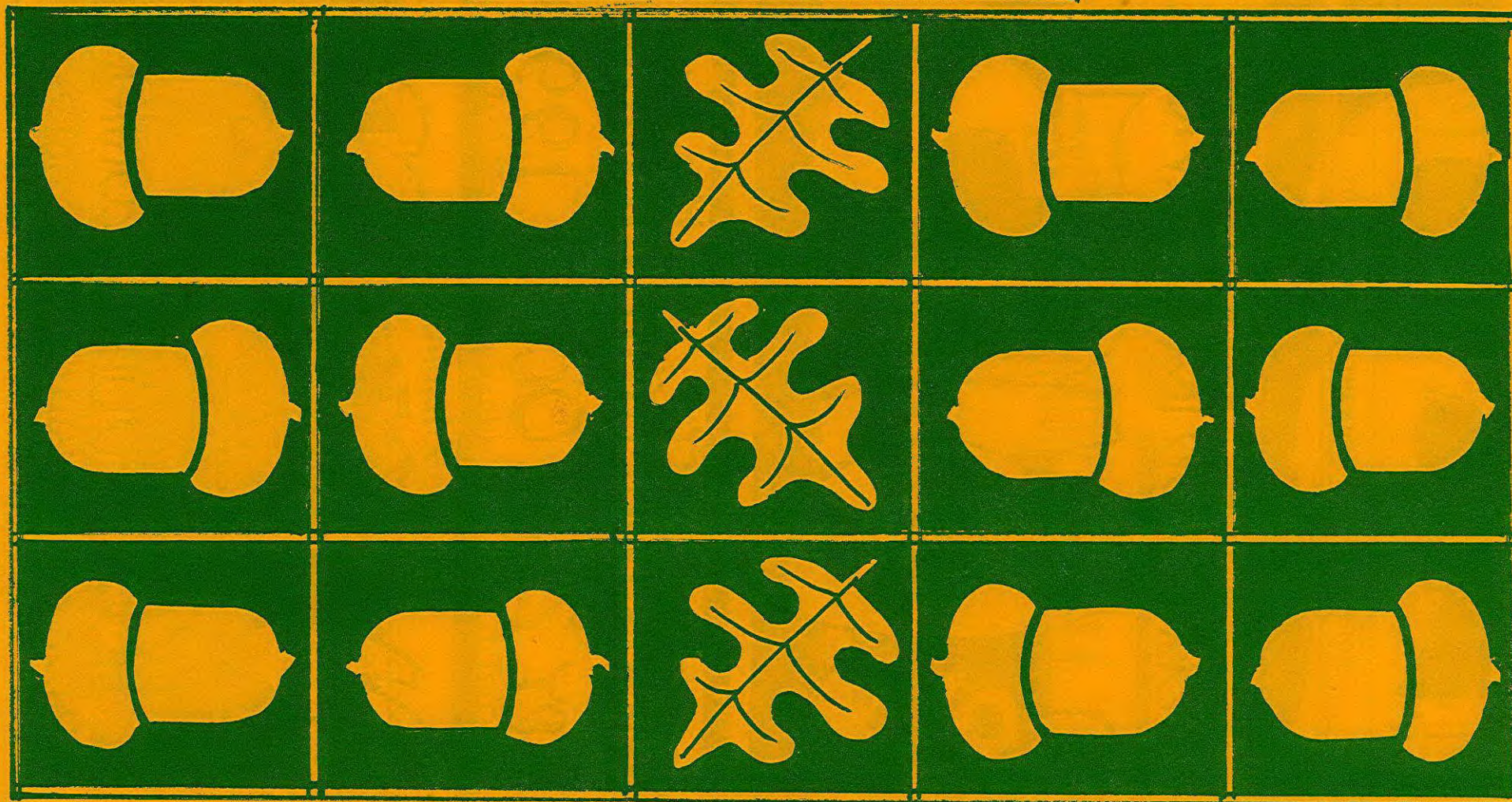


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EXCELLENT JOB IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

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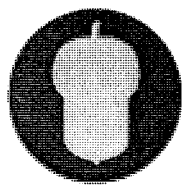
...IN DRAWBRIDGE ESTATES, F. MITCHELL, KY.
...SEPT. 26 TO OCT. 3, 1999

CAN YOU TOP IT?

*GUELIZOW, D-345, REUNION HOST.
PAST NATIONAL COMMANDER

—PETRICK—

6



GOLDEN ACORN NEWS

Volume 41, Issue 1

PUBLICATION OF THE 87th INFANTRY DIVISION

MARCH, 1999

The Big Five - Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

September 26
to
October 3, 1999

Lou And Jeanne Gueltzow, D-345 To Host Our
50th Annual Reunion!



**Lou and Jeanne Gueltzow
Say, "Come Join Us In
Northern Kentucky On
September 26 Through
October 3."**

Come and see the beautiful Northern Kentucky area. Join in the 50th Anniversary Reunion of the 87th Infantry Division Association. This year we will be at the Drawbridge Inn which is just across the river from Cincinnati, Ohio.

There are more than enough rooms available at the Inn to accommodate all of our members. Some of the interests are the United States Air Force Museum, oldest and largest military aviation museum in the world. Riverboat gambling, Turfway Horse Races, golfing at the Willow Course at Kenton County, City tours, the Museum Center at Union Terminal with its "Cincinnati Goes to War" exhibit, or the Art Museum and Conservatory. A trip could be planned to Meyer's Winery or just go shopping at a nearby mall. There are shuttle buses



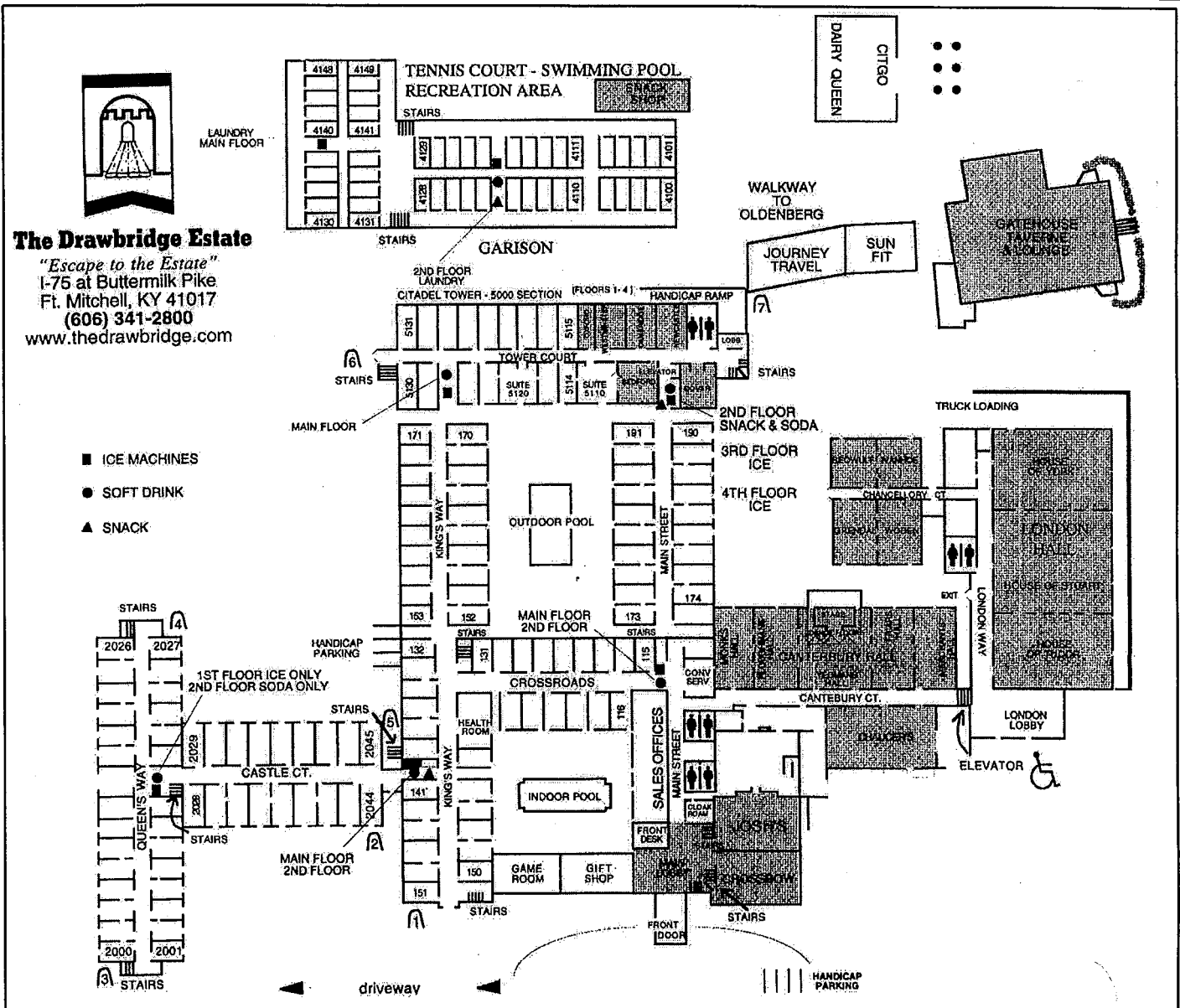
available for this. Also, a visit to the Cathedral Basilica of the Assumption or the Main Strasse Village at Covington, Kentucky.

The Drawbridge Inn is a hotel complex with a brewery and brewery museum on the property.

Also, visit Coyote's the areas largest Country Music and Dance Hall, located in the same Oldenberg complex. Located next door to the Inn is the Gatehouse Tavern, a long time area favorite for unique dining, in the surroundings of the Olde English Castle.. complete with moat and drawbridge. Located off the main lobby of the Inn is Josh's for fine dining and Chaucer's is their 24 hour restaurant

which offers breakfast, lunch and dinner at any time of the day. Then for those who wish to swim, there is an indoor pool.

So come one and all to the Drawbridge Inn and join in on the fun at your 50th Anniversary Reunion in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. There is something here for everyone.

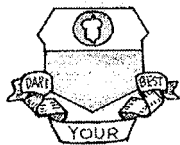


The Drawbridge Estate

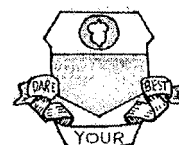
The Drawbridge Estate is located in Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky. Independently owned and operated for 25 years, the Drawbridge Estate offers a perfect location for a unique experience of old world charm and contemporary comfort. The Estate comprises 23 acres of lodging, dining, recreation facilities and is located adjacent to the Oldenberg Brewery and Entertainment complex. The drawbridge Inn offers 500 sleeping rooms with 8 suites and 28,000 square feet of meeting, exhibit and banquet space. There are 3 diverse restaurants, 1 indoor pool, 2 outdoor pools, tennis, basketball, volleyball courts, fitness room, sauna, whirlpool and a children's play area to keep you busy while at the Estate.

Located at I-75 and Buttermilk Pike, the Drawbridge Estate is just 7 miles south of downtown Cincinnati and Covington's Riverfront, as well as 7 miles from the Greater Cincinnati Northern Kentucky International Airport. There are many attractions just minutes away including Cinergy Field, Turfway Race Park, Cincinnati Zoo, golf, and shopping. The Drawbridge Estate offers 24 hour complimentary airport shuttle service, and plenty of free parking. So visit the Drawbridge Estate and get the Royal Treatment.

The Visitors Center states that if you want a package of Activities sent to you, call; 1 800 782 9659. State that you are a member of the 87th Division Association coming to the reunion and you would like to know what type of activities Northern Kentucky has to offer.



347, Column Write



The Second Battalion (347th) Reports

The following stories relate a few experiences of the Second Battalion in the Battle of the Bulge in January 1945. [In the next issue of the GAN, we will report on The Siegfried Line. If you would like a story included for your company, please send it by March 30th to: Barbara Strang, 6614 Ivy Hill Drive, McLean, VA 22101.]

Fines Sturgeon Company E

My story begins after Christmas, during the Battle of the Bulge. There was about 10 feet of snow on the ground, and that evening we finally got into a town; I am not sure of its name, but it wasn't a big town. Our company secured a three-story wooden house, where we were going to spend the night to get out of the weather. There was no heat in this house, and it was extremely cold. There was a truck outside, and I told Ray Wahweotten that if we could find some gas we could have some heat.

We went outside and found a low-beam flashlight and found a pot that would hold about 2 gallons. We got the gas out of the truck and went back to the room our squad was in. We lit the gas in the pot, and the other men in the room wanted to know who got the heat. We told them that we didn't know, but that it felt very good. One man looked at the pot and said, "That's a crock pot, and that heat will crack that pot."

About that time, the heat did crack the pot, and we ran downstairs. The others, hearing the noise and seeing the fire, also ran outside. Within 5 minutes, the whole house was on fire. The Germans could see that the house was on fire, and began to shell the place. We either left town in the tracks, or ran from the town, I can't remember which, but we did stay together.

The men were concerned about how the fire started, what kind of fire it was, and if they could tell that it was a crock pot. I said nothing. I was like Sgt. Scholtes, "I see nothing, I hear nothing, and I say nothing." We lost our M-1

rifles, our helmets, and some men lost their overcoats. To this day, I have not told anyone that I was responsible for the fire, and the lost equipment. Ray may still be living; I don't know, but I would like to hear from anyone in the E Company who remembers this fire. You can e-mail me at: fines@clnk.com.

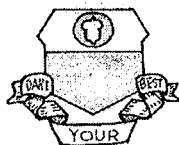
Sgt. Jules Korn Company F

Sometime in January, we got replacements, and the replacements said they had Christmas dinner in the States and now they were overseas, supposedly on the front lines for New Year's. They could not understand that because there was no shooting and no artillery the night they arrived, that they were actually on the front line. I remember specifically that we were so devastated in numbers (of men) that I tried to teach some of these new kids how to use the mortar. There were so few of us left who were able to operate the weapon. We had been decimated.

The Fourth Platoon consisted of two machine-gun squads and two squads of 60mm mortars. I was in one of the mortar squads. When we attacked, one machine-gun squad followed by one squad of mortars would follow the lead platoon. The other machine-gun squad and mortar squad were at the rear of the company.

On 4 January, the lead platoon was pinned down with part of the machine-gun squad that was following them. They were pinned down by a lone sniper who had an automatic type of burp gun. He was very accurate. He actually shot the machine gun out of the machine gunner's hands. The other half of the machine-gun squad was in back in a deep hole, which may have been a pond in the summertime and was very much below ground. I was in back of the machine-gun squad with the mortar squad.

My squad got into the hole, and as squad leader, I started counting noses and found we were missing one man. I asked the guys, "Did you pass the word back to move up?" They said, "Sure Sergeant, we said we were moving up, move up, move up." I got dressed down to a field jacket and weapon. Now I had to go find out what



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happened to this kid. I went back and there was a GI lying in the snow fifty to seventy yards back. I took a look around. There were no artillery holes. I thought maybe he got hit by small-arms fire. I said, "You hurt." No answer. I gave him a nudge with my foot. He didn't move. I rolled him over. I didn't see any blood, I didn't see anything. I said, "You know where the aid station is?" He was on his feet. He went back to the aid station. I reported to Captain Dahlke that I had to send a guy in my squad back to the aid station with battle fatigue. We were all average guys who got caught in a situation, and we did what we had to do as scared as we were. Some people couldn't do it.

The guys in the hole I was in had pulled in two GIs who were wounded. Every time they tried to send somebody out to pull in some of the other wounded, that person got wounded too, so we stopped sending people out. We had two wounded men in the hole. One GI was on the left facing the line of departure, and one GI was on the right. The medic came over and went to the wounded guy on the left, who was lying with his head up on an embankment with his feet towards the other end, and said, "Oh, he got it in the shoulder; he can wait. This GI got it in the chest. I better get to him." He took care of the soldier who got it in the chest. The private who got it in the shoulder died because it went into the shoulder and then into his heart.

Later, the medic was wounded or killed and was replaced by Mel Robinson, a childhood friend of mine. We grew up in the same apartment building. What a surprise to see him! All the medics were fantastic. No contest.

After we got pinned down by the sniper, our own artillery was supposedly firing on the town of Pironpre, but we were getting it. They were firing short rounds, and we were taking hits.

That night we dug in on the line of departure and stayed there for three days. I remember standing by the phone when Captain Dahlke was talking to Colonel Bodner. He had orders from Colonel Bodner to take the town, and Captain Dahlke refused to take the few men he had left on the attack.

For three days, I was in a foxhole with Delmer Johnson in the snow. He was a good-looking, young man of Scandinavian descent. I remember the two of us sitting there with canteens and K-rations, which were in wax cartons. We would light the cartons and melt snow. We would then make ourselves Nescafe, lemonade, tea, whatever. It would take a very long time to take snow and continually melt it until you got enough water.

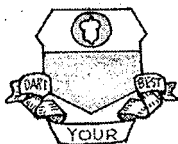
During this time, Delmer was telling me about his mother and father and the kind of son he was. He regretted that he gave so much aggravation to his parents and that, when this was all over, he was going to make up for it. He was a good kid, possibly a wild young man for his day. But he did have a conscience, and he felt badly about the way he turned out as far as his parents were concerned, but he was going to make it up to them. He never lived to do it.

On 7 January, we made a lateral move over to the woods, where we took a German prisoner. The orders came back to dig in. I was digging in with Delmer in a gully in the woods because it was softer, and we were able to dig better. Command brought up three of our tanks into our area. The tanks drew enemy fire that killed Delmer Johnson while I was standing next to him. When the fire came in (armor-piercing shells), our tankers got out of their tanks and took off. It was very disheartening.

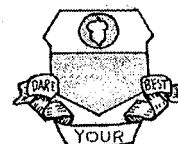
Twenty years ago, Melvin Silverman, a buddy from First Platoon, showed me pictures of a recent trip to Europe, which included the picture of a grave of a soldier in the 87th Division. He had taken the picture at random. It was the grave of Delmer Johnson.

**George Phillips
Company G**

A couple of days before Christmas of 1944, G Company, along with the rest of the 87th Division, prepared to leave the Saar and move to Belgium to counter the German offensive in the Ardennes. It was a division badly understrength from the effects of two weeks of savage fighting compounded by the debilitating impact of



347, Column Write



trenchfoot cases. Companies were down to platoon strength; platoons were nothing more than a squad or two. Nevertheless, the division saddled up and took off on a five-day, 350-mile trip that I, and everyone else who made the journey, will remember forever for its misery.

When that trip ended another began, a trip laced with names such as Moircy, Jenneville, Tillet, and Bonnerue. But it's Pironpre that sticks in my memory, because it was there that I came closest to becoming a KIA and there that the Third Platoon lost one of its most popular members, Sgt. Norman "Pop" Schultz. Pironpre, G Company's first objective in the Ardennes, was just a small clump of houses at a crossroads, but a vital part of the Germans' supply system and thus heavily defended. On the day in question, G Company, what was left of it, mounted its attack with the First Platoon on the right, the Third Platoon (my platoon) on the left, and the Second Platoon in reserve.

We moved out straggling through foot-deep snow, across a two-foot deep stream, again through deep snow, and finally into the village itself. I tossed a grenade into the nearest house, which flushed out a bunch of civilians but no Germans. We entered the house but saw no Germans. Whether any were hiding in the cellar we never found out.

At this point, Palmer Montgomery and I ran across the road looking for the First Platoon. We couldn't find them (to this day I don't know what happened to them), so we made a dash back across the road to the Third Platoon position. Palmer went first; I followed. He got across the road, but as I was crossing, a German tank fired its 88 at me. The shell landed close enough to knock me ass over teakettle about 15 feet down the road and caused me to lose my M-1. To add insult to injury, the tanker then opened up on me with his machine guns. Luckily there was a slight depression in the road and I did my best imitation of a snake slithering along the ground. Strangely enough, I was more mad than scared and as I crawled along, I cursed those Germans with every curse I could remember and a few that I invented on the spot. Unfortunately, I was so intent on my cursing and crawling that I lost my

bearings and was crawling in the direction of the German tank. However, Montgomery saw what was happening and began yelling, "To the left, to the left." I changed direction, picked up a Mauser rifle to replace my lost M-1 and managed to get to safety.

It was at this point that I discovered my pack and the K Rations in it had been riddled with bullets from the machine gun, and I realized just how close I had come to death.

Later, Montgomery and I got back to our group and there we saw Sgt. "Pop" Schultz lying dead in the road. He had taken an almost direct hit from a mortar round. It took me awhile to get over his death. Pop was a fatherly type to us. Most of us were 18 or barely 19; he was in his late thirties and married.

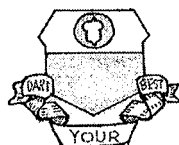
Of course war leaves little time for mourning or for worrying about past near misses. We still had to face Tillet, Bonnerue, the Rhine, Koblenz, and all the rest. Nevertheless, from that day to this I've lived my life by the credo that every day is a bonus.

1st Lt. Bud Aronson Company H

On 16 December 1944 the Germans broke through a lightly held U.S. position in the Ardennes forest in Belgium. They had split the American armies and were heading for the sea.

The Allied command was divided. The American Third Army was positioned roughly on a line on the south side of the Bulge, while the British XXX Corps was on its north side. Both armies moved toward each other to close the gap.

I was the leader of an H Company heavy machine gun platoon in the 347th Infantry Regiment, a part of the Third Army on the southern side. We had been fighting in the Saar and when the Bulge occurred, we were moved up to the Ardennes. Slowly, we pushed forward. After about five weeks in cold, deep snow, lots of firefights, and many casualties, we arrived in the vicinity of the Ourthe River. We got word that the British were not too far away.



347, Column Write



I remember that 14 January morning well. As usual, when snow covers everything, but the air is damp and the temperature gets a bit above freezing, fog is the result. In the early morning, when the heat of the sun is not great, this fog becomes very dense. It was like this that morning at about six o'clock. Our platoon had a couple of machine gun sections guarding a crossroads. Because we had suffered many casualties, we didn't have riflemen protecting them. My command post, a couple of soldiers and I, was in the farm house a few yards back from the crossroads.

I had staggered awake and I remember I was shaving. I remember that, because such an activity was pretty rare. I think I was using some hot water in a canteen cup and was about half finished when we heard a whistle on the sound powered telephone.

I picked up the phone and heard the squad leader with the guns say, in a pretty shaky voice, that he thought some German tanks were out there. He couldn't see them through the fog but heard engines being revved. He wanted to know what to do; 30-caliber machine guns aren't much good against tanks. Not having a bazooka to support the riflemen, the squad leader felt pretty vulnerable. About all I could think to tell him was not to fire on the tanks and wait to see if there were any German infantry--then open up on them.

Most of us looked like brothers to Willie and Joe, Bill Mauldin's totally lifelike caricatures of the GI in battle. We were sloppy, unshaven and tired. We looked a sight, but we got ourselves together quickly. No sooner had I stepped out of the farmhouse door to see what to do when out of the gloom marched a troop of Tommies, along with Bren Gun carriers. These gun carriers were the source of the engine noise.

The Tommies were dressed in battle gear with brown leather jerkins to keep them warm. They weren't wearing tin hats but wore matching brown tam o'shanters. Their tin hats and well used enameled tea cups were tied on their backpacks. Unlike us, they were clean, bright and smart. I have always wondered at and admired

their esprit de corps.

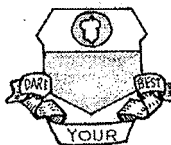
These fellows were the "C" Squadron of the 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry of the 51st Highland Division. They were the reconnaissance unit for their Division. Their commander was Lieutenant Langley-Smith, later to be Lieutenant Colonel and two-time winner of the Military Cross. I suddenly realized that our two little groups had closed our part of the Bulge!

Probably, the Highland Division's greatest moment was in the Western Desert of Egypt against Rommel at El Alamein, so this little episode did not mean too much to them. For me, it was momentous! Most platoon leaders don't experience much of the big picture in war. They just know what is going on immediately around them. I suspect that even today, with all the sophisticated communications equipment, it is not much different. All we knew was that we were there to stop a breakthrough, and that we must have helped with some of the stopping.

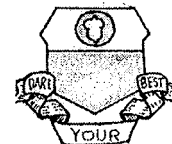
It impressed me that what had occurred was important, so I put Langley-Smith in my jeep and took him back to our regimental headquarters. On the way, I remember we discussed better times at luncheons at the Mirabelle, a wonderful West End London restaurant. I thought I might be part of some ceremony and that I might even get a medal for helping to close the gap. Decorations were awarded to some for a lot less. But, it was not to be. I introduced Langley-Smith to my commander and I was dismissed. Somewhat dispirited, I returned to my command post and became part of the routine rearrangement of the lines. As far as I was concerned, the Battle of the Bulge was over.

I still think of it as a momentous occasion, but I have always been somewhat embarrassed that my only real part in the drama happened when I was shaving. On the other hand it gives me a sense of pride to know that having shaved, I looked as smart and soldierly to those wonderful Tommies as they looked to me.

**Got A Story You Wish To Tell?
Send It In.**



347, Column Write



Maj. Harding J. Frindt, GQ-347

I joined the 347th Regiment at Camp McCain, Mississippi, prior to activation of the 87th Infantry Division, having just graduated from the Officer Candidate School, Ft. Benning, GA. Prior to going to OCS I had been a Personnel Sgt. Major so with that background I was assign to the 347th as Personnel Officer. I served under all of the Regiment's Commanders, Colonel Besse, Lt. Col. Cartwright, Lt. Col. Carter, and Colonel Sevier R. Tupper and remained Personnel Officer of the Regiment until we arrived back in the States after the war.

A few issues ago, a photo of the Personnel Section of the 347th taken during the Tennessee maneuvers just prior to our movement to Ft. Jackson, appeared in the GAN. The photo was sent by one of the members of the 347th Personnel Section, Carl Goad.

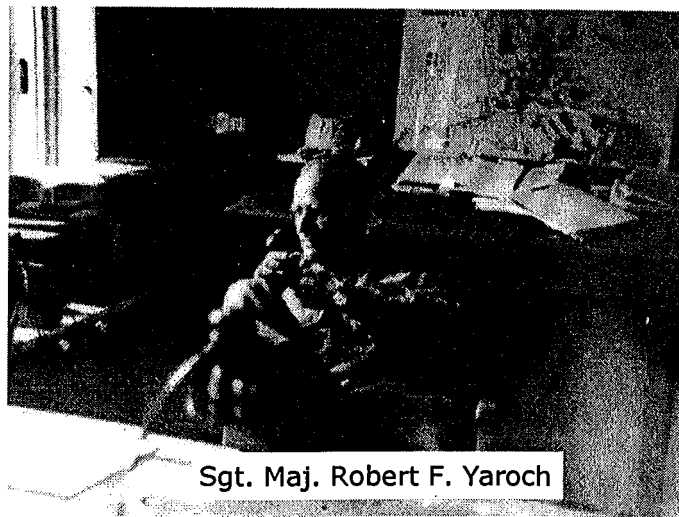
I am enclosing another photo, which includes some of the members of that section taken in Germany in 1945. Also photos of our Sergeant Major Robert F. Yaroch and myself also taken in Germany in 1945.

