers were heard into the night. Next morning, following roll call, I was the butt of all jokes. Not knowing about initiation, I thought that part was all over and was given enough time to think I could sit back and watch the next new recruit come in. Little did I know that they were not through

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with me yet. Several days later on a Saturday morning just before inspection, (my first ever) I was not informed how to act or even what to say. Only minutes before a herd of staff officers came charging into the Battery street. The same scar-faced Pfc., charge of quarters, told me to move all my equipment. Moving into a tent with Sgt. G. Roy Heifrins, I did not look forward with joy. Moving into a tent with a Sgt. who just a few days before had blown his stark, stale breath all over me, was not something to look forward to.

For reasons unknown the Sgt. was almost pleasantly human. He even showed me how to display my personal items, just enough pleasantness that I was beginning to feel a touch of gentleness. This however, was of a short duration. When the Sgt. and his section discovered that every issue I had was brand new, and all of theirs made Louisiana twice and a few times to Placious, this was not working in the Sgt.'s favor. Something had to be done. It was time to start standing by for inspection. Somehow the Sgt. slipped one of his hirlings outside the tent and went for the Supply Sgt. The Supply Sgt.'s helper arrived out of breath, and told me to turn in all my equipment and that later I was being transferred into another Arty Unit. I had just time to scoop up everything I had displayed on the bed, deposit it with the Supply Sgt. I arrived just ahead of a gang of officers, standing at my bunk. I do not remember what went on when a chicken hawk-like Lt. Col., with a strap tight across his chin advanced on me. He knew everybody in that tent, except me. His first words thoroughly rattled me. The best I can remember he said, "Who do we have here?" I did not answer him - I might have used one word like "me" or "mine," nothing else. I simply stood there paralyzed. The Col. wanted to know who I was -- was I a General, Colonel, or an Admiral? About that time, the recently graduated A&M Sgt. screams at the top of his lungs, "Kohutek, answer the Col."

As I sit here pounding this battered machine trying to put into print some things that happened more than fifty years ago, my storehouse of memories has sprung a leak. I do not remember the correct words used at anytime. Very likely, as I stood there harrassed by a Col. and chewed out by a Sgt., at the same time, I may not have heard. I think I heard the Col. then address the Sgt. He might have told the Sgt. that this tent was confined to camp for the weekend. With that, he walked out. As he disappeared I thought I heard some snickers and a hoarse laugh. I am sure was intended for me.

I was about to sit down on my bunk, light a cigarette when about six troopers hurled themselves on me. I could not even fight them off. I was called some unkind, dirty names and harshly told that I had caused them to stay in camp. I worked my way outside. Someone stuck his head in the tent and said that if anyone was riding to Weatherford with the Col. to be at the motor pool. So, during lunch there were only enough men left to set up one table. Later, I was told to retrieve my personal belongings from the Supply Sgt. I was then told to move back into my original tent. I spent the evening alone with Tom Hamilton. Then a Pfc., Tom, somewhat older than me, was a fatherly type.

For me he was not the kind that one would unload problems on. I think he suspected that I had had a rough time and was brutally hazed. He could offer no remedy. He did say that next week I would not be subjected as much, and that the hazers would likely pick someone else.

Later that evening, sitting on the side kitchen doorstep, warmed by the late evening sun, I noticed an officer coming toward me. I stood up and awkwardly stood at attention. When he motioned me at ease and told me to sit down, it was the Regimental Chaplain. I was not yet schooled as to what a chaplain is or does. He soon put me at ease. I sat back down on the steps. He remained standing. He started off easy enough by asking me where I came from, my age, and church preference. Then he asked me how did I like the Army. Up until then, I did not think it was a good idea to lie. So I told him. He expressed shock. It then dawned on me that he might be in cahoots with the hazers. I then clammed up; he was trying to assure me that everything was going to be alright. He got nothing more out of me. I just got up and walked away from him. Another mistake; walking away from an officer when addressing an enlisted man is a violation. I did just that; however, nothing ever came of this, being he was a Chaplain. I went to my quarters, a tent about halfway down the Battery Street, thinking about walking toward Kruger Hill and a tent movie showing Clark Gable with "Gone With the Wind."

First, I had better seek permission from the Staff Sgt. in charge of the Battery. As I walked toward his tent, I saw two men carrying a stretcher through the door with Staff Sgt. Stoneface Monk Waldrop on board. I pulled up short and watched. The two men took him across an opening and into A Battery area; a tent exactly like the one he lived in, and deposited him on a bed. Probably someone's who was gone for the weekend. Monk was well on his usual way into the juices. He did not wake up until Sunday morning, only to discover he was in the wrong bed. Monk spoke two languages -- English and profane, quite fluently on the latter. I then seeked out the second in command to get permission to go to a movie and found Sgt. Sam Smith in the prone position in his own bed reading a wild west weekly. I would not dare interrupt him.

Monday morning an incident happened that might have distracted the hazers off me. As we milled around before daylight that morning a rumor of sorts was making the round that 1st Sgt. Pokie Barker got whipped in a fist fight and that it happened just off the Weatherford Courthouse steps. No one seemed to know who he had a fight with. It was too dark to see if Sgt. Pokie had any scratch marks or black eyes. Even at the best of time Sgt. Pokie was never in the best of moods. It was noticed that he was in a sour mood. After the usual short speech by Captain Frank Fulgham, Sgt. Pokie announced for all to hear for Pvt. Hiram D. Atichison to report to the Captain in the orderly room on the double. Those that saw Atich walk by could not tell if he had been beaten. However, before the day was over, the truth or what we took to be true, seems that Atich arrived home the weekend from Camp Bowie. As usual he was drunk. Later he started beating on his wife. We are told from

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someone that knew him that Atich had a reputation of beating up his wife (seems he had several wives). Well, anyway, the wife escaped the beating and ran to a neighbor who called the police. Thus, Pvt. Atichison was in jail Saturday night. The sheriff called his friend, Pokie Barker and asked him to come and get Atich and take him back to camp. Somehow Atich and Pokie walked out of the Courthouse together, and on the south steps entered into a fistcuffs. Since Atich had far more experience cracking knuckles, Pokie was thoroughly whipped.

It is not known what penalty Atich got, but a good bet is he cleaned the cracks in the kitchen floor with a toothbrush. With this "adventure" I might have been saved for I spent the whole week on the drill field. I even mastered the rear march. It was after the war before I actually saw "Gone With the Wind." Home in civies, I borrowed a 1931 Whippet Roadster with a rumble seat and at the first drive in movie in town, I took my family to see what I missed -- "Gone With the Wind."

Now, fifty years later, I think about my uneventful time as a raw recruit and those that caused me bodily harm. And you can rest assured that those hazers have never been invited to my Christmas Party!



SALERNO — 9 September 1943 — Men of the 36th (Texas) Division swarm ashore, first American troops to assault Hitler's continental fortress . . . the Germans are ready, rake the beaches with their artillery and '88's', bomb it from the air, throw five panzer attacks, all beaten, off during D-Day. . . . Troops fight their way inland, engage heavily at Altavilla, then on the 13th the whole beachhead is imperiled by a powerful all-out German effort to split Allied forces . . . but gallantly a last line of defense firmly holds and the beachhead is secure . . . 'Bloody Salerno' they called it.

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Six In A Coupe

by Francis Duffy, wife of Virgil Duffy
Co. M, 142nd Infantry

In 1942 in Onset, Mass. located on the Atlantic Ocean where you could see ships burning where we lived. This was War time and the Germans were busy. It was one of the most exciting times of my life. The people of this little community, would cross away, from where they could see any wild Texans, as we were called. Where Tex Ritter played at the one and only local movie, but no one complained, it was a night out. Back then a dollar bill looked like a hundred dollars today, so money was very scarce. Got a job in the cranberry factory in the next city of Falmouth, but sorry to say I didn't last very long. I was as confused as a 16 year old could be. I was ashamed of not being smart enough to work in a factory, that I made like I went to work each day, but payday came and no paycheck, so back to the drawing board: for a way for that necessary evil-money. As I look back it was sure a good thing beans were not expensive, and when a little salad dressing was mixed in with them they were not bad. I'm sure, as I look back I really never thought about not having everything I had been used to. I came to be with my 36th husband. Men were



Francis and Virgil Duffy

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getting their throats cut by some weird person on the base at Camp Edwards and a little submarine with enemy agents was in the bay, so food was at that time the least of our worries. Then we could only think of the day we knew would come when the 36th would go overseas, so there was plenty to think about, but thank God for youth for there's always a new day tomorrow and finding pleasure in it. There was talk of us getting a few days leave. Boy, all we could think of was Texas, never thinking of how far away home was, if only for one day. Now Virgil and I had one problem - we had no car, but now that could be worked out; all we had to do was find other people as interested as we were to go home and make sure one of them had a car. One of the couples, the Elmer Browns, wanted to go also, but they were short a car as we were. All of this planning for that day. Well that day came when we finally got a few days off. Boy we were Texas bound. After all it was only a hop and a jump from where we were in Onset, Mass. We were all excited about going home for a few days. There was only one problem: money and transportation. Not much to worry about when you're still in your teens. The answer came. One of the men had a coupe automobile; you know that's one seat with a little hole over the seat where if you worked it just right you could make your body fit, very close. We made the arrangements with the man from the 36th, but we had no idea another couple, the Elmer Browns, had also. But this was no big deal. The man and his wife, Virgil and I, and the Browns all loaded into this car to travel across country to Texas. But you know each person had a place, and we knew not to be too particular. After all, we were going home. The trunk lid of the car was propped with a stick where we wouldn't get gas poisoning, where the fresh air could keep us alive. We all took turns in the trunk. None was excluded except the owner of the car and his wife. Oh what a trip! This I will never forget. We traveled day and night. After all, who could afford a motel room, and we didn't have that much time. There was ice so deep on the mountains we couldn't get up them front ways, so we had to back up. I think back now and I thank God for that period of time when I had very little sense, for I knew no better. New York was something else, we went around in circles for one hour before a policeman noticed the same car with Texas plates kept coming by. He finally stopped us and pointed in the right direction. I'm sure he was thinking they need a lot of help to get wherever they're going. When I look back at all of this, in today's standards, we were right in style. Women in men's overcoats, not for style, but for warmth. That old G.I. blanket is definitely very warm. It was tested in the trunk of that coupe. I can say I rode from Mass. to Texas with these friends and with all we went through with, it was the most exciting time of my life. Not having the money to buy a good meal never entered our mind that times were tough, when you're in love nothing else bothers you, after all you're together. We rode the Pennsylvania Turnpike in style - six in a coupe. One day we will return to go over this same route, but not in the trunk of a coupe. But we got to Wichita Falls, Texas after 3 days of traveling night and day. When we finally arrived home, I will never forget the expres-

sion on my mother's face. She said, "Lord, Frances, where have you been?" We were black from all of the exhaust fumes. Boy, were we lucky we were not overcome by fumes. It took 3 days coming and we had 3 days to visit, but it was worth the trip for those few days we would have at home. We traveled back the same way we came, with parents begging us to take a train, but after all, our way was paid for the return trip. The years have passed, but I will never forget this trip, and I look back on it with laughter and a sense of pride. Those 4,000 miles were an experience.

The time came after we returned from the experience of six in a coupe for us to move to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. I went along, for I knew it was getting close to the time of the 36th departure. Where we went there were no rooms for rent, up in those mountains. No problem. I picked out the biggest and nicest looking house and figured I would give it a try on renting a room from them. I rung the door bell and told them my problem. I was treated with the utmost respect and given a lovely bedroom. The people were fantastic to Virgil and me. We ate in the dining room with the family and were treated like family, at no cost to us. This was lovely, with the old general store down the road with orange sherbet cones for sale, and I had my share. Then that day came again when it was moving time. We went to Fredricksburg, Va. We got a place to live. Each visit Virgil made home he would always say, "If I do not come home after one week and no call, you head for Texas." That day did come and after the wait and no call, I went back to Texas.

With all my experiences with the men of the 36th, I would like to tell how I feel about them. When I think of a 36th Division person I think of one with very wonderful attributes. Some of which are very patriotic in every sense. You would never catch one of them burning the flag. For that flag stands for more than words could ever express. Men fought and died for that flag. Country none like their country in the world, where Freedom rings, and a man is free to express himself. Ability, all had the ability to do what was needed of them. Courage, Oh, the courage it took when the order came for that very important battle. Each one would give all they had. Determination, there was plenty of that. Devotion was top on the list, devotion to God, Home, Family, and the 36th. Love was expressed in each letter that went home. All of these qualities the men of the 36th had, but the women that kept the home fires burning possessed all of these. They spent most of their waking hours in fear of the unknown. Not knowing from one moment to the next what the day might bring. When the telephone rang, the heart would leap; afraid it might be the call of the loved one missing in action, dead, or injured. Yes, we can all be proud of the men, but do not forget the women who waited patiently, praying for the safety of that loved one. Many years have come and gone, but the life with that T-Patcher is very exciting. Still devoted as much as ever to all he believes in. Thank You God for these men and women that give of themselves.

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“We’re On Our Way”

by T/5 George A. Benton

U.S. Army, Company A, 143rd Infantry

Editors Note: This manuscript came into my possession from Jary's files. I have found nothing to identify the author's home address or if he yet survives. If someone can provide information on him, this will be printed in a subsequent issue.