During the period in which our 347th was in combat the Personnel Section was considerably over T/O with a total of 63 Sergeants, Corporals, Pfc.'s, one Warrant Officer, one First Lieutenant, and one Captain. As we all know the Division began to suffer a great number of casualties after we entered combat. The responsibility of the Personnel Section was many fold including Payroll, Rations Accounting, Replacement processing and most important accurate casualty reporting. During the Ardennes Salient, General Patton became aware that casualty reporting of Sick, Wounded, MIA, POW, KIA, and AWOL was not 100% accurate in his command. He ordered his IG to inspect the Personnel Sections of each unit within the Third Army. As a result of this inspection the Personnel Section of the 347th was found to have made no errors in its reporting and had excellent control over the reporting program. A note was made in the IG report that The Personnel Officer of the 347th was a First Lieutenant in a Captains position. The result was that Colonel Besse immediately processed my

promotion to Captain. This was the army at it's best giving the leader credit for the work of all of those within the command. I still remember with pride all of those members of the section that performed an extremely important job under what were often adverse conditions. I still keep a roster of all that served with me and have communicated with several during the years.



Captain Harding J. Frindt, Personnel Officer, Germany, 1945



Sgt. Maj. Robert F. Yaroch



347, Column Write



1. John Sullivan
2. John Rote
3. Anthony S. Leto
4. Clifford L. East
5. William A. Parod
6. James W. Bullock
7. Fred A. Bala

8. C. Starkweather
 9. Norbert Buhl
 10. William A. Gorham
 11. Gilbert G. Rundell
 12. Bernard L. Selvey
 13. William W. Wilson
 14. Donald B. Johnston
- Photo by Walt Dippold

15. John Kavanaugh
16. Joseph H. Conway
17. Clement G. Short
18. ?
19. Earl E. Bowman
20. Carl B. Dietrich
21. E. Paul Anderson

The Saar Valley

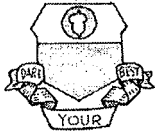
By Ben Rush, E-347

Each December
Brings a flood
Of memory
In '44 that was
The month we
Went on line
As Combat Infantry
German mortars
And Eightyeights

Killed most of
Those we lost
By Christmas Eve
Only twentyfive
Were left on line
One hundred and
Sixtytwo were gone
In January when I
Rejoined the squad
I doubled the size
Of it
I know as you know
That was long ago

But that was when
My Psyche and
My Soul were seared
And the scar
Is ever present
The Saar Valley
To me was and
Is a place of death.

Ben of Co.E.



347, Column Write



Student Hero Honored By Sheriff

Bill Statt, E-347 sent along this most interesting account of a young man's attempt at saving a former Golden Acorn's life. Ed.

Enclosed is a newspaper article about an award being given by our County Sheriff to a Chris Vossler for coming to the rescue of Ross Sperring. Ross served in Company B of the 347th Infantry. His family and others believe Ross's death was precipitated by the beating he took in a 'road rage fight' This incident and the death of Ross was reported at our September, Birmingham Reunion.



Chris Vossler receiving his award with Sheriff Andrew Meloni congratulating him

Jack Foy, as the story reads, made Chris Vossler an Honorary Member of the 87th Division Association and gave him a decal for his car window. I am following up by sending a check for dues for Chris to Bill Young so Chris will receive future issues of GAN.

Friends of Ross and others who are outraged that a 29 year old punk would attack a 78 year old man are prodding our District Attorney with letters and faxes urging that the perpetrator, John Creel, be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Perhaps there would be space for a story in GAN requesting our members to write and add their voice to the outcry for proper punishment.

Letters should go to:

District Attorney Howard Relen
47 South Fitzhugh Street Rochester, NY 14614
His fax number is 1-716-428-5343

Yours truly,

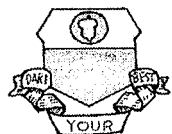
Bill Statt E-347th

An article in the Democrat & Chronicle in Irondequoit, New York states that a young man, Chris Vossler a Criminal Justice major At the State University College intervened when he observed a 28 year old man attack former 87th Division member Ross Sperring, 78 years of age in a classic example of road rage. Ross, stated in a letter to the Democrat and Chronicle, " I am convinced that without Chris' intervention I would have been a corpse lying in the street at route 31 and Blackwatch Trail. I will be forever grateful to Chris Vossler." The reason for this act of road rage was the interpretation that Ross was driving too slow to suit John Creel so Creel bumped Ross's car in the rear and when Ross stopped to asses the damage, Creel opened Ross's door and began pummeling him. At this point Chris Vossler began screaming at Creel, who then jumped into his car and fled the scene. Creel was later apprehended and charged with 3rd degree assault, reckless driving and criminal mischief. Ross was treated at the scene by the ambulance crew and was hospitalized three times with deteriorating health. Sadly within two months of the incident, Ross Sperring was dead, a death the family claims was caused by the beating he received from Creel.

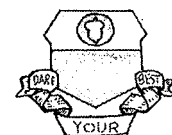
In order to honor Chris Vossler, John Foy, A-347 and Bill Statt put a group together and made Chris Vossler an Honorary Member of our Association at an award ceremony. "Not too many kids would have done that," said Jack Foy who presented the honor.

Chris stated that he hopes to be a Monroe County Sheriff when he graduates from college.

**1999 Dues Are Now Due!
Don't Be Dropped!**



347, Column Write



More On The Libramont Tragedy Of January 12, 1945

From Louis Kramer, L-347, C-312MED, comes this follow up to our story on page 8, of the September, 1998 issue. Ed.

I was very much interested in the article about the tragic incident that occurred on January 12, 1945 to Company A, 312 Engineers in Libramont, Belgium. I can add my own knowledge of the incident.

It was a relatively quiet time in the war and I had just celebrated reaching my 22nd birthday two days previously. Our cooks set up the chow line in a cleared area, with buildings making a courtyard type of setting. There were some trucks in the area to which I paid little attention at the time. We had mail call at the time we were in line and I stuffed my mail in my pocket. I ate quickly washed my mess gear and walked back about a half block up the street to our aid station. I sat down on a bench and was halfway through a letter when I heard the largest explosion I had ever heard to that time or since. I hit the floor and wondered what it could be.

I thought: Was it a bomb? I hadn't heard any plane. Was it a v-bomb? I had read about them being sent to London but hadn't read about them being used against troops in the field.

In any case after a few seconds I ran out of the station and looked skyward to see a perfect white smoke ring about fifty feet across in the sky. I saw nothing else. I looked down the street and saw a large group of mixed GI's and civilians running toward me and the aid station. As I was the only one in the station at the time I went back in and guided the walking wounded in to that area of the station to keep the litter treating area for the more severely injured. The next couple of hours were busy taking care of the many with lacerations, etc.

The above is what I personally know about. Subsequently the story that I heard was that the engineers were going out to lay a mine field that night and had been sleeping in the building next to the truck on which were 200 land mines.

First Day In Combat

By Gil Davis, AT- & I-347

The events to be described here are the impressions of a soldier on his first day in combat. I was a member of the third platoon of the AT company, 347th Regiment, 87th Division on December 13, 1944 when the following event occurred. Until this event the only thing exciting that we had done was to store our duffel bags at Metz for safe keeping.

Near the town of Saarunin, France we set out with a truck load of GI's (the third platoon) to establish a roadblock at a cross road near the front lines. In the cab, beside the driver, were Lt. Myers and 1st Sgt. O'Neal. I believe Sgt. O'Neal was regular army. We stopped near the cross roads and both Lt. Myers and Sgt. O'Neal got out and walked towards a building down the road. The next thing we knew was that a Bouncing Betty had been tripped killing both men. Here we were, sitting in a truck near the front lines with no one apparently in command. After wandering around the area for some time a Lt. was sent to assume command. of our platoon. We quickly reorganized completed our mission and headed back to our base. In a way some may not think this was combat, but the loss of our leadership and the uncertainty in our future, made me feel like I had been in combat.

As an epilog to this story I want to relate how we were received on our return to base camp. Everybody seemed happy to see us and sorry about the loss of Lt. Myers and Sgt. O'Neal. Even our mess Sgt. (I think it was Sgt. Stokes), who gave us grief on K.P. in the states, was glad to see us. He prepared us a hot meal then we grabbed some shut-eye in a nearby French hayloft. □

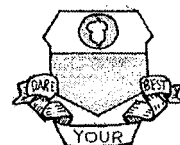
Got A Buddy You Want To Cheer Up?

Let Lou Gueltzow, D-345 know and he will see that the message gets out to other members of his unit.

Lou can be reached at:
Louis E. Gueltzow
9906 Stonehenge Way
Louisville, KY 40241-2135
Tel# 502 426 3057



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Hugh P. Gorman, I-CO. 347th, 3rd Squad, 3rd Platoon

December 14, 1944 was a cool, gray day in the Saar Basin, not far from Metz, France. We had moved into position on the western front, near Saarbrücken, Germany, in relief of the 26th Infantry Division. I had been on patrol the night before with my squad leader, Sergeant Beers. Beers was a transfer from the Air Corps and joined the 87th in the summer of 1944 at Fort Jackson. He was a gung-ho kind of guy and it seemed like he wanted to prove that he could become a topnotch infantryman.



1944

We had moved into a wooded area at the top of a small hill ahead of us in the valley there had been some German machine gun fire and Sgt. Beers had asked for three or four men to join him in an attempt to find the gun and knock it out. He needed a Browning Automatic Rifle (B.A.R.) and asked Bob Carl, our B.A.R. man, to come along. Bob said that he did not feel well and asked me, an assistant B.A.R. man, to take his place. He said he would dig our slit trench while I was gone. I said OK and took the B.A.R. from Bob and gave him my M-1. There were four of us in the patrol and gathered at the edge of the woods. Beers saw a small hedgerow about 150 yards from the woods and told us to head for the cover of the bushes one at a time.

We all made it down to the hedgerow OK and were setting up in a prone position. I was the one farthest to the right with my B.A.R. set up on its bi-pod. At that moment I felt a sharp thud to the right side of my head and I thought that my gun accidentally fired and the butt had hit me in the jaw. I put my hand up to my face and I could touch my teeth. The right side of my cheek was hanging down on my neck. My shoulder and chest felt real warm from the blood. Right then I knew that I had been seriously wounded. I yelled for Beers but my mouth was stuck open and instead of Beers, the word that came out was "eers". I lay there for what seemed like ten minutes when our company medic came down to me. He asked me if I felt like I was going to pass out and I said, "no". He gave me a shot of



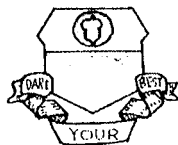
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morphine and wrapped the first-aid packet around my jaw and head to try to hold in the hanging flesh. He said that we were going to try to crawl back to the wooded area, where the rest of the company was located. I tried to take my B.A.R. with me as we started to crawl and he said, "leave it". He held my hand to guide me as my right eye had hemorrhaged, and I could only see out of one eye. As we were making our way back to the woods I could hear the slugs from the German machine gun thudding into the ground around us. I don't know how we made it, but we

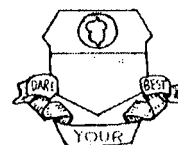
did.

When we got into the woods there was some discussion about how I was going to get back to the battalion aid. There were no litter carriers available. I found out at that time that Sgt. Beers had got it in the forehead and was killed instantly. One of the other two in the group had been hit in the shoulder. I think his name was Auten. I said that I would try to make it back to the aid station on my own. It was about a half-mile. Auten said that he was going to wait for the litter carriers. I left him sitting on the ground, leaning up against a tree. I found out later that he had died from shock and loss of blood.

After I had walked for what I think was about 20 minutes I became very woozy and sat down on the ground. Just then a couple of guys came with a stretcher and carried me to the aid station. They gave me a couple of pints of plasma at the aid station and another shot of morphine. Then they put me on the front end of a jeep with a stretcher mounted on it. They strapped me to the stretcher securely and we went for a ride to the field hospital in Nancy, France. By this time it was late afternoon of the 14th of December. They took me to surgery and prepared to sew up the side of my face. They asked me if I wanted a priest, having found out that I was Catholic from my dog tags. I said "Yes", and while they were preparing me for surgery, he gave me the last rites of the Church. It took about two hours to sew me up and the doctors that did the job said that they were filming the operation. I lost all the teeth on my right lower jaw and



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about two inches of jawbone. Also my jaws were wired shut. The doctor said that they had to take about 360 stitches.

The next morning, after I had slept for a few hours, I felt a little better. The nurse told me that I was going to be sent to the General Hospital in Paris. The next day, I was transported by Army ambulance to Paris with another injured infantryman. I didn't know his name. The trip took about two and half-hours. I slept most of the way. The hospital in Paris was quite large and seemed like it was run by a combination of U.S. and French staff. There was no elevator working when they admitted us, and they put us on the 2nd floor. Two German POW's carried our stretchers up the steps.

My stay in Paris lasted about five days, and during that time the Battle of the Bulge was in progress. The Germans were advancing at a pretty fast pace in the beginning. The people in Paris were worried that they might get that far in their push. It never happened. While I was in Paris, the U.S.O. brought around packets with cigarettes and shaving equipment. I had never smoked, but I thought I might as well try it; I had not much else to do. I couldn't shave yet; my face was all bandaged up and full of stitches. After I was there a couple of days, the doctor came around and said that they had decided to Z.I. me. I asked him what that meant and he said "Zone of Interior", which meant, back to the States. He told me to get ready for a plane trip across the Atlantic Ocean. So on the 21st of December it was back in the ambulance with the Germans carrying me down the steps again. We went to the Paris airport and got on a converted C-54 that was set up to handle 20 litter patients. I and a fellow from Cleveland named Pat Grevice were the only ones that could walk. Pat had lost an arm in the Saar with the 26th Division. We became good friends and he later got a job with the D.A.V. as a service officer. The plane had a crew of eight people: pilot, copilot, engineer, navigator, and four nurses. We flew from Paris to the Azores Islands, off the coast of Spain. We stayed there for about four hours, refueled, and took care of any problems with the patients. I was able to walk around on the runway. The weather was nice and warm. It felt good. Our next stop was Bermuda; we did the same thing there. The runway was kind of short and we had a difficult time landing. After another three or four hour layover, we headed for Mitchell Field, New York City. During this stretch of our trip, we lost one engine and the pilot decided to fly at a low altitude the rest of the way to New York. It seemed like you could touch the waves. We made it OK to New York and they had the emergency crew waiting for us when we arrived. No problems. Everyone was loaded into ambulances and

taken to Mitchell Field Hospital, near the airport. This was two days before Christmas; it was a great Christmas present to be back in the States. I was able to call my mother in Ohio and let her know that I had been wounded. She didn't even know that I was in combat.

My stay at Mitchell Field lasted for five days until after Christmas. During that time they removed my bandages and some of the stitches. I tried to shave. It was pretty painful. They called me into the office for a conference about my treatment. They told me that I would need a bone graft and plastic surgery as well as extensive dental treatment. They said that there were two Army hospitals in the United States that were equipped to take care of my case. One was Valley Forge in Pennsylvania and the other was Dibble General Hospital in Menlo Park, California. I could take my pick. I chose California. So, on December 26th I was put on a C-47, along with about ten other men, and headed for California. This plane was converted the same way the C-54 was, to carry wounded men. When we took off, the weather was getting bad and we only made it to Cleveland. This turned out to be good for me since I was able to call my family and tell them I was staying overnight at Crile Hospital in Parma; and they would-be able to come and see me. My mother and sister were able to spend a few hours with me at the hospital. A neighbor drove them from Mentor-on-the-Lake.

We took off the next day to continue our trip, but were grounded again in Chicago. The next day we took off again and were grounded in Ogden, Utah. It was New Year's Eve and the ambulance that took us to the hospital for our overnight stay blew his siren all the way. That was our big New Year's Eve celebration. The next day we headed for San Francisco and made it without another stop. We went directly to Dibble General Hospital in Menlo Park, near Stanford University. It was beautiful there.

I was in the hospital in California for two years and had 14 operations to replace the bone in my jaw and to correct the scars on my face. I was discharged in February, 1947.

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LET JIM AMOR KNOW.**

**SEND IN A SELF ADDRESSED, STAMPED,
#10 ENVELOPE TO:**

**P.O. BOX 4092
LONG ISLAND CITY, NY 11104-0092**



347, Column Write



A Movement to Honor Col. Cobb

Attention 1st Battalion 347th Inf. Regt.

I have proposed Colonel Robert B. Cobb's name to be nominated to the Hall of Fame at his old university, the University of Idaho, where he graduated in 1940.

It would be most helpful if any soldier of our battalion, who served under Colonel Cobb, would write a letter of support to the Alumni Association.

Any type of letter that would attest to his personal bravery, great leadership and caring for his troops during the war would be of immense value to the nominating committee.

Please take a moment to write an individual testimony to Robert Cobb and his exemplary persona to help document to others our own beliefs as to his character and demeanor as an outstanding battalion commander.

Please mail these letters to:

Alumni Association, Inc. Moscow, Idaho 83844
Attention: Hugh Cooke

Or to me:

Milton F. Miller, M.D. 329A Zorn Ave. Louisville,
KY. 40206

Thank-you in advance for your support of
Colonel Robert Cobb.

Regards,
Milton Miller
Co. C 347th Inf. Regt.

ARE YOU MOVING?

USE THE DUES FORM TO ADVISE YOUR
SECRETARY OF YOUR NEW ADDRESS.
IF WE MAIL YOUR GAN TO YOUR OLD ADDRESS,
IT WILL NOT BE FORWARDED. YOU WILL LOSE IT
AND WE WILL HAVE TO PAY TO BE NOTIFIED
AND THEN WE HAVE TO PAY TO SEND YOU A
SECOND COPY.

C'MON GET ON THE BALL!

A RIFLE SQUAD LEADER

By Henry W. Mooseker, A-347

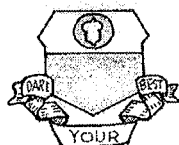
A squad leader in a rifle platoon is the planner, leader, organizer, and controller of the most basic battle field formation. It is that basic unit that seeks out and tries to destroy, wound or capture the enemy who most of the time is a wily, well disciplined, armed, well placed and just as determined to do the same thing to our men. If the Infantry is the Queen of Battle, the squad is its foremost emissary. In practice it is the unit that requires the most backing from the repo depots. Larry Landgraff was such a leader of the 1st squad of Co. AT 547th Inf.

As scout or point, then assistant squad leader and then squad leader when Larry got killed, I could not help but think about the men in the squad who also were killed. Larry was with the original 87th Division when it was formed and became squad leader at that time - it didn't take long for the commanders to see his excellent qualities. He is still remembered fondly by all the surviving Co. A 347th Inf. NCO's

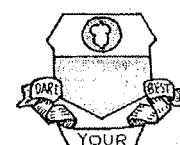
Larry was a patient, diligent, soft spoken leader who cared a great deal about his men. He could bear the frequent gripes, separate the men who were about to fight and in general try to promote harmony among a motley, disgruntled (at times) hungry, cold and angry at Jerry men. He never complained about an order and always carried it out to the best of his ability.

When I joined the squad in the Saar after the platoon had been bloodied in the first battle near the German border, it was the first time I met Larry. At that meeting with Larry he informed me that I was lucky as right here was a good fox hole already dug and vacated by the man who dug it. He either had been a casualty or was sick. There was about six inches of snow on the ground and miserably cold. At this point in time I realized that the here and now was why they had spent such an enormous effort to train me. Talk about feeling inadequate!

Within 10 minutes a shot rang out and a member of the squad had shot himself in the foot in an



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adjacent hole. He too was evacuated. Larry never gave me his name.

Larry stayed calm under all circumstances. He was always concerned about his men and never did he hunker down until he had checked all of his squad's fox holes and knew that his men were as well as could be expected. An occasional "better make that hole deeper" or "stay awake when it's your turn" were his parting words. It was never our custom to dig 2 man holes except on occasion for the BAR man and his assistant. It was rare that we had a full compliment of men and that didn't last.

He squired us into Neidergladbach (which we took with me as point). He worried for us on our inadequate rations and during the miserable move to Libremont and the Bulge.

During the Battle of the Bulge he deployed his men masterfully and was quick to spot who could and who could not handle a specified challenge. In the snow and severe cold he tried to help us but duty was always foremost in his actions. The squad did Co. A proud. His quiet leadership made the miserable almost bearable.

Sometime near the end of the Bulge he was given some special R&R. I was made acting squad leader. I tried to remain as calm and considerate as Larry - not sure I did.

The squad made it through the Bulge (with a fair number of casualties) and the crossing of the Moselle at Winnigen.

During the day after we crossed the river we regrouped and ascended the hill that rose above Rhens on the Rhine. As we approached the crest of the hill or mountain (the Rundsbock) we were stopped by a machine gun. Its position gave the lone Jerry a field of fire that covered our advance on the road to Rhens. Flanking got him and now that it was almost dark the platoon was ordered to take defensive positions for the night.

Ever since Col. Cobb had taken command of the 1st Bn. 347th we had attacked at night but this night we were near exhaustion as we had been in action from about 1AM that day. We had had very

little sleep during the past two days. We were all very tired out.

Ordered to dig in along the road where we had eliminated the M.G. I was surprised to find the soil soft and easy digging.

At about midnight or so Larry as Sgt. of the first squad and Kudalsky as Sgt. of the 2nd squad got together and decided to check all of their holes.

Shortly after we heard a burst of BAR fire or shots from 2 M-1's and quickly learned that both Larry and Kudalsky had been killed by friendly fire from someone in one of the squads. I don't think it was ours. Presumably neither one had answered the call for the password quickly enough for the edgy shooter or someone panicked.

I never knew who killed them. Their deaths were shock. It happened very quickly.

Larry was a brave, competent, resilient, caring squad leader but he was killed instantly. We would answer his mother's question with "He did not suffer."

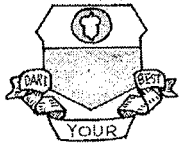
It Was A Good Thing I Woke Up

By John D. Foy, A-347

This was about the 4th or 5th of January, 1945. We had been fighting in the snow and cold for about five days. We continued our attack and captured Gerimont and the Redemptionist Monastery which was close by. This was a very important road junction and we now had cut both routes of supply and withdrawal for the Germans.

We held off several counter-attacks at the Monastery and dug in for the night. It was terribly hard to dig in because the ground was frozen solid down about a foot. We would try to find a German hole or a hole that an artillery shell had made. Somehow we would always get below the ground.

I had a very strange occurrence at the monastery. The officers decided that we would try to get some of the men inside the monastery to try to thaw out, for at least a short time. I took the first shift on the machine gun in a foxhole in the rear of the building. It was one of those nights, overcast and completely black. At about midnight two men from the squad came out and relieved us on the gun. I went into the monastery



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which was pitch dark. I found my way down a hall and into a room, just feeling around for a place to sleep. I discovered a box filled with straw, which was ideal. I climbed in and went to sleep. I awoke a few hours later as it started to get light, sat up in my box and looked to the right. There was another box there just like the one I was in, only this one had a dead monk in it. I looked to the left, another box with a dead monk. It seems that I had slept in a coffin with a couple of monks who had been killed by the Germans or artillery shells.

You too can contribute material for publication and you don't have to be a former 347th member to do so. Please send your manuscripts to:

Fred Whitaker - Regt. Historian
Tel# 818 242 6577
863 Matilija Road
Glendale, CA 91202-1057

Hank Mooseker - 1st Btn Historian
Tel# 360 866 0645
1412 Madrona Beach Rd.
Olympia, WA 98502-9540

Barbara Strang - 2nd Btn Historian
Tel# 703 893 5019
6614 Ivy Hill Dr.
McLean, VA 22101-5206

John E. McAuliffe - 3rd Btn Historian
Tel# 508 754 7183
425 Pleasant Street
Worcester, MA 01609-1855

or if you prefer, send your material to your editor:

Jim Amor
Tel# 718 937 9160
P.O. Box 4092
Long Island City, NY 11104-0092 ■

National Commander John McAuliffe sent us a copy of a letter he had received from Col. Paul Pickhardt, six years ago. He forwarded it to us for inclusion in this column.

John says: "Captain Green (Big Jake) Keltner mentioned in Pickhardt's letter was my Company Commander, M-347 and the Charleston, SC reunion was both his and my first reunion. It was great to see him again. He told me how he and why he got wounded. It was at the 347th attack on Ormont and the Colonel had asked him to go out and find/locate a platoon that had gotten lost in that area. With him was my buddy from the 1st section heavy mortars, Tom McAbee, of Spartanburg, SC who accompanied Big Jake with the 300 radio pack. The Captain got hit by .88 artillery fire and was lost to the Company.

At the reunion he showed me where he got hit in the neck and shoulder region and also in the thigh. Captain Green was a big man, hence his name, and now weighed in at 245 pounds at 6'3" He related how he played tackle for the Georgia "Bulldogs" and played in one of the Orange Bowl games in the early '40s. He attends that Bowl Game reunion also.

Col. Pickhardt, who is mentioned in the 347th history book, pages 75 and 84 of the 347 section on Ormont and the Rhine, lived to be 96 years old. He died last year, at his home in Arkansas."

The letter reads as follows:

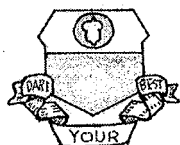
February 11, 1993

Dear Mac. I was much pleased to receive your Christmas greetings with the poem written by you on the Battle of the Bulge. A fine job and I am sending copies to my two sons and my grandchildren. Also to your company commander, Capt. Keltner who dropped me a line after the last Division reunion which I did not attend due to my wife's poor health.

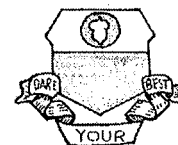
My wife and I agree that we are proof of the truth of the old adage to the effect that the Good Die Young. (We are ages 89 and 91.)

Right after VE day we were returned to the States where we had routine service until my retirement in 1954. During this period I was stationed at Fort Knox where I lived next door to Col. Abrams whose combat command of the 4th Armored Division went to the relief of McAuliffe's Airborne outfit that was surrounded by the Germans. A great guy. Now he is dead.

We are enjoying retirement and fairly good health.



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When I first received your letter I thought it was from the McAuliffe whose airborne outfit was surrounded in the Bulge. He was called "Nuts" McAuliffe for his reply to the German Officer who demanded that he surrender.

My wife Ethel, was an Army Nurse and we married just before the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. My wife used to ride with General Patton's wife.

Gen. Patton visited out Battalion CP during the Bulge. He crawled up to a couple of GIs in their foxholes. He asked each one his name and hometown, then he said, "You know you have to stay here even though it is your ass."

Best.

Paul Pickhardt.

The Trial of Capture The Hope of Palm Sunday, The Joy of Easter

By Raymond L. Rissler, G-345

About two and a half weeks after being captured (on February 27, 1945) while on patrol scouting approaches to the village of Neundorf, east of Prum, which was G Company's next objective and after walking several hundred miles as our group of POWs slowly increased from the original eight survivors of our patrol, we arrived at Stalag 12A near Limburg. It was the first established POW camp that we were taken to. Until then we had been moved back from the advancing lines nearly every day, staying at night in barns or abandoned factories.

There were plenty of experiences along the way -- searches, interrogations, work assignments, digging in rubble for survivors or bodies in buildings that had been bombed the night before, an escape plan foiled at the last minute by an SS motorcycle patrol -- many more, but that can wait, this article is about Easter.

Stalag 12A was huge, divided into three sections: English speaking, French speaking and Slavic nationalities. Some of the men I talked with had been there for years, captured in North Africa. All their stories were interesting and there were few that amazed me -- a small group that had been captured in England. They had been in the Home Guard, manning anti-aircraft batteries on the Channel coast. German

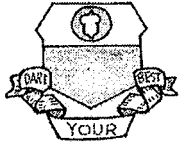
commandos had landed there at night to gather intelligence and bring back prisoners for interrogation!

I learned that among the long term prisoners there was an Anglican priest who had been captured with the British unit he was serving as Chaplain. I didn't locate the man while we were at the camp, but the stories about him were wonderful. He had been offered repatriation as a noncombatant several times, but refused to leave, saying that his work as counselor, arbitrator, spiritual leader and intermediary for and among the prisoners was more vital than returning to his Parish.