New Years Eve 1943, on a train bound for Ft. Meade, Md., are a group of G.I.'s. As the hour approaches the end of the year and the beginning of a new, we just sit there and think, now what is in store for us? We have just been home on a short furlough after completing 17 weeks of Infantry Training at Fort McCellan, Ala. Now we are on our way to a P.O.E. There is some gaiety among us, but we can't help thinking when it is going to be that we will see the folks back home again, and what the future has in store for us. There are so many rumors going around, the War will be over before we get across, maybe we will stay in the States, etc. If we knew then what we know now.

Upon arriving at Ft. Meade, we were given the works, namely processing, that all men get before going overseas. We were given some liberty, with the warning that at any time we would be alerted for shipment. After a week at the Fort, we were sent to a camp down south, Patrick Henry, Va. Again we went through the same routine. A little more than a week was spent here and we were loaded on a Liberty ship, the "General A.A. Anderson." What a ship she was. A floating city in itself. We stayed on board at the docks for two days, and on the morning of January 21, 1944 bid goodbye to the good old United States.

After an uneventful crossing of 10 days, we landed in Oran, Africa. How far away that seemed from home. The land of the Arabs and hot sun. Our thoughts were that we would stay here and probably take some more training or maybe be stationed here. We found out soon enough that again we were wrong.

We got off the "Anderson" and on to a Polish ship manned by a British crew called the "Sobeski." What a tub she was. Now where to? We watched while the mail was being loaded and saw that it was labeled for Naples, Italy.

So that's where we were going to end up. Still we thought we would somehow not get to the front lines for some time yet. The Fronts were at "Cassino" and "Anzio" at the time, and those points seemed a long way from Naples to us. In five days we were in Naples. Some place it was. Skeletons of buildings standing after many bombings, men and women with children begging for food, filth everywhere. We gave all we could to them as we marched to the R.R. station on our way to the Replacement Depot.

Time has passed and after four days in the depot, the date being February 9th, we were loaded into trucks, 32 men to a vehicle with full equipment. Where we were going, no one knew, and if they did, would not tell us. In a few short hours we were to find out for ourselves. We traveled at a fast pace up what I now know to be Route #6, the road to "Cassino."

Our first knowledge that we were on the way to the front was when "Jerry" spotted the convoy and started to shell the road. We were too dumb to know what it was all about, until one of the trucks was hit. We left the vehicles and sought shelter in the fields. Our first baptism of fire, and not one of us cannot admit that we were plenty scared. Words cannot express what it is to go through an artillery barrage that is meant to get you, and not knowing when the shell with your name on it, will hit. The shelling did not last long and once again we were on our way. None of the boys in our gang were hit.

After spending a night on a mountain top, lost, and with shells going overhead both ways, we were rounded up in the morning and taken to the rear bivouac of our new outfit.

After some chow and after we had "dug in," we were given our new address, Co. A, 143rd Infantry, 36th Division. We were now with the boys from Texas. We were all proud to be members of this outfit. They had a fine record and were now holding on one of the toughest fronts of this campaign, "Cassino."

We were on the side of a mountain overlooking the town of Cassino with the Abby in the background and Mt. Cario on the right. We did not know what our jobs were going to be until about 3:00 P.M. that afternoon. We were then told that we were to be "Mule Skinners," hauling supplies up to the troops on the Front. Many of us did not know the first thing about a mule, but we were told that all we had to do was lead him up the mountain trails and he would do the rest. The trip took about 14 hours, down muddy roads, across streams, and up and down mountain trails. We were told that mules were more valuable than men and that whatever happened, to bring the mule up there with his load and get him back safe in the morning. Words cannot describe the hardships that we went through on those trips. The nights were bright moonlight and we were under the observation of the "Jerries" many times. They kept shelling the trails and many boys were lost. I and most of the other boys were fortunate to reach the top and get back safely. I was kicked in the shins by a stubborn mule and that put me out of commission for some time. I finally was taken to the hospital with a high fever due to exposure. I spent ten days

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in the 10th Field Hospital and rejoined the outfit at Piedimonte where they went after being relieved at Cassino.

We spent a ten-day rest there and had a chance to see some of the sights of Italy. We were able to see Pompei, Mt. Vesuvius, Naples and Caserta. Some of us were given a five-day rest in Caserta. In a short time we moved to Maddaloni, where we took basic training all over again, then to Avellino, where we took two months of very strenuous mountain training. No one knew where we were headed for next, but we did know that we were to see action soon again. On the 21st of May, we were moved to the Texas staging area and our next stop was "Anzio."

Arriving at Anzio on the 24th of May, we were told that the Front was going to open an all-out offensive to Rome. On the 25th of May, we started. Under a terrific artillery barrage we started the attack. There are many things that I can say at this time, but words fail me to express the feeling of one participating in an attack. You just keep going on amid a hail of shells and bullets, wondering when one is going to get you and sometimes not caring. Our advance was swift until we hit the vicinity of Velletri. Velletri is a town that is situated on high ground and the Germans had it well fortified and were looking down our throats as they have so many times before. At noon on the day for the attack on the town, the platoon that I was in was sent on a combat mission to probe for enemy strength around the town. I must say that we found out plenty. One company of the battalion was up ahead ready to make an attack and we were then told that we would follow up the attack in support. I much would have rather been in on the attack, as the "Jerries" started throwing in a barrage of "88's" and we in the support platoon were getting it all. Standing next to a house shooting at a sniper, I was momentarily stunned by a shell that hit on the roof of the house. I was thrown to the ground amid a hail of shrapnel, debris and dirt. I got back on my feet and found that I had a small piece of shrapnel in my left hand. I pulled it out, got first aid and was back in the attack again. There were many others that needed assistance more than I did. The company ahead had shifted to the left and were setting up a defense, we were told to stay put, hold the left flank and dig in around some tanks. Little did we know what was ahead of us.

After digging in and getting a little rest, we heard some disturbance up ahead. Pretty soon a shell came over and hit one of the tanks. It looked now like they had us spotted. Some of the boys were getting hurt and something had to be done. We could hear the Germans talking, telling us that we were surrounded and to surrender. They had us in a spot allright. Some of us decided to make for it and try and get help. We jumped up out of our holes and took off for the rear where we knew there would be fresh troops and help. All hell broke loose when they saw us. I don't know to this day why we were not hit then. We did not go far and saw reinforcements coming up. That was a happy sight to see. They went forward and drove the Germans off as we saw to it that our wounded were picked up and cared for. Our force had been cut down to

about two squads now and we thought that we were due for a rest, but we were replaced to full strength and sent out on another attack mission. This time it turned out we were just a platoon in the attack and we ran into overwhelming resistance. There must have been more than a company of Germans ahead, as they really gave us a pounding. We were being slaughtered and after losing our platoon leader, platoon Sargeant, we decided every man for himself and withdrew. There were only 7 men left out of that platoon of 39 men. We did not stay back for long, just time enough to get our breath and more men, and move forward again. We were not long on the line when another company came up to relieve us and we were sent back to our original company. While we were fighting rear guard action around Vallettri, Rome had fallen and our outfit was resting just north of the city. They had been through some rough places on their push also.

After a rest of about 10 minutes, we started out on our push above Rome. The first day was a walk of about 20 miles with just a few light clashes with the enemy. They were now in full retreat to the North and we were pushing close on their heels. Most of the captives were Poles, who had been forced to stay behind and hold us. They usually surrendered as we approached their positions. This advance continued for a number of days until we approached Grosseto. We formed for the attack on the town at dawn and went in under strong artillery support. We reached the town only to find that the Germans had evacuated. We set up in the town and were throwing a few shells into it every now and then, which made us sweat some. Finally, the time came for us to push on, and it was pouring rain which made it that much tougher. We started to attack various hills and small towns with light resistance from the enemy. We pushed like this for about a week and then rumors started going around that we were due to be relieved soon. These kept up, and about ten days after they started, we were relieved by the 34th, "Red Bull" division. What a feeling it was to know that for at least a few weeks we would not have to do any more fighting.

We were convoyed down to the outskirts of Rome and informed that everyone would be given a pass to see the city. Most of us were fortunate enough to get into town for two days. We took in all the sights we could in that short time. We only stayed in this area for about a week and then were shipped up to Civitavecchia, from there, boat to Salerno and then by convoy to our bivouac area near the beaches. Our orders were to undergo tough amphibious training and that meant only one thing to us, an Invasion. Where would we land, that was the question to be answered?

Our training took us through the rest of July and the first week in August. No passes were issued and we didn't care as we did not have much time off for pleasure anyway. After a day at the beaches you were ready to crawl in the tent and hit the hay.

This training was almost as rough as the mountain training we had taken before going up to Anzio. The harder you trained and the more you learned the better your chances were of living through the coming Invasion, so we

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trained hard. The Veterans in the Division had been through one before at Salerno, but it was to be our first and we wanted to know all the ropes.

The second week in August we were moved to a staging area just outside of Naples. There we went through an actual invasion, all that was missing was the enemy. That was called a Dry Run. The next one would be a Wet Run, or the real thing. We left the vicinity of Naples on the 12th of August, and went to Corsica. This took a day and a night. On the 14th, we took off for our point of Invasion. After we were three miles out we were told just where we were going. We were to invade the coast of Southern France. D-Day was to be August 15th. H-Hour was to be 0800 hours. Our Regiment was to land in the 8th wave, coming in on L.C.I.'s at H plus 1 ¼ or 0915 hours.

As we neared the beach there was intense Naval bombardment going on. Planes were passing overhead with their load of bombs and men. Everyone was ready to take off across the beach the moment the ship touched. Now we could see the assault boats heading for the beach and we knew it wouldn't be long and we would be there too. Judging by my own thoughts I would say that everyone was thinking of home, in those last few moments, and wondering if we would ever see our loved ones again. Finally the word came for us to get ready. We would hit the shore in 10 minutes. We lined up and just waited for almost anything to happen. Maybe we would hit a mine, maybe the artillery would get us, in Army terms, we were "sweating it out."

The ship grounded at exactly 0903, a little ahead of schedule. We scurried across the beach amid machine gun fire and a few shells. We were carrying a heavy load and many of us began to make our loads lighter so that we could move faster. Our company was to take two hills about three miles off the beach and now we could see them in the background. We headed for them as fast as we could. Many dropped behind us as the going was really rough. I managed to keep up after dropping out once for a short break. This was no place to lose contact with the outfit. We gained the first hill only to find that the "Jerries" were on the other hill looking down on us and giving us hell. Some planes bombed the hill and we made the attack. The Germans had again fled to another position. We kept after them all day and part of the night. We lost contact with the rest of the Regiment and ran into stiff resistance. We say that we were outnumbered, so we backtracked and tried to contact the rest of the outfit.

We succeeded in doing this after some time and continued our path. After three days of this, the beachhead was fully established and we were given a three-day rest. We got a chance to see a small French town and talk to some of the people. The French were the best people that we had ever run across. They were very friendly and couldn't do enough for the American soldier. Anything that they had was ours for the asking. After having nothing but stale K-rations, the fresh bread, eggs, milk, etc. that they offered us was a God-send.

Our rest was over now, so we started out again, for an advance on some more hills. On one of these I captured my first German while on guard. The other boys were taking a cat nap, which we all did every chance we got. He

didn't put up much resistance and was easily taken. We learned from him that most of the Germans were trying to get back to the north and into Germany for a final stand.

Many things I cannot remember at this time and I am only touching the high spots. Days went by and it was the same old thing, small clashes and plenty of prisoners taken. One fight that we had will always remain in my mind. Our company was detached from the main body to help out a company from another regiment that had run into trouble and needed reinforcements. We were loaded into trucks and taken to their positions as fast as possible. Sniper fire was going on all about, but we just crouched low and kept on going. We were hidden in some woods until our C.O. got all the information from the other C.O. Finally we moved up. The company there before us was shot up badly and they sure were glad to see us come up and relieve them. We didn't feel so good about it because we knew that we were in for a good fight. Our position was on a bank and the Germans were below us, they had good cover and we couldn't figure out where their fire was coming from.

Our C.O. (Lt. Kahn) decided to pour in mortars and try and make them give up. The mortar crew did a fine job and we all agreed that we were glad that we were not sweating out that barrage. The mortars kept it up and everyone fired any weapon that they could get their hands on. The "Jerrys" couldn't stand it any longer and asked to surrender. They started out of their positions and when it was all over we had taken 183 prisoners. When they saw what a small force we had they sure were mad. It was a real victory for Company A. It turned out that they were an Intelligence outfit and we got plenty of useful information from them.

While we were on this assignment the rest of the outfit had moved on, and we advanced 105 miles on tanks before we caught up to them. After a days rest we pushed on to some hills overlooking a valley where some French patriots were battling it out with a large force of Germans. The French would never let us help and wanted to do as much as they could to destroy the enemy who had been ruling them for so long.

We afforded artillery support and watched the battle from the hills. Finally an order came down for one company to back up an attack being made by the French. "A" company was picked and we started down off the hills. The battle was going strong and after about a two hour battle the Jerries had enough and started to surrender. The main group of our forces moved on to Grenoble and we stayed back to set up a road block in case the Germans tried to come back around the flanks. The Division rested at Grenoble for three days and we caught up to them on the last day getting prepared to move out again.

The next event that I well remember was the battle for the Rhone River Valley. The 3rd, and 45th divisions had moved through us while we were in rest and were ahead of us setting up an attack for the valley. We traveled by truck and foot all night and reached the line of departure for the attack at dawn.

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All night long our planes and artillery had been pounding the German positions in preparation for the attack. We rested a short time and then moved out of the hills and into the valley. For three days we went on mop-up patrols and I have never before seen so many German dead and so much equipment destroyed.

At this point I want to pay tribute to the Air Corps and say what a wonderful job they did in close support of the Infantry.

After the clean up of the valley we once again started on our way. We continued our advance and many more battles for small towns were won as I am coming to the end of my story.

Lyons had been won after a swift 30-mile advance by us on foot and in pouring rain, and we pushed to within 25 miles of Belfort. The day that will always remain in my memory, we had an objective of a rather large town. It was a clear, bright and quiet day as we had not run into any resistance as yet. We passed through a town called Abelcourt and started out for another town to our front. Upon reaching an open field we encountered artillery and mortar fire. One platoon was picked to go on a patrol and see what was up ahead. They did not go far when they were pinned down by superior fire from the Germans. After we laid down an artillery barrage they made their way back to the main body of troops. It was decided then that our whole company would make an attack. We pushed off but again were held down and started to suffer heavy casualties. We withdrew for reinforcements and the hour of the next attack was set for that night at 2200 hours. Many of the old bunch were lost in the other two attacks and now there was just a handful of us left who had gone through so much together. We started up the side of a road leading into the town at the scheduled hour of the attack. We were told that the Germans probably had withdrawn under the cover of darkness, but we found out soon enough that was wrong. It was not far up the road that we were exposed by flares and caught in a trap. At the first burst of a machine gun I was hit and thus started on my way back and into the rear echelon.

Luckily I was able to walk at times and then crawl as I made my way back alone to the aid station. After receiving first aid I was removed to the 111th Medical Bn. a few miles to the rear. The next morning, after a 25 mile ambulance ride, I arrived at the 36th Clearing Station, a section of the medics where wounded were sorted out, emergency operations given, if needed, and you are assigned to an evacuation station, or general hospital. Another ambulance ride brought me to an air evacuation hospital where the first step was to have an xray taken. I was under morphine all this time and did not suffer much. My xray showed a bullet imbedded in my right buttocks. I was given a quick local operation and the bullet was removed. The following morning I had my first airplane ride which I didn't like but could not object to under the conditions. One more night was spent near Marsallies, and another plane ride brought me back to Naples, the starting point of my combat career. I spent 5 weeks in the 300th General hospital where I met up with some of the boys

from my old outfit who had been wounded that same day. Upon being released from the hospital I was transferred to the 7th Replacement depot and after a week there to the outfit of which to this day I am still a member.

If it was not for the wonderful job that the medics did, myself and thousands of others would not be able this day to be alive and looking forward to returning to our homes and loved ones.

What happened to some of the other boys, I have yet to find out. I met many of them in the hospitals that I traveled through and in the replacement depot back in Naples. Some are still here in Italy, some are back home, and some will never leave here. The full story will never be known until we all get back to the states and can look up one another. It cannot be long now and I and the rest of the boys who are left over here will be on our way back to "God's Country."

So my story ends, the story of a bunch of real guys, and real soldiers. I cannot end this without mentioning the names of some who are still in my memory and who I expect to see again some day. The "We" I tell about in this story are namely, as well as I can remember at this time, Banvart, Barger, Blankenship, Bilbrey, and yours truly.

MUSEUM PROPOSALS

A year ago this month, the Brownwood Celebration Committee was asked to cooperate in the Brown County Museum located in the old jail house in Brownwood. As additional property became available, the participation desired was increased.

The leaders of several civic and development organizations have joined forces in the Brownwood Industrial Foundation and have proposed that the Sant Fe Depot (one of the few listed in the National Historical Registry) be acquired for the establishment of a 36th Infantry Division Museum. The Depot contains a rare Harvey House which makes the location even more rare. Many other attractions are planned in connection with this proposal and will be covered fully as they materialize.

"Rusty" Pope, Assn. President, is appointing a "Task Force" to work with the Brownwood leadership to fully explore this offer, promote, foster and assist in establishing a first class museum in Brownwood, Tx. An organizational meeting will be held, probably before this T-Patcher is mailed,

to meet with the Brownwood Civic Improvement Foundation at the same time.

In very recent days, the Association has been made aware of plans for a National Guard Museum for Texas at Camp Mabry are in the process of getting off the ground. Building 6 (once used as a mess hall) is presently undergoing voluntary work to prepare the building for museum usage. Colonel (Retired) John C.L. Scribner, the Adjutant General's Department historian, says that he hopes to have some displays ready by the next Muster Day in the fall of 1991.

President Pope and some members of the 36th Division Task Force will meet with Col. Scribner at Camp Mabry the weekend of April 12 & 13th. Early indications are that the 36th Infantry and 49th Armored Divisions will share a space in building 6. Results of this meeting will be reported at a later date.

Without currently knowing the full requirements and responsibilities for the 36th Div. Assn., it would seem that we should be able to generate sufficient material to accommodate both of these proposals.

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The Night I Slept With a Dead Man

by *Flavius B. Hall*
Company F, 143-Cook

November, 1944 the 2nd Battalion 143 was in and around the newly captured town of Corix. The Battalion was preparing to attack the town of Kiepuver, about five miles north. The enemy was now frantic in their effort to halt the 36th Division's advance to the north, their escape route through the pass to the Alsace plains.

It was raining just before dark when the Co. F Kitchen pulled into town to serve hot coffee and C-rations that night. Breakfast of pancakes and bacon before daylight the next morning.

When we reached the house that was earlier posted for Co. F Kitchen, Bob Nowell said, "This must be it; let's move in!"

As we began to unload, a captain walked out and said that the 2nd Battalion aid station was moving in here. Bob told him that he would have to take that up with the Lieutenant and tacked that Co. F. Kitchen sign on the post. After a few harsh words, and the word "Court Marshall" was mentioned a few times, we moved in. We set the kitchen up on a closed inside porch.

After we had fed the Co. F Troops hot coffee and C-rations, I began to look around for a good place to bed down for the night. I noticed a stack of stretchers in a room, so I tried one out. I told my buddy that this was it. I told the duty guard where I would be, and to wake me up at 3:00 a.m. I rolled my blanket out on the stretcher and went to sleep.

During the night, the medics brought in some wounded G.I.'s. The doctor did what he could to keep them alive for evacuation to the hospital. They were put in the room with me to wait for transportation. Sometime after midnight, I was aroused by the medic's moving around the room with flashlights. I asked, "What's going on?" I was told that the ambulance had shown up to take you all to the hospital. By now, I was wide awake. I told the medic that I was a Co. F cook, and the stretcher looked like a good place to sleep.

After they had moved all the men out across the room from me, I said, "Aren't you going to take this man over here next to me." The medic replied, "No, he's dead."

When the guard came by to wake me up, we were already in the kitchen cooking hot cakes and bacon. I can't remember at this point (47 years later) if Mess Sgt. Bob Nowell was present that morning. If he was, he was most likely called after the chow had been packed in momite cans (10 gal. thermos containers).

When I opened the front door, there was another dead G.I. lying just outside in the rain. I remember that very well. We would have had to step over him to load the jeep. I told the driver to bring the jeep around to a side window to load it.

Again, I can't remember who carried the chow to the front, Bob or myself.

To my knowledge, Co. F Kitchen was the only one in the 36th Division who ever moved in with a Battalion aid station. We moved out the next day.

If there ever is a next time and a captain walks out and says the 2nd Battalion aid station is moving in here, I will say "Yes Sir" and keep on going.



WorldWarTwoVeterans.org

36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION'S T-PATCH

MARCH 20, 1948

TEXAS SERVICE MEDAL ISSUED

1. Pursuant to the provisions of Concurrent Resolution No. 17, Forty-eighth Legislature of Texas, Regular Session, and approved by The Governor on February 18, 1943, an appropriate medal has been designed and executed in accordance with the mandates contained in such resolution; The Texas Service Medal having been approved and authorized under the provisions of General Order No. 1, Adjutant General's Department of Texas, dated January 4, 1934, is hereby authorized for award to all citizens of the State of Texas within the limitations defined in this Order; and it is hereby awarded in recognition of and in testimony of the gratitude of the people of Texas for service in the armed forces of our Nation as set forth therein.

2. THE TEXAS SERVICE MEDAL.

a. The Texas Service Medal is awarded to all citizens of the State of Texas who served honorably in the forces of the United States including the army, navy and marine corps during the

- (1) Spanish-American War
- (2) Philippine Campaign
- (3) Mexican Punitive Expedition
- (4) Mexican Border Service
- (5) The World War I
- (6) The World War II

or any other service with the armed forces which the United States shall in the future recognize as a military campaign by a distinctive service ribbon.

4. (4) When application blank has been properly filled out and witnessed it should be forwarded with remittance of one dollar (\$1.00) to the Adjutant General for approval and transmission to the Lewis Military Supply Company. Checks or money orders should be made payable to the Lewis Military Supply Company which has been designated as the sole manufacturer of these medals.
BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNOR:

K. L. BERRY
Major General
The Adjutant General of Texas.

A Day With The Recon Troop

From the journal of the 36th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop

Provided by: Dan Ray

On 14th of January, 1944, seven replacements (radio operators) were received from 2nd Replacement Depot, Personnel Center #6. On 18th of January, 1944, the troop less advance element under 1st. Lieutenant Roger L. Gutterman, C-1030247, moved to a new bivouac (015083) vicinity Mignano: miles traveled per vehicle 24.7 total elapsed time for movement of all elements 4 hours, 30 minutes.

Second Lieutenant Robert W. Body, 0-1031783, and six enlisted men established an Observation post 19th January, 1944 on Mt. Maggiore near Voillevona (950110) The OP was set up to provide G-2 with up-to-minute shell report and immediate information on enemy movements and installations. This OP was designated No. 1, at 2000 the commanding officer received alert for the following missions.

Secret

1. Cross Rapido River behind 143rd Infantry Regiment on Division order.
2. Outpost the line of the Liri River west of its junction with the Rapido River.
3. Contact 45th Division (BR) at junction of Rapido River and Liri River initially.
4. Maintain contact with 143rd Infantry Regiment on its right.
5. Protect left flank of bridge head.

The mission, however, was called off before anything more than a brief personnel reconnaissance of the terrain on the far shore from point of vantage on the near side could be made.

Observation post No. 2 on Mt. Troochis (888180) was set up by 2nd Lieutenant Frank C. Anderson, Jr. 0-1030321 of the first platoon. The OP was able to tie into another unit's line and to communicate with Division G-2 by telephone. A half-track with SCR193 radio was also set up at the base of the mountain, the section CP for emergency means of communication. This use of radio communication was for only in an emergency.

In addition to this detachment from the troop we were also called on to lay screening smoke in the Mt. Porhia-Mt. Troohio area under the supervision of the Division C.W.S. officer. These detachments operated during daylight hours of the 21st and 22nd of January. At 1415 on the 22nd the troop was called on by Division G-3 to supply three officers and seventy-two enlisted men with 24- $\frac{1}{4}$ /ton trucks for a traffic control detail in the 141st Infantry sec-

tor. This detail was to last two days.

First Lieutenant Raymond R. Webb, 0-385322, in command of the detachment, left in advance to receive final instruction from Brigadier General Wilbur at the 141st Infantry C.P. The detachment alerted for his call.

At 2115 the call came from Lieutenant Webb to meet a guide on Highway 6 at RJ72 (903181). The detachment under Lieutenant Gutterman reached the 141st Infantry CP (898172) at 2300 hours.

When the detachment arrived they were informed that the traffic control detail had been cancelled. Instead, the mission of establishing certain strong points on the 141st Infantry sector along the Rapido River was assigned the group. Further, the use of vehicles was prohibited beyond San Lucia (886168).

The detachment moved out to San Lucia where the men unloaded and 22 of the ¼-ton trucks under Lieutenant Donald R. Magruder, 0-463935, were sent back to troop.

The remaining forty-eight enlisted men and two officers proceeded to accomplish the mission. Four strong points in all were established, each with a light machine gun and ten men. Two (873170) and (873176) were under the command of S/Sgt. James D. Bunch, 20806902, and two (873176) and (873174) were under the command of S/Sgt. Nicholas J. Saviano, 3632500. The detachment CP was set up at (878167) as a line had been left in at the point by the Regiment.

The work of setting up and digging in was done without any previous reconnaissance of the terrain or orientation. The coordinates had been given by regiment and we were obliged to locate the various points without guide. At first light on the 23rd, Lieutenant Gutterman and two enlisted men made a tour of the forward positions. The positions were well dug in and skillfully handled by the non-commissioned officer in charge. Happily, the morning was heavy with fog and we were able to move about with some freedom in our reconnaissance. We found that our position would be under enemy observation as soon as the fog lifted. Inasmuch as we were ordered to remain in position, it became necessary to prohibit any movement whatsoever during daylight hours. The men need no coaxing to deepen their fighting holes as much as four and five feet below surface. These safeguards paid dividends a thousand-fold in the security they provided during the subsequent heavy shelling our sector was later subject to. At the time, elements of the 1st Battalion 141st Infantry were established in small units in our area with Captain Newman, commanding officer of that battalion.



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

It Was Early Morning

by John C. Knutsen (Ret.)