As the Allied Forces advanced beyond the Rhine, it was decided to evacuate the camp. One day our barracks was told that we would leave that night, by rail. At dusk, we climbed into boxcars, the small "Forty and Eight" type used in Europe. Instead of forty, they put fifty men in each of the twenty cars. There was just enough room to sit along the sides or curl up on the straw covered floor. They connected a locomotive at one end and a caboose for some guards at the other and then put a flatcar with an anti-aircraft gun mounted on it behind that. Neither the gun nor the fact that the cars were not marked "POW" complied with the Geneva Convention, of course. The train moved and stopped, moved and stopped, during the night. We learned the next day that the stops occurred because they were using the same locomotive to move other nearby trains. The Allied bombings had been targeting locomotives very successfully. So just before dawn each day the disconnected the locomotive and moved it into the nearest tunnel, and we waited in the cars until dark to move again.

On the third day we were parked again, this time in the middle of a large flat meadow land, with low ridges on each side of the valley. Nothing else in sight, or so it seemed to the observers that we posted in turn at the two small high windows, one on each side. Our daily ration of dark bread, eight men to a loaf, and a hockey puck sized piece of cheese that smelled so bad that some gave theirs away, was delivered by a guard, through the big sliding door which was locked with wire on the outside.

In the late morning we heard airplanes. Soon the observer saw four of them, American fighters with two wing bombs on each. We expected the anti-aircraft gun to start firing and draw the planes right at us. But that didn't happen. The guards were seen out the other window running away to a road where foxholes had been dug to protect the travelers from attack. The planes circled and began dropping their bombs -- but



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not on our train. A sharp eyed pilot had discovered that there was another train in the valley that we had not seen. It was on a track running parallel to ours, next to the long ridge on the side of the valley and had been hidden by tall pine trees that had been cut and leaned against the side of all the cars. Clearly that was the more important target and indeed it was, for the cars were full of ammunition of every sort. The bombs made direct hits and set off a display of fireworks beyond anything we had ever seen. We took short turns at the window, watching tracer bullets and secondary explosions turn the whole line of cars into a red and black scene of fire and smoke. Our entertainment was short lived however.

When the bombs were gone, the planes turned to our train. The first strafing run came in over the ridge, perpendicular to our track, so that two or three cars were hit by each plane. My car was not one of them. The planes circled and came back again in the same manner, hitting some different cars this time. Again, my car was not one of them, although the next car was. As the planes moved on to circle again, suddenly, to our amazement, our boxcar door was pushed open and there were prisoners running along the track, unwiring the doors. We all jumped out and ran into the field. And then, as if it had been practiced, everyone was pulling off their jackets and shirts and laying flat in three great patterns that formed the letters P O W. I have no recollection of shouted instructions, but perhaps there were. It just seemed that it started and everyone caught on right away.

The planes made a third run, but this time there was no firing. After a while the guards came back, and then ambulances and trucks began to arrive. The casualties were many and terrible. They had used fifty caliber, armor piercing bullets. We saw holes through the rails and through the wheels. While the dead and wounded were being taken away, we were put back in our cars. Late that day we were let out and told that we would leave the train and begin to move again on foot. We were each given a Red Cross parcel of food, which the guards had had in their caboose. We decided that wanted to give us some energy to move on. They found a farm wagon to put the extra parcels on. We took turns pulling this. Several estimated the count of parcels on the wagon at more than three hundred. That had to be the number of casualties from the strafing, we thought. The camp certainly would not have given any extras, except for the guards, with so many more to evacuate.

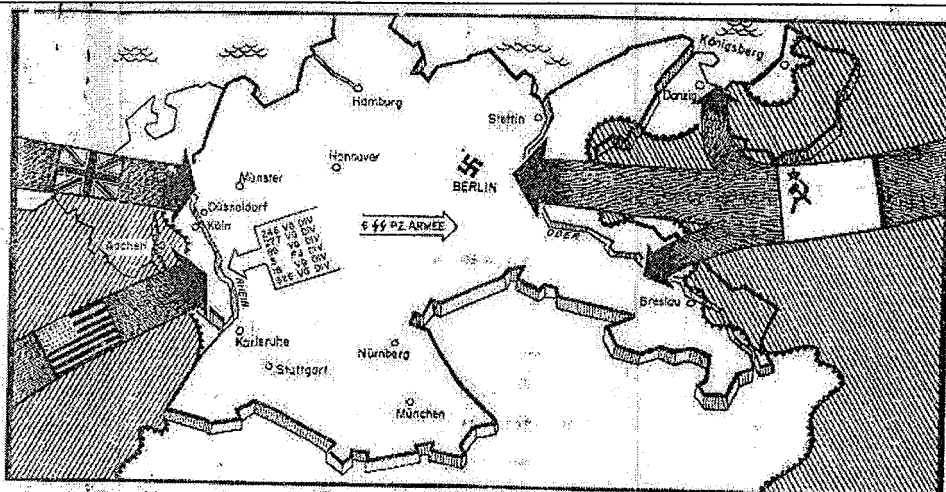
We walked for hours, in moonlight, spread out in a narrow line along a road, and finally came to a tunnel that the track also went through, and there we found

our locomotive, and the answer to why we were walking. The tracks had been bombed on each end of the tunnel. The Air Force was now looking after us! We stopped in the tunnel for the rest of the night. It was late March, still cold. We each had one blanket and our food parcel, what we hadn't eaten during the night, that is. The morning was clear, sun shining and glistening on the frost as we left the tunnel. There was a farmhouse and a family, and cows in the valley on the far side of the tunnel. The farm lady let us come to a hose for water. What a contrast to the horror of the day before! And then came the great surprise.

Word came along that this day was Palm Sunday, and the marvelous priest had been on the train and was going to hold a worship service. We gathered in the meadow near the track, sitting on our blankets. The priest had a little altar made of Red Cross parcels and on top was a cross that he had brought. His message was clear and to the point. He reminded us of Jesus' last week on earth. His entry into Jerusalem riding a colt over a path strewn with palms, of His days of preaching then in the temple, of His betrayal. His arrest, conviction and terrible suffering on that Friday. And then of the amazement that followed on Sunday morning, the disbelief and the reassurance of the resurrection, and the joy that followed. And then he spoke of us and our plight, of the terrible day on the train, and the uncertainty ahead. He led us in prayer for those who were injured in the strafing and for the souls and families of those who were killed.

And then he spoke of the promise of Easter, just a week ahead, and prayed for our safety in the days to come, for with us moving on foot, and the combat zone sure to overtake us, unarmed, many weak, and unsure of our guards actions under stress, we were surely at risk. Finally he prayed for courage among us, for compassion in helping one another and for our safe return to our loved ones. Together we spoke the Lord's Prayer. And the service ended.

We stayed there in the farm valley until dark and then began to walk again, trailing out with some able to go steadily and others having to stop and rest. The guards were spread out along the way also, not always in sight, but we decided it would be safer to stay with the group. Four days later the sound of artillery could be heard. The guards decide to hold us overnight in the little farming village of Giessen. We slept in the hay in the barns behind each house and awoke to bright sunlight and shouting from the street. The village had been surrounded by a unit of the Seventh Armored Division. The guards turned over their weapons and surrendered. We were free! And by Easter we'd been trucked back to a camp with showers and food! □



Der Einmarsch

Das „Dritte Reich“ der Kriegsverbrecher zerbricht,
das Ende der Naziführer steht vor der Tür!

Du musst leben - für Deutschlands Zukunft!

Soldaten im Rheinland!

Der amerikanische Einmarsch in das Herz Deutschlands hat begonnen. Unter dem Schutz von Tausenden von Jagos und Bombern rollt die alliierte Infanterie und Artillerie in unaufhaltsamem Strom an den Rhein. Nichts kann die Sturmflut mehr zum Stehen bringen: denn die letzten Reserven hat Rundstedt auf Himmlers Befehl in der sinnlosen und kläglich gescheiterten Winteroffensive verpulvert. Es gibt kein Halten mehr im Westen.

Es gibt kein Halten mehr im Osten. Schlesien, Ostpreussen, das Wartheland sind von den Russen überannt. Im Frühjahr in Berlin, hat Marshall Stalin angekündigt, und die Rote Armee wird den Termin einhalten. Weder Goebbels' Propagandalügen, noch Himmlers Volkssturm aus Kindern und Greisen wird die sowjetische Dampfwalze zum Stehen bringen.

Das Oberkommando weiss, dass die gelichteten Wehrmachtsverbände keines ernsthaften Widerstandes mehr fähig sind.

Das Oberkommando weiss, dass alles verloren ist.

Aus amtlichen deutschen Quellen, aus den Aussagen hoher deutscher Offiziere erfahren wir, dass wegen des Einbruchs der russischen Sturmflut das Oberkommando gezwungen ist, im Westen nur noch einen „Scheinwiderstand“ aufrecht zu halten.

Laut Geh. Kdo-Sache, Oberkommando 45 Pz, AOK 6, Ia, Nr. 595/45 vom 21. Januar 1945 wurde die 6. Pz. Armee per sofort an die Ostfront beordert.

Das heisst, dass eure letzte Panzerunterstützung aus dem Westen abgezogen wird.

Für Deine Generale ist es nur ein „Scheinkampf“,
aber Du musst weiter Dein Leben aufs Spiel setzen.

Denke daran:

Wenn Du in diesen Tagen, in diesem Scheinkampf fällst,
dann bist Du tot und nicht scheintot.

Entscheide Dich:

Sterben - für ein Scheinmanöver

oder

Leben - für die Zukunft!

01-46

J. Harry Whintemberg,
HQ3-347 sent in the photo to the left, the leaflet below it and the translation of that leaflet below.

The Picture to the left was on the reverse side of a leaflet that was dropped by the Allied forces on the German positions after the Bulge had ended.

Your editor took his first two prisoners who carried these leaflets with them when they surrendered to him near Prum, Germany.

Soldiers of The Rhine

The marching in of the Americans into the heart of Germany has begun. Under the protection of thousands of fighters and bombers, the Allied infantry and artillery roll in incessant waves to the Rhine. The impetuous tide can no longer be stopped. The latest reserve of Rundstedt in foolish and lamentable winter offensive ordered by Himmler is pulverized.

There is no more halt in the West.

There is no more halt in the East. Silesia, East Prussia, the Wartheland, are invaded by the Russians, "In Berlin in the Spring" as Marshall Stalin proclaimed, and the Red Army will fix the terms. Neither Goebbels' propaganda lies, nor Himmler's Storm Troop of children and old men will stop the Sovietic steamroller.

The German High Command knows that their now sparse Army of United Defense is no longer capable of firmly withstanding opposition.

The German High Command knows that all is lost.

From official German sources, asserted by high German officers, we learn that due to the impetuous Russian invasion, the German High Command can only pretend to maintain some resistance in the west.

As per Geh. Kdo-Sache, 1st-Command 44 Pz, AOK 6, IA. No. 595/45 of January 21, 1945, the 6. 44 Pz. Army will immediately directed to the Eastern front.

This means that your last Panzer support will be very remote at the West.

For your Generals it is only a "fight pretense", but for you, you must keep on with your life at stake.

Therefore think:

When you die in such a "fight pretense", for you it is really death, not just "death pretense".

Decide then: Either to fight for a "manoeuvre pretense" OR **Live for the future!**

The Third Empire of war criminals shatters - the end of Nazi Leader is in sight.

You must live for the future of Germany!

No Greater Love Foundation

The letters from my father lay at the bottom of the cedar chest, in blue airmail envelopes. For a curious girl of 9 or 10, living with her mother and sisters in South Dakota, they were a revelation. I knew very little about my father. My mother told me he had died in the war when I was 3 and that he



Ann Mix

went directly to heaven, a hero. The letters began to make him seem more real. He wrote from France, Belgium and Germany, telling my mother that no matter where he was, he would subtract six hours from the time and imagine what we were doing at that moment back home. "I can see you bundle up Kathleen and see her out the door and watch her up the street," he wrote. Then, after 65 missives, the letters stop. On March 24, 1945, my father was searching a house in Germany when it was hit by artillery. He is buried in the military cemetery at Margraten, in the Netherlands.

Up until late 1943, the draft board had spared married men with children. But in the last years of World War II, the U.S. military drafted 940,000 fathers between the ages of 18 and 35. Many of the new draftees were rushed into battle. When the war ended, the victors were welcomed home, the dead mourned. But the children whose fathers did not return were left to negotiate their way in the euphoria of postwar America. It always embarrassed me," says Washington, D.C., psychotherapist Susan Johnson Hadlet, 53, whose father was killed near Aachen, Germany. "I didn't want to put off people. But we represented death to them, and everyone wanted to move beyond all that." Now many of these children--all well into middle age--have begun to speak out, seeking information about the fathers they never knew. This past summer, in particular, the success of "Saving Private Ryan" has rekindled memories and inspired these "quiet victims" of the last just war to reach out to one another.

Though exact numbers are frustratingly elusive, a recent study by the Department of Veterans Affairs found 183,000 "dependent children" had received benefits for fathers killed in the war. "I

thought there had to be other people like myself that lost their dads," says Ann Bennett Mix of Bellingham, Wash., whose father died at Mongiorgio, Italy, when she was 3. A historian and writer, Mix created the American WWII Orphans Network (AWON) in 1991 to help survivors share information. "When I started finding them, I realized how important it was for them to talk to people like themselves, so I began the network." That December she attended a ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery for the children of the World War II dead, organized by the No Greater Love foundation. The foundation provides programs of remembrance for families who lost a loved one in the military or by an act of terrorism. It was the first time many of the thousand who came had talked to another war orphan. Since the No Greater Love ceremony, AWON has grown to more than 1,000 members, many of them in regular contact on the Internet (e-mail address: awon@nas.com).

This story was sent to us via E-mail by our good friend John Kline, Editor of the 106th Division publication, The Cub. Ed.

Are You A Snowbird?

If you are fill out this form or copy it and send it in to Bill Young, 400 Hemlock Road Flourtown, PA 19031.

Name _____ Unit _____

Summer

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Tel# _____

From _____ to _____

Winter

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Tel# _____

From _____ to _____

Your help in this is greatly appreciated.

D-345 Members Return to Their Foxholes, June, 1998

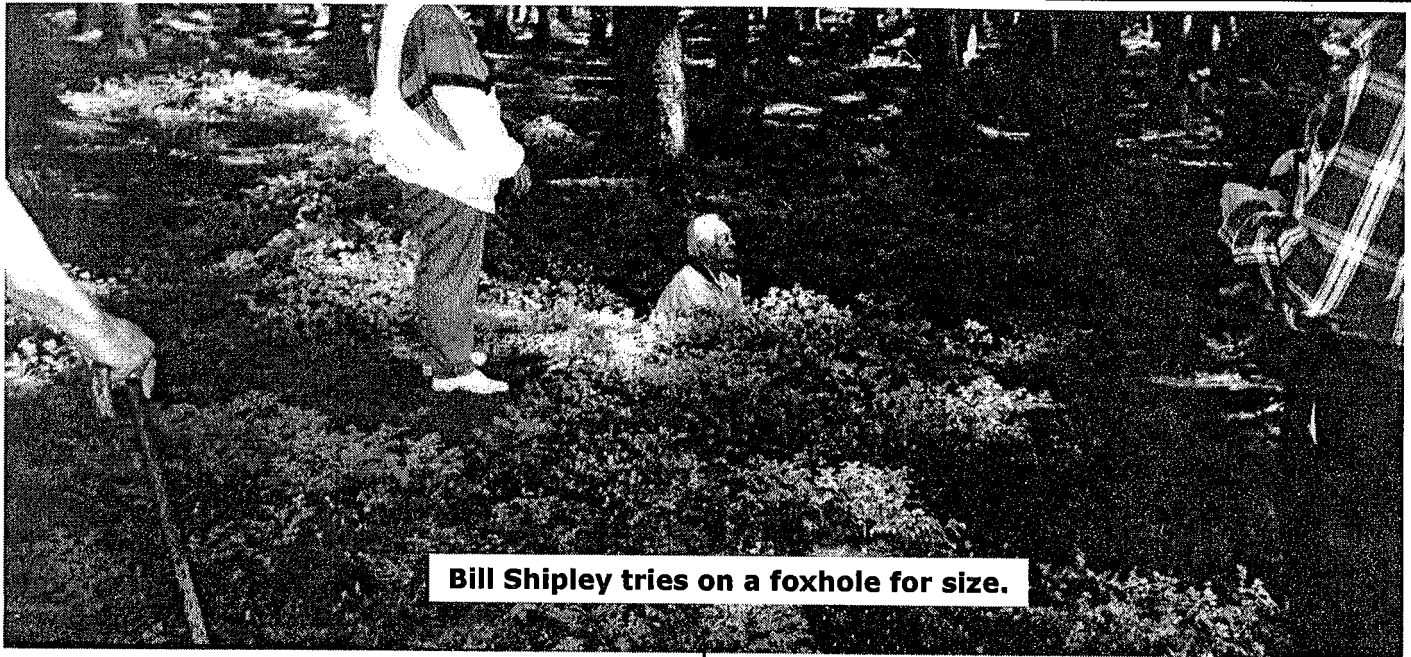


Shown above are D-345 members standing in front of the building that Tom Groves, Ralph Carver and 8 or 10 others were captured in. Tom Grove is holding an address tag off the door that is directly behind them. The building is in Bonnerue.

L to R are Mitchell Kaidy, Girard Calehuff, Tom Groves and Richard A. Goldhardt.



The group is looking down in the foxhole. The woods are full of foxholes and Dick Goldhardt thinks these woods are near Bonnerue but doesn't really know.



Bill Shipley tries on a foxhole for size.

D-345 Asks Belgian Government to Preserve Historic 87th Site.

By Mitchell Kaidy, D-345

Four D-345 veterans on a self-designed tour last June, 1998 of the Ardennes Forest discovered about 30 foxholes that both local historians and 87th Division history books point to as 87th Division combat locales.

After consulting with Belgian historians, the 87th Division members have decided to ask the Belgian government to preserve the clearly-delineated holes and set aside the area, near Bonnerue, as a permanent historical zone. The representations are being made by Gilbert Stevenot, a friend of the 87th.

Even after 53 years, the holes have been preserved by thick canopies of fir trees that now rise hundreds of feet overhead. Although the government systematically harvests these trees for commercial uses, this stand has so far escaped that fate.

The vets who found the foxholes are Gerry Calehuff, Dick Goldhardt, Tom Grove, and Mitch Kaidy. The area is of special resonance to Grove, because he and 10 other D-345 members were captured in the nearby village of Bonnerue after furious fighting. Two other D-345 GI's were killed or wounded when they tried to escape a Tiger

tank that had destroyed all the other houses.

Grove, who pinpointed an abandoned stone-and-brick house in Bonnerue where he and the others were captured, was presented with the porcelain numberplate by his Co. D mates.

The group, who along with wives and a 106th Division former German captive, toured 87th Division sites from Metz to the Rhine River, also located the area of Stalag XII-A near Limbourg, Germany, where Grove and others were incarcerated after trekking hundreds of miles on foot through deep snow all the way from Belgium.

The D-345 group is asking the Belgian historians for assistance in convincing the Belgian government to permanently preserve the area, which still contains such reminders as plastic coffee and orange drink wraps, pieces of shrapnel, and German tank parts. Another nearby area dotted with foxholes is also believed to have been in the 87th Division battle zone. It bears further investigation. ■

Photos by Richard Goldhardt

1999 DUES ARE NOW DUE.

TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR ADDRESS LABEL. THE YEAR OVER YOUR NAME IS THE YEAR YOU ARE PAID THROUGH!

A New Book - "Naked Heart"

From John R. Walker, son of Donald Walker, A-334FA, comes this excerpt from a wonderful book written by a former 87th Division member, Harold Pagliaro. The title of the book is Naked Heart and it is published by the Thomas Jefferson University Press, in Kirksville, Missouri.

The excerpt goes... they would establish programs to encourage qualified men to combine military service with college work, usually in engineering. The best known of these were the Navy's V42 and the Army's ASTP. The Navy V42 Program invited young civilians who scored high on a Navy IQ test to enlist as midshipmen and to go to college, working both for an engineering degree and a commission as ensign. The Army used its standard IQ test, taken by all recruits, as a way of finding new draftees eligible for the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP); once in the Program, these men were given 13 weeks of infantry basic training--everyone in the ASTP was in the infantry--and then they were assigned to a college to study a subject the Army chose, usually engineering.

But the ASTP lasted hardly more than a year, from late 1942 until early 1944, both because support for it among the generals was halfhearted to begin with and because the anticipation of D-Day--June 1944--pointed to the need for additional ground troops. After March 1944, a few men in the ASTP were assigned to college and medical school, but thousands were sent to two infantry divisions, the 87th and the 104th, which did not see combat until the Battle of the Bulge. Then they were ripped apart.

Rumor had it that the brass never intended to commit these divisions, long held in reserve, because their ranks were untypical--filled with men who were very young and very promising for the professional life of the nation. Maybe these men should have been spread out among many divisions and not concentrated in just two.

There's yet another clue that the Army was ambivalent about eighteen-year-olds at the front. It was the policy that you could not be sent overseas and into a combat zone except as part of a unit with which you'd done extensive training. That way you'd know the people around you, and they'd know you; you'd be an integral part of the outfit you fought with, not only

tactically, but emotionally.

Yet the Army drew the line abruptly. Once you turned nineteen, they could send you out by yourself, as a solo replacement, to a unit at the front, where you'd fight among strangers who didn't know you and who didn't want to know you--they had other things on their mind. In following this policy, the Army sent up men many thought too young for battle. It also placed them where they could not share in the outfit's esprit de corps, the sense of belonging that alone makes the repeated exposure to death bearable.

When in 1970 the nation gave the vote to eighteen-year-olds, it was in a way trying to legislate the maturity of these young people--a maturity in which it did not and does not believe. The legislation was a belated gesture, meant to correct, but actually acknowledging, the injustice we were again committing--sending our youth to war, this time to Vietnam. Not that drafting the very young is worse than drafting young fathers. The choice continues to be a tough one. There are ways to avoid it, but until we recognize what it means to kill or be killed, day in and day out, we'll never find one.

The few letters I quote are verbatim letters I wrote home during my Army days. The names of most of the people in my story are fictitious, but both they and the events in which I locate them are real. Though I treat most of them kindly, I thought they and their families might not want to be identified publicly. Members of my family have been given their true names. So have these others who figure only fleetingly in the narrative.

All but two or three of the men in our training battalion were divided between the 87th and the 104th Infantry Divisions, just as the colonel said we'd be. Marlowe was one of the exceptions. His father had enough political influence to keep him at Benning, temporarily assigned to Battalion Headquarters, while he tried to get his son a place at West Point. It didn't work out. Somebody with clout got to the U.S. senators from Wyoming ahead of him. But when we left Fort Benning, Marlowe was still waiting to hear. He didn't exactly like what his father was trying to do; still, he would have been happy to get an appointment to the Academy. We all felt pretty much the same way. The Army had made it clear it would use us however it wanted to. We were all hoping for something better than our assignment to the infantry.

The new 87th Division we were assigned to in Fort Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina, was made up of three groups---the old-timers (a cadre of noncoms and officers, along with a few enlisted men, who had escaped being sent overseas a month before our arrival, when the well-trained division was gutted for replacements); a number of ASTP men who'd been taken out of the colleges where the Army had sent them after they'd finished basic training; and those of us from Fort Benning. The men in all three groups had just experienced the power of the Army to control their destinies. Old members of the 87th felt it as they read the daily posted lists of their buddies about to be shipped overseas and sweated out the possibility that they'd be shipped out, too. And those of us in both ASTP groups had just felt the Army's power to change its mind without explanation. All of us in the 87th were afraid the outfit would be sent overseas soon. At the same time, we believed--we wanted to believe--the war was too far along for us to go to the front.

This paradox of fright and hope was a commonplace during the war. We never talked about our fear, though there were many signs that all of us were afraid---from the sounds of nightmares we shared to our endless wishing out loud for reassignment to a non-infantry unit. On the other hand, our hope that we'd never see combat was so unsubstantially grounded that it needed a lot of discussion to keep it alive. I heard many reasons why we'd never be sent to the front--the Luftwaffe had been so weakened during the Battle for Britain that Allied airpower would be able to destroy the enemy with the help of the ground troops already overseas; the 87th Division, made up mostly of green kids, could not be brought to combat readiness for many months, by which time the war would be over; the proportion of high IQs in the 87th was so great (a regular national treasure of brainpower) that the Army would never risk the bad publicity of sending such an outfit into combat; a secret weapon was being developed in the Yakima Valley, and it would soon end the war. Though there was at least some truth in all of these notions, we used them as camouflage. We knew in our gut the chances of our seeing action were high.

Oliver was the only man from the hut assigned to my new company in the 87th. In fact, he and I served in the same platoon. Other hut mates in the 87th went to units far enough from ours that

I never saw them again, except for O'Brien. He was with the heavy weapons company in our battalion and was made a jeep driver. At first we tried to stay in touch, but we couldn't connect as often as we wanted to, and we began to drift apart. And even though Oliver and I were in the same platoon, we stopped being close at Jackson, at least for the first two months. Once the ASTP closed and we left Benning, we stopped making believe we could find a family in the Army.

Maybe if we'd had time to become part of the real life of 87th, things would've been different. But that didn't happen. When we reached Fort Jackson, in March 1944, we got the first taste of Division's unofficial way of handling new arrivals. The old-timers made it clear that they controlled the turf. The noncoms and privates, with few exceptions, had been in the Army for only a year or two. But it was their outfit we were joining, and they wanted us to prove we were good enough to belong, even though we outnumbered them four to one. But even after we showed them that we were well prepared, toughened infantrymen, they accepted us only slowly, because they kept believing brainy kids could not be hardened field soldiers, though we kept up with them day in and day out.

An exception was our platoon sergeant, a big man from Cleveland named Kredinski. If he had a sense of humor, he didn't show it. His broad face, with its steady eyes and jutting chin, was always serious. You couldn't take him lightly. He was very smart and conscionable, a noncom who did his job responsibly. Unlike the other old-timers, he took us as he found us. He knew we were kids, but he kept an open mind about what we'd be like as soldiers. Kredinski commanded the platoon in a no-nonsense way. He never got chummy with us, like Marciano, but he proved to be kind and fair, as well as tough. We were young enough to need a leader like him. We never got to know the officer who commanded the platoon, Lieutenant Robbin, who was often on duty in company Headquarters. Kredinski was in charge.

The other noncom we had to deal with every day was Sergeant Raymond, our squad leader. A tall, handsome guy, Raymond wanted us to know he was a ladies' man. We could see he was much less sure of himself than the platoon sergeant.

Details on purchasing this wonderful book on next page.



Harold Pagliaro writes:

I served in the 87th (L-Company, 347th Inf.) from March through July 1944, at which time I was plucked from the outfit to serve as a solo replacement in the ETO. A few days after I reached Luneville, France, I was transferred to the 106th Cavalry Reconnaissance Group.

Believe it or not the reason the Cavalry grabbed me was that I had earned the Expert Infantryman Badge while I was with the 87th! They wanted someone who could read a map, use a mortar, light machine gun, and rifle, and they decided I'd do. The hard part was that I didn't know anybody in my new outfit, and most of them weren't interested in making new friends. I served among strangers. It was a chilling experience.

As you doubtless know, Cavalry Reconnaissance works in advance of Infantry and Armor, locating and drawing fire from the enemy to test his strength, usually by a probe or a full-scale attack. We often rode jeeps and armored cars to catch up with the Germans, but we did countless four-man patrols on foot, and we almost always attacked on foot. When I got hit in December 1944, we were in our third day of an "infantry" attack through heavy woods (way too thick for mechanized Support) in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace.

Only last year it occurred to me that I had served in a combat zone for several days as an Infantryman (near Luneville) before I was transferred to Cavalry Reconnaissance. So I put in for the Combat Infantryman Badge. After seven months of waiting, I got the award, which I prize very highly, believe me.

The book may be ordered from Thomas Jefferson University Press, Truman State University, 100 E. Normal, Kirksville, MO 63501-4221. 1-800 916 6802. for \$15.00 which includes shipping and handling.

Harold Pagliaro is an Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor Emeritus and Provost Emeritus, Dept. of English, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore Pennsylvania. Ed.

C-335FA Has Mini-Reunion in Indianapolis



Ralph Tackett, C-335FA sent along the photo with a short note:

"C" Battery 335th had a mini-reunion in Indianapolis, 10-29 to 10-31 at the Marriott Courtyard downtown.

Places of interest, Indianapolis Motor Speedway Museum and Hall of Fame - Butler University where Mary Hughes went to college.

Front row L to R, Ralph Tackett, Paula Wales, Joe Wales.

Second row, Mary Tackett, Mary Hughes, Joan Mumby, Herman Mumby.

In the rear, Charles Hughes.

Foxhole Buddies

From Stephen Ambrose's wonderful book, "Citizen Soldiers" comes this moving passage.

Foxhole buddies developed a closeness unknown to all others. They were closer than friends, closer than brothers. Their relationship was different from that of lovers. Their trust in and the knowledge of each other was total. They got to know each other's life stories, what they did before they came into the Army, what their parents, brothers and sisters were like, their teachers, what they liked to eat and drink, what their capabilities were. Sometimes they hated one another; more often they loved one another in a way known only to combat veterans. Without thinking about it, they would share their last bite or last drink of water or a blanket - and they would die for one another.

The Case For Recognition Of The Liberation Of Ohrdruf And Buchenwald

For some years now Ross Rasmussen, A-912FA and Association Historian, has been researching records and first hand accounts in the hopes of clarifying the role played by the 87th Division in the liberation of two concentration camps, Ohrdruf and Buchenwald. Part of what he has unearthed is printed here.

On November 5, 1998 he sent this letter to Charles Kemp, a member of the 735th TD. Ed.

Charles Kemp
1810 Remington Pl.
Indianapolis, IN. 46227

Dear Charles,

After rereading your letter of March, 1992, which includes page 246 from your unit history, I find very valuable information as to the employment and use of Task Force Sundt and its liberation of the Ohrdruf concentration camp. (See the enclosed Page 246 from the 735th history and the enclosed Page 5 from the daily reports of the 735th, 11, April '45.)

This Task Force Sundt of tanks, TD's and Infantry all equipped with seasoned, tough, brave men provided a strong battle unit. This was also equally true for Task Force Bodner which at this time was operating on the left flank of Sundt and each with radio contact for support if needed.

The POW's of Ohrdruf reported the existence of a concentration camp near Weimar. Upon learning that Ohrdruf was not defended with any strength, Task Force Bodner moved out at or with the objective to take the Buchenwald Concentration Camp.

Task forces Sundt and Bodner operated under secret orders as their existence was with high risk. Thus day by day reports were not included with any of the existing organic units. Information on this subject from another combat unit is very welcome.

Glen Doman, who worked with Task Force Sundt did supply me with information that these two Task Force units were created prior to the

crossing of the Rhine River. He was a part of developing this project. The 735th in their day by day report states that Task Force Sundt was divided into 3 Companies.. Doman commanded one of these Companies with Infantry from the 346th. Please note that the history of the 735th states that "The concentration camp which men of the 87th captured was testimony of Nazi mentality etc."

I would like to obtain a photo copy of the pages on this subject which follow Page 246. I shall Send you copies on this subject which follow in our Association news.

Sincerely,

(signed) Ross H. Rasmussen

Page 246 follows.

....Later in the day another defended roadblock was encountered, taking the combined efforts of the tanks and infantry all afternoon to dislodge its SS defenders. The town of Tambach was occupied that night, the enemy having withdrawn before the American column reached it.

At Tambach, the 345th Rcn infantrymen and the tankers of Capt. Moore's B/735 experienced the emotional pleasure of liberating 62 Canadian Commandos, veterans of the daring Dieppe raid on the French coast in August 1942. The prisoners had been caged for 2 1/2 years under Nazi bondage. It was a scene of genuine relief and pure joy for these now ex-prisoners to be treated to American cigarettes, combat rations, and Allied camaraderie. Several of them volunteered to accompany the task force, eager to visit some hurt upon the enemy in retaliation for their long suffering. Apparently Tambach was something of a POW center as another camp was encountered in which Americans were incarcerated. Here, there were a Lt. Colonel, a Major, three Captains, and 20 soldiers, members of the 684th Field Artillery Battalion, the 106th 'Lion's Head' Division, and the 101st Airborne Division. They had been captured during the German offensive through the Ardennes into Belgium, and their liberation by the 345th Rcn and B/735 produce yet another scene of joyous celebration.

But, just ten miles north of Tambach was Ohrdruf, and as the Americans entered the town they found a sphere of activity of such horrible

testimony to Nazi bestiality that it defies description even now. Ohrdruf was one of many concentration camps in which detainees of all national extraction's were imprisoned under the most brutal conditions. The division historian recorded it thusly, "The concentration camp which men of the 87th captured was testimony of Nazi mentality. When the noise of battle broke in on the city, the keepers of the concentration camp ordered, 'kill them all!' And, the machine guns were turned on the starving, crippled, and wounded prisoners of all nationalities. They were slaughtered where they stood and left lying where they fell.

In addition to page 246 Rasmussen also received the declassified orders shown below.

Declassified per executive order 12356, section 3.3 735TD.

10 April 45: continued.

Opposition here was fairly strong and was aided by at least one German tank or S.P. Tanks in this country were completely canalized and road bound. One tank was hit by this German tank or S.P. at about 106472. The tank was only slightly damaged. Another Co "B" tank was hit at about J-128472, was destroyed completely by burning.

2nd platoon Co "B" supported 2nd Bn 345th Inf from Stutzhaus S. this platoon was also met by a German S.P. at a turn in the road at about J-112449. One tank was hit by a 75mm projectile but was not completely penetrated and can be repaired by Battalion Maintenance.

3rd platoon Co "B" continued to support 3rd Bn 345th Inf and encountered very little resistance except for roadblocks which delayed forward movement.

Co "C" with two platoons in operation supported the 347th Inf in movement East from Oberhof. In this heavily wooded area, tanks were of very little assistance and followed the infantry ready to give close support if any serious resistance was met.

Co "D" (-1 pl) with one Co of infantry from the 345th Regt. patrolled the woods between Tambach and Stutzhaus, looking for enemy in small groups which might be hiding in the woods. Platoon of Co "D" with 347th Inf was not used. Entire Co released to Battalion control at 101800 B and assembled in vicinity of Stutzhaus.

11 April 45:

Assault gun platoon and mortar platoon of Hq Co attached to 3rd Bn 346th Inf effective 0630 B. Co "B" released from attachment to 345th Inf and attached to 346th Inf effective when 346th Inf relieved 345th Inf. Co "D" attached to 346th Inf effective 1015 B.

Bn Hq C.P. moved to Plave (J-229471).

Co "D" C.P. moved to Branchwinda (J-296481)

Co "C" C.P. moved to Unterporlitz (J-255385)

Co "A" moved out with Task Force Sundt from Tambach at 0630 B. The Task Force was divided into 3 Co's with 3rd Platoon Co "A" in 1st Co, 2nd platoon Co "A" in 2nd Co, and 1st platoon Co "A" in 3rd Co. Task Force moved out in order 1st Co., 2nd Co., and 3rd Co. They moved through the sector of the 89th Infantry Division passing through Georgenthal (J-058521), Ohrdruf (J-112520), Arnstadt (J-260532), Donnheim (J-286493, and Trassdorf (J-313436). At Trassdorf the first resistance was met. Heavy artillery fire and direct fire from S.P.s was encountered. 3rd platoon of Co "A" was the only unit to get into Trassdorf and was withdrawn in the afternoon. The Task Force proceeded towards Stadtilm. As they approached Stadtilm (J-360472) they were met by artillery and direct fire. 3rd platoon Co "A" supported attack on town from high ground to NW. 2nd platoon supported attack from the West, but as darkness fell the town was still in enemy hands.

The task forces were comprised of the following units.

Task Force "One" under Lt. Col. Harold Sundt.

1. Half of 607 TD Bn.
2. Units of 87 Recon troops.
3. Co. K 346.
4. Co A Tanks of 735 Tank Bn.
5. Ln. of 336 FA Bn.

Task Force "Two" under Lt. Col. Wm. S. Bodner

1. Half of 607 TD Bn.
2. Units of 87 Recon troops.
3. Co G 347.
4. Units of 735 Tank Bn.
5. Ln. of 912FA Bn. - Ross H. Rasmussen.

335FA Bn was in general support. Infantry was motorized. ■

Code Name Downfall

By Thomas B. Allen and Norman Polman

In this excerpt from the book **Code Name Downfall** we learn how close we came to biological warfare.

....In June 1945, General McArthur had been characteristically optimistic about the potential success of Operation Downfall. However, by August his staff had learned enough about Japanese defense plans to wonder about the cost. By then too, senior officers in Manila and in Washington would have known that the Army's redeployment program, the key to getting European veterans to Coronet, was a disaster.

As early as March 1945, General Marshall, Admiral Halsey and Admiral Nimitz separately conducted off-the-record conversations with influential Washington journalists. They were told to spread the word that there would not be any large scale demobilization of U.S. troops in Europe when the war there ended. When VE-Day came, however, so did demobilization. While no men in either the Navy or the Army Air Forces could expect to go home from the Pacific until the war ended, tens of thousands of veterans of the European War, demobilized under the Army's point system, were beginning their peacetime lives. Tokyo Rose was not just mouthing propaganda when she told sailors and GIs in the Pacific that they were losing their jobs and their girlfriends to able-bodied men in new civilian suits.

The Navy theoretically kept men on board ships for no more than 18 months, but in the Pacific in 1945 that policy was an empty promise. The Eighth Air Force in the European theater had sent bomber air crews home after they completed 25 combat missions; when Lieutenant General Doolittle would give anyone a respite from the relentless air war.

Typical was the experience of Whitmal W. Hill, who had been a ground crewman in the Eighth Air Force's 91st Heavy Bomber Group in England since September 1942. He had accumulated more than 100 points, well over the 85 that was earning foot soldiers a one way ticket home. When he sailed back to the United States on board the Queen Elizabeth in late June 1945, he

expected to be discharged. But after 30-day furloughs, he and others from his group were sent to Drew Field, Florida, marched to the base theater and told that they were heading for the Pacific. William T. Clark, a B-17 navigator transferred to Drew Field at about the same time, remembers a mutinous vow that men were making at Drew Field. "Two guys ain't going to the Pacific - me and the man they send to get me."

In the summer of 1945 Staff Sergeant Raymond E. Logan, on Leyte, was told his outfit, the 304th Signal Operations Battalion, was being shipped to Okinawa in preparation for the invasion. Most of the men had worked for Northwestern Bell, with some from Pennsylvania Bell and Southeastern Bell. Many of them had been in the Pacific since 1942. "We knew the road home lay through Tokyo," he remembered. "We just accepted it."

Although it was patently unfair, A Gallup poll showed that 70 percent of the American public supported the point system. What the public did not know was that demobilization was undermining the redeployment of troops from Europe to the Pacific. Combat veterans were going home by the tens of thousands, and green troops were replacing them. Many Army units that had won the war in Europe were empty shells by July 1945 and those units, filled with untested troops, were to be a significant part of the forces assembling for the final campaign against Japan.

In typical units selected for redeployment, combat veterans were replaced by green troops at an alarming rate. A tank destroyer battalion, for instance, lost 50 percent of its men. An ordnance company reported in August that 73 percent of its men had been in the company less than a month. A radio intelligence company was about to fall apart for 95 percent of its men had enough points to go home. One division of about 25,000 men was anticipating a loss of 11,000 enlisted men and 600 officers.

"A large proportion of the men lost," said an Army report, were specialists and noncommissioned officers. Newcomers "usually were greatly inferior in training, experience, and leadership to the men who they replaced." Also lost was the venerable military concept of cohesion - the shoulder to shoulder stability that holds a fighting unit together. Violation of this

concept, said the report, "would mean loss of lives and battle efficiency. The period of redeployment training was all too brief to permit of molding into a team a unit which had lost most of its key specialists and from one third to three fourths of its officers and men," the report continued. There was no question that the large number of untested troops would have greatly increased American casualties in the battle for Honshu.

The training being given to Pacific bound men included such standards as care and maintenance of arms, the use of camouflage, and information about malaria and other Pacific health problems. Also covered were Japanese tactics and weapons and identification of Japanese planes and equipment. But something else had been added: "the offensive employment of toxic gases." As part of the secret Project Sphinx, troops were to be taught how to use poison gas for the reduction of Japanese cave fortifications."

By the time of the Honshu invasion, (87th participation) poison gas would have been readily available in the forward areas and relatively easy to employ through bombs, aircraft sprayers, and long range artillery. However, the anthrax being produced near Terre Haute, Indiana, would not be used because it was too difficult to handle. Gas weapons could not be used while U.S. troops were locked in combat on the beaches. But even if one of the beachheads were lost, the American offensive would continue, and the use of gas would have been considered as a way to reduce American casualties..

Americans who survived the beachheads would be pressed by the Japanese into defiles or valleys, natural funnels for the creation of deep, narrow fronts. Front-line Japanese troops, backing up their expendable coastal combat comrades, hoped to hold the mouths of these funnels and prevent the Americans from fighting the tank-led battles they preferred. These Japanese tactics would make the rear echelons of their massed troops prime targets for gas attacks.

U.S. war planners had examined the possibility of using gas bombs on Japanese cities, and that plan could have been adapted quickly for tactical use against massed Japanese troops. "Had gas warfare been inaugurated during 1945," said an unpublished, still classified Army history,

Japan would have suffered materially from U.S. Air Forces, particularly from bombers based on Saipan. Plans for gas warfare called for one rate of expenditure during the "initial" stage of gas operations and for a reduced rate during a "normal" phase. During the initial phase, from G [Gas] Day to G plus 15, the bombers would have operated strategically against Japan proper and tactically against other targets. During this period 150 percent of normal aircraft sorties would have been flown and 75 percent of the bomb load would have consisted of toxic bombs.

President Roosevelt had promised the gas would not be used except in retaliation, but no such promise was made by president Truman. By the time of the Honshu invasion, the extent of Japanese gas and germ warfare work would probably have been known at least by senior U.S. officials and possibly by the American public. The Red Army, in its drive into Manchuria, would have discovered the headquarters of unit 731, and news of that discovery would probably have reached U.S. Intelligence. Or the Soviets, for propaganda purposes, most likely would have revealed the horrors of Unit 731. By whatever means this news was made public, it would have given Truman solid ground for authorizing the use of gas.

The Soviet discovery and destruction of Unit 731 would not have eliminated Japan's ability to retaliate against the use of gas. Several laboratories in Japan had been experimenting with biological weapons. Anthrax, easily produced and transported, might have been the weapon of choice for retaliation, however feeble such efforts would be. Assuming that the Japanese would not have the resources to deliver gas or germs by aircraft or artillery, the only realistic means for using anthrax-type plagues against American troops would have been by suicide attacks.

Most germ-infected Banzai attackers would have been mowed down. But their bodies would have become bacteriological booby traps. Even though U.S. troops would have landed with protective clothing and gas masks, the use of germ warfare weeks after the landings would have been effective. On D-Day in Normandy and in other landings, U.S. troops had discarded their cumbersome protective equipment soon after they had discovered the absence of gas on the beaches. In all probability they would have done the same after X-Day and Y-Day.

Still another idea was put forward in the final days of the Japanese Empire. This was the use of

submarine launched aircraft to disperse germs over the western United States. As late as August 1945 the Japanese still had three large, aircraft carrying submarines - the I-14 which could carry two float planes and the I-400 and I-401 which could accommodate four float planes. Earlier in the war, the submarine I-25 had twice flown off an aircraft that dropped incendiary bombs on forests in the Pacific Northwest. The bombing caused no damage but the flights proved the feasibility of aircraft strikes against the United States.

The I-400 submarine carriers, the largest submarines built by any nation during the war, were originally designed for launching air attacks against New York and other American cities. Now, under a more diabolical plan, the submarines would carry out a mission given the code-name, Cherry Blossoms, at night.

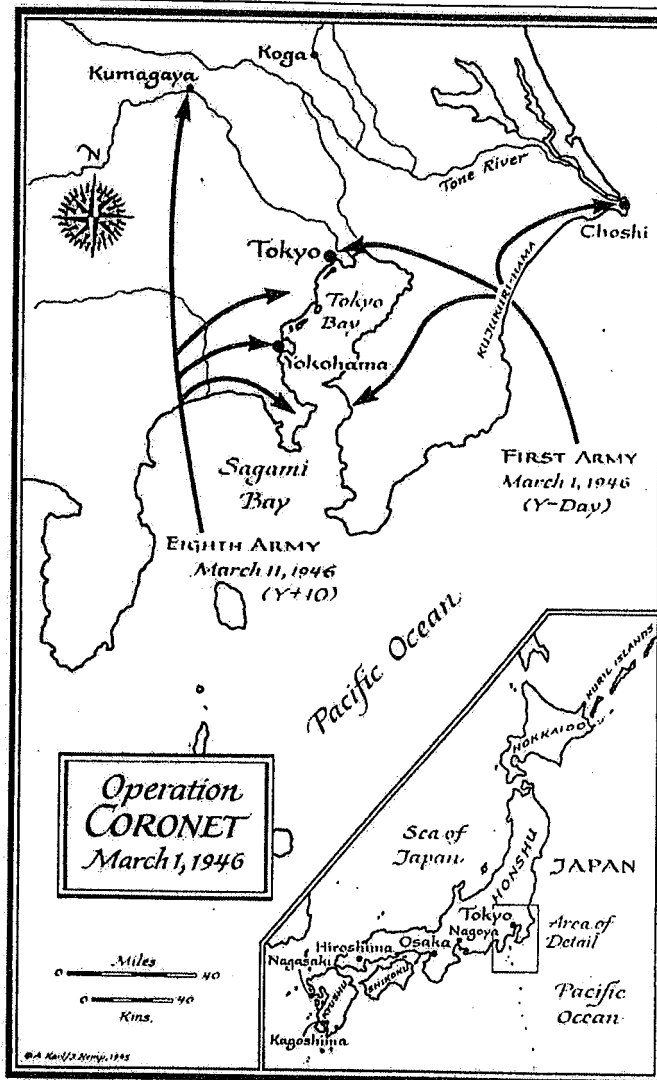
These submarines, taking some 30 days or more for the transit, were to come within a dozen miles or so of the coast of California. They would surface at night, their floatplanes' wings would be spread, and the planes would be catapulted into the night sky. They would spread their cargo of plague-infested fleas over West Coast cities on one way Kamikaze missions. One target date for the attack, cited by Japanese officials, was September 22, 1945, a little more than a month before the planned American landing on Kyushu.

If not at Kyushu, then certainly at Honshu, the American casualty rate would have forced U.S. military commanders to employ horror weapons and prepare their troops for retaliatory horror. And there was yet another weapon of mass destruction waiting in the wings: the atomic bomb. General Marshall, musing about the cost of the invasion would say, "Even an ill-equipped force can cost terrible loss to a landing party ... We knew that the Japanese were determined and fanatical ... and would have exterminated them almost man by man. So we thought the bomb would be a wonderful weapon as a protection and preparation for landings..."

Operation Coronet

Follow - on Echelons

The Army's redeployment plan provided for six infantry divisions to be transferred from Europe to serve as follow-on forces for the campaign on



Honshu, to be formed into two corps:

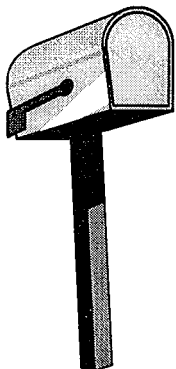
First Army: 5th 44th and 86th Infantry Divisions.

Eighth Army: 4th, 8th and 87th Divisions

Another corps consisting of the 2nd, 28th and 35th Infantry Divisions from Europe was to serve as the Army Forces Pacific reserve, and a corps with the 91st, 95th and 104th would form a strategic reserve in the Philippines. On Day Y+35 the 11th Airborne Division as well as the strategic reserve corps (three divisions) would be available for combat on Honshu.

The 86th and 97th Divisions were originally intended for the Pacific but were sent to Europe instead because of the losses in the Battle of the Bulge. These were the only divisions from Europe to reach the Pacific before the Japanese surrender. ■

NOTES FROM OUR MAILBAG



After we sent out the Veterans Day Editorial on page 73, via E-mail we were swamped with responses from our membership. Additional suggestions for honoring our WWII Comrades were, Ernie Pyle [his cousin was a member of WWI 87th Division], The Five Sullivans, Willie and Joe, [living nominees cannot be honored so Bill Mauldin would not qualify], Roger Young and Jimmy Doolittle. If you have not sent your letter stating your sense of outrage at this omission, please take the time right now to do so. The address for the Postmaster general is: 475 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, D.C. 20260.

In mid-November, 1998 we received a request via e-mail from a young lady in California. She said, "I am hoping that you or the members of your organization can help me. I am looking for any information regarding my grandfather's service during WWII. He just passed away in September and although he did tell us about his experiences during the war, he is not going to be here to tell my daughter when she is old enough to really understand what an incredible thing her grandpa and so many others did. I would like to locate anyone who may have served with my grandpa or near him to share their experience (via e-mail). The following is most of the information that I have.

John L. Ystilart, 87th Infantry Division, 347th Infantry Regiment, Company B.

He was from Oakdale, California. He was shot several days after crossing the Rhine.

Any information that would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you, **Jonelle Baltzer** :
reztlab@inreach.com"

We followed up with whatever data we had and offered to assist her in her quest. The young lady has now joined our organization and is looking forward to any information you B-347 guys can offer. She can be reached at: 37 Sunshine Dr. Galt, CA 95632-2375.

We received a short note from **Tony Coniglio**,

H-346 telling us how proud he is of his two Marine Corps grandsons. One, a Sergeant, is stationed in Washington and the other, a Lance Corporal, is stationed on Okinawa. He says the grandsons are constantly comparing their branch of service with his but it is done in good spirit. Says Tony good-naturedly, "but the Marines still get all the glory."

RUSSELL T. BRANKLEY, AT&HQ-345, sent us the following via his son's e-mail;

I received my GAN the day before Thanksgiving. One more thing to be thankful for. I appreciate the dedication and work it takes to produce such a publication and to maintain such a standard of quality is a mighty bonus for us "Acorns".

Although I know none of those who's experiences are recounted, I relate to them all. We have a great common bond that I hope is never lost.

Thank you for helping to maintain it.

Happy Holidays.
Russ Brankley.

We received another e-mail from a **Kenneth Kinner** who said:

I am hoping that you could point me in the right direction. For years, my dad Sgt. Charles L. Kinner has been looking for a roster of his company when they shipped out. He has a roster of when they disbanded. He was a platoon leader in Company L of the 345th Infantry. He is a member of the vets of the 87th.

Sincerely Yours,
Kenneth Kinner.

CAN ANY OF YOU L-345 GUYS HELP HERE?
Charles Kinner lives at 3075 Maysville Pike,
Zanesville, OH 43701-8579

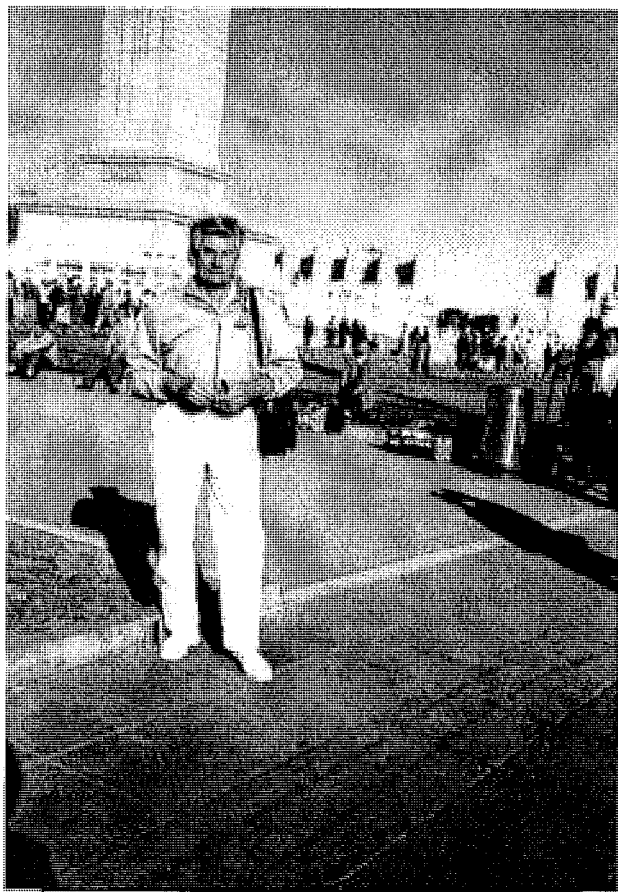
We have recently learned that **Martin Gromer, D-312MED** has donated certain funds to the Bahan Library at Sherman College of Straight Chiropractic, Spartanburg, SC to purchase books in honor and memory of Gromer's WWII unit, D-312MED.

Two books were purchased, one in two volumes that are used quite frequently by the students of that institution.

We think this is a wonderful idea. ED.

Joe Beach, A-345 Tours China

People ask, Why did you go to China?. I have always been intrigued with China, starting in grammar school with the stories of Marco Polo, to the present day. As a result, I have always had a desire to visit this country and was fortunate to do so this past October. It was a truly remarkable experience.



Joe Beach in Tiananmen Square

Timeless China is a compelling destination, where spectacular scenery enhances centuries of history. With willowed landscapes, tranquil gardens, majestic rivers and imperial pavilions of red and gold that stand forever as symbols of an enduring and vibrant past.

The majority of people have a misconception of this large and upcoming country, with a population of 1.2 billion. Construction is everywhere.

The variables are many. Their culture is over 2000 years old, they have a Communistic Government, the basic religion is Buddhism. The country is ancient, it is modern, it is poor, it is wealthy, it is crowded, it is cosmopolitan. Being in the cities with so many millions of people is exciting to say the least. They throb with life and activity.

After 22 hours from John F. Kennedy Airport, we land in Beijing, China's capital. A humming city of 13 million people with 8 million bicycles. Traffic is unbelievable as in all their cities.

I was with a tour group. In Beijing we visited Tiananmen Square, the Forbidden City, Ming Tombs, The Temple of Heaven, walked a mile on the imposing Great Wall, which, by the way, is over 6000 miles long. Buddha Temples, Pagodas, shopping markets and more.

We then flew to Shanghai, China's largest and most cosmopolitan city. Construction is everywhere, with one fifth of the world's construction cranes. Toured the beautiful Yu Garden, the Jade Buddha Temple, and the famous Bund Street shopping area. A very exciting city.

Flew to Wuhan and boarded a ship for a five day 800 mile Yangtze River cruise. What is perhaps the most spectacular stretch of river scenery in the world. We made shore excursions to various cities and villages, temples, factories and points of interest along the way. One of the inspiring sights was a stop at Sandouping for a tour of the Three Gorges Dam site. The largest Hydroelectric project in the world, completion date 2009. The cruise concluded at Chonquing, a city of 30 million people; WOW!