Co. K - 143rd Infantry



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WORLD WAR II INFORMATION: (PERSONAL)

- Enlisted US Army - Sept. 1943
- 17 weeks basic - Ft. McClellan, Ala.
- 13 weeks advanced training - Santa Maria, Italy
- Joined 36th Infantry Division, 143rd. Infantry Regiment, Co. K, 2nd Platoon, 2nd Squad - June 1944, Grosseto, Italy.
- Invasion of Southern France - 15 August 1944
- Served Front Line Duty from 15 Aug. to 5 Dec. 1944

FOREWORD

I've come to believe that this day that I'm writing about took place at the crossing of the Moselle River near Remiremont, France. After 46 years, I don't remember the date or the name of the village, but after studying a Pictorial History Book of the 36th Division, it discusses similar experiences of the river crossing. Combat actions are only mentioned in general terms. I experienced a lot of other exciting and dangerous episodes during my three and a half months on the front lines but this day was an exception and will never be forgotten.

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It Was Early Morning, 1944 -

Company K, 143rd Infantry Regiment, was positioned on the forward side of a mountain overlooking a small village, with a river between us and another mountain ridge beyond. We sat and watched as P-47's were giving us air support, strafing and bombing some buildings just before we were ordered to advance and cross the river. A rope had been anchored on both sides of the river and everyone waded across, in single file, holding onto the rope with rifles and weapons held high and personal papers and valuables carried under our helmets. The water was deep and swift but we managed and as soon as we got to the other side we had to run across open ground to gain some cover

in the village. Sniper bullets were cracking in the air. As I gained some safety inside a building, I looked back and observed an American tank firing at a house about 300 yards away, high on the ridge. It was obviously being used as an outpost for observers, but the tank soon flattened the building with high explosive shells.

After the company was reorganized within the village, we were ordered to advance along a road that skirted along the base of the next ridge, with the steep slope of the ridge on our right and a valley of farmland to our left. The company was advancing in a column of two's. Nothing much happened until we reached a series of farm buildings stretched out along the left side of the road. Mortar rounds started exploding along the road and onto the houses and barns, forcing us to take cover in the ditch bordering the road. Some of the men ran to the nearest houses. I was in the lead squad so I didn't see what was going on in the rear of the column. We were probably stretched out along that road for several hundred yards. As the mortar rounds seemed to be somewhat intermittent at the time, we were directed to advance to a house at the top of a rise in the road. When we reached the house and occupied it, we made a quick search and secured the building.

The squad sergeant told us to prepare to hold our position until further orders were received. We had secured an excellent outpost. You could look out the back window and see all the way across the valley, at least another 500 yards ahead. Most of us claimed a separate window for ourselves to guard. Shelling continued on the road to our rear.

Time passed

Suddenly one of the men guarding a front window, reported enemy troops moving along the tree line on the ridge above us, about 100 yards away. We could observe Germans running and ducking behind bushes and shrubs and then disappearing into the woods. Something was going on that we couldn't understand then.

All at once some of the men guarding the back of the house, started shooting, bringing the rest of us together and there, out in the valley, about 200-300 yards away, was a skirmish line of Infantry soldiers advancing toward us. At least five men were shooting out of one window as fast as they could fire and reload. Five men with two automatic weapons and three riflemen raked the oncoming Germans until the enemy line stopped, broke up and disappeared. The line just vanished from view as if they were swallowed up by magic. We were especially alert now, trying to keep control. Some time elapsed and everyone was calming down some when a second wave of Infantry suddenly appeared, coming straight at our position. Everyone seemed to be firing and reloading, taking turns shooting thru the same window. The noise was deafening. Special concentration was directed at an obvious machine gun squad, carrying weapons with handles, when the skirmish line just disappeared again. They appeared to be getting closer this time.

The excitement was just subsiding when the sergeant jumped to a side window and shot a German who had sneaked up real close, killing him in a burst

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of machine gun fire about 20 yards away. From the front of the house another German came walking up to the house yelling "Comrade." We motioned him inside, searched him and put him in the cellar under guard. He couldn't understand or speak English. I was the B.A.R. ammo. bearer at the time and was responsible for keeping him operational. It was necessary then to take time and reload magazines from bandoleers.

After awhile, a third wave of German appeared again in the valley, and everyone was shooting out the windows until you couldn't hardly hear anymore. Our ears were ringing from the noise we were creating. The B.A.R. man eventually burned up his weapon from the constant firing. It ceased from the heat. Rifle stocks had turned white from the heat of the barrels. All of the sergeant's ammo. for his .45 cal. Thompson sub-machine gun was spent. He broke the weapon down in parts and scattered the remains out the windows. Then he grabbed my M-1 rifle leaving me unarmed. After repelling the third attack, the Germans started firing AAA direct fire into the houses and adjoining barns, setting fire to some of them. Our position had become known and so precarious that the Commanding Officer (C.O) yelled at us to prepare a withdrawal. The C.O. was located in a house about 50 yards to our rear. He wanted us to pull back but he also wanted us to wait for some artillery (smoke) shells he had ordered to provide a smoke screen for cover from the mountain ridge. When the smoke shells finally arrived, they were too far, landing in the woods behind the enemy. When the C.O. tried to order more, he discovered his telephone lines had been cut and we had lost our communication link with the rear. As a last resort, he suggested, by yelling at us across the yard to use our phosphor grenades, that we normally carried, and throw them as far as possible up the side of the mountain ridge to create our own smoke screen.

The first attempt was a miraculous failure, but ended in our favor when one of our men tried to run across the yard between the two houses and a machine gunner, on the ridge, opened fire on him. Halfway across the yard, with bullets spitting dirt at his heels, he dove over a stack of firewood just in time, as you could see bullets splintering the wood pile. The wood pile extended all the way back to our building and he was able to crawl back behind the wood and sneak into our building thru a side window. A very grateful soldier.

The second attempt was tried by one of our scouts, who threw his grenade up the ridge and then ran up to the road where the footing was better. When he had gotten about halfway to the other house, we heard a rifle shot and saw our man fall wounded in the road. All of us were standing in the side doorway, waiting to take our turn, except one man who stepped into the front room where the windows faced the road and he saw a German combat patrol advancing on our position thru the far ditch. With one clip of ammo., from his M-1, he wiped out the entire squad of five soldiers. Because of his alert action, he saved the lives of all the rest of us. One grenade would have got us all.

Immediately following this action, a medic with a red cross on his helmet and an arm band, came out of the other hosue, picked up our wounded man on his shoulders and headed back for cover, when an AAA shell hit him in the back, exploding and destroying both of them. Witnessing this action almost

devastated the rest of us. It was frightening.

Not wasting any more time, we all responded then as a group, throwing our grenades up the side of the ridge and then running for our lives. By some kind of miracle the rest of us all reached the other house unharmed. Everyone chose their own route. I had chosen to run across the yard because it was shorter and when I approached the other house, I ran into a ground hole, about 2 feet deep, filled with manure from the barn. It was something like running into quick sand. It slowed me down fast and I almost fell in. I was a mess. When I finally removed myself from the mess and ducked into the side of the house, a sniper bullet splintered wood about an inch from my leg. Thank God, we were all temporarily under new cover. We left the German prisoner behind. Our smoke may have helped, but God was with us that day. A machine gunner on that ridge had missed all of us.

Using some adjacent buildings as further cover, we were eventually able to reach the road (ditch) where we crawled thru water, keeping low, until we finally got out of range from small arms. On the way back, we became aware of lots of dead and wounded from our company. The main column had received a severe battering from the German artillery, AAA and mortars. It had been a living nightmare. Wounded casualties were given first aid and eventually transported to a evacuation hospital. The rest of us were ordered to dig in and prepare for a counter attack. Thank God it never came because there were only 35 of us left to hold the line. The company had suffered a loss of maybe 75% casualties. I found a M-1 rifle leaning against a house and claimed it for my own. The water in the ditch had washed off my pants and boots. We all had a good laugh on me for that one.

That night we sat in foxholes, outside the village from where we had started that morning and watched as the Germans destroyed all the buildings where we had been earlier. Every house, barn and shed was set on fire and burned down. Incoming mortar rounds, fired from the top of the mountain, kept us awake and alert all night.

The next morning we received word that we were to hold our positions, while some other units of the division flanked the Germans positions and drove them off the mountain. Once the mountain ridge was taken, it was revealed that the Germans had a trench extending from the top of the ridge down the side, thru the valley and up the next ridge. They could feed Infantry into the trench from either end and suddenly appear in force across a wide front. An estimated Regiment of enemy forces were reported at the time, which were eventually defeated and forced to retreat. We also received word later that a considerable number of German bodies were found in the field where we had repelled three counter attacks. I'm still amazed that our squad had survived that ordeal.

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I wish I could remember the names of some of my squad who shared this experience and are still surviving today. Especially the man responsible for saving our lives in the outpost with his effective and alert response to a potential disaster on our part. I believe he was recommended for the SILVER STAR.

CONCLUSION

I'm hoping that someone from Company K, 143rd Infantry Regiment, 36th Infantry Division, reads this story and remembers me. I would like to correspond and compare notes.



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My Highest Honor?

by Joe F. Presnall

'F' & Hq. Cos. - 143rd Infantry



I have given this subject a lot of thought recently. When I started thinking, what is the most honor that I have ever received? The answer wasn't nearly as easy as it seemed.

I was taught at an early age to honor or respect my elders by saying, "Yes sir, no sir, yes mamn, no mamn." The Good Book says, "Honor Thy Father and Mother." The dictionary has so many definitions that it is hard to select the meaning that you want.

The first I remember is that my friend, Clark Anderson, asked me to room with him at Huntsville and go to Sam Houston State. That would cost \$5 per month to room with him and where would I get that kind of money?! Besides I only had 11 credits in high school. Or you had to be 21 years old to enter or take an entrance examination, and I knew I couldn't pass an exam. I just happened to be 21 since I stayed out of high school one year and worked on the highway right-of-way gang, grubbing stumps for 30 cents an hour.

After attending SHSTC for a year, I was selected to play the part of the President of the Republic of Texas for the centennial 1836-1936 play. We even carried it to the Houston Coliseum--what a great honor!!

After that I was sent to Kansas City to a beautiful horse show (Palais Royal) to represent the Vocational Agriculture Club and Sam Houston State. Another great honor for me.

Then after two years in college, I was way behind in my finances and was offered a job at Long Branch High School (Panola County) as principal of the high school and basketball coach (\$110 per month) for eight months. What an honor!

I also stayed out of college to make a tomato crop. I farmed three acres of tomatoes and made \$423 clear.

I joined the Texas 36th National Guard in Huntsville in the fall of 1935. After we mobilized for a year's training, I asked Nina Welch to marry me and she said, "Yes!" What a great honor. After 50 years, she may not think so, but it still is an honor for me. While in school at SHSTC, I got behind with my finances. My brother J.B. let me write a \$2 check on him per week. I wouldn't have broken the honor or trust that he had in me for anything. And he would never let me pay him back. J.B., I will never forget the trust that you had in me.

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After some training at Brownwood in 1941, I had an opportunity to take an oral and written test for a 2nd Lt's commission from a Buck Sgt. I don't know how, but I must have passed the test. Pay jumped from \$60 to \$183 per month (what an honor). From Camp Blanding, I was sent to Fort Benning to study communications. When we got back to Blanding, I was promoted to 1st. Lt. and assigned Regimental Communications Officer and transferred to HQ's Company, 143 Infantry from ECO. And then Captain Stell came in and said, "Holy Joe." What an honor to be promoted and called Holy Joe in the same day.

After North Africa, Salerno, San Pietro, and the Rapido disaster, I was awarded the Silver Star. What an honor, but I never did think I deserved this award.

After the war years passed, we went to Salerno to help dedicate a memorial to those who lost their lives making the invasion. At the Nettuno Cemetery, Nina was asked to lay the wreath at the memorial ceremony and I was asked to lay the wreath at ceremonies at the Unknown Soldiers Tomb in Rome. There is no greater honor than for one to give their life for friends and country.

And then I had the good fortune of taking part in the 50th Anniversary of the Mobilization of the 36th Division. It was a great honor to have served our country in this great division during World War II. While at the reunion, I met Henry Waskow's sister. What an honor. If there was ever a national hero, Henry was one. According to Ernie Pyle, I was at the foot of the mountain when they brought him down. I heard a man say, "Sorry, sir." Henry Waskow was one of my friends in Italy. (I am also sorry, Henry). What an honor to have known him.

Since Mother's Day is so close, it reminded me of a celebration at our older daughter's home. I made a bouquet of roses and set it on the dining table. For each mother represented, there were roses in a circle. In the center of the vase, there was a rose that extended about two inches higher than the others, representing Mary, the Mother of Jesus. After we had our blessing, Carolyn handed me an envelope, which I opened and it said, "Happy Father's Day." I looked at her startled, and she said, "If there were no fathers, there would be no mothers." What a great honor.

And then our 50th wedding anniversary came along. Our daughter-in-law Lori got us off to a picture-taking session at Baytown with her son Joshua, who was born on our 49th anniversary. When we came home, there were 58 people in the back yard--family from all over Texas and local friends. What a surprise party we had--the most honor that we have ever been shown from our family. The Bible says, "Honor Thy Father and Mother." And they did a good job!!!

I have thought about all the honors that I have had, but the hardest one for me to keep is "to keep my word" or do what I say I will do.