We then flew to Guilan, a city of unparalleled natural beauty. There we boarded motorized sampans to cruise the Li River, with it's beautiful green landscape and spired like mountains, called the Lesser Three Gorges of Wushan. Considered the Pearl of China, the most remarkable scenery on earth.

Flew to Xian, where one of the highlights of the trip was the underground mausoleum of the first emperor Qin. Guarded for centuries by thousands of life size terra cotta warriors and considered the most significant archeological discovery in the twentieth century, were honored as "The eighth wonder of the



Tiananmen Square



While walking along the waterfront these school girls stopped him to ask questions for a school project.

world." It is a sight I will never forget.

Then we flew to Gangzhou (Canton) known for it's Cantonese cooking; not bad! Toured the city and visited various sights and markets, From there by train to Hong Kong, a glamorous city with luxurious hotels, fabulous shopping and exquisite restaurants, all very expensive. Eight dollars for a Bloody Mary. They supposedly have more Rolls Royce's than any city in the world and I believe it. Mercedes' everywhere. Toured the city, cruised the bay, stayed three nights, then boarded a plane for the long flight home.



In the tomb of the Emperor Qin which is guarded by 7,000 of these terra cotta warriors.

After three weeks, I was ready. What a remarkable experience I had. Saw and did many things too numerous to mention and boy, can I handle those chop sticks! □

We Recently Communicated With The Eisenhower Center about receiving the Golden Acorn News and this was their replay. Ed.

The Eisenhower Center for American Studies
University of New Orleans
923 Magazine St. New Orleans, LA 70130
(504) 539 9560

Dear Mr. Amor
Editor - *Golden Acorn News*
POBox 4092
Long Island City, NY 11104-0092

Dear Mr. Amor January 5, 1999

On behalf of Douglas Brinkley and the Eisenhower Center for American Studies, thank you for your recent letter. We appreciate your interest in the Center and our archives and thank you for contacting us regarding your newsletter. We would very much like to receive this information, which may be mailed to:

The Eisenhower Center for American Studies
923 Magazine Street
New Orleans, LA 70130

I am including with this letter a recent solicitation letter by Stephen Ambrose regarding the National D-Day Museum. I realize that D-Day does not have much to do with the 87th Division, but I wanted to let you know what kind of materials both the Museum and the Eisenhower Center house in our archives. While the D-Day museum has its own focus, the Eisenhower Center collects oral histories, memoirs, video taped interviews, letters, documents and photographs pertaining to all aspects of World War II. We have a large collection on the Battle of the Bulge which was used in *Citizen Soldiers*. If this is something you'd like to mention in your newsletter, we'd greatly appreciate your assistance.

Again, thank you for contacting us. If you'd like to be included on our mailing list and receive our newsletter, *The Crusade*, please let me know. If you have any additional questions about the Center and our projects, please don't hesitate to call us at 504 539-9560 or write again.

Sincerely Yours,

Signed

Annie Wedekind, Assistant Director. □

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_____ GOLDEN ACORN BELT BUCKLE @ \$12.50 _____	\$ _____
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_____ ROMAN ANALOG DESK CLOCK, 4 1/4" ACROSS @ \$12.00 _____	\$ _____
LIMITED QUANTITIES, PRESENT DAY REGIMENTAL PINS @ \$7.00 ea.	
345th REGT. _____ 346th REGT. _____ 347th REGT. _____	\$ _____

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TOTAL

\$ _____

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TO:

GLEN BUSWELL

43317 SR 303, BOX 685

LA GRANGE, OH 44050-0685

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ADDRESS _____

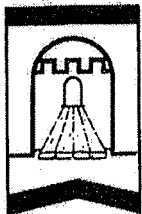
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

**ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS
ATTENDING THE REUNION IN
FT. MITCHELL, KENTUCKY!**

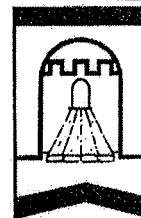
**GLEN BUSWELL IS ADVISING
YOU THAT HE WILL NOT
BRING ANY OF THESE ITEMS
TO THE REUNION. IF YOU
WISH TO PURCHASE ANY OF
THESE, USE THIS FORM.**

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AM GOING TO ENJOY
MYSELF!!!"**



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Representing the **87th Infantry Division Association**, September 28 - October 3, 1999.
To reserve your accommodations at the group rate, this form must reach us by August 27, 1999.

Please reserve accommodations as indicated below. I understand you cannot ensure exact room location, and in such a case a room at the nearest location will be reserved.

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America's Debt to its Warriors

By Mitchell Kaidy, D-345

If it did nothing else, the movie "Saving Private Ryan" brought home to Americans the horror and terror of infantry combat and established that there were American youths like those depicted who sacrificed their lives to preserve our freedom.

But what we sorely need now is a film depicting what contemporary America is doing to "bind up their wounds," both mentally and physically.

My experience and that of my comrades suggests that no one walks away unscathed emotionally or physically from wartime shooting and killing - or from being trapped in artillery barrages and mine fields. And my experience further suggests that even after leaving the service apparently physically and emotionally unscathed, a price usually accrues among those who fought.

Americans should be fully appreciative of this, but I believe that it largely escapes them. The government, or the Veterans Affairs Department, or someone, is providing adequate care, they believe. So, no matter how empathetic, the average citizen doesn't get involved.

But from personal tragic experience involving my combat buddies, I'm aware that those who deserve the most understanding, acceptance and treatment are the most discriminated against. Here are living examples that are drawn from close friendships.

A rifleman from my outfit, the 87th Infantry Division, was part of a squad that heroically attacked two German machine-gun nests in World War II. His squad leader, Staff Sgt Curtis Shoup of Scio, N.Y., posthumously won American's highest military award for disabling one of the guns with a grenade, then, wounded by the enemy, running and throwing another grenade before being struck down by a sniper.

A gallant and intrepid act indeed. This deed ironically left a lasting legacy on the survivors that no one anticipated. Thirteen years after the event, a sergeant who was with Shoup developed night terrors. Over and over, he replayed that valiant deed in his mind, wondering whether it could have come out differently - if he could have done something to prevent Shoup's death.

But how, after 13 years, does one establish the need for psychological assistance? Where are the records that establish this GI's service connection? That's the alpha and omega of VA regulations - records, proof of service connection.

Consider other combat experiences. During the hideously cold Battle of the Bulge, a fellow infantryman was running with a machine gun tripod when shells started to rain down. Diving for cover, he slipped on the ice, and the tripod struck his spine. When he left

the service he was 21 years old and barely gave the pain any notice.

However, both he and the Army, at discharge, failed to grasp the long-term degenerative impact. Today, he's doubled over and shuffles along with a cane. With no record to prove his injury, he has been repeatedly refused treatment by the VA.

As recently as a few months ago, a 4th Division rifleman who survived D-Day plus six to VE Day (almost a year), a miraculously long survival in the

infantry, was told he had to document his hearing loss with records. Every infantryman, as part of front-line experiences, suffers multiple physical and psychic traumas almost daily, so for the VA to refuse this combat soldier a hearing aid for lack of proof was not only heartless but it underscored the inability of bureaucracy to grasp the nature of combat. This man was faulted for not having reported his hearing traumas to his company commander. His reply to the VA: "My company commander is dead."

From both knowledge and experience, I can detail other experiences of this kind. To the American public which, thanks to movies like "Saving Private Ryan," has been gaining a more mature view of some American youths'

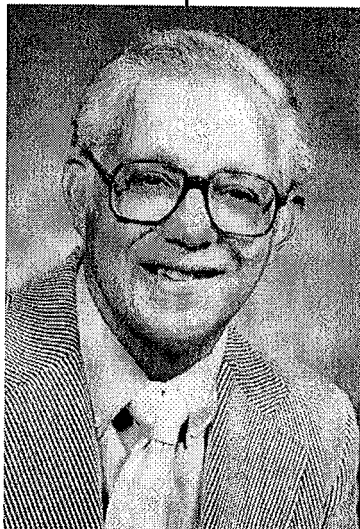
sacrifices, my plea is: Accept that veterans absolutely must be divided into two categories - those who did the fighting and those who did not.

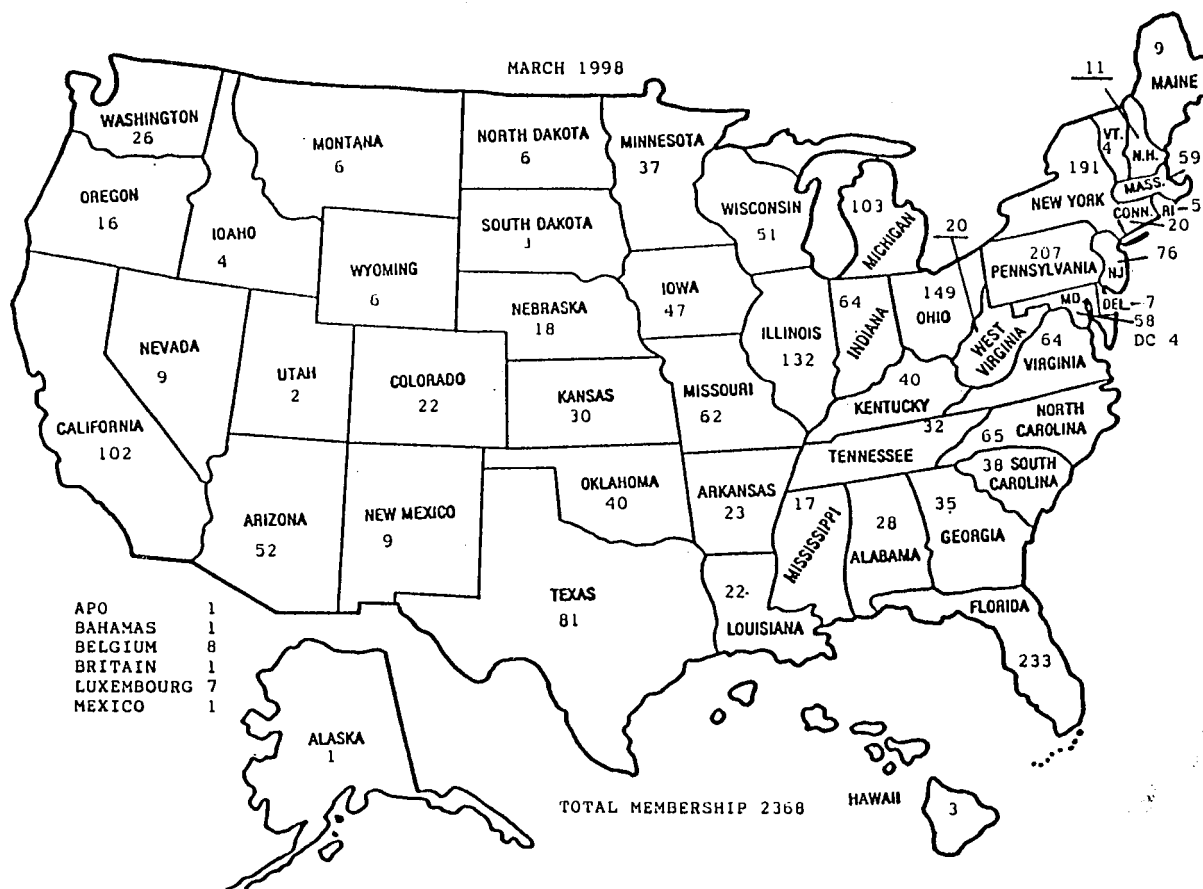
For those who fought, who offered their young lives and futures for their country, nothing, no medical or psychological program, no monetary assistance, and no form of civic recognition is inappropriate or excessive. They can and should be set apart and above other veterans who may have served in a rear echelon from a few months to years. It's not a discredit to rear-echelon servicemen that they didn't have to endure the hell of front-line combat. They didn't make the decision about where to serve. But precisely because of their noncombatant status, the rear-echelon troops are the most likely to have records.

Newspaper obituaries daily remind us that World War II, Korean and even Vietnam veterans are aging and dying in larger numbers. The American government and the citizens that sent these men into combat should be more than willing to bind up wounds suffered when they heeded the call. We should all recognize that psychologically or physically, those scenes witnessed in "Saving Private Ryan" leave a lifelong, indelible impact.

There is a long-term price to be paid for heroes and heroism, and America must be generously prepared to pay it.

Mitchell Kaidy of Brighton served with the U.S. 3rd Army through three campaigns during World War II. He holds a Combat Infantryman's Badge, a Bronze Star, and three battle stars. □





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WILLIAM C. YOUNG, SECRETARY
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FLOURTOWN, PA 19031

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87th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION
50th ANNUAL REUNION, SEPTEMBER 26 - OCTOBER 3, 1999
FT. MITCHELL, KENTUCKY

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RESERVATION CUTOFF DATE IS SEPTEMBER 15, 1999

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Sat., Oct 2nd	Dinner Dance and Program 5:30 PM Dance 9:00 - 12:00 PM _____ @ \$29.00 ea. \$ _____
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TOTAL INCLUDING REGISTRATION FEE OF \$20.00.....\$

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Remember Your First Days In Combat?

In February, 1997, Dr. Jesse Caldwell, MED-345, Gastonia, N.C., sent the first four pages of the following diary to Jim Oaks, the editor of the HQ CO, 3RD BN, 345th Inf. Association newsletter, The Oak Leaf. These were published in the May 2, 1997 edition of The Oak Leaf. The other pages were given to Oaks at the Association's 10th Mini Reunion in Lancaster, Ohio, in June of that year. The other parts of the diary were published in subsequent issues of The Oak Leaf.

This is Caldwell's note to Jim Oaks that accompanied the first four pages:

Dear Jim,

*Sometime ago, while rummaging through some old files, I came across a folder with 30 sheets of onion skin paper that started out with the title "Combat Diary." It started with our leaving Leek, England, on Nov. 24, 1944, and ends abruptly on Feb. 7, 1945 as we were cracking the Siegfried Line. I do not recall why I stopped then, or why I did not complete it while memory was fresher. Best regards, Jesse Caldwell
Combat Diary Capt. Jesse Caldwell as Surgeon, 3Bn., 345 Inf.*

24 November 1944 - The battalion left Leek, Staffordshire, England, by train about 11 p.m. The vehicles left a few days before on the motor march. One train held the battalion but some of the men were pretty crowded in the coaches. The officers had first class compartments but there were no berths. We were pretty cold that night but not too uncomfortable. I remember that we stopped somewhere along the line about 4 a.m. and everyone got off for hot coffee and doughnuts which were served by something like the British USO. It hit the spot and we were moving again before long.

25 November 1944 - When the dawn came we were in Southern England. The land was a little more flat and the sun was shining more than we had seen up in the midlands. About midmorning we pulled into the yards at Southampton or Portsmouth and detrained and walked about a mile to the docks. There we ate dinner of K rations supplemented by coffee and doughnuts from the American Red Cross. About mid-afternoon we boarded one of the trans-channel ships that held about half of our battalion. There were some misc. troops and officers aboard who were returning to duty after being in hospitals in England. I recall seeing some of the 35th Division and the 5th Division, who had been in combat all summer.

The quarters we had on the boat were very good as they are with officers on British ships. Those for the men were not so good. The dining room was nice and

the bar was well stocked with gin. There was a young captain from the headquarters of the Third Army going back. He had been injured by a phosphorus shell and his face had been burned. We thought we were going to be with the Third Army and what he had to tell was listened to by all. It sounded pretty rough. Got plenty of sleep that night as the boat lay at anchor all night.

26 November 1944 - We sailed out at 7 a.m. in a convoy and by the time we had eaten breakfast and gotten on deck we were well out in the channel. The weather was good and we could see many vessels behind us and a few in front. They were mostly LSTs. About noon we saw land on the Normandy side and sailed along about ten miles off shore until we saw the entrance to Le Havre. Most of the ships anchored outside Le Havre, but we went right on in, passing over a ship that had been sunk in the harbor's entrance between two great seawalls. The harbor had been demolished as well as most of the city down near the waterfront. We heard rumors that most of it had been done by the British Navy two days after the Germans had vacated the city and that because of that the natives were more than sore at the British.

We left the small channel ship and got on an LST and moved to a small beach in the harbor that was about two hundred yards long. This was the only landing place in the harbor and we were the first division to land at Le Havre. From the little beach we moved up on the street above and there we sat for many hours. The entire town around there was deserted and demolished and there were no signs of life. It was a weird sight and made especially so as night came on and the clouds came up and a cold rain began to pour down. We had been waiting for trucks that were to have met us. Our initial party had fallen down on the job. We built little fires before dark and heated our K-rations and the fires were doused before night because of the blackout.

Finally the trucks came. They were driven by Negro drivers and had no tarps or canvas covering. The men loaded and began to get soaked with the cold rain. I was in the cab of the truck that carried my section and was comfortable. We drove about two hours inland and passed through a good many small French towns which were completely blacked out. A few natives came out to see the big convoy rumble through their quiet little village and at every town square there was a lone MP who directed the trucks.

27 November 1944 - It must have been about one or two in the morning when we finally came to a stop on a muddy road out in the country. The Negro driver had told me that we were going to a place where we would be indoors and I had hopefully believed him. Now I know that you should never pay any attention to where you are going or what you were going to do until you actually get there. I noticed that the men were unloading and I ran out to see what the orders were.

The orders were to de-truck and to bivouac in the field to the right. The rain was cold and the bank of the road was muddy and slippery and the barbed wire fence at the top of the bank held me up a little too.

I found Captain (Ed) Ruark (Hq Co. 3rd Bn. Company Commander) in the dark and he took me to where my men were to pitch their tents and then showed me where my tent was to go. I went back and showed the men their place and then began to get myself set up. It was awful. My hands were so cold and wet I could not get my fingers to untie the knots of my bedroll or tent. It seemed that the water must have been ankle deep around me there. I finally got the tent up and my bedroll open and was I glad to slip into my Arctic sleeping bag. The bag was paying for itself already and my decision to bring it along was ranked among my great strokes.

I think we got up around nine. It had stopped raining but the cold wind was still blowing and it was cloudy. I was really cold. The motor convoy was scheduled to arrive that day and we all were anxiously awaiting our vehicles so we could see some of the country around there. The other two battalions were across the road from us and I must say that their tents were in a neater alignment than ours were. Their field was muddier though. The vehicles came in about ten that night and I was already in the sack. I had moved my tent that day over to another side of the hill that was supposed to have been better. Sergeant (Woodson) Bennett came to my tent and reported that our vehicles had made the trip OK and that he would pitch the aid tent that night and that there was no reason for me to get up. I sure appreciated that. He was in charge of my part of the motor trip. It was another cold night but not yet freezing.

28 November 1944 - Orders came down that all the regiments were to move about four miles farther east through the little town of St. Saens into some apple orchards around a big chateau. We made the march that afternoon. I rode in my jeep and the men did the march on foot. We set up camp in the orchard and it did not take long until the orchard was very muddy. For the next several days we stayed in the orchard waiting for orders. From the Stars and Stripes we kept up with the war. It seemed that there was still fierce fighting in the Third Army area down near the Saar. We had very little duty in the orchard and a USO entertainment group came by and put on a performance. One afternoon LTC (Robert) Moran (3rd Bn. Commander) came back from a meeting at Regiment and I noted that he did not eat any supper and was somewhat disturbed. He told us that our regiment was selected to go to Metz and help contain some of the forts that had not yet surrendered. It was our first order to combat and all of us were moved a great deal. Plans were made for the move. The motors were to leave soon and then the personnel was to go by train in boxcars from St. Saens.

4 December 1944 - The motors left and we were all set for the foot march to St. Saens. We left the orchard about 11 a.m. and soon were at the small station. As we marched down the road we had to go by the areas where the 346th and 347th Regiments were bivouacked and they looked at us silently as if we were sheep on the way to the slaughter house.

The boxcars were the famous 40 and 8's that were made famous in the first War. Ours held the CP group of the battalion and was very crowded. We hardly had room to stretch out in our bedrolls. The train was slow. About 4 p.m. we stopped at Compiègne, where the armistice of WWI had been signed. At ten that night we stopped at Rheims Terminal. It was big and intact. Both stops were for coffee and doughnuts handed out by some quartermaster or rail outfit.

5 December 1944 - Spent on the train. I think we went in the vicinity of Verdun, but the trip was very slow.

6 December 1944 - The terrain had definitely changed. It was more hilly but the hills were not mountains. It seemed that every bridge had at one time been blown and that every railroad station had been bombed. This probably was our work that was done when the German Army was retreating from France. I know that we went way south of Metz and then turned north for a while. Someone said that Metz was at one time just over the next hill, but we could not use that part of the track because it was under enemy observation and the train would most certainly draw fire. We came to a little French town of Briey that is about 16 miles northwest of Metz and there we detrained. Our trucks were there waiting for us and we were loaded and gone in little time.

Night fell as we moved toward Metz and the driver turned on his lights. Soon we came to an MP who told us to put on the cat eyes as we were crossing the light line. On farther, we came to a pontoon bridge across the Moselle north of Metz. Then on the outskirts of Metz we crossed the Moselle again and this time under complete blackout. Just as our truck was on the center of the bridge, and with truck bumper-to-bumper, the convoy stopped. We had heard that the Germans had the bridge zeroed in and could drop a shell on it at will. There we were being held up - I think because no one in the lead vehicle had bothered to get the password before they left to come after us. After what seemed to be about 15 minutes we were moving again and we could hear the artillery and see the flashes.

There seemed to be a good deal of firing going on and of course we did not know whose fire it was. We were really scared. It was pitch dark and the trucks eased along. When we stopped I got out and I could hear LTC Moran talking and I went up to him. We were in a little section called Longeville that was on the north side of the river from Metz. The street we were on was right on the banks of the Moselle and up the hill from the

street was the Fortress St. Quentin that had just surrendered that day. That opened that part of the town to be occupied.

The Regiment moved into what was an officer's training school for the French and for the Germans more recently. I put the aid station in one of the private homes across the street. The battalion officers moved into what was a lodge hall of some sort and were comfortable enough after being in the field and on the train. We ate and slept well that night with the artillery going on over our heads. Our artillery from the 345th Combat Team had fired its first round that day and that was the first fire of the 87th Div. (Deeb)

7 December 1944 - There were three forts remaining (still under German control) and each of the battalions drew one to guard and were to replace a combat team from the famous Fifth Division. The third battalion was to contain Fort Driant that was supposed to be the toughest. The 5th and the 95th Divisions had tried to storm these forts and had taken severe losses and now we were to wait them out and prevent any of the Germans from escaping or patrolling for food. Our companies were placed in the little villages around Driant. I had to split the aid station and I sent one group with Lt. John Cook and just where they went I do not know. It was in the town with the CP and Co. I, and I think it was Vaux. The CP of Co. L was in Gorze, Co. K in Ancy, and I and about ten medics were the only Americans in Noveant. We replaced an aid station from a battalion of the 2nd Infantry of the 5th Div. We spent a quite night.

8 December 1944 - It was morning and nothing had happened and I began to look around for the Co. K kitchen but it was not in town. We were the only ones there. No natives. About 10 a.m. Capt. (Bill) Prisk (Bn. S3) drove through on his way to Co. L and told me that Driant had surrendered at 8 a.m. that morning and that the battalion was going to move back to Longeville that day. We moved back that afternoon and took up the same places we had left the day before.

We spent several days in Metz, or across the river from it. There was nothing much to do so we just spruced up. Someone had made contact with a brewer in town and had several kegs of beer around. LTC Moran and I went over to Briey to see some nurses he knew in an Evacuation Hospital there. It was a lonely and weird trip. There was no other traffic, as all the rest of the combat divisions were way down in the Saar; and because of the remaining Fort Jean D'Arc, none of the rear echelons had moved into Metz.

We saw plenty of evidences of previous battles. Towns and roads were blown up and there were mortar craters all around. Dead cattle and burned out vehicles of all kinds, mostly American. I was afraid of mines and we stuck to the beaten paths. At Briey we saw the girls, had supper with them in their mess, and drove

back about midnight - with the lights on and traveling pretty fast.

13 December 1944 - We were on the move. The other two regiments had gone from the apple orchard to the front down in the Saar and had replaced regiments of the battered 26th Division who had been in combat about 6 weeks. Our units had already gone into the attack and we heard that the 346th had 100 casualties the first day. We thought this was pretty good. I think they must have had more though.

We left Metz early in the morning by motor march. We drove across a pontoon bridge through town. People were moving back into town in droves in spite of the fact that Jean D'Arc was still holding out. It was amazing how well the people could keep up with the progress of the local battle.

Down from Metz - through Delme and Chateau-Salins we went and everywhere was evidence of recent battle. There were more dead cattle and more mortar craters and here and there were slit trenches and shell cases. Trees were leafless and broken. Towns were battered and seemed deserted.

Through Mittersheim and Sarre Union. From there we went north on secondary roads and we could hear the cannon from the front very plainly now. It was a 70-mile trip and we ended up just north of a little town named Achen and Gros Rederching. We went into a rear area bivouac, or what is called a rear assembly area.

We were sandwiched in between batteries of artillery of all kind and they were firing all the time. This was our closest association with the batteries as from now on we were to be well out in front. I do recall that on top of our hill on the right were many fortifications of the deserted Maginot Line. We went up to look at them and some of my men slept in them that night. The terrain was rolling hills and there were no trees, no cover and you could see several villages from any hilltop. I took a picture of a chow line here. I dug my first slit trench here but did not use it. It was half filled with water from the soggy ground in no time and everywhere there was mud. I spent a good night as I slept in the aid tent near my hole.

14 December 1944 - In the late afternoon we moved up four miles to the forward assembly area just beyond Wolfing. We were in an open field and it was muddy and a lot of the trucks stuck and the column was late getting in. I set up the aid station and ate a little something and went over to the Bn. CP tent, which was nearby, to get the attack order. It is funny that all the time there was always the hope that something would happen and that after all we would never go into combat. Some of the men said that we would never see combat because they had never sighted in their rifles! However, that night all hope was lost.

LTC Moran, the Bn. CO seemed strained. Lots of things had gone wrong during the day. Wire had not been laid yet to all his units and other things had not been done. All in all, we were not ready for combat. He gave us the dope though. The Regimental Commander had selected the 3rd Bn. to lead the regiment the next morning. We were to replace the 346th Regiment that was now about 2+ miles north of where we were then. There was to be a grand reconnaissance at dawn the next morning and he said he wanted me to be with him. (That was the way he had learned it at Ft. Benning when there were two medical officers in each Infantry Bn.)

They had to set the frequency on all the radios that night and the only place for them to do that work was in the aid station where they could get some light. I went back to the aid station and moved my stuff out and got into a pup tent with Snuffy Schevering (PFC. Carl Schevering) and got a couple of hours sleep.

I had a foxhole near the tent and when I got up about 0530, I had a good case of the GIs by then, I heard my first incoming shell. All the time I had heard the crack and then there was a whiz of the shell going over my head on the way to the enemy. Now it struck me as I heard the whiz and then the crack, I was right. They were dropping them in our area. I hit the hole and some shells landed in the area about 50 yards to our left. A man was hit lightly and he came up to the aid station and we had our first casualty. He was from the 1st Bn. however. He went back to duty and we moved out on the reconnaissance about 0615. It was dark when we moved out, but dawned as we were moving up slowly.

15 December 1944 - It sure was a big group - this reconnaissance party. There was everyone of importance from our battalion and then there were the other two battalions and the regimental HQ group. There must have been about a hundred or more people there. As we drove up we could see out over the fields and our soldiers were coming back towards us. They were walking slowly, silently to the rear, but were scattered out over the field. It looked like a retreat to me, but of course I did not know.

We came to a major and a captain of the 346th Reg. The major was the CO of the Bn. having replaced the commander who had evidently been a casualty. He was dressed in his helmet and GI raincoat and he was covered with dried mud from head to foot. The ground had frozen that night for the first time that winter and there was no wet mud at that hour. He had not shaved for several days and all in all he looked wretched. He told us that "Jerry" would open fire any minute now and about as soon as he said that we heard the machine gun fire of the fast German machine gun and saw the tracers going over our heads. We all hit the ground and my helmet went scooting about 15 feet

away. I crawled over to it and fastened it a little more. The helmet had knocked my glasses off as I hit the dirt.

We could not see just where the fire was coming from as we were on the reverse slope of the hill. Several guns were going by this time and on further down the road mortar shells were straddling the road on top of the hill. They were about 75 yards from us and I thought that they may come up towards us and we moved off the road a little more. A few of us, who had no business being up there, began to move further back to the rear, but the Regimental CO (Colonel Douglas Sugg) and a few others stood right on top of the hill straight up and were looking all around.

Finally the firing stopped and it was good daylight now. Our Bn. was moving up from the rear now and was passing by on the road. The company commanders showed them where to stay for awhile and they went on with LTC Moran to the front to see what was going on. All of our battalion was in a little patch of woods off the road near the Moronville Farm. I sat up an aid station by the side of the road. A TD officer saw that I was a medic and told me where he knew of a wounded "doughboy." I showed (T/5 Jack) Billings where he was on the map and Billings was off with the jeep and came back a few moments later with a 347th boy who was hit in the arm with a bullet. All morning we evacuated casualties from the other two regiments in our division. I found out that the other aid stations were several miles behind us and the wounded were coming to our aid station first. There was a lot of artillery fire throughout the day but none ever came close to us. Later in the afternoon we moved out into the open field near Moronville Farm and there put up the aid tent and dug holes. Our men were into the attack about 2 or 3 in the afternoon.

All morning most of the casualties that we evacuated had been from small arms fire and trench foot. I think tanks had done most of the damage. We were supposed to be opposite the 11th Panzer Division and they were supposed to be pretty good. But late in the afternoon we got a few of our own men in as casualties and they had been hit with shell fragments.

As night fell the companies were way out in front and we were in the same place with the rear CP of the 3rd Bn. The companies reported some wounded in their areas and I could not understand why our litter bearers were not bringing them in. I know now that the company commanders did not know who their aid men or litter bearers were and they had gone off and holed up for the night. We tried all night to get relief bearers up to the companies but the guides could not find their way. Also I found out that there were not too many casualties and that the ones that they had were reported several times and magnified.

The men spent the night in the holes and the plan to

attack in the AM was set for 0730 after a 20-minute artillery barrage. We worked in the aid tent all night. We had one case of a man who had had an amputation of the leg. He was in shock and we attempted to give him plasma but the water was frozen in the bottle. We thawed it out and gave him a couple bottles but the man died on the way to the collecting station. We had two ambulances and they shuttled between our station and the collecting station most of the night. It was cold and none of us went to sleep.

16 December 1944 - The artillery barrage went off on time and we were all out looking and listening to it. It sure gave us a feeling of great strength. Looking at it in retrospect, I doubt if it caused any casualties among the Germans. Our men were into the attack, and in several hours they had reached the ground we were supposed to take and the rear CP was preparing to move forward. About that time our men who were up front began to receive a terrific amount of shellfire from the enemy. Co. I was hit the worst as they were out in the open. The fire was coming from our right flank and was in the area of a division of the Seventh Army, the 100th I think. Anyhow, we had gone forward and disregarded our right flank and now we were catching it.

We did not move the rear CP and the casualties were coming into the aid station on every vehicle that passed. We got quite a few psycho cases too - which the army calls battle fatigue. Later we did move the aid station and CP over near the Le Sitters. Major (Frank) Ramsay (Regimental Surgeon) came by and told me he would take all the rest of the casualties in his regimental station there at Moronville Farm and for me and my group to get a little rest. This sure was a kind move for us, but I did hate to not be able to take care of our men. Lots of people did not understand the switch and I am afraid they got the wrong impression. I put my bed roll in a hole I found and stretched a half pup tent over it and was all set for sleep when a man from the wire section told me that was his hole and to get the hell out. I told him I thought it had been there for a couple of days and that was why I had moved in. It was very dark and he said that I could use it provided we were not shelled.

17 December 1944 - Things were quiet that morning. The sun was shining and we heard that another battalion was going to go through us and into the attack. Nothing had been done about our open right flank except our men had withdrawn strategically somewhat. We packed up for a short move and we could see the 2nd Bn. on the way through us. We joined all the rest of the Bn. over near Obergailbach. We were now in regimental reserve except for Co. I which still occupied a woods patch with one platoon.

We prepared our foxholes and pitched tents over them and then rehashed the battle. It had been a nightmare! Nothing had gone right it seemed.

Communications were bad, rations, water, and ammunition ran out and none was brought up. The wounded were not evacuated properly. I was pretty sore about that and at the staff meeting I told them all and especially the company commanders that they must watch their aid men and litter bearers and not to let them goof off. Things were better after that.

While we were on the reverse slope of the hill there near Obergailbach, a lot of incidental things happened. A German plane came over low and the AA opened up on it. We had never suspected there was so much of that kind of artillery around and it pleased us very much to see it. The plane was reported shot down a little further on.

We had a run on self-inflicted wounds. We had three in about 15 minutes once. Most of them happened as the man was leaving his foxhole or as he was using the latrine. All the wounds were in the foot and most of them were with carbines and happened to battalion rear personnel. I think that perhaps one or two did it on purpose but the real cause was that some of the men in the Bn. Hq. Co. did not have the aptitude to handle a firearm properly.

On the 19th I heard of my promotion to captain and received the orders - they were dated 1 Dec 44. I did not get any bars for a week or so later though. Bill Prisk loaned me a set then. We had noted that the outfits opposing us now were Volksturm troops and not the Panzers. Also we learned that in a town behind the German line the aerial photos showed a good strength of armor and we were alerted for a counter attack.

A few days later we got reports of a big German counter offensive up in Belgium and they had completely isolated one division and parts of another. All the rest of the line was to hold and we were to watch the developments. It was a pleasure not to be in the attack.

On 23 December we got the word that the Seventh Army was going to slide over and hold our line and then we were going north to help in the fight at what was called the Bulge. (I forgot to mention that when the 2nd Bn. replaced us on the attack on 17 Dec they were caught in their own artillery fire and some of the companies had as high as 50% casualties. All the battalions had been hit but the 1st the least.)

We stayed up all the night on the 23rd waiting for the 100th Division to move over. They never did show up and when the trucks came about dawn we pulled out of our positions, loaded, and moved out. That night was the coldest I have ever been. I think the temperature was below 15 degrees and it was very dark. My feet were nearly frozen. Billings and I sat in the jeep waiting to move out and he ran the motor trying to keep the floorboard warm. It helped a little.

24 December 1944 - When dawn came we were passing the towns and the ground we saw as we came into combat for the first time. We did not know where we were going, but down to every man, we were glad to get out of the Saar. We did not like that rolling hilly country which had the Maginot Line in it and was so easy to defend and so hard to take. We did not like to fight with the right flank open either. We just did not like the Saar. It was a sorry looking country to fight a war in.

Our convoy traveled about 30 miles to the rear and my Bn. put up in a little town named Bassing, which was near Nancy. I went to sleep in the aid station there at 4 p.m. and woke up the next morning at 10. I was frozen when I crawled into my bag and just about exhausted. The next day was Christmas Day.

25 December 1944 - The sun was out and bright when I got up and made some coffee and ate a little breakfast from a C ration. The Chaplains were around and holding services. Mail came in and I had a package from King County Hospital. LTC Moran and I went around to see all of the company commanders and then we ate turkey dinner in his CP. The ration of Scotch came in and every one felt a little better. Late that afternoon we pulled out again and headed north. We drove all night.

26 December 1944 - When daylight came we were near Rheims in a little town named Beine. We had traveled 170 miles. The entire division had made that trip using three parallel routes and all arrived in and around Beine. It was a good move and the 87th Division was showing signs of working a little better. We bivouacked in some woods outside of town and made ourselves comfortable. We stayed in the woods there for three nights. During the time there we all went into Rheims and took a shower. It was the first bath I had had since I left Leek more than a month before. It sure felt better to be clean. The quartermaster troops in Rheims had taken over some French barracks and they had backed a couple of shower trucks up to them. We went into a room and soldiers gave us a towel, soap, a change of underwear, and a change of socks. Then we proceeded to undress and take the shower by the clock. The shower truck would hold twelve men and we were allowed five minutes under the water and then it was cut off and the next batch of 12 men came in, etc. It was a well-run place. I remember taking a picture of the famous cathedral there, but it must have been in the roll I ruined in Koblenz. We heard that the isolated division had been reached and the enemy had been slowed down in the Bulge in Belgium. We were in SHEAF reserve and were to be sent to any area needed had there been other developments. We got orders to move out 29 Dec.

29 December 1944 - Our outfit began to move out about 11 am and we went north through France - the

famous champagne district and entered the Ardennes Forest - crossed into Belgium and passed through Bouillon and then northeast to a man-made forest near Ochamps. It snowed a little on us that day. I had eaten something that made me sick and I did not enjoy the trip. Maybe the thought of going back into combat had something to do with it. Anyway, we set up in the nice woods there and had supper. The story was that there had been no US troops beyond the little town of Ochamps. We did not know where the enemy was beyond there, but we knew he was there as there had been no travel from the north to Ochamps for several weeks. It was to be our job then to go out and contact the enemy. The Division was to do it by moving in a column down two roads. The 345th on the road on the right and the 347th on the road to the left.

Company A of the 1st Bn. was to lead and the regiment was lined up in column of battalions and the battalions in columns of companies and so on. The aid station group was at the rear of the 3rd Bn. column and in the middle of the regimental column. We moved slowly stopping now and then. After about six or seven miles we stopped for a long time and some batteries of artillery came into the fields on either side of the road and set up their guns and fired a few rounds. We had met the enemy and had had a little battle. The first Bn. was getting casualties from small arms. About dark we moved up in a hurry and set up in Freux-Menil, which had just been taken. The first Bn. was still out in front and was in Moircy 1,500 yards ahead. We were in Freux-Menil and on the main road. The aid station was in a little inn, across the road from the CP. Our companies set up a defense in case of counter attack and we settled down for the night. It was here that I had my greatest scare of the war.

We had all gone to bed. I had had all the vehicles unloaded and had my cot up and bedroll unrolled and was inside about to go to sleep. It was snowing hard outside and everything was white and cold. Capt. Ruark had given me a sentry to stand outside of the aid station because we were so close to the enemy and the situation had not been boiled down yet. About 10 p.m. I heard the door of the inn open in a hurry and (PFC. Quinton) Whitehead, the sentry, yelled, "Everybody up!" He then closed the door and left.

I bounded up and spoke to Lt. Cook and Sgt. Bennett who were sleeping in the room with me. They had not heard Whitehead, and Sgt. Bennett said something about was it morning already. I told them what had happened and left orders to load up and get ready to clear out. I rolled my stuff up in no time and Billings was already loading it on the jeep and trailer. I then went over to the CP and there was a big crowd there. LTC Moran came in and I ask him if there were any orders to move. He said, "Hell no," that we were going to hold the town and then he began issuing orders for the defense. I went back over to the aid station and told the men to set up the aid station again.

Back in the CP they were preparing to hit the town of Moircy with artillery. Now this is what had happened: The 1st Bn. was in Moircy and had set up to defend it for the night. They had quite a few casualties and asked our Bn. to lend them our litter bearers to help them get the wounded back down the road, which had not been swept for mines. I reluctantly sent all of our bearers down on orders from LTC Moran. Now several German tanks had rolled down the side of the road from Jenneville towards Moircy. Our patrol on the hill east of there had seen them. The tanks came upon several of our machine gun emplacements. Now a machine gun cannot hurt a tank and so they did not fire. However the machine gun in the tank opened fire and routed our men. The men, mostly from Company D, just left their posts and began to walk back towards Freux-Menil and told everyone what happened. The tanks by this time were shooting up the town and more GIs were leaving. It was from these men that Whitehead, who had challenged them, learned his information. When I first came out of the aid station the road was filled with men silently walking to the rear in no order at all. They said that their company had been wiped out. At the CP they said that the order had now been given for the 1st Bn. to withdraw from Moircy and they were getting ready to hit it with artillery. I did not see my 12 men who were down there and I hoped that they came with the rest. They hit the town with a lot of artillery. A few rounds of enemy artillery fell in our town and Capt. Nicholson was killed. He commanded Co. I. The rest of the night was pretty quiet, but I did not hear from my 12 men.

31 December 1944 - There was nothing much for our Bn. to do this day. We were still in regimental reserve and the 2nd Bn had moved out to our left. My 12 missing litter bearers showed up that morning. They had spent the night in a stone building (in Moircy) not knowing what was going on. The entire Co. CP was in that building they said, and they had heard no order to withdraw. Luckily, none of our shells had hit their house. Later when I saw the town of Moirey it looked as if it had hardly been hit. I was beginning to lose faith in the efficiency of the artillery. A stone building was good protection and a cellar was excellent. I helped (Capt.) Dean Stillson (1st Bn. Surgeon) with a few of his wounded but was impressed with the lack of efficient evacuation he had. It looked like us on our first attack. I spent New Years Eve writing a few letters in the dining room of the inn where the aid station was set up.

1 January 1945 - The sun was out and the 347th was moving through us to take over the attack. One of the aid stations moved in where we were and our Bn. moved to Nimbermont, 4 miles southeast to go into division reserve with the rest of the regiment. While in Nimbermont I had the aid station set up in a barber shop and the man of the house gave me his guest room. I had clean sheets and fancy pillows and coverings, etc.! It lasted just two days though.

3 January 1945 - The regiment was on the move again. We were to move over to the left of the division sector and replace the 346th. We set the aid station up in a private school in a little town named Bras. I had a nice room upstairs and sort of an office downstairs apart from the aid station proper. There was lots of snow on the ground but we were comfortable inside. All the rest of the companies were in buildings except Co. L that was out on a hill in the woods. I kept a litter team up there with Co. L in case they were needed.

We stayed at Bras for six nights. During that time we sent some patrols out over to Vesqueville and the first night they ran into a minefield and nearly all of them were killed. Our battalion was a little more leery of patrols from then on, but they were something that was necessary to a certain degree, I suppose. The danger lay in the misuse of a patrol just so the various commanders could have something to report. It made us mad when Corps would call down to Division and ask what elements of the enemy we were facing. If we had not taken a prisoner for a couple of days we would be ordered from Div. G-2 to get a prisoner. We invariably lost an officer and a couple of men killed in taking a prisoner. It was rough. Usually the newest replacement officer would have to take the patrol as the law of averages was getting close to the old ones. If he was not killed his chances of living until the end of the war increased greatly. Major (Willis) Henry (Bn. XO) became ill and we had to send him out later with pneumonia.

9 January 1945 - Our Bn. was selected to clean out a patch of woods overlooking Tillet. Now for the past week the 347th had been having a very rough time indeed up around the crossroads at Pironpre. The land there changed hands three or four times in as many days and the 347th suffered many casualties as the enemy had to hold this cross road to supply St. Hubert. It was on the St. Hubert-Houffalize highway. One of the bloodiest and hardest battles of the division's history was fought up there. We were lucky enough to miss that job.

Now Tillet was a town near this highway that the enemy was reluctant to give up and the 346th had had some equally hard fights there and the town had changed hands several times. We were to clean out the woods that overlooked the town from which the enemy had had the advantage.

The battalion left in trucks from Bras about 0400 and proceeded back to the main road and up through Freux-Menil, Moircy, then to the right to Remagne and then north to another main road. There they de-trucked and we set the aid station up in a Belgian farmhouse. Our attack went fine. We took a lot of prisoners and took our objective and only had two killed and two wounded from the Bn. Little Red (2nd Lt. Thomas V.) Burke was killed. He was the best patrol

leader we had.

Now the first Bn. was on our left and they had lots of casualties and since our aid station was better placed we received most of their casualties. We worked late into the night. LTC Moran got the Silver Star for this operation. It was well run and well supplied. We stayed in the farmhouse three days.

12 January 1945 - The enemy was disappearing from in front of us and we knew there was not much left for us to do. We moved over to Gerimont with the Bn. CP. The companies were in Tillet. We were getting a lot of frostbite then and I made an inspection of the Battalion and picked up several cases.

17 January 1945 - We were on the move again. Down to Luxembourg. We left Gerimont before dawn and hit the main road near Amberloupe. There we turned southwest on the road and passed the bloody crossroads at Pironpre. It sure looked insignificant. On down through Jenneville, Moiricy and Freux-Menil and then south. Libramont, Recogne, Neufchateau, Arlon, Luxembourg City, Rodenbourg to Consdorf. We replaced elements of the 4th Division. The 4th moved over to the left and the 5th moved over farther to the left and those two divisions were to keep on the offensive. We were to occupy defensive positions and accept reinforcements. We needed them.

I had the aid station in the town of Consdorf and the companies were out around Berdorf. This part of Luxembourg was very pretty and was called Little Switzerland by the natives. Again I had a very good place for the aid station, having moved into the one the Bn. of the 4th Division had. We stayed there for nine days, refreshed, rested, and regrouped. Then we took off again for a more important job and the green 78th Division rolled in to take our place.

What a feeling to see those green troops. We had been in combat for six weeks now and hardly thought of ourselves as being in good shape - as we looked at the 4th and 5th Divisions. Here then was the 78th Division boys asking us the same questions we had asked just a month or so before. To them, we were hardened veterans and heroes for we had seen combat and consequently commanded the respect of those who had not been in it. We felt sorry for them for we knew of the blunders new troops were bound to make and the lives it would cost them to become battlewise. We could not worry much though, for we were on the move and had ourselves to worry about.

26 January 1945 - I think that it was around 0900 when we left Consdorf. I had Col. Sugg, the regimental commander, in my ambulance as he had the flu or something and wanted to ride in a heated vehicle. We headed west along the route that we came in on except when we came to Arlon we took the Bastogne road instead of the Neufchateau. The

highway to Bastogne was cut out of the forest and there were very few secondary roads leading from it. Yet this is the road that the 4th Armored Division took - along with the one from Neufchateau - to liberate the 101st Airborne Division which was isolated in Bastogne. I recall hearing some of the higher brass of the 101st saying they did not like the word liberated. But when the Stars and Stripes interviewed some of the GIs and lower officers, they said they were mighty glad to see those tanks.

We saw many Sherman tanks alongside the road hit and burned out. Bastogne was damaged but not as bad as some of the rest. Plenty of civilians were around when we went through. Farther on the road began to wind in and out of the hills. We came across a crest of a hill and there in a small valley lay the village of Houffalize. It was a total wreck - air bombardment. Bombs make a far greater job of destruction than does even our heaviest artillery. Whole sections of four story buildings would be missing. Our Air Force did this when they found out that this was a German supply and command center. I recall hearing on the BBC that they had bombed Houffalize.

Outside Houffalize we turned off the main road and went to the right. It was snowing plenty hard now and some of the vehicles had trouble getting up some of the grades. Billings had the top on our jeep and I think he had the chains on. We had no difficulty, but the ambulance carrying Col. Sugg did. We came to a little town named Basbellain that was just over the border in Luxembourg again. There were about a dozen or two outfits there ahead of us and we had trouble finding quarters for the aid station. We finally set up in a barn next to a house.

Now there is one good thing about being with the infantry. When we take a town we get the pick of places for CP, aid station and so forth. Now when we move into a town where some of the rear elements, such as artillery, are located, we have a heck of a time finding quarters. It makes us mad.

27 January 1945 - We left Basbellain about 0330. I had a little better quarters the second day and we regretted to move of course. Our course was north but we soon came to a stop as we ran upon our advance party. They were held up because an overpass had been blown and blocked the road. Someone had not made a recon and they were responsible for holding up the column. They said it was Gen. McKee's fault as he had ordered that route. Gen. McKee was the Asst. Div. Commander.

Lt. (Alfred) Brown (Anti Tank Platoon Leader) took his jeep and found us another route over roads that had not been swept. He deserves lots of credit for that deed. We pulled into St. Vith that afternoon and was that town blown up! And was it ever crowded with all sorts of troops! It had elements of the 7th Armored Division that had originally taken the town and were

now to be relieved by us and the 82nd Airborne Division, that was to be on our left and in the First Army. There were three divisions working out of a small blown up town!

At least I found one room that, after we cleaned out the debris, we were able to use. I think that 18 men slept in there that night. I was sick again and vomited a few times. I think it was from getting so cold on the trip and then eating the cheese that was in the K ration dinner. I swore off of cold cheese, and from then on only ate it after it had been melted over a little Coleman stove.

The next day our Bn. was to go into the attack. It was around here that Daniel Byers (a man from Caldwell's hometown in North Carolina) wrote home that he had seen me. He said I was in a jeep with a driver. I was a captain and that the jeep was fixed to carry litters. It must have been him OK. He was up on a pole hanging wire when I passed.

29 January 1945 - We attacked toward the east and I moved the aid station to the outskirts of the town close to the Bn. CP. We had a few casualties but not too many. A shell landed in the house that Co. I was using to feed chow and one man was killed and 11 wounded. It was snowing and pretty cold.-

31 January 1945 - Our men had cleared for several miles east of St. Vith and we moved up to Atzerath. We no sooner had set up the aid station in a farmhouse than a couple shells landed on the road a little ways ahead and wounded several of our men. They were brought to the aid station and we began to splint a GI who had his leg broken. As we were working we heard a barrage of shells coming in and everyone standing in the aid station hit the floor. I could see the flashes of the shells hitting out in the yard as well as feel the blast. Fifteen or 20 shells must have landed right around the aid station. I felt sort of funny for leaving the soldier up on the kitchen table while we were on the floor and when we got up I apologized for it. He said it was OK, but he did wish someone had handed him his helmet!

You just can't beat the foot soldier. He is the finest man in the world. Humble, obedient, grateful, and comical.

We stayed there for three nights. On Ground Hog Day the sun was shining and the snow was melting.

3 February 1945 - This was to be a foot move for six miles. Of course I rode in an organic vehicle along with my driver Billings. We landed in Lauderfeld, just over the border in Germany. The troops ahead had lost contact with the enemy and we knew they had withdrawn to the protection of the Siegfried Line. Now around this town we found evidence that it was here that many of the troops of the 106th Division were

caught in the first stages of the Ardennes Offensive during the middle of December. One regiment of the 106th came over on the Queen Elizabeth with us and they had gone into the line there about the time we went into the line in the Saar. It could have easily been us in the Bulge.

We found some mail some of the men had written before the attack and I sent one of the letters of a 2nd Lt. to his home in Pa. That was the first news the family had had of the boy and I told them that it was a good chance that he was taken prisoner. We heard later that he was taken prisoner. Nearby were three jeeps that apparently had been destroyed by the US troops before they surrendered, by tossing a hand grenade under the motor. The tires were gone, as were all the tires on US vehicles that the Germans had taken. (PFC. Harry) Van Horsten got to work with my permission to make a usable jeep out of the wrecks. He succeeded several days later. I think he had to swipe a few spare tires off some other jeeps. He said it was from another outfit though. We wrote letters using Germany as the date line for the first time.

4 February 1945 - We were to move up this day just opposite the Siegfried Line to a little town named Kobscheid. Now this town had about 20 or 30 houses in it and sat on a clear hill and was easily visible for miles around. We had to stay concealed from the Line by staying behind something all the time. Moving in was done at night and this night it was dark as pitch again. We got stuck in the mud on the outskirts but were finally pulled out. Capt. Bill Prisk was there to guide us into town and show us where the aid station was to be. A few shells, mortar, were landing in and around the town. Lt. Cook was in the advance party and he had plans already for the aid station and (T/3 Robert) Hargrove and (T/3 John) Hammerbacker had us setup in no time at all.

5 February 1945 - Big plans were in the air. We heard that we were not to break the Siegfried but were to make passes at it to keep the Line occupied while the main attempt or effort was going to be in the north. Again we were happy to let, "George do it."

Now that was the real plan and we heard it correctly and I verified it two years later in Ralph Ingersoll's book. But look what happened. Ingersoll said that Generals Bradley and Patton wanted to make the main effort and that Eisenhower was letting them do whatever they pleased. It sure cost us lots of men.

Anyway, we were to go forward a couple thousand yards and take a main crossroads in the Schnee Eiffel Forest that was a supply route for that part of the Siegfried Line. G-2 reported down that the pillboxes were empty. LTC Moran said he would be glad to have some of the G-2 boys come down and lead the first patrol if they thought the boxes were empty. They were not empty of course, but G-2 believed every

prisoner they talked to. This day it was foggy and visibility was poor and so we could walk around with abandon. Once while I was standing in the door of my aid station and looking down the street, two mortar shells landed down around the church about 60 yards away. Now you can't hear mortar shells coming in and so no one was on the ground. One shell landed near three soldiers who were standing there talking and one was wounded. The other two picked him up and carried him to the aid station, we dressed the wound, tagged him, loaded him in the ambulance and he was on his way out of the picture in about five minutes after he was hit. He was not hurt badly. That was our record in getting 'em out fast, I believe. None of us were doing anything at the time and my boys in the station were just now hitting their peak of efficiency. The next day they were to do the best job of their careers as members of an infantry battalion aid station section.

6 February 1945 - This was the big day. We were to create a diversion while up north they were to break through the Line. I was awakened about 0430 by T/5 Francis Wooten. He was an aid-man for one of the attacking companies. He told me that he was scared and did not want to go out that day. The companies were lining up getting ready to jump off. I told him he would have to go, as I wouldn't think of sending anyone else just because he was afraid. Then he said he was sick and could not go. He had used this on us for several times now and I was pretty much down on Wooten. He was a chowhound and lazy and I had had him as a litter team captain but he would hide and his litter team would go on without him. I had to make an aid-man out of him which is really a promotion by getting kicked upstairs. I blasted him and he went on. Later that day he was wounded in the arm by a shell fragment and on his way back to the aid station he was hit again and killed. If I had sent another man in his place and if he had been killed, it would have taxed my conscious.

Our Bn. jumped off about dawn and in fact, one company had gotten into the woods over in the line before dawn. But the next company in line was out in

the open at daybreak and so they were caught in the mortar fire. It was rough and there was nothing to do but hope it would stop. Billings was hauling the wounded in like mad and he only had to go to the foot of the hill a couple hundred yards away to get most of them that morning. (PFC. Robert) Cahill and Lt. Cook were hit and so I sent Sgt. Bennett out to take command of the field evacuation. He was very good and more trustworthy on that job than Lt. Cook. I recommended him for the Bronze Star for his work that day and if I had known then what I know now, it would have been the Silver Star.

Anyway, the wounded poured in but the worst was early that morning. We kept mentioning that it was pretty costly diversion we were stirring up out front. Capt. Prisk was wounded too. He had contusion and abrasion on the back. There was a chance that a tiny bit of shrapnel might have gone deeper and so I sent him to the rear. Several other officers were hit that morning - several of them severely. Around noon a Co. L bazooka man put his bazooka down to lean against a tree and it went off killing him and wounding 10 men around him.

That day we handled over 80 wounded through the station. That stands as our high mark. When I phoned LTC Moran to give him the report that night he was surprised to hear there had been so many. He did not see the full result of the blasting the men took just as they jumped off. He was up ahead. The crossroads did not become ours that day.