The most honor that I have had is when Jesus died on the cross for all of our sins.

My nine-year-old granddaughter said, "Honor is special recognition."

North of Rome, June 1944

by *Bob Hunter*
141st. Infantry



After our triumphant march through Rome, it was time to get back to the business at hand; driving the Germans out of Italy. Moving north along one of the smaller highways, our squad of ten men, led by Sgt. Ianella, was selected to act as the point for our company. We didn't meet any resistance so we moved rapidly, which we discovered later was quite a bit faster than the company.

In late afternoon we came upon a small town. Sgt. Ianella attempted to reach the company by radio but we were out of range. He then decided to move through the town and secure it. As we started moving, the absence of civilians was very suspicious. All doors were locked and the windows shuttered. Sgt. Ianella, who spoke and understood Italian, began knocking on doors and asking where the Germans were and receiving the same answer several times, "They left two days ago."

We began a slow and deliberate move through the town. As we neared the north end of town we spotted two German soldiers filling canteens from a water fountain. Surprised, they ran for the building as we opened fire. We then started to receive fire from the last two buildings. Half the squad worked their way to the front of the buildings while the rest went around the rear. After a fierce firefight with small arms and grenades that lasted about thirty minutes, the firing from the buildings stopped. We then heard the sound of motors starting up from about two hundred yards to the north. Thinking we were about to receive a counter attack, we prepared for them. To our amazement we saw them retreating in trucks and on motorcycles with sidecars. We estimated their strength to be two platoons. Evidently they thought the main body was right behind us.

We then set up positions on the north edge of town in case they returned. Needless to say, no one got any sleep that night. Fortunately we had no casualties but we did account for several of the enemy.

Bright and early the next morning the company came into the town to be welcomed with the usual "Bravo Americano" and the handing out of "Goodies."

(CSM Robert Hunter retired from the Army in 1973 after thirty years of service, seeing combat again in Korea and two tours in Vietnam. He presently resides with his wife of forty-five years in Fairfield, California.)

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Rumors of War

by Alan "Chum" Williamson

C - 143rd Infantry



It has been said that the first casualty of war is truth. Be that as it may, war certainly does foster rumors. Most, not intentional falsehoods, are based upon some element of truth. On a battlefield, men in adjoining foxholes see different things.

The following are some of the rumors circulated among troops of the 36th Division during Operation Avalanche and the Naples-Foggia campaign.

The main body of Group III of the division, under the command of Colonel William H. Martin, was loaded aboard six ships. The 420 officers and 5,679 enlisted men under Col. Martin's command were personnel of the 143rd Infantry and attached units.

Mg. Fred L. Walker and half his staff rode aboard the USS Chase. The remaining half were aboard the USS Funston. Both vessels were a part of the flotilla carrying the 143rd Infantry, which was in division reserve. Martin and his staff were aboard the USS Stanton.

All ships were sealed at noon on 5 September 1943 and the convoy set sail at 1530. Destination: the beaches of the Gulf of Salerno. D-Day was 9 September 1943. H-Hour was 0330.

The convoy was no sooner underway than a disquieting rumor spread throughout those vessels carrying the 143rd Combat Team. The 1st Battalion, 143rd Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Fred L. Walker, Jr. was said to be in corps reserve. Also that Lieutenant Charles Walker, General Walker's younger son, had been left in North Africa with the Division Trains, "guarding the baggage."

The truth of the matter was that the 1/143 was in division, not corps reserve, as was the entire 143rd Infantry. And Charles Walker was with the general aboard the USS Chase. A member of his father's staff, he accompanied him ashore on D-Day.

However, the complaint about Walker's older son was not too far off the mark. Although all units of the 143rd CT were in division reserve while enroute, all except young Walker's battalion were committed to combat upon landing. It was kept in reserve, guarding the general's command post.

During the afternoon of D plus two, Gen. Mark Clark ordered that a battalion combat team of the 36th Division be sent to Maiori to reinforce Darby's Rangers. In selecting his son's battalion, Walker had little choice.

It was the division's only battalion not engaged. However, there was a rumor, unconfirmed, that Walker suggested to Dawley that a battalion of the 157th Infantry, in floating reserve, be sent instead.

According to another rumor that hurt the morale of 36th Division troops while still afloat was that Gen. Clark had ordered a preliminary naval bombardment of the British 10 Corps landing zone, but had refused to permit the same for the American VI Corps. (The British designated their corps with Arabic numerals. US Forces used Roman numerals for that purpose).

As a matter of fact, Clark left the decision to the two D-Day invasion force commanders, Mg. Walker and Mg. Richard McCreery. Walker stated in his book, "From Texas to Rome," that he rejected the offer for a number of reasons. There were no suitable targets in his landing zone; he was afraid that short rounds might fall on his own troops; and since there was to be a naval bombardment of the British LZ, the absence of such in his sector might give the 36th Division the element of surprise.

Second Lieutenant Anthony A. Hauck, a Company F, 143rd Infantry platoon leader, was killed on the beach on D-Day. A story that persisted among T-Patchers was that Hauck was mortally wounded while crossing the beach, but was not killed instantly. As members of his boat team bent over him, so the story goes, he pleaded with them not to let him die; that he had a newborn child in the states that he had never seen.

Tony Hauck did have a wife and baby in the States. But according to Julian M. Quarles, also of Company F, Duney Philips and others in a position to know, Hauck's last words were "Follow me!" shouted to the men of his LCVP (Landing Craft, Vehicle/Personnel) as he exited the craft and started across the beach. He had taken only three steps when killed instantly by shrapnel.

There has been many stories intended to explain why the 2nd Battalion, 143rd Infantry was deployed in an untenable position on the flood plain between the Sele and Calore Rivers on "Black Monday," 13 September, with two open flanks and no artillery support. The following is one version, told by a major who was captured during the Rapido fiasco and told it to fellow POWs.

"On D-Day, General Clark told General Dawley, the VI Corps commander, 'Mike, go ashore with the 36th Division, but you will not be in command. Your role will be strictly that of an observer for the first few days, until I tell you to take over.'

"On D plus one, Clark sent Dawley a message telling him to assume command of VI Corps. But Dawley didn't get the message until three days later."

Not so. Walker stated in his book, "From Texas to Rome," that he was told by Clark before embarkation at Oran that he, Walker, would be in command of all troops south of the Sele River during the first three days, but responsible to him. However, that both Clark and Dawley visited him at his CP on D plus one, and at that time Clark told Dawley to assume command of VI Corps, including the 45th Division. Dawley confirmed this when I met him after the war.

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The most likely scenario regarding the ill-fated battalion was told by then Major David M. Frazier. "When Dawley pointed to a spot on a map and told Walker to put a battalion there, he didn't have his glasses with him and was too proud to admit that he couldn't see without them. To Walker, the location didn't make sense. He had Dawley himself mark the location on the map. And that's why they relieved him."

A military historian of World War I claimed that there was a curious phenomenon regarding troop morale. Whatever the feeling was in any particular sector of the battlefield, from pessimism to extreme optimism, every soldier in the area was feeling the same.

Not so during World War II. When the 2nd Battalion, 143rd Infantry was overrun by tanks and infantry on "Black Monday," morale could hardly have been worse.

Since the assigned area was much too large to be defended by a battalion, Lieutenant Col. Charles H. Jones had deployed an entire company (Co. G) on the outpost line. When the OPL was hit in force, Jones ordered the company to fall back to a position near the Battalion CP.

As men of Company G came running back through the MLR, 1st Lieutenant Clifford L. "Bucky" Boyd, Company F Weapons Platoon leader, asked, "What's going on?"

One of the men replied, "They're all giving up out there!" "Well!" Bucky shouted. "Let's go get them!"

Grabbing his carbine, he ran out toward a German tank that had rolled into the position and stopped. Nobody followed him. No doubt surprised by the lieutenant's behavior in the face of such impossible odds, the Germans didn't react until he raised his carbine. Then they opened fire, killing him instantly.

Boyd's death was officially recorded as KIA, 26 September 1943. That apparently was the date his body was recovered. He was killed on 13 September.

For outstanding bravery above and beyond the call to duty, 1st. Lieutenant Clifford L. Boyd was awarded the Silver Star posthumously.



The bond we acknowledge today
will remain long after the winds of
Texas have totally eroded this granite
symbol of our esteem and
gratitude.

□ □ □



Against Our Will

by Georgiana Phillipi

Late Wife of Maj. Gen. Wendell C. Phillipi

143rd Infantry

We turned off the road and down a narrow rutted lane which ended in a farmhouse yard. Pots of flowers--pigeons cooing on the tile roof--a startled housewife in black dress and apron--a pair of white oxen yoked to a wooden plow--a smiling farmer--a futile exchange of English and Italian words.

We left the car and walked down a cow path thru fields of winter wheat to our objective--a narrow stream, the color smokey grey--the current swift--the high steep banks covered with wild rose bushes. On either side of the river the flat green valley stretched as far as we could see. Mountains bordered it--the higher ones to the north east capped with snow. We listened to a bird song--a distant cock crow--in the nearby village the incessant beep--beep of auto horns. April 25, 1969.

Looking down on this tiny stream in its peaceful setting, it was hard to realize that 26 years ago, in January, 1944, two regiments of the 36th Division lost 1681 men in a period of less than 48 hours trying to cross the Rapido River.

For many months the American troops had fought up the center of Italy, town by town, mountain by mountain, river by river. At San Pietro in December they came thru a pass--ahead lay Hy. 6 straight across a broad valley (which the G.I.s were to name Purple Heart Valley) and on toward Rome.

Dominating the terrain and the soldiers for 5 months of bitter fighting in mud, rain and snow was one mountain topped by awe-inspiring mass of stone--the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino.

The Abbey was founded by the monk, Benedict in 529. Earlier he had established a number of small communities of monks, but it was at Cassino during the last 18 years of his life, that his ideas reached maturity and fulfillment and the first large community of the Benedictine order came into being.

When Benedict arrived at Monte Cassino a temple of Apollo occupied the top of the summit. Nearby was a Roman tower. His first act was to destroy the pagan shrine and consecrate his own altar on the spot. His second was to begin building his monastery--incorporating the sturdy Roman tower in its walls. A part of this tower is the only fragment of Benedict's original building that survived to modern times.

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The monastery suffered the first of its 4 destrucions when it was sacked by the Lombards in 581. The Abbot and the monks fled to Rome and flight proved to be a turning point in the order's history. The quality and ideas of the Benediltines so impressed Pope Gregory that he gave them the apostalate of the Germanic countries. Conceived by Benedict as a pure self-contained local community, from then on the order became an increasingly influential missionary movement.

Rebuilt in 717, the Abbey survived for nearly two centuries. It was destroyed a second time by the Saracens (in 883) and 70 years passed before it was restored. During its third revival the Monastery entered a golden period of influence and prosperity. The tradition of transcribing the great works of literature began, and to these monks we owe much of the works of Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, and others. The originals of these manuscripts are among the priceless documents and archives that are the Monastery's special pride.

This golden age reached its peak in the 11th century under the celebrated Abbot, Desiderius, who practically rebuilt the Abbey. He called in the greatest craftsman of the day from Constantinople to decorate it. He brought his program to a climax with the construction within the monastery of a large cathedral. Richly decorated with mosaics, gilded stucco, ornate marble inlayed frescoes and wood carvings, it was one of the architectural wonders of its day.

Once again the monastery was destroyed--by earthquake in 1349. It was rebuilt by the end of the century but its spirit and influence declined. During the Renaissance some of its former glory returned and it became a favorite rendezvous of artists from all over Italy. In 1866 when the Italian government suppressed the monasteries, Mr. Gladstone and a number of prominent English friends of the Abbey came to the rescue.

The massiveness of the Abbey and beauty of the setting as a whole made it impressive. It was not an especially beautiful building. In the form of a trapezium, its longest side was more than twice the length of Buckingham Palace. It was a four story building designed like a fortress with a thick battlemented base and long even rows of small cell windows.

Monte Cassino is 1700 ft. high. The road which winds up the steep slope thru a series of hairpin turns covers 5 miles. In spring and summer the Olive trees soften the base of the monastery but in winter when the slopes are bare, the Abbey hardens into a great fortress in the sky. Sometimes Monte Cassino has been able to look down passively on events but more often it has been involved in them. Standing at the junction of the Rapido and Liri valleys and commanding a perfect view of both, it was a strategic key to this lovely plain, fated from the beginning of recorded history to become at regular intervals, a battlefield. In 1944 this guardian of the Road to Rome once again lay in the path of war. A new army was marching north along the Via Casilina but this time there was a difference--the soldiers who subjected it to its 4th and greatest

destruction felt they had to do so because the ideals for which it stood were in peril.

The Germans' main winter line, the Gustav, stretched across Italy with the chief defenses at the fortified town of Cassino at the foot of the Abbey and in the surrounding mountains.

The monks were aware that a tragic war was going on but it was no concern of theirs. The days passed in a peaceful routine of prayer, study and worship. For weeks there had been German soldiers in the neighborhood but the monks had grown used to having them around. Then on Oct. 14th two German officers of the Herman Goering Panzer division arrived at the Monastery and spent the day closeted with the Abbot Diamare, an old man of 80. The Germans wished to evacuate all the transportable works of art, archives and books to a place of safety. To the Abbot it was unthinkable that he should part with any of the valuables entrusted to his care. Two days later the Germans were back with lorries loaded with crates and packing materials. The crates were taken to the large German ordinance dump at Spoleto and were finally turned over to the Italian government after the Vatican and other authorities intervened.

At first, the Germans wanted the Abbey evacuated but later agreed to let the Abbot, 5 monks, a deaf-mute servant and a small caretaker party remain. Some local peasant families were allowed to occupy the surrounding buildings. About 150 people made up this new community but soon the number increased as refugees made their way to the monastery.

In December, the Germans told the Abbot that in order to preserve so notable a monument they had established all around the Abbey a neutral zone 300 meters wide, out of bounds to military personnel. Early in January as rumble of Allied guns was heard for the first time, this neutral zone was abolished. The Germans were getting down to business. The Abbot was ordered to get rid of the civilians. Three families who were ill were allowed to remain. Then the Abbot and his monks were asked to leave. They refused. Germans said they could not be responsible for their safety. On Jan. 15 the first shells fell on Monastery hill.

One night in February, a new burden descended on the Abbot Diamare and his small band. At the height of a thunderstorm there arrived at the great wooden door 150 more civilians--driven by the ever increasing artillery bombardments from the caves where for days they had been hiding like animals. To control and organize these distraught people--was beyond the capacity of the old Abbot and his few monks. Water and food stocks were low--there was no form of lighting except candles. Many shells were now landing on the monastery and its courtyards. Sanitary conditions became appalling. A disease which could not be identified caused an epidemic. People died. One of the younger monks, Dom Eusebio, took on the task of looking after the sick working day and night to combat the unknown illness. His only absences were to go to the

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carpenter shop to make coffins and then--during the lulls between shellings--organizing hasty burial services. After 5 days he caught the disease himself, and died. (Afterwards the epidemic was found to be typhoid fever.)

Because of the extraordinary extent to which Monte Cassino dominated valleys; because of the painful constancy with which men were picked off by accurate gunfire whenever they were forced to move in daylight within its seemingly inescapable view; the building set upon the summit had become the embodiment of resistance. To the soldiers dying at its feet, the monastery itself had become the enemy. On February 14th after a great storm, the meteorologist promised a 24 hr. period of clear weather. The bombing was ordered off at 9:30 the following morning. In the early afternoon of the 14th as the monks were preparing for Dom Eusebio's burial, a group of refugees rushed up to them with leaflets that had just been dropped by an American aircraft, addressed to "Italian Friends" and signed "The 5th Army," they bore this message: We have until now been careful to avoid bombarding Monte Cassino. The Germans have taken advantage of this. The battle is now closing in more and more around the sacred precincts. AGAINST OUR WILL we are now obliged to direct our weapons against the Monastery itself. We warn you so that you may save yourselves. Leave the Monastery at once. This warning is urgent. It is given for your good.

The refugees panicked. They tried to contact the Germans outside the Abbey walls but were driven back by shell fire. Early the next morning a German officer arrived. His commander had arranged for one of the paths leading down to Hy. 6 to be opened to the refugees from midnight until 5 a.m. the following morning--Feb. 16th. The Abbot protested that it might be too late. The officer said it was the best he could do. The civilians dispersed to the various passages and corners that had become their homes. The monks repaired to their small subterranean chapel in the torretta, the oldest part of the building, the one link with St. Benedict's original Abbey, and there they prepared to start the day's devotions.

A little after 9:30 the first of a succession of great explosions sent shudders thru the thick Abbey walls. Great gusts of thunder echoed along the vast passageways. The monks huddled on their knees, numb with terror. The 80 year old Abbot gave them absolution. The explosions seemed incessant. A great haze of dust and smoke was discernible thru the narrow window and great yellow flashes as the bombs crashed thru the building. A breathless figure covered with dust appeared suddenly gesturing like a man demented uttered no sound. It was the deaf mute servant, trying to tell them that the cathedral was gone. It had been one of the first parts of the Abbey to receive a direct hit. A bomb had passed thru the frescoed dome. The bombardment continued throughout the morning. Only 10% of the heavy bomber succeeded in hitting the Abbey

itself, but this was enough to wreck the interior.

Inside the cathedral the pipes of the great organ were shredded like pieces of foil. The high altar incorporating parts of an original attributed to Michelangelo subsided into a mound of rubble about the tomb of St. Benedict. The stalls of the choir, a masterpiece of the Neapolitan wood-carvers were reduced to splinters. Fragments of marble inlay were scattered everywhere like out-sized confetti. One by one the 5 cloistered courtyards were shattered into dumps. Nearly 100 refugees were buried under one of them. The Brama Cloister, the one architectural masterpiece of Monte Cassino no longer existed. This cloister had been built around 3 sides of the central courtyard. Along the top of its arches ran the celebrated Loggia del Paradiso. From the 4th side rose a magnificent stone stairway 60 ft. wide, leading up to the Cloister of the Benefactors, decorated with the marble statues of 17 popes and kings who had befriended the Monastery. This cloister led into the cathedral.

In the afternoon the medium bombers came over. They dropped smaller bombs but more accurately. At 2 o'clock the whole west wall collapsed, blocking the entrance to the monks refuge.

That night the Air Command announced that 576 tons of bombs had been dropped on Monte Cassino.

With the arrival of darkness, the periodical collapses of walls and ceilings and the artillery fire which was following up the work of the bombers, a new kind of terror set in. Should they attempt to get away at once risking the shells or wait for the return of the German officer? At 8 o'clock he arrived to tell them that at the request of the Pope, Hitler was asking the Allies for a truce so the monks and civilian refugees might leave. The Abbot was then asked to sign a statement saying there had been no German soldiers in the Abbey before or during the attack. The Abbot signed and the officer left.

One result of that day affected the monks more than any other. In the invasion, the cell used by St. Benedict himself, and preserved throughout the ages had unaccountably escaped. They would have been filled with even greater wonder had they known (what was discovered many months later) that during that afternoon a large caliber shell had landed within a foot of the Saint's tomb but had failed to explode.

On Thursday, having given up hope of rescue by the Germans, the aged Abbot carrying a heavy wooden crucifix, two surviving monks, and a handful of wounded refugee made their way laboriously thru the rugged mountain path and were finally delivered to Gen. Von Senger's headquarters. The Abbot was induced to make a radio broadcast regarding the attitude of the German troops and their respect for the neutrality of the Monastery. Gen. Von Senger (who was a lay brother of the Benedictine order) sent them in his car to Rome but they were waylaid by agents of Goebbels, the Propaganda minister. The frightened old priest was

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brought to a radio station, kept waiting a long time without food, and finally induced to make yet another statement. He broke down, refused to say any more and asked to be released as he now understood that he was no longer a protected guest but a prisoner. That evening, the German propagandists having completed their work, the German Tenth Army established posts in the Abbey ruins.

There were four distinct battles for Cassino. They were fought by a truly international army which included American, British, Free French, New Zealanders, Indians, Canadians, Moroccans.

After the Americans were repulsed at the Rapido and in the mountains to the north, a second attempt was made following the bombing of the Abbey. The shortage of mules which were the only means of supplying the troops on the heights, the mud in the flooded valley which mired the tanks, and the entrenched positions of the Germans resulted in a second defeat.

The third battle was preceded by unprecedented obliteration bombing of a small infantry objective. On the Ides of March-- 500 bombers dropped 10 tons of bombs on the small town of Cassino (approx. ½ mile square). For next 5 weeks the Allies fought to take the ruins of the town and the steep slopes below the Abbey. The finest German division, the First Parachute--beat back every attack.

In the fourth and final battle, Gen. Alexander executed a masterful operation. Instead of companies and battalions, massed divisions were moved into position with such secrecy that Kesselring thought he was facing six Allied divisions. In fact there were thirteen.

Monte Cassino fell on May 18th. The forces at Anzio, reinforced by several divisions, broke out of the beach-head. On June 4th victorious American soldiers rolled into Rome as the Germans fled northward. In June Allied troops landed on the Normandy beaches and Italy was no longer front page news. No event of the war caused more heated and lingering controversy than the bombing of the Abbey. Gen. Mark Clark, wrote in his personal memos "Calculated Risk"--"I say that the bombing of the Abbey was a mistake". I feel that in disclaiming responsibility for an order which he himself gave and blaming it on his subordinate commander, Gen. Freyberg, he ignored the important psychological impact of the monastery.

The great red herring that has been drawn across the bombing is the question of whether or not the Monastery was actually occupied by the Germans. Afterwards, it was reasonably well established that it was not. But this could not be known at the time. The important fact is that the building was an integral part of a physical feature that was not only occupied but fortified. The mountain and the building at its summit were in military terms a single piece of ground. Such a position can be occupied by troops or it can be occupied by one soldier equipped with binoculars

and wireless set thru which he can accurately direct the fire of guns to any point of the landscape within his view.

It was a warm April day when we visited the Abbey. Italian families were picnicking in the pine grove below it. The hugh door swung open at exactly 3 o'clock and we filed in. The white cloisters gleamed in the sunlight. In the main courtyard, the hugh statue of St. Benedict with his gold staff revealed, on close inspection, a new fact and right hand. We were privileged to go down into the lower levels. Our guide, in broken English with tears in his eyes, told us that he was one of the monks in the Abbey at the time of the bombing. He showed us St. Benedict's cell, the walls of which are decorated with new frescoes depicting scenes from his life, and pointed out to us the huge stones from the original Roman tower.

The town of Cassino is new and thriving. Among the hotels, factories, and high-rise apartments, one sees occasionally the bombed shell of a pre-war house. The cemeteries offer an interesting contrast. The British one is beautifully tended, with blooming flowers in front of each row of crosses. The German spirals up a gentle hill, and efficiently planted with ground cover and cypress trees. The Polish cemetery is behind the Abbey on the slope of the hill from which the gallant Poles lost 1000 men in the final assault on the monastery; untended by the Government of Communist Poland, the stone markers are crumbling and the inscription on the monument is nearly illegible.

We Polish soldiers
For our freedom and yours
Have given our souls to God
Our bodies to the soil of Italy
And our hearts to Poland.



FIGHTING 36TH



Crossing The Moselle

- Jean Hilfiger's Account

*Translation from French: Mr. Jean Hilfiger,
St. Nabord, Gresifaing , Tel. 29 23 15 39*

Reprint from May, 1991 **T-Patcher Newsletter**

Monsieur Hilfiger was 15 years 6 months old at the time of the events related.

Wednesday 20 September 1944

A fine drizzle fell all morning. An American jeep arrived in the courtyard at about 3 PM.

The Americans, who had certainly been told of the existence of the Gresifaing maquis (maquis moved from Borlier meadow), asked for a guide to take them to the Chene du Jambon (highest point of the range overlooking the valleys of ELOYES POUZEUX).

I offer to guide them, being alone with my mother.

I sit on the bonnet, dressed in my black cloak, and we take the Patte d' Oie direction where we meet two other jeeps which follow us. The forest tracks are not what they should be, broken up by the tires of the timber trucks. We go past the Cross of Lorraine, then the Chene du Jambon and from this height we suddenly detect a small group of German tanks.

We return by the way we came. When we arrive at the place known as Patte d'Oie, I got down and at that moment an American Lieutenant of French descent got down from the third car and asked me to go with him.

This time inside the vehicle, we reached a small farm situated between the Bache pond and the local track which climbs behind Chaumont above the Niche.

What a surprise! The field opposite the farm is occupied by a crowd of Americans and their tents. The Lieutenant takes me into the farm at the Caillou and introduces me to colonel Sinclair. After thanking me, the latter asks me if I know a possible crossing on the Moselle between Remiremont and Eloyes. Having often played near the Verrou de Noirgueux, I suggest this point.

Maps were laid out. A very young Frenchman was there and I found out later that he was Mr. Wernet, now a retired Colonel. I pointed out an itinerary, as much under cover as possible, but nothing was decided for the moment.

The Lieutenant equipped me with boots, trousers, jacket and a US carbine.

My self-esteem as a little maquisard of the shadows was at last rewarded. Often left out by my elders, I was thrilled at last to be of some use, as well as by the thought of risk and adventure.

A quick ration meal and we went to sleep in the farm attic.

Suddenly, action stations! The lieutenant wakes me up. "It's up to you."

In the grange about ten soldiers are ready to leave, equipped with canvas cartridge belts across their chests.

We go out, the night is ink-black and it's still drizzling. We go down the Niche valley by the Rhon road and then fork right towards the back of the Chaumont (it is cold and I'm glad of the warm jacket). From time to time, the one who is following me stops to put phosphorescent strips on the trees. We cross Vruigt (Dany-Cornu-Couva), go past the Rond Caillou and go down the road which leads to St. Nabord. At the house of Joseph Sibille, we go straight on by the Censieux (the building lots didn't exist). In total silence, we reach the first farm of Longuet opposite ADreux Camilles's farm and we take the Longuet road. I stop at a farm which today bears number 14 on the Longuet Road. The owner wakes up and in answer to my question tells me that he has not seen any Germans in the vicinity. Then we go through Longuet as far as the Demageon farm, then take the old road in front of the Belcour Inn and cross the railway tracks opposite the Grandemange farm. I start to get worried - we will be in the open. The wine is drawn and must be drunk!

I walk out along the canal bridge: what a relief, the canal's dry. We set out along the canal bed: it's certainly muddy but we are under cover.

We arrive at the Mompfi farm at Noirgeux without trouble.