7 February 1945 - The attack was resumed at dawn and in a few hours (with several more casualties) we had taken the crossroads. Every pill box had to be taken and they took them like this: A tank destroyer with a 90 mm cannon on it would pull up to close range and blast the apertures of the box. Our men would crawl up under this fire and when it stopped they would jump up on top of the pillbox and the Heinies would come running out with their

(Editor's note: The story ends here!) □



What Is A Picture of Seven Nuns Doing In This Publication?

These Lovely Ladies of God are the Carmelite Nuns from the St. Joseph Home for Girls of East Chicago, Indiana.

This wonderful group has adopted the 87th Infantry Division Association and they have shown their love and their appreciation for our war efforts in a special sort of way.

We will not mention how here but if you attended our recent reunions, you know what they have done. □

The Spanish Blue Division In WWII

From August 29 to October 8, 1942, the German 250th Infantry Division, (the "volunteer" Spanish "Blue Division") marched from Suwalki in Poland to Vitebsk in the Soviet Union, a distance of some 1,000 kilometers, for an average daily rate of advance of about 25 kilometers, probably the greatest sustained marching effort in the Second World War. The division had a number of other distinctions to its credit. Continuously in action from its entry into combat at Borisov on October 18, 1941, to the time it was withdrawn from the Leningrad front on January 15, 1943, to return to Spain, the division was involved in twenty-one major battles and hundreds of smaller ones, yet never lost an inch of ground.

On one occasion, resentful of German efforts to interfere in its pursuit of the local womenfolk, when the division was ordered to march in review for some German brass, the troops decorated their bayonets with inflated condoms.

(The above is from Dirty Little Secrets of WWII)

This would be of no consequence to members of the 87th, but in April of 1945, your editor who is fluent in Spanish, took as a prisoner a member of the Spanish Blue Division. In a lengthy conversation the "trying to get home soldier" (remember that the Spanish Division had left the Russian combat zone in 1943) stated his everlasting respect for the American forces and just wished to get home. He had been trying to get home ever since his unit was recalled and did not catch up to them in time.

His shoes were worn out his clothing was threadbare and this poor miserable creature was very obviously malnourished.

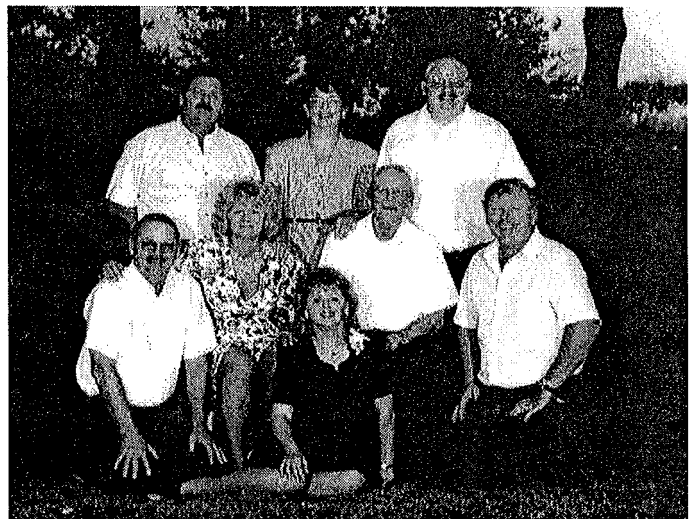
After talking with him for quite a while, your editor pointed to the west and told him "Ese es el camino para casa. Vaya con Dios."

The Spanish soldier continued on his way.

Twenty five years later, your editor was visiting family in Spain and was talking about his experiences during WWII with friends of his family when the conversation turned to the Blue Division. It was then that he learned that even though the members of the Blue Division fought against the Russians they did not do so by their free will. One member of his family had fought in the Blue Division and was very happy to return

home when the order was given. He stated that they were ordered to "Volunteer" by Francisco Franco and to not obey would have meant a fate worst than death. Stories were told about concentration camps in Spain, of complete families disappearing for not following the Spanish dictator's orders. Very reminiscent of Nazi Germany.

Your editor never knew what fate his 'prisoner' had come across. The war continued and his thoughts were on the mission ahead. But to this day, he has thought, "What if my parents had not migrated to America, could that Spanish soldier have been me"? ▣



The Lutterman Clan Gathers

Delbert Lutterman sent us this photo of his family on a Christmas card. They are identified as:

Top, L-R, Tom, Donna and Dave
Bottom L-R, Doug, Kay, Sandra, Delbert and John.

Who Piddled in the Rhine?

When the Allied troops finally reached the Rhine in the Spring of 1945, many of the troops performed a little male ritual to express their contempt for all things German. It is not known how many men piddled in the Rhine. Among the many thousands who so indulged were the entire British Imperial Staff, led by Winston Churchill himself and George S. Patton, who was photographed in the act.

Source, Dirty Little Secrets of WWII.

Subject: The "Original" Famous Patton Speech

The Famous Patton Speech by Charles M. Province

"The following text is actually one of the chapters in my first 'Patton' book, titled 'The Unknown Patton'." Charles M. Province.

General Patton's Address to the Troops.

The Background Research

Anyone who has ever viewed the motion picture PATTON will never forget the opening. George Campbell Scott, portraying Patton, standing in front of an immensely huge American flag, delivers his version of Patton's "Speech to the Third Army" on June 5th, 1944, the eve of the Allied invasion of France, code named "Overlord". Scott's rendition of the speech was highly sanitized so as not to offend too many fainthearted Americans. Luckily, the soldiers of the American Army who fought World War II were not so fainthearted. After one of my lectures on the subject of General Patton, I spoke with a retired Major General who was a close friend of Patton and who had been stationed with him in the 1930's in the Cavalry. He explained to me that the movie was a very good portrayal of Patton in that it was the way he wanted his men and the public to see him, as a rugged, colorful commander. There was one exception, however, according to the Major General. In reality, Patton was a much more profane speaker than the movie dared to exhibit. Patton had a unique ability regarding profanity. During a normal conversation, he could liberally sprinkle four letter words into what he was saying and the listeners would hardly take notice of it. He spoke so easily and used those words in such a way that it just seemed natural for him to talk that way. He could, when necessary, open up with both barrels and let forth such blue flamed phrases that they seemed almost eloquent in their delivery. When asked by his nephew about his profanity, Patton remarked, "When I want my men to remember something important, to really make it stick, I give it to them double dirty. It may not sound nice to some bunch of little old ladies at an afternoon tea party, but it helps my soldiers to remember. You can't run an army without profanity; and it has to be eloquent profanity. An army without profanity couldn't

fight it's way out of a piss-soaked paper bag." "As for the types of comments I make", he continued with a wry smile, "Sometimes I just, By God, get carried away with my own eloquence." When I appeared on a local San Diego television show to discuss my Patton Collection a viewer living in a suburb of San Diego, was very interested for personal reasons. Her husband had been a lieutenant assigned to General Patton's Third Army Headquarters, code named "Lucky Forward" and he had known General Patton quite well. He had recently died and had left to his wife a box that he had brought home with him from the European Theater of Operations. The lady invited me to her home to inspect the box to see if there was anything in it that might be useful to me in my search for "collectibles". Opening the box, I immediately thanked her. Inside was one of only a couple hundred copies printed of the Official United States Third Army After Action Reports. It is a huge two volume history of the Third Army throughout their 281 days of combat in Europe. She said that she had no use for it and that I could have it. I left with my new treasure. When I arrived at my office and removed the foot-thick, oversized books from the box, I had an even greater surprise. Under the reports lay a small stack of original Third Army memos, orders, AND a carbon copy of the original speech that had been typed by some unknown clerk at Lucky Forward and had been widely distributed throughout Third Army.

A few years earlier, I had discovered an almost illegible Xerox of a carbon copy of a similar speech. This one came from the Army War College and was donated to their Historical Library Section in 1957. I decided to do some research on the speech to obtain the best one possible and to make an attempt to locate the identity of the "unknown soldier" who had clandestinely typed and distributed the famous document. I began by looking in my collection of old magazines, newspapers, books that have been written about Patton since his death, and dozens of other books which had references to Patton and his speech. I discovered some interesting facts. The most interesting probably being that George C. Scott was not the first actor to perform the speech. In 1951, the New American Mercury Magazine had printed a version of the speech which was almost exactly the same version printed by John O'Donnell in his "Capitol Stuff" column for the New York Daily News on May 31, 1945.

According to the editors of the New American Mercury, their copy was obtained from Congressman Joseph Clark Baldwin who had returned from a visit to Patton's Headquarters in Czechoslovakia.

After publication, the magazine received such a large reader response asking for reprints of the speech that the editors decided to go one step further. They hired a "famous" actor to make an "unexpurgated" recording of the Patton speech. This recording was to be made available to veterans of Third Army and anyone else who would like to have one. The term "famous" was the only reference made by the editors about the actor who recorded the speech. In a later column they explained, "We hired an excellent actor whose voice, on records, is almost indistinguishable from Patton's, and with RCA's best equipment we made two recordings; one just as Patton delivered it, with all the pungent language of a cavalryman, and in the other, we toned down a few of the more offensive words. Our plan as to offer our readers, at cost, either recording. Unfortunately, a few years ago, there was a fire in the editorial offices of the magazine which destroyed almost all of their old records. The name of the actor was lost in that accident. Only one master recording of the speech was made. The magazine Editors, not wanting to offend either Mrs. Patton or her family, asked for her sanction of the project. The Editors explained the situation thus, "While we had only the master recordings, we submitted them to our friend, Mrs. Patton, and asked her to approve our plan. It was not a commercial venture and no profits were involved. We just wanted to preserve what to us seems a worthwhile bit of memorabilia of the Second World War. Our attorneys advised us that legally we did not need Mrs. Patton's approval, but we wanted it." "Mrs. Patton considered the matter graciously and thoroughly, and gave us a disappointing decision. She took the position that this speech was made by the General only to the men who were going to fight and die with him; it was, therefore, not a speech for the public or for posterity." "We think Mrs. Patton is wrong; we think that what is great and worth preserving about General Patton was expressed in that invasion speech. The fact that he employed four letter words was proper; four letter words are the language of war; without them wars would be quite impossible." When Mrs. Patton's approval was not forthcoming, the entire project was then scrapped, and the master recordings were destroyed. Patton always knew exactly what he

wanted to say to his soldiers and he never needed notes. He always spoke to his troops extemporaneously. As a general rule of thumb, it is safe to say that Patton usually told his men some of his basic thoughts and concepts regarding his ideas of war and tactics. Instead of the empty, generalized rhetoric of no substance often used by Eisenhower, Patton spoke to his men in simple, down to earth language that they understood. He told them truthful lessons he had learned that would keep them alive. As he traveled throughout battle areas, he always took the time to speak to individual soldiers, squads, platoons, companies, regiments, divisions or whatever size group could be collected. About the only difference in the context of these talks was that the smaller the unit, the more "tactical" the talk would be.

We have the original Patton speech but feel that it would not be suitable to appear in this publication so we offer it by mail to those who would like to have it.

We caution you that the original speech contains verbiage that may not be suitable for all of our readers. With that in mind, we offer you the original Patton's speech with all of its colorful language if you will send a self addressed stamped envelope to: Jim Amor, P.O. Box 4092, Long Island City, NY 11104. □

John and Elizabeth Feldt, C-345 Celebrate Their 50th Anniversary



Hays, Kansas couple celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary on May 31, 1998.

The Remembered/Will the War Ever End?

By Dr. Eugene H. Kaplan, F-346

In 1936, I was eleven and Veterans Day was still Armistice Day. We observed a Minute of Silence at eleven minutes past the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the exact moment the guns fell silent in 1918.

Standing before the statue of the Doughboy, it was hard for me to connect that heroic helmeted figure, its dull bronze the color of war, with the aging veterans of the color guard, their identical helmets and rifles a shiny chrome. As Taps sounded, tears trickled down their cheeks. I had expected that from the blue-caped Gold Star Mothers, but not from grown men.

Less than ten years later, newly discharged and still in uniform, I stood before the parents of my buddies killed in action. I could offer condolences but no consolation. Neither they nor I could really speak our minds: that blind luck had hung the Gold Star in their windows and not in my parents'. They cried, as I had expected, but my own tears caught me off guard.

Parents who lose a child never finish grieving. If not every day, then those special days of great expectations forever lost: graduations, Sweet Sixteen, turning twenty one. Something similar happened to me. With each milestone in my life, thoughts of Gerry. and Dick would surface. With my eldest child's twentieth birthday in 1974 came the eerie realization that my buddies were nineteen forever.

One warm June day in 1996, I stood before the new bell tower of a little village in the Ardennes. Earlier that morning, a large monument to the 87th Infantry Division had been dedicated at a place we called Bloody Crossroads, to memorialize my old outfit's actions in the Battle of the Bulge. However, the small plaque on the Tillet bell tower had more personal meaning. It honored the memory of S/Sgt. Curtis Shoup, I Company, 346th Infantry, my old Regiment. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously.

The Germans fought desperately for Tillet which stood astride their supply lines, and the village changed hands several times. I was wounded

there several days after Shoup's death, by mortar fire called down by an observer hidden in the old bell tower.

The local people were out en masse, because their parents and grandparents had never forgotten us. As schoolchildren came forward with floral wreaths, I didn't even try to fight back the tears. Several familiar faces were missing from our handful of aging veterans. We veterans were dying off fast, roughly 2,000 a day. Dick and Gerry's parents were long gone and the kid brothers and sisters would outlive the old soldiers fifteen years at most. Then, I thought, no one would be left who remembered.

The next morning, an old student of mine took us touring. As we sped through the forested hills, his amusing stories of life in Belgium today dispelled the gloom of yesterday. Deep into the low country approaching the sea, traffic signs to Ypres appeared. Following them past a succession of WWI cemeteries, we arrived at the Menin Gate, a memorial to hundreds of thousands of British war dead whose bodies were never recovered.

Every evening since the first Armistice Day, three Belgian buglers appear before the Gate precisely at eight. As they sounded The Last Post (the British counterpart of Taps), I tried to get a grip on my emotions. Looking around, I found myself surrounded by elderly Britishers at least ten years my senior. They were too old to have served in WWII, and much too young for WWI. I was bewildered.

Then it hit me. These were the children, many yet unborn when their soldier-fathers fell in 1916, eighty years before. They had come on pilgrimage, perhaps for the last time, to honor the memory of fathers they had never known. I shivered. WWI would not end for them until they went to the grave.

My WWII unit was almost entirely single teenagers. While anyone over twenty five was called Pop, I don't recall children's photographs being shown off in the barracks. The Last Post at the Menin Gate made me aware for the first time of all the children orphaned by WWII, Korea and Viet Nam. These wars will last at least a half century more, for children who may honor the memory of fathers of whom they have no memory. ■

Belgium Calling



By Nathalie and Pascal Hainaut

For the third time, we had the great pleasure to attend your annual reunion, the 49th in Birmingham, Alabama. What a pleasure for us to see all our friends again and to meet new ones. That will remain unforgettable moments for us.

We also had the chance to attend the meeting organized by Barbara Anderson Strang, for the children and grandchildren of the 87th Infantry Division veterans. Moreover the wonderful job realized by Barbara with her book "F Company", she has many ideas for the future of the Association. At the eve of the 21st century, it is very important for the young generation to perpetuate the memory of the glorious 87th Infantry Division.

During the reunion, many veterans who didn't know us asked us this question: "What is your link with the 87th Infantry Division?"

Our first answer is that we are here to say "THANK YOU", thank you for fighting for our freedom. In Belgium and Luxembourg the young generation will never forget that it is thanks to the American liberators that we now live in a free Europe.

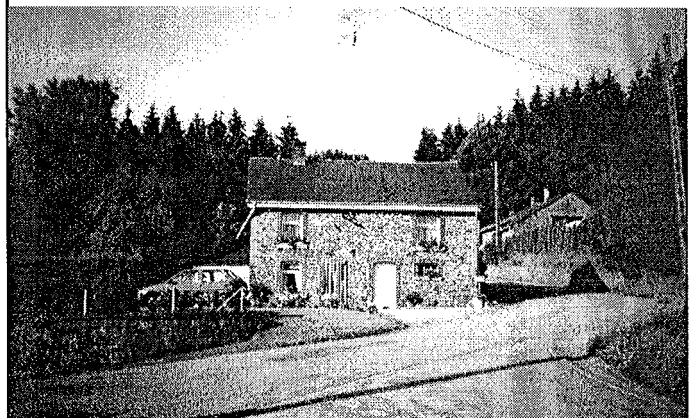
My mother was 13 years old during the battle of the Ardennes, she lived in a small village named Fosset, not far from Tillet and Amberloup. She lived the terrible fights of the Winter 1944-45 with her eyes of little girl. Since I was a little boy, my mother narrated her memories of the Battle, of course she didn't forget the atrocities of the war, but the phrase that comes back every time is: "Pascal, do never forget all these young American soldiers who came to fight for us, in the cold, the snow, far away from their country and family so that we now can live free."

In 1994 I read a book written by an inhabitant of Bonnerue, Victor Dermience. In this book (Battle of the Bulge: Bonnerue and Area - only available in French) I discovered that her village had been liberated on January 13th, 1945 by the 345th

Infantry Regiment of the 87th Infantry Division. So we decided to know more about this division and some months later we had the chance to meet many veterans of the 87th Infantry Division who were back in Europe with a tour organized by Earle Hart in 1995. At that time we also met our dear friend Jim Amor who told us about the association of the 87th Infantry Division. We became Associate Members of your Association and signed up for the 47th annual reunion in Grand Rapids, Michigan in September, 1996.

That is how we became members of the Golden Acorn - 87th Infantry Division Association. Between the 87th Infantry Division and ourselves it is more than a story, it is a love story.

It is always a pleasure and an honor for us to welcome the veterans who come back to Belgium and to drive them to the battlefields and through the Ardennes.



The House where Pascal's mother lived during the winter of 1944-45 in Fosset.



Pascal and Marie-Louise Feller, his mother.

On Tuesday, October 20th we had the great pleasure to meet Billy and Bernice Stiegemeier (H-347). Billy and his wife were in Europe with a VBOB group, a tour organized by the St. Louis Chapter.



Billy and Bernice Stiegemeier at the Peace Woods in Belgium

We drove them to Bastogne, Tillet, Bonnerue, Moiricy, Saint-Hubert to show them the plaques dedicated to the 87th Infantry Division.

In Bastogne, Andre Meurisse, who was corresponding with Billy for several years but who never met him, was waiting for us at the Mardasson. Andre, who is certainly the best qualified to tell the story of Bastogne during the war, explained the history of the Mardasson to Billy and Bernice. Andre met hundreds of veterans since

the end of the war, last year he received from the American Government the 'Distinguished Civilian Service Cross' for all what he did for the veterans during all these years.

We also showed them some places with foxholes which are still the same more than 50 years later and to our great surprise, Billy found an American steel helmet in one of the foxholes. He took the helmet with him to the USA.

We ended this day at the Peace Woods where we offered him his plaque and tree. He was very moved and it was for us another unforgettable moment.

After visiting the Maison Mathelin in Bastogne that had been opened especially for us by Robert Fergloute (secretary of the Circle of History of Bastogne) it was time to drive them back to their hotel in Clervaux (Luxembourg).

We hope that Billy and Bernice will have a wonderful memory of this day. If one day, some of you wish to come back to Belgium, let us know, we will take care of you with great pleasure and we do all that free of charge. It is our way to thank you for all what you did for our country.

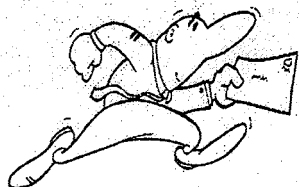
With much love, Nathalie and Pascal Hainaut.

**740 Bergensesteenweg
1600 Sint Pieters Leeuw
Belgium**

Billy Stiegemeier and Pascal Hainaut in St. Hubert, Belgium



MAIL CALL



HQ1-345: ROBERT V. BOGGS, Bob is married to **CONNIE**, and they have four kids, three high school teachers and a nurse. He is a

retired General Manager of TIME Inc., lives in Augusta, Maine, belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, VBOB, DAV (Chaplain), and Shrine; **ROBERT D. HENNIGAN**, also in **B-345**, lives in Skaneateles, New York. He sent in his dues for 1998 and 1999.

A-345: ONIEL COZZOLINO, calls Depew, New York his home. Is married to **JOAN**, and they have four daughters, **GAIL, CAROL, JANET, JOYCE**. He is a retired Del. Director, belongs to VFW and the Elma Golf Club, had a hole in one in 1997; **JOHN T. INGRAM**, sent us his 1998, 1999 dues from Port Charlotte, Florida, where he lives with his wife, **BETTY**. He is retired and thrives on playing golf. **B-345: RODNEY E. PERKINS**, lives in West Warren, Massachusetts. He is married to **VICKY**, has four daughters and four sons, **DAVID, GAIL, GINNY, JOE, VICKY, STEVE, NORMAN, TINA**, 17 grandchildren and three great grandchildren; **ALDO J. BALAGNA**, home is in Walnut, Illinois, but is now in LaSalle Veterans Home. He is married to **CAROLYN**, has two sons, **WILLIAM, TERRY**. He belongs to VFW, Elks, and is past chief of Walnut Fire Dept. and Ambulance Rescue Unit. **C-345: WM. REGIS O'MALLEY**, is married to **FRANCES** for forty-seven years, has one daughter and two grandsons, lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is retired but works at the local golf course as a starter, and is on the Irish Room Committee at the University of Pittsburgh. He had quadruple by-pass in 1997, but is feeling fine now; **ELMER L. KITTLE**, is married to **RUTH**, has two sons, **LYLE** and **DON**. He lives in Celina, Ohio, and is retired from work with the county. He belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, DAV. **D-345: WHITELOW H. DURRER**, is deceased, his son **PRESTON DURRER**, just joined the Association and is interested in finding out more about his father's experiences and unit. He can be contacted at 9330 Sentry Station Road, Mechanicsville, VA 23116, phone (804)730-8744; **JAMES F. COLLINS**, is married to **DORIS**, and lives in Jacksonville, Florida, where he is a dentist, but says "the years are beginning to take their toll on my get up and go". **HQ2-345: MARCELLO CARRABES**, lives in Revere, Massachusetts with his wife, **VICKY**. He sent in his 1998 dues and

apologized for he and Vicky missing the 1998 reunion. **E-345: CECIL J.V. NEWTON**, is married to **SELMA RUTH**, lives in Highlands, Texas. He is retired, spends his time gardening and checking genealogy. He requested rosters of E, F, HQ-345 along with paying his 1998 and 1999 dues; **THOMAS KADIEN**, He and **TRUDY** have two sons, **TOM, RICHARD**. He lives in Leesburg, Florida. He is retired, likes stainglass work and woodworking. Sent in his 1999 and 2000 dues. **F-345: DEAN E. MORGENSTERN**, (and **MED-345**). He and **MABEL** live in Marietta, Ohio, and their photo was printed in a previous GAN. He sent in two years dues and a generous donation to the General Fund; **LEONARD A. BERNSTEIN**, (and **G-345**). He and **DIANE** had two kids, **JONNA** and **STEVEN**. They reside in Danville, Virginia. When he isn't fully involved with computers, tennis, reading, he can be reached on E-Mail at lenberns@gamewood.net. **G-345: EDWIN C. PANCOAST**, (also **H-345**), lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland with **EUNICE**. They have three children, **LAURANCE, KAREN, JOANNE**. He is a retired Foreign Service Officer, likes to travel, mess with languages, just joined the Association; **JOSEPH B. SCHAEZTL**, his home is in Fishkill, New York, where he lives with **RUTH**. Sent in his 1998 dues and requested a **G-345** roster. **H-345: WILLIAM R. LUCK**, lives in Reiffon, Reading, Pennsylvania, where he is retired from the Pennsylvania Dept. of Transportation. His response to his wife's and children's names was "Not yet!" He is a model railroad devotee and belongs to the S&L Model Railroad Club; **JOHN E. LONG**. John and his wife, **DOTTY**, live in Strasbourg, Pennsylvania, and have two sons, **CHRISTOPHER** and **GREGORY**. John is retired, likes traveling and hunting, and is active in the VBOB and the Delaware Valley Chapter. **HQ3-345: THOMAS C. CHADWICK**, home is in Rochester, New York. He is retired, and is married to **WILMA**. They have a daughter, **BARBARA**. He didn't tell us any of his hobbies or activities, but sent in his dues for 1998 and 1999; **DERALD R. HATTON**, lives with **DONNA** in Middletown, Ohio, and we assume he is retired. He seems to have a memory problem about sending his dues. In 1994 he sent us five years dues, and in 1998 he sent us his 1997 to 2000 dues, with a comment "I'm sure I'll require a reminder again in 2001". **I-345: EDWARD F. DWORAK**, lives in Omaha, Nebraska. He is married to **JANICE (POLLY)**, and had four children, **JOY, VICKIE, LAURIE**, and **ED**. He is retired, does part-time security work. Belongs to Amer. Legion, DAV. Enjoys watching football;

WILLIAM L. FAULSTICH, just joined the Association. Lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota, is married to **JEAN**, had three sons, **PHILLIP, MATTHEW, STEPHEN**. He is retired, belongs to DAV and the Experimental Aircraft Assoc. He is interested in obtaining two copies of the 345th History Books. **K-345: HARRY J. KELLER**, sent in his 1998 dues from his home in Schaumburg, Illinois. He is married to **RUTH**, and has four kids, **PATRICIA, KEVIN, KATHY, JAMES**. He didn't include any additional info; **MARTIN J. LICURSI**, lives in Hewlett, New York, but didn't send us any details about family, activities, etc. He has been a member for many years, always pays his dues on schedule, and includes some for the memorial and general funds. **L 345: CHARLES L. KINNER**, lives in Zanesville, Ohio and is married to **VIOLA**. They have two sons **KENNETH, PHILLIP**, and two daughters, **LAURA, SUSAN**. He is retired, likes to spend time doing yard work. He belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, DAV. He sent his 1998-1999 dues and a donation; **EMIL RIST**, from Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He is married to **CAROLYN**, has ten children ranging in age from 34 to 50. He is retired from GE, belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion, AARP. **M-345: GLEN L. STOCKMAN**, sent his 1998 dues from Kennesaw, Georgia. He is married to **DUSTY**, and has five kids, **SHERRY, KEVIN, ARDI, INDIE, SANDIE**. He is retired, spends spare time in the garden, belongs to VFW; **JOSEPH B. FLOYD**, is married to **MARY**, has two sons, **JOHN, DOUGLAS**. Lives in Spring, Texas, and is retired from the oil business. He belongs to AARP and the oil company retired club. Best hobby is traveling in his RV. **HQ-345: WILLIAM H. LUCAS**, is a 'snowbird', lives in Naples, Florida in the winter. His wife is **JOAN**, has two children, **SCOTT, SHARON**. He is a retired professional engineer, belongs to the Shrine of North America; **ROBERT L. HYDE**, (also **L-345**), is married to **JOHANNA**, has a home address in Austin, Texas. We haven't seen him at a reunion for several years; **CAN-345: RAYMOND SZAFRANSKI**, sent his 1998 dues from his home in La Grange Park, Illinois. He is single and is retired, but didn't include any other information about himself; **KENNETH T. LANGLOW**, mailed his 1998 dues from Lilliwaup, Washington, where he is a retired CPA. HAS four children, **JEFFREY, MICHAEL, LORI, JENNY**. He belongs to VFW, BPOE, VBOB, likes fishing, reading and general maintenance projects. **SV-345: VERNON W. LAUER**, is a widower, living in Morrisonville, Illinois. He has one son, **KIRBY**. He is a commercial printer, belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion, K of C, Kiwanis.