We wake up the tenants who close the shutters and let us in. There are about ten of us. The Lieutenant and I take the time for a good coffee and a Mirabelle. We go out into the black night and I spot two Americans who are unrolling a wire. Without knowing how, I realize that the field telephone is already there. It's between midnight and one AM.

We are getting close to the Verrou de la Moselle. Thursday 21 September.

An American soldier crosses the Moselle and secures a cable to the two banks. I cross the river, others follow. We are in the shelter of a small wooded bank. Everyone busies himself with preparing an individual hole half-way up the slope. Dawn comes out of an early mist which announces the return of good weather.

The Americans climb on to the plateau and come back down at once, the fire from German machine guns is so intense. We have taken some casualties of which one is particularly bad, wounded in the face. I help him get back across the Moselle. Small field mortars are set up in haste on the right bank and firing begins. At the same time, the field telephone does its job and the 105mm batteries that I saw at Raon were bombing away at their best.

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The Germans reply, the shells shave the farm roof (M. Mompi is very proud to be in the front line). There are few losses on the American side, the covered canal is an excellent shelter and in addition the farm is below the plateau.

The enemy firing loses its intensity, from early afternoon, and the blacks from the American engineers are already setting up a boat bridge. This time the Americans take the meadow road which borders the canal, and cross the Antusenwich field.

The bridge is set up about 100 meters upstream of the farm. It is protected by AA batteries. The bridgehead has been achieved.

As a young Frenchman, I was doing my duty but what should I think of these young men of the 141st, almost all enlisted who were risking their lives for a country which was not theirs?

Written at St. Nabord on 22 March 1990

With memories which are still present

The Last Patrol

It was the last patrol of the war. The three infantrymen, Pfc's William Soth, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Fred Graham, Bremerton, Wash, and Cpl. Ben S. Jones, Washington, D. C., moved out from the shelter of the stone wall. Across the opening was a long, dirty warehouse. Not a warehouse, more a shed, low and deadly in the shadows.

Undetected, they reached the shed and proceeded along it to an open sliding door. Weapons at the alert, one by one, they slipped through the door and flattened themselves against the wall.

A slender spray of light flicked out across the room, then went out. A sly foot moved forward, then back. The three doughboys held their breaths, flat against the wall, weapons ready. The enemy slipped through an opening across the shed.

On all fours, the enemy, hugging the wall like the doughfeet, slunk down the single room of the shed. His beady eyes darted to one side and the other, his whiskers seemed to rustle over his nervous breath.

As if at a signal, Cpl. Jones and his men leaped forward. A flying tackle, and the enemy was caught just as he gained a small exit "Smear him," shouted Soth. Graham clamped a trap on the mouse's tail, and the patrol went forward again, weapons at the alert.



Kingsville Twin Fulfills Brother's Dying Wish

by John Bruce - Staff Writer
Corpus Christi Caller-Times

The same tombstone that marked Adan Garcia's grave at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery now sits in the Kingsville cemetery.

KINGSVILLE - As Army Pfc. Adan Q. Garcia lay dying on a battlefield in Italy during World War II, he asked his twin brother, Army Pfc. Maclovio Q. Garcia, to promise that he would bury him in their hometown of Kingsville.

But when Maclovio Garcia made that promise he had no idea it would take almost 48 years for him to keep the vow.

Maclovio Garcia, now 71 and living in Kingsville, and Adan Garcia, both enlisted in the Army Feb. 20, 1941, and began their training together.

They were assigned to the 141st Infantry, 36th Division, stationed in Italy, and had served nearly three years together when Adan Garcia was killed in Cassino on Jan. 21, 1944, according to newspaper clippings kept by Maclovio Garcia.

"He was buried in Italy, where he was killed," Maclovio Garcia said.

About four years later, Adan Garcia's remains were moved to Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery in San Antonio, where he was buried until last week.

After numerous consultations with officials at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery, Maclovio Garcia asked that his brother's remains be disinterred and reburied in Kingsville, next to the plot at Santa Gertrudis Cemetery where he said he intends to be buried when he dies.

Adan Garcia's burial Saturday in Kingsville meant a lot to Maclovio Garcia, he said.

"Family came from Portland, Corpus Christi, Laredo, Benavides" and the Laureles Division of the King Ranch, where Adan Garcia worked until he joined the army.

The same tombstone that marked Adan Garcia's grave at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery now sits in the Kingsville cemetery. Now his brother feels more at ease, said Olga Garcia, wife of Maclovio Garcia.

"My husband wanted to have him here because he couldn't go very often to see his grave in San Antonio and bring flowers," Olga Garcia said. "Now we made it and he's proud to have him here."

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Excerpts from Paul Well's History of the 36th Signal Co.

by Paul I. Wells

(Reprinted in the Quarterly with permission of the author)



PART II (Part I in Vol. X, No. 1)

Supply Section Initial Action Report

1st Lt. Jack J. Forman, the Section Leader, had this story to tell:

"I was in charge of a detail of 18 men who had the mission of spotting vehicles belonging to the 36th Signal Company coming ashore on D Day and directing them to a designated bivouac area. Staff Sgt. Philip C. May was left behind on the ship Marnix with a detail of 8 men to look after the personal effects of the Officers and Enlisted men. We disembarked from the ship Marnix into an LCA (British Navy type landing craft assault) which holds approximately 35 men. Since I only had the 18 men or so the remainder of the craft was filled with Medical Detachment personnel. We pulled away from the Marnix at about 1430 hours 9 Sept 43. As we neared shore we were strafed by enemy air craft, but British Spitfires intervened and no damage was suffered. Our wave of landing crafts came ashore at approximately 1630 hours D Day and I led the men up Red Beach where we assembled and each man was designated a portion of the beach to patrol. We were to have landed on Green Beach but we landed on Red Beach, thereby making our mission more difficult. The 36th Signal Company vehicles were put on various ships and it was not known what time they would arrive nor on which beach. The number and type

of vehicles due in on D Day were three $\frac{3}{4}$ ton 4x4 Recon Cars and eleven $\frac{1}{4}$ ton 4x4 jeeps. We patrolled Red and Green beaches until our mission had been accomplished. Then we gathered at an area on the beach and dug in for the night. Very few slept because of our wet clothing and bombing of the beaches. This was one night we would never forget. We were also on the lookout for Sgt. Philip C. May and the equipment which had been left in his care, which we later came upon after midnight. All of the equipment had been unloaded from the ship Marnix into an LSI (Landing Ship Infantry) and it came ashore on Green Beach. As part of the equipment was being taken ashore, extreme hostile fire caused the skipper of the LSI to leave the beach and go to another beach. The LSI finally came into Red Beach where I found the detail unloading the remainder of the equipment. The LSI did not reach shore. So a line had to be formed to shuttle the baggage ashore. Some of the bedrolls, or I should say, most of the rolls had been dropped in the water and shoved ashore. The men were tired and nearly up to their chests in water but they did their jobs. The rest of my shore detail had in the meantime started to help bring equipment ashore. I tried to hire a DUKW to shuttle this equipment but was told they were hauling ammunition to the front and I knew that the boys up front needed ammunition more than the Signal Company needed their bedrolls. It came to my attention that the detail left aboard ship Marnix to unload the Signal Company equipment were made to unload the entire ship. Other units left only one man to look after their equipment. I think this was unfair and unreasonable on the part of the ship Transport Quartermaster (TQM), when there was a Navy crew present, but I guess its something that could not have been helped. It seems that everyone came ashore very light in the Signal Company and as a result they were very uncomfortable that night without at least a blanket. Other Headquarters and Special Troop units carried their bedrolls and I think it would have been wise if we had done likewise. But I guess one nights discomfort in battle for the Signal Company was worth not carrying their rolls although it would have minimized the loss of many bedrolls. All in all I think we had a couple of hours rest in between air raids. At dawn I walked down to Green Beach with Technician grade 5 Wesley H. Syler and PFC Llewellyn D. Thayer to find our other equipment. We found it all to be in a land mine field near our $\frac{1}{4}$ ton jeep which had been destroyed by a Teller anti-tank mine. We managed to haul the equipment to the road where we stopped a vehicle to transfer it to Red Beach where we consolidated all of our equipment. I then hiked to the Division Command Post where I managed to get one of our wire construction trucks to go to Red Beach and haul our equipment to our Signal Company bivouac area. Lt. Nathan Harris was on Green Beach with part of the detail and WOJG John M. Grasshoff had never made contact with me on the beach as anticipated."

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Biographical Information—Company Supply/Division Signal Supply Sections:

1st Lt. Jack L. Forman came from Galveston, Texas. He is a graduate of Texas A&M College. He joined the 36th Signal Company in the Fall of 1942 at Camp Edwards, Mass.

Lt. Nathan Harris came from Brooklyn, New York. He joined the 36th Signal Company in North Africa near Port-Aux-Poules, Algeria.

WOGJ John M. Grasshoff came from San Antonio, Texas. He joined the 36th Signal Company at Camp Bowie, Texas. He was promoted to Warrant Officer at Camp Edwards, Mass.

Staff Sergeant Harry V. Scott, Jr. came from Denison, Texas. He is a native of Denison, Texas and was mobilized with the 36th Signal Company on 27 November 1940.

Radio Intelligence Platoon—Initial Action Report:

1st Lt. William J. Marshall was Platoon Leader initially and was relieved by 1st Lt. Hiram N. Hicks, Jr. soon after the landings in Italy.

A Chronology of events by date: Beginning with the Salerno Beach landings to 28 Feb. 1944 follows:

16 Sep 1943—Platoon arrived off shore at Salerno, Italy (Paestum) from Algiers, Algeria North Africa.

18 Sep 1943—First vehicles came ashore at 0800 hours.

20 Sep 1943—Balance of Platoon landed.

21 Sep 1943—Platoon left for detached service with the British 10 Corps located at Salerno, Italy (Pontecagnano).

29 Sep 1943—Moved to Castlemere, Italy (aircraft factory). Believed to be slightly north of Salerno.

2 Oct 1943—Moved to Naples, Italy.

5 Oct 1943—Moved to Aversa, Italy.

13 Oct 1943—Crossing of Volturno River attempted.

15 Oct 1943—Volturno River crossed.

21 Oct 1943—Platoon in Italian Army Barracks outside St. Marie, Italy (south of Capua, Italy).

3 Nov 1943—Moved to Carinola, Italy.

6 Nov 1943—Moved to Sessa, Italy.

8 Dec 1943—Platoon returned to 36th Signal Company control from detached service with the British 10 Corps. Upon return the first duty assignment was to monitor an Italian Army unit attached to the 36th Infantry Division for a tactical operation along Highway 6 (Mount Lungo).

12 Dec 1943—Overshoes issued to all Platoon personnel.

14 Dec 1943—More of the Platoon returned to the 36th Signal Company.

17 Dec 1943—Remainder of the Platoon returned to the 36th Signal Company.

26 Dec 1943—Moved to Mount Rotundo (near horse shoe bend on Highway 6).

27 Dec 1943—Moved to a more protected area just south of Mount Rotundo.

31 Dec 1943—Rejoined 36th Signal Company from a short period of attachment to the 3rd Infantry Division (US). (Signal Company was bivouaced in the vicinity of Alife, Italy).

4 Jan 1944—Moved to Venafro, Italy area and continued oward to Mount Rotundo.

12 Jan 1944—Attached to 34th Infnatry Division (US) with position near Venafro, Italy.

29 Jan 1944—Moved with Headquarters, 34th Infantry Division from Venafro, Italy to San Vittore, Italy.

16 Feb 1944—Moved with Hq. 34th Inf. Div. (US) to Alife, Italy.

17 Feb 1944—Part of the Platoon moved to Cervaro, Italy (FM Radio Sets). Captain Hartog (British) was in charge of this operation.

18 Feb 1944—FM Radio Set Detachment returned to 36th Signal Company.

General—Salerno Beach-Head Phase (continued):

The utilization of the DUKW mounted Radio Sets, SCR-499 was dispensed with by the time the initial Salerno operation was completed. These radio sets were replaced by the SCR-299 radio sets that came ashore from follow-on sea convoys arriving from Algiers, Algeria, North Africa. One of the DUKWs loaded with a radio set, SCR-499 was hit by an armor piercing round fired by an enemy tank. No damage was done either to the radio set or vital parts of the vehicle. The round passed through the hull missing all vital parts. The forward telephone switching central mentioned earlier in the Telephone & Teletype initial action report was established somewhat forward of the Division Command Post to facilitate close contact with the subordinate elements of the Command. As stated earlier, the switch was named 88 Switch because of its vulnerability to incoming enemy artillery fire. Our Infantry was deployed along the hill mass (Cappa Santa) just up the slope from the switch. Lt. Wells while on a routine visit to the switch, and in the company of the Division Signal Officer, LTC Robert L. Cox, experienced a prolonged session of enemy artillery shelling. As we talked with the switch operating personnel, the shelling started. Col. Cox was inside the old building where the switch was installed and made a remark to the men saying that he supposed that our own artillery was busy firing at the enemy. One of the men responded telling the Colonel that what he was hearing was incoming enemy artillery rounds falling just down the slope from the switch.

A communications detachment from the Signal Company was detailed to support the Darby Ranger Battalion. The Rangers were tasked to cut through the Amalfi Penninsula north of Salerno at Maroi, Italy. The Signal Company personnel were used as a security force in addition to their primary mission of communications support. All personnel were volunteers. These men rejoined the Signal Comapny in late September or early October at a bivouac area in the vicinity of Pozzouli, Italy just west of Naples, Italy.

Possouli, Italy—Rest and Training Area: Captain Charles A. Wingo, C.O.

A forward Echelon detachment of the 36th Signal Company under 1st Lt. Paul I. Wells moved from the initial beachhead area (near Alta Villa) to the Pozzouli, Italy area in late September 1943. The forward echelon detachment went through Naples, Italy while a mopping up action was in progress. Actually, the enemy snipers may well have been a handful of die hard Nazi sympathizers. The Infantry took care of the snipers in short order. The forward Echelon detachment had stopped for breakfast when the rifle fire erupted. We were sitting on the steps of the Garibaldi Railroad Station when it started. The Signal Company bivouac was established in a grove of small chestnut trees adjacent to the 36th Division Headquarters Command Post. The Division Headquarters and Signal Company remained in this area until approximately mid-November 1943. The Signal Company took advantage of this period to perform much needed maintenance and to replace damaged and lost equipment. While in this area the bivouac area we were exposed to fall-out (flack) coming from our own Anti-aircraft artillery firing at enemy air craft flying over the general area of Naples, Italy. Due to the noise created by the Signal Company gasoline engine drive electrical generators located within the Division CP area it was soon found that members of the Division Headquarters Staff could not hear the air raid alarms given by a voice announcement. To alleviate the situation, the Division Signal Officer directed the Signal Company to remove the generators from the CP area. This left us with the problem of getting a sufficient amount of electrical power from the Signal Company bivouac which was approximately ¼ mile away from the Div CP to power the Teletype, Telephone Switchboard and Cryptographic equipments. The problem was solved through the use of salvaged enemy spiral-4 cable. It finally became necessary to bury the power units to further reduce the noise level. Limited ventilation ports were provided to enable the gasoline engines to operate without overheating. Company personnel were permitted to visit Naples while we were in this bivouac area.

Presenzano, Italy Phase: Captain Charles A. Wingo, C.O.

Around the middle of November 1943, the 36th Division Headquarters and Signal Company moved to an area just north of the Volturno River off Highway 6. On the 15th of November 1943 the Signal Company dispatched a forward echelon detachment under 1st Lt. Paul I. Wells to take over the 3rd Infantry Division communications system in preparation for their relief by the 36th Infantry Division. The 3rd Division was then located approximately one mile east of the road junction of Highway 6 and the unnumbered road leading towards Presenzano, Italy. The cut-over of the field wire trunks and Headquarters area local lines was severely hampered during the night of 15-16 November by enemy artillery fire of very heavy caliber. Early the next morning General Walker (CG, 36th

Inf. Div.) indicated that he intended to move his CP behind the shoulder of the mountain approximately one mile in the direction toward Presenzano. The weather was miserable during the entire period of time we occupied this position. The forward echelon detachment was accompanied by Major Gordon R. Anderson, the Assistant Division Signal Officer. Major Anderson was assigned to duty as Assistant Div. Sig. Officer on 3 November 1943. Lt. Wells, Lt. Ercil D. Miller and Major Anderson shared a small wall tent (7x7) on the first night we spent on the 3rd Div. CP area. Mud and gravel splashed against the tent all during the night from enemy artillery shell explosions in the very near vicinity. Some twelve men were killed by enemy shell fire in the 3rd Div CP area. Olive trees and trucks were torn asunder by the fire. The 36th Div CP now relocated from the old 3rd Div CP area was set up with the thought that additional enemy artillery fire might again start to fall in the new area as well as the old one. As a precaution, the Telephone/Teletype Central Office and associated printers and the Message Center were dug in to a depth of approximately six feet under small wall or CP tents. The incessant rain created a huge maintenance problem with the dug in equipment. Many of the Signal Company personnel were affected by "Trench Foot" since there was way to dry out shoes (leather and no overshoes). While in this area (mid November to the end of December 1943) the Division was involved in difficult mountain warfare operations. The Signal Company provided communications support detachments in direct support of a Ranger Battalion in the Venafro/San Pietro, Italy area. We maintained and operated a Telephone Switchboard, Message Center and a Radio Station at the Ranger Battalion Headquarters. Lt. Nathan Harris and Lt. Irvin S. Oliver were officers in charge of two separate missions to provide communications support to the same Ranger Battalion and to the First Special Forces Command. Lt. Harris was in charge of a Signal Company detachment supporting the Ranger Battalion during a special operation mounted for the purpose of attacking and seizing San Pietro, Italy. The plan of action required the Signal Company detachment to go into No-Mans-Land in front of one of our own Infantry battalions. In order to get into this position it was necessary to use pack mules and lay field wire back to the Infantry battalion to their rear. Then, to lay in wait for the Ranger Battalion to arrive during the night hours and follow them in the attack on San Pietro. When the Rangers joined the Signal Company detachment they decided it would be too risky for our detachment to follow in the attack phase and that it should wait and come forward on call from the Ranger Battalion. Things became very confused during the balance of the night and the Rangers never sent word to the Signal Company detachment as to whether the attack was successful or not. Daylight caught our Signal Company detachment in No-Mans-Land with no alternative except to hunker down and wait until the following night for the pack mules to return and pick up the equipment. Fortunately, the enemy never discovered the detachment in its exposed position.

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While the San Pietro mission was in motion another Signal Company support detachment under 2nd Lt. Irvin S. Oliver was detailed to support the First Special Service Force in its attack on Million Dollar Mountain (Mount La Difensa). Sergeants Horace Benedict and John Wilhelm were seriously wounded during this action. Fifteen or more battalions of artillery and a number of Chemical mortar battalions fired on Mount La Difensa prior to the start of the attack by the First Special Service Force. Due to the method of attack employed by the First Special Service Force our Signal Company detachment was required to follow the attack echelon employing rope and grapple hooks to climb the mountain. BG Wilbur, Assistant Division Commander was in direct control of this mission. He was very complimentary in his remarks concerning the way the Signal Company detachment accomplished its part of the overall mission.

Soon after the Million Dollar Mountain attack was over, the Venafro area Ranger battalion was directed to again attack San Pietro, Italy for the second time. The Signal Company again was tasked to support the Rangers. Lt. Irvin S. Oliver was assigned to lead the Signal Company detachment for this second mission of the Rangers. Positioning of the detachment proceeded as before with Pack Mules bringing equipment into a preplanned site under cover of darkness. This time it was a point along the road Venafro-San Pietro. A culvert was chosen for cover. A carbon copy of events transpired in this attempt. Our detachment was again left to its own devices and had to remain exposed for another day. Their position came under mortar fire this time during the daylight hours. A revetment of rocks was built at each end of the culvert to deflect shrapnel. The enemy did detect the detachment and fired mortars at them all during the day. Fortunately, the revetment was a life saver. The detachment was successfully evacuated the following night by Pack Mules.

The maintenance of field wire lines was very difficult during this period due to a steady rain and the accumulation of mud along the roadsides. Most of the wire laid along Highway 6 was placed just off the black-top surface and between it and the base of large trees. Consequently, when a line went into trouble it was almost impossible to locate a single wire in the mass of mud and other lines following the same route. The frustration was partially solved, so we thought, by the men laying a new line wire circuit right on top of the mess. The problem was compounded by tracked vehicles (and other) straying off the road and taking the wire lines with them. It finally became necessary to simply raise all lines aloft and tie the mass to tree trunks at a height where they were not so vulnerable to damage by straying vehicles.

While the Signal Company was in this area, the Division Rear Echelon Headquarters was located in Marzanello, Italy. The Signal Company detachment there was composed of: T-4 George L. Bratcher and six other Telephone & Teletype Section men. Message Center was represented by: T-5 Robert W. Parent and there was a wire construction team led by Staff

Sergeant Manson S. Bearden.

Lt. William H. Kavanaugh, Jr. reported for duty with the 36th Signal Company in 7 January 1944.

Mount Lungo Phase:

1st Lt. John S. Mercaldo was assigned to act as 36th Division Officer with the Italian Army Brigade.

An Italian Army Armored Brigade was attached to the 36th Infantry Division with a mission to attack and occupy Mount Lungo near Highway 6 and Mount Rotundo. The attack failed and Lt. Mercaldo rejoined the Signal Company in a short time.

Radio operator Corporal Clarence D. Smith was seriously wounded by shrapnel when his radio vehicle was in position at the junction of Highway 6 and the Presenzano road, Corporal Smith survived and rejoined the Signal Company approximately six months later.

Due to the high density of troops in the general area and the lack of road systems to handle all of the vehicle traffic, the Military Police were now faced with a huge traffic control problem. This caused some messengers, radio vehicles and wire construction teams to be stopped or move much too slowly along some of the routes which adversely affected their ability to perform the assigned missions in a timely manner. As a matter of fact, some field wire lines were finally laid across country to avoid the choked roads. Some of the work was accomplished using hand-carry wire and tools.

During the build-up for the Mount La Difensa operation, the field wire system to all attached troop commands proved to be one of the greatest challenges faced by the Signal Company during WWII. There were some fifteen battalions of artillery plus other miscellaneous troop elements to be connected to the 36th Division telephone central office. At about this time we discovered a wire tap had been employed by the enemy on one of the lateral lines connecting two of the Infantry RCT Headquarters. This was discovered due to the fact the circuit went into trouble and came right back into operation without any of our trouble-shooters ever having a chance to get to the point of trouble. The next day our lineman patrolled the line and found where the enemy had repaired the line using their own wire (which was distinctly different from our own W-110).

While in the Presenzano, Italy area we installed a lateral field wire circuit to the British 56th Division on our left flank.

Construction Wire Team Chiefs for the period Presenzano/Cairo, Italy phase were: 141st RCT—S/SGT James R. Henderson; 142nd RCT—S/SGT Manson S. Bearden; 143rd RCT—S/SGT Ernie C. Coffey. Construction Platoon Officers: 1st Lt. Hiram M. Hicks, Jr. (returned to Signal Company from detached service Radio Intelligence Platoon supporting the British 10 Corps); 2nd Lt. Ercil D. Miller. Casualties: Technician 5 Lloyd A. Newsom was wounded and awarded the Purple Heart medal on 1 Nov

1943; S/SGT Horace Benedict was wounded and evacuated to the 94th Evacuation Hospital (Mount La Difensa operation) and awarded the Purple Heart medal; S/SGT John Wilhelm was wounded on 23-24 Nov 1943 and evacuated to the 95th Evac Hospital. He was awarded the Purple Heart medal; 1st Lt. Joseph D. Alston, Jr. was wounded on 6 Dec 1943 and evacuated to the 3rd Convalescent Hospital. He was awarded the Purple Heart medal; PFC William J. Lamoreaux was wounded on 24 Nov 1943. He was awarded the Purple Heart medal; T/SGT William D. Brown was wounded and awarded the Purple Heart medal; T-5 Clarence D. Smith was wounded on 16 Dec 1943 and awarded the Purple Heart medal; PVT John W. Williams was injured in an accident between a motorcycle he was riding and a truck on 10 Jan. 1944; 2nd Lt. Irvin S. Oliver was hospitalized with stomach ulcers and relieved from duty with the 36th Signal Company on 12 Dec 1943.

5th U.S. Army Reserve Phase: (28-30 Dec 1943 to early Jan 1944)

The 36th Infantry Division Headquarters and 36th Signal Company moved from Presenzano, Italy area on 28 Dec 1943 to the general area of Alife, Italy. A storm ushered in the New Year with many large trees blown down. The Signal Company bivouac area was a disaster area with tents blown down and food supplies strewn over the general area of the bivouac. The field wire system was severely damaged causing a momentary disruption of communications. Since the Division was in a reserve category this was suffered with no serious consequences.

On 11 Jan 1944 the Headquarters 36th Inf. Div. and 36th Signal moved from Alife, Italy area to a position just south of the old Presenzano, Italy CP area. This was repositioning by 5th Army in preparation for sending the 36th Inf. Div. back into the line. Soon after arriving in this area the 36th Inf. Div. was again ordered into a position encompassing the general area of San Pietro, Mount Rotundo, Mount Lungo and the valley towards the Rapido River. Headquarters 36th Inf. Div. was established at the south base of Mount Rotundo and within sight of Highway 6 and Mount Lungo on 14 Jan 1944. A Mobile Surgical Hospital (MASH) was set up along Highway 6 on the saddle between Mount Ungo and Mount Rotundo at the Horse Shoe Curve. Telephone field wire lines from 36th Div Hq to MASH hospital were a maintenance problem due to enemy artillery fire falling along Highway 6 between Div. Hq and the MASH. While in this area the major effort by the 36th Infantry Division was an attack across the Rapido, River. The Signal company was ordered to extend the field wire telephone system up to the near side of the river during the day and night preceding the attack across the river. There were perhaps others present at the river bank at the end of these circuits during the day/night waiting period, but one individual's name is remembered as Sergeant James Hendricks. During daylight hours Sgt. Hendricks gave an eye witness account of happenings across the river.

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Hicks A. Turner (Jamie)
111th Engr. Bn.
Rt. 2 Box 236
Clyde, TX 79510 (915) 529-3579

EDITOR T PATCHER NEWSLETTER

Bert D. Carlton (Clara) 144 & 143rd
806 Aransas Dr.
Euless TX 76039 (817) 267-7864

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