His spare time hobbies include photography and model airplanes. **MED-345: HARLEY WOYARN**, has a son, **LEE** and a daughter, **CATHY**. He lives in Waukesha, Wisconsin, where he is retired. His spare time activities include a tennis association, where he is President; **PETER BROUSTIS**, sent his 1998 dues from Park Ridge, Illinois, where he is an Executive, and is married to **BERTHA**. He has two children, **JANIS, GEORGE**. He belongs to Amer. Legion and is a Mason. Spare time activities include golf, reading, traveling. **AT-345: DONALD J. CHARLES**, (Also **A-345**), lives in Ridgefield, Connecticut, is married to **JACKIE**. He sent 1999 dues for himself and dues for a new member, **FATHER ED ARNOLD** of St. Philip Church, Franklin, Tennessee, who was an old buddy in **AT-345** and **C-345**. **HQ1-346: PAUL T. TOOLAN**, lives in Farmingdale, New York, is married to **ELIZABETH**. He has been a member for about three years, sent in his 1998 dues, but very little additional information. **A-346: BARNEY J. ZMODA**, lives with **MARILYN** in Morehead City, North Carolina. Sent his 1998 dues with a letter instead of the GAN dues form because he didn't want to spoil the Patton Christmas greeting on the other side of the form; **CARL J. LUCAS**, lives in Waymart, Pennsylvania, and is married to **GLADYS**. Has been a member of the Association for many years, and sent us his 1998 dues, but practically no other information. **B-346: FAUSTINO VILLARREAL**, lives in Alice, Texas. He is retired, has no wife and no children. He belongs to VFW and the Guadalupe Church, favorite hobby is 'helping people'; **JOHN D. CLOUSE**, is an Attorney in Evansville, Indiana. Changed his address and an issue of GAN was returned by the post office. We remailed it to his new address, and he responded by paying us the \$3.00 postage expenses we had to add. **C-346: JACK WINDSOR**, moved to Gilbert, Arizona, is married to **MARILYN**. Sent in dues for 1997 and 1998. Suggests we get some new members from West of the Mississippi to arrange a reunion there; **CHARLES E. ST. LOUIS**, lives in Biddeford, Maine, has a son **ROBERT** who also lives in Biddeford. He sent his 1998 dues, but no additional information. **D-346: LOUIS J. TRUET**, moved from St. Louis to Chesterfield, Missouri, resulting in a post office return of a GAN. He and his wife, **SHIRLEY**, got it all straightened out, and he continues as a long-term member in good standing; **MEL F. CAMPBELL**, home is in Chillicothe, Illinois, where he lives with his wife, **JEAN**. They have a son, **CLYDE**. Mel is retired, and is a musician, belongs to bands and orchestras. **F-346: JOHN W. KENNELLY**, lives

in Rochester, New York. Is married to **VIVIAN**, has two children, **JOAN, JOHN**. He lists his occupation as 'USAF Retired'; **HAROLD E. NOLL**, home is in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He is married to **BETTY**. Didn't want to forget sending in his dues each year, so he sent dues for 1998, 1999, 2000; **PAUL WOOTEN SR.** sent his '98 dues from Dublin, Virginia. He and **RUTH** had five children, **PAULETTA, RALPH, ANGELINE, DAVID** (deceased), **JEFFREY**. He is retired, likes fishing, traveling and reading good books. **G-346: FYLES G. CRAIG**, lives in Onaway, Michigan, until January, when he and **THERESA** become 'snowbirds' and spend the winter in Alabama. He sent in his 1999 dues so that it won't get mixed up in our records; **JOSH HELLER**, grandson of **JULIO S. SAVINI** (deceased), lives in Blandon, Pennsylvania, with his wife, **DIANA**. He is a computer analyst, is interested in learning more about his grandfather's 87th history. He is purchasing our big history book. **H-346: ADAM VOULGARIS**, is a real estate broker living in Smithtown, New York, with his wife, **SANDRA**. He sent in two years dues and is paid through 2001. His favorite hobby is photography; **HERBERT L. BEERS**, lives in Seaford, Delaware. He is married to **RUTH**, and has a daughter, **EUNICE**. He is retired, belongs to N.J. and DEL. Masonic Order. **I-346: ANDREW E. PERHAC**, his wife, **MARGARET**, informed us that Andrew passed away Oct. 4, 1998 due to sudden cardiac arrest. He lived in Munhall, Pennsylvania. He is survived by his wife of 54 years, a daughter **ANDREA**, and a granddaughter, **JILL**; **CALVIN E. PLITT**, of Ellicott City, Maryland, is married to **DOROTHY**, and they have a son, **CALVIN, JR.** He is retired, spends spare time reading and doing yard work, belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion. **K-346: CHARLES W. ROTH, JR.** He and **MARY** live in Collingdale, Pennsylvania. They had eight children, **CHUCK, TOM, PAT, JUDI, ED, MARY, JOHN, ROBERT**. He is finally retired, likes to mess with electronics, is a member of VFW: **JOHN M. LE SAGE**, is not married and has no children. He lives in Colfax, Louisiana, is retired, likes to go fishing. Sent two years dues and thought he was a year late, but he wasn't; **MILAN A. ROLIK**, lives with his wife, **ANN**, and has a daughter, **TERRI LYNN**. He is a retired plant manager, in Akron, Ohio. He sings in four choruses, is an officer in the U.S. Power Squadron, attends four military reunions -- 87th, VBOB, Combat Infantry, and the 8th Armored. He is President of the local Ohio Buckeye I VBOB Chapter, and a lot more stuff!! **L-346: HOWELL**

I. MOORE, is married to **DOROTHY**, with two sons, **HOWELL, ROBERT**. He is retired from International Harvester, lives in New Albany, Indiana. He belongs to AARP, does tax assistance for the elderly; **EUGENE R. BABCOCK**, home is in Redding, California. He is a new member of the Association. He is married to **DIANNE**, has a daughter **KATHLEEN**. He is retired, belongs to Moose, activities include golf, fishing, RVing. **M-346: WILLARD J. CLAUSER**, lives with his wife, **BARBARA**, in Wildwood, Illinois. He sent us his dues for 1998 and 1999, using a letter instead of tearing up the form provided in the GAN and thus losing pictures and story on the back of the form; **FRED W. MEAUX**, lives in Beaumont, Texas, with his wife, **WILDA**, has seven children, **VICKY, PAMELA, DARLENE, MARLENE, CHRIS, BRETT, TODD**. He has been retired since 1985, favorite hobby is golf. **HQ-346: JOHN S. SMITH**, sent in his 1998 dues from his home in Arroyo Grande, California. He is married to **LORENE**, has two daughters, **BARBARA, RUTH**, four grandchildren, two great-grandchildren. He is retired from ADT, belongs to Amer. Legion, AARP, hobbies include pier walking and coastal viewing; **CHESTER W. JAWOREK**, lives in Kenmore, New York, and mailed his 1998 dues from there. He is married to **ANN**, but didn't give any additional information. **SV-346: GEORGE W. SWAIN**, is well-known in the 87th reunions, comes from Boron, California. He sent a generous donation in appreciation of the 'hard - working, dedicated officials who keep the Association alive and functioning'; **CLAUDE E. LAYMAN**, lives in Mercer Island, Washington, is married to **GAIL**, has two children, **DEBI, SHARON**. He is retired from the textile field, belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, Sigma Chi, Masons/Shrine. Likes to travel, recent trips include Africa, China, Scandinavia, Russia. **CAN-346:** We received dues payments from several members, but no information was included. They are: **MRS. EARL YATES**, Battle Creek, Michigan; **J. W. Mc CORD**, Winchester, Tennessee; **HAROLD L. AMOS**, Tipp City, Ohio. **MED-346: FRED KEELER**, is a new member whose name, address and dues were sent in by **WERNER SKUDLAREK**. Fred lives in Ambler, Pennsylvania, which is just outside of Philadelphia. As of this date, we don't have extra information; **ROGER S. MARTIN**, lives in Lititz, Pennsylvania. He is married to **DOROTHEA**. He sent us his 1998 dues, but no further data. **HQ1-347: ROBERT B. COBB**, A well-known officer of the 87th, and still active with us, he lives in Phenix City, Alabama. He is a widower, has three children, **ROBERT, KAREN, JAMES**.

He is retired, sent his 1998 dues and a generous donation to the General Fund; **ERNST F. WOOD**, lives in Providence, Rhode Island, is married to **BARBARA**. They have five adult children. He is retired, sent in his 1998 dues. **A-347: RICHARD T. LUTZ**, lives in White Pigeon, Michigan, with his wife, **ELLIE**. Didn't name his children, said they're all gone from home. They are snowbirds in winter, head for Hudson, Florida. He is retired, belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, DAV; is married to **VAUNETTA**, and has two daughters, **SANDRA, LANA**. He is retired, lives in Windsor, Missouri, belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, DAV, Masons., prefers deer hunting and fishing, sent in his 1998 dues. **B-347: ROBERT W. KANIA**, We were informed by **HAROLD PETRIE** that Robert passed away 4/27/98. He lived in Livonia, Michigan. He was married to **VIRGINIA**, had four children, **DEBORAH, BRUCE, ROB, CAROL**. He was a retired Civil Engineer. **PAUL J. HINDS**, is married to **LUCILLE**, lives in Owls Head, New York. They attended the Birmingham reunion (their second reunion) and were delighted. He met three members he hadn't seen since 1945 and one replacement he had never met. He sends thanks to the dedicated members who made it a success. **C-347: EDWIN L. DAWSON**, His wife, **CHRISTABELLE**, informed us that he passed away 12/12/97, of a heart attack. They lived in Rushville, Indiana. They had been married 56 years and had three children, 9 grandchildren and a great-grandchild, and he is sorely missed; **ANTHONY J. D'ARPINO**, is married to **DOROTHY**, lives in Herkimer, New York. They have four kids, **LYNN, TINA, TONY, JON**, and have been married for 51 years. He is retired, belongs to VFW, MOPH, enjoys walking and crafts. **D-347: PERCY H. SHUE**, has been a member for many years, lives in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, with his wife, **DOLORES**. He says he is retired, sent us his 1998 dues, but little other details; **VINCENT D. LAUDICINA**, lives in Glyndon, Maryland, is married to **MARGARET**. he forgot about annual dues and then sent us a check for 1991-1998, and is currently in good standing. **HQ2-347: EDWIN TAZELAAR**, is a widower, lives in Hoffman Estates, Illinois. They had nine children, 26 grandchildren, 4 great-grandchildren. He is an Emergency Management Director, belongs to VBOB, MPOH, likes reading traveling and spectator sports; **GINO MARCA**, is married to **ANNE**, lives in Vestal, New York, where he is retired. He sent in his 1998 dues and requested a unit roster and a state roster, but didn't send any further information. **E-347: FRANK GRIFFIN**, he and **PATRICIA** live in West

Springfield, Massachusetts. He recently got a new address, but we didn't include his apartment number on his GAN label. When he sent his 1999 dues, he corrected us; **AD. A. WALKER**, is married to **ZORKA**, is retired in Roseville, Michigan. He said his only organization is the 87th Assoc. Hobbies include traveling, woodshop, gardening, loafing, goldbricking and enjoying life. **F-347: WILLIAM H. SHERRY**, died in 1988, but his daughter, **KAREN H. BOODEY**, just joined the Association. She lives in Barrington, New Hampshire, E-mail-boodey@nh.ultranet.com; **EDWARD C. ZEFTING**, He and his wife, **DORIS**, live in West Hartford, Connecticut. They have three daughters, **KRISTYN, KATHY, KAREN** (in Who's Who In America, 1997). He belongs to AARP, Old Guard (Senior men) and the Monday Morning Bowling Group. **G-347: MARVIN K. MCMULLEN**, lives in Fort Worth, Texas. He and his wife, **RACHEL**, celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in 1995. He is a retired fireman, belongs to Masons and OES. Favors gardening and fishing in his spare time. **H-347: SHERIDAN ROSE**, is retired in Sacramento, California. He is married to **BONNIE**, and has three children, **SHEILA, DEBRA, DALE**. He belongs to VFW, Masons, Scottish Rite, Shriners. Sent in his 1998 dues and is in good standing in the Association. **HQ3-347: ROBERT E. LOWE JR**, is a retired bowling alley owner in Washington, Iowa. He and **MARTHA** had three kids, **DAN, TOM, SUE**. He is a Mason, has been a volunteer fireman for 50 years; **WALTER H. CUNNINGHAM**, (also **I and M-347**), Is a retired Lt. Col, USA. He sent his 1998 dues and a donation to the General Fund, from his home in Marietta, Georgia. He is married to **NADINE**. **I-347: ROBERT W. ANDERSON**, sent in his 1998,1999 dues from his home in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. His wife, **MARGARET**, passed away last August. They had two sons, **DAVID, DALE**. Bob is a member of VFW, DAV, MOPH, Elks, K of C; **BERNARD J. KLEMMER**, lives in Trevoise, Pennsylvania, where he is married to **NELLIE**. He has been a member for many years, and is annually donating generously to the Memorial Fund. We've had much mail from I-347, too much to list, including: **BRADIE SMITH, ELDON SCHULZ, MAURICE DIAMOND, HAROLD ALLAN, JAMES ZUROSKE, RAY MILES**, and more. **K-347: ANTHONY J. MARICEVICH**, is married to **JOAN**, have three sons, **MARK, MATT, ANTHONY**. He lives in Gahanna, Ohio, where he is a retired mail carrier. He belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion, Moose, Eagles, Croatian Lodge. Keeps busy with Polka Dancing and cleaning and

repairing things around the house; **DELMAR WETJEN**, lives in Marengo, Iowa. His wife is **AGNES**, and they have three kids, **RON, LARRY, CAROLINE**. He is a retired farmer, belongs to VFW, K of C. **L-347: RICHARD J. THOMAS**, sent his 1999 dues from his home in Kingston, Massachusetts. He is married to **KATHERINE** (second marriage), and is a retired high school teacher. He belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion; **C. GERARD CLUKEY**, sent us his dues for 1999 and 2000 from his home in Sunbury, Pennsylvania. He is married to **MARY**, has one daughter, **MARY LEE**. Didn't send any more info. **M-347: JOHN KINDORF**, is married to **THELMA**, has four children, **JOHN JR, DIANA, RONALD, PATRICIA**. He is retired from the U.S. Civil Service, lives in Jacksonville, Florida. He belongs to DAV, likes professional football, baseball and boxing; **JAMES R. TRAMMELL**, sent his 1998 dues from his home in Breckenridge, Texas, where he is a retired furniture salesman. He is married to **ALICE**, has four daughters, **JUDY, JANE, JEAN, AGNES**. He belongs to VFW, Elks, prefers to spend spare time fishing. **HQ-347: JOHN W. TRUSLOW**, in this column last December, we reported that John sent his 1997 dues, but not much more info. Now, John sent his 1998 dues, but not much more info. He still lives in Arlington, Virginia, and is married to **MARGARET; FRANK LAAKSO**, The same comments apply to Frank. Still married to **ELEANOR** in Ascutney, Vermont, is retired, belongs to Amer. Legion, VFW, likes to do traveling. **MED-347: JAMES R. SUDBERRY**, lived in Lansing, Michigan, then Tampa, Florida, now has moved to Hudson, Florida. Still is married to **ELLEN JANE**. Sent in dues for two years, 1998, 1999. **DAVID G. MOOERS**, We got confused with his dues checks, but now it's straightened out-- he's paid up through 2000. Is married to **ROBERTA**, lives in Seattle, Washington, would like to contact buddies who aren't members of the Association. **CAN-347: JOHN W. MANN, JR.** is married to **JEAN**, has four children, **BEVERLY, TERRI, LAURIE, SUZANNE**. He is retired in Pleasant Valley, New York, belongs to Amer. Legion, has been a member of the Pleasant Valley Fire Dept. for 52 years. **AT-347: CLIFFORD P. BOCUZZO**, (Also **C-347**). He just joined the Association. He lives in Melbourne Beach, Florida, would like to locate a former buddy, **ELLIS DEMOTT** of **A or B-347**. Contact him at (407)724-6947. **HQ-334FA: CLINTON R. BELLINGER**, sent in 1999-2000 dues from his home in Orlando, Florida, says he 'hopes we can all make it that far'. He is married

to **NORMA**. Likes GOLDEN ACORN NEWS, says it seems to get better every year; **GERALD V. SCHNUTT** (also **L-346**), is a widower, has one daughter, **MARGARET**. He is retired, living in Southbury, Connecticut. Likes to do bicycling and barbershop harmony, belongs to League of American Bicyclists, SPEBSQSA, VBOB. **A-334FA: JAMES R. MCGHEE**, lives in Mt. Vernon, Illinois. His daughter, **REBECCA**, writes that Jim's wife, **WILMA** has been seriously ill, and he is fully busy, so she sent in his 1999 dues; **B-334FA: HAROLD G. SCHOCH**, recently moved to Kutztown, Pennsylvania, so the June issue of GAN was sent to the wrong address. His wife, **MARGARET**, sent us the 1998 dues and a check to cover the extra postage involved; **ALBERT S. FOSTER**, sent his dues from his home in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He is married to **PHYLLIS**. He is retired, spends spare time golfing and gardening. **C-334FA: SAMUEL M. IVES**, Home is in Bayonne, New Jersey, where he is retired. He is married to **ANN**, has two sons, **CHARLES, BARRY**. He belongs to DAV and Young At Heart. Spends his hours coin collecting, fishing and traveling. **SV-334FA: THOMAS G. McNARON**, his wife, **LEONORA**, informed us that he had heart problems, and was in the hospital for seven weeks, then passed away September 2, 1998. They lived in Anniston, Alabama, and say that he is missed very much; **JACK H. MURDOCK**, lives in Big Spring, Texas, where he is retired. He is married to **MARGARET**, and has two kids, **MARY, JEFF**. His favorite activity is traveling. **HQ-335FA: PHILIP T. PEGUES**, lives in Lindale, Texas with his wife, **DORIS**. He sent his 1997 dues, said that he is also an active member of the East Texas Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge. **B-335FA: NORRIS B. CURRY**, is married to **WILMA JEAN**, has two kids, **DENNIS, NANCY**. He is a retired paint and paperhanger, living in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Sent us his 1999 dues, tells us he had throat cancer 16 years ago, still finds it hard to speak; **SAMUEL J. GIAMO**, lives in Reading, Pennsylvania, sent in his 1998 dues and a generous donation to the Memorial and General Funds. In 1997 he ordered a unit and state roster, says he never got them. Hopefully, we have corrected that by now. **C-335FA: RALPH E. TACKETT**, says his wife, **MARY**, is fine, is substituting at school. But he is having health problems- moves around the house with a 60 foot Oxygen hose attached to his nose. Hopes to get a portable machine and an electric scooter which will enable him to get around, didn't make the Birmingham reunion; **HENRY M. DICKINSON**,

JR. Sent his 1998-1999 dues from his home in Enterprise, Alabama. Commented about the GAN - "we like the white paper and enjoy the news". Also advised us to make a correction in their address. **SV-335FA: ORVILLE W. TENNIS**, is married to **JUANITA**, lives in Nixa, Missouri, where he is retired. The only other info we have is that he likes fishing and gardening. **HQ-336FA: GEORGE F. EHRMANN**, lives in Amana, Iowa, with his wife, **RUTH**. They have two children, **JEFF, DEBRA**. He is retired, belongs to Elks Lodge. His favorite hobbies include lawn work, golfing, traveling and playing bridge; **HENRY J. DEL PRATO**, He and **SELMA**, live in Solvay, New York, where he is an electrician. They have three children, **CHARLENE, GARY, DIANE**. He belongs to the N.Y. and national VBOB, likes fishing and gardening. **A-336FA: REMBERT C. KOHORST**, He and **HAZEL**, live in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is retired from Ford Motor Co. They have three kids, **JANICE, WILLIAM, THOMAS**. He does gardening, has a greenhouse, and is a model train enthusiast. They visited a number of 87th battle sites on a recent trip to Belgium and Germany to visit their son who lives near Brussels; **RAYMOND R. JEMC**, sent his 1998 dues from his home in Chicago. He is so well-known to the 87th, there isn't much new to say. He said he likes the white pages and the 'Mail call' column in GAN, heard that one of our elected politicians likes to wear boxer shorts because it keeps his ankles warm. **C-336FA: ANTON C. BAYERL**, lives with **ELIZABETH** in Menominee, Michigan, have one son, **BRIAN**. Has been married to her since Oct. 1950, says 'I do my Honey-do jobs and Pop-a few pills'. **A-912FA: ANTHONY MARES**, wife is **ALBINA**, lives in Beechurst, L.I., New York. He forgot to send his dues, had to send 1997 and 1998 to stay on the list, is OK now; **HECTOR DENOMME**, he and **ROSE** have become 'snowbirds', live in Bennington, New Hampshire May to September, then Harlingen, Texas until May. **B-912FA: ROBERT T. BOOTH**, Home is in Plattsburgh, New York. He is married to **HELEN**. Sent us his 1998 dues, no other information; **FRANK F. BAAR**, lives in Dickinson, North Dakota, with his wife, **KATHRYN**. Sent his 1998 dues, no additional info. **C-912FA: SAMUEL O. MOOSE**, lives with his wife, **DOROTHY**, in Moline, Illinois. He is fully retired; **MYRON TIBBIE**, is married to **EILEEN**, has three children, **MYRON JR, DEBRA, MICHELLE**, and has seven grandchildren, five great-grandchildren. His favorite hobby is golfing. **SV-912FA: ALAN B. ABT**, just joined the

Association. He lives in Orange, Virginia, where he is retired. He is married to **GAIL**, has a daughter, **NANCY**. Says his favorite hobby is gardening. **DIVART: ROBERT S. WILTON**, is a retired CPA in Lamesa, Texas, where he lives with his wife, **AVIS**. They had two sons, **DONALD, WILLIAM**. He messes with fly fishing and photography. Sent his 1999 dues, but we goofed and sent him a 1998 membership card, **ARTHUR MASON**, Lives with **FRANCES**, in North Brunswick, New Jersey. They have three children, **MARK, CAROL, ERIC**. He is retired, likes radio, stamps and photography. **H&S-312ENG: GEORGE F. ECKERSON**, is a widower, has two children, **GEORGE, CANDY**. He is retired in Williston, Florida. Fell a little late, sent in 1997 and 1998 dues. **EVERETT C. ROBERTS**, is a widower since 1994. he is retired in Huntington, Indiana. Sent his 1998 dues, but no other info. **B-312ENG: MARVIN E. LONGDEN**, lives in Jefferson City, Missouri, where he is married to **NANCY**. He lists his occupation as 'volunteer', likes to travel and bowl, and is an E-mail devotee. Belongs to VFW, Amer. Legion, says GAN latest issue is great. **C-312ENG: BRYCE STEVENS**, He is married to **SHIRLEY**, has three kids, **JULIE, CAROLE, PHILIP**. He is a retired Engineer, living in Grand Blanc, Michigan. Hobbies include travel, computers, photography; **GEORGE ST. GEORGES**, lives in S. Hadley, Massachusetts, His wife, **BEATRICE**, said he has been ill, sent in three years dues because he looks forward to receiving GAN. **B-312MED: MARVIN JACK OAKLEY**, lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Sent in three years dues. He said his wife is very ill, and it is all he can do to take care of her, and he doesn't have time for GAN. Said 'thank you very much for all of these years'. **C-312MED: PAUL MIELKE**, sent in two years dues from his home in Fremont, Ohio. He is married to **PATRICIA**. Didn't send us any further information. **THOMAS E. HOKE**, lives in Emmitsburg, Maryland. He sent in his dues for 1998, and also sent a years dues for his daughter, **REBECCA WILLARD**, who lives in Thurmont, Maryland; **HARVEY G. SHAFER**, He and **ETTA** live in Crescent City, California, and have four daughters, **CINDY, JANICE, RITA, MARGIE**, six grandsons and one great-granddaughter. He is a retired carpenter, hobbies include woodshop, gardening and helping friends. **D-312MED: WILLIE L. JONES**, comes from Four Mile, Kentucky, where he is retired. He is married to **BOBBY**, has five children, **CLAUDE, DAVID, NANCY, ROBIN, MICHAEL**. His hobbies are unique, does woodcrafts of bird houses, wishing wells, etc. **DIVHQ: MAURICE P. BECK**,

is married to **EUNICE**, has two children, **KAREN**, **NATASHA**. He is retired, lives in East Lansing, Michigan. He belongs to the Torch Club and the Michigan Society of Gerontology, likes to spend time with public affairs; **JAMES PEKKALA**, is married to **MAXINE**, and they live in Traverse City, Michigan. He is retired, is a Mason, likes to delve in photography, gardening and play golf; **JAMES F. BRUNO**, joined the Assoc. in 1994, and we had address trouble in 1996. We received his 1998 dues last November, and assume that he is receiving his copies of GAN at his home in La Quinta, California. **87-RCN: WILLIAM ROSHEK**, He and **ALICE** live in Cheyenne, Wyoming. They had three kids, **MICHAEL**, **STEVEN**, **PATRICIA**, **JO**. He sent his 1999, 2000 dues. He is retired, belongs to Masons, Amer. Legion, Shrine, Elks, prefers to go hunting, fishing, golfing or traveling; **NOEL HOEFERLIN**, lives in St. Peters, Missouri. He is married to **JEANNE**. He sent us his 1998 dues, but no other information. **87-SIG: GARY J. HORNE**, son of **HAROLD F. HORNE**, lives in Horsham, Pennsylvania, and is married to **MARY**. He asked for unit and state rosters, apparently wants to contact some of his fathers buddies; **JAMES J. McCABE**, lives in St. Louis, Missouri with **BERTHA**. He belongs to Elks, VBOB, is retired, and likes to dab in photography; **PHIL STANSBERRY**, of Dennison, Ohio, sent his 1998 dues. He is a widower and is retired. He belongs to VFW and Eagles. Requested a unit roster. **87-QM: HOLACE E. GULICK**, is married to **HAZEL**, lives in Sedalia, Missouri. He sent in his 1998 dues, but no further information; **ROBERT L. SCHULTZ**, just joined the Association in late 1997. The covers (only) of the September issue of GAN was forwarded to his Denham Springs, Louisiana address. He notified us and we sent him a new copy. **87-RCN: JOHN BENZIGER**, is married to **TERESA**, lives in Lake Havasu, Arizona, and is very active in his unit's activities. He sent his 1998 dues in March, 1998, apologized for being late, says he's trying to figure out a way to be late for his funeral; **JERRY PASDERNY**, of Corpus Christi, Texas; **ROBERT LAUGHMAN**, of Covington, Ohio; **MRS. GERALD O'NEILL**, of Brooklyn, New York; all requested to be dropped from our membership list. **87-SIG: REV. ALBERT MOSER**, lives in Newman Hall, Holy Spirit Parish, Berkely, California, reaffirmed his membership in the Association, says 'thank you'; **PAUL S. EDELMAN**, is married to **ROSEMARY**, lives in Hastings On Hudson, New York. He sent a dues check, but it was for 1997, not 1998. As soon as we notified him, he

corrected it, and is now fully accredited. **787-ORD: BERNARD L. BROCK**, lives in Highland Springs, Virginia, with **MARIE**, has five kids, **ANNE**, **MELVIN**, **SANDRA**, **MARTHA**, **BERNARD JR.**. He keeps busy, belongs to VBOB (Chaplain), Amer. Legion, Machinist Union; **ROBERT V. WINKLE**, lives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His wife, **ROSE**, passed away in June, 1997, They have two sons, **ROBERT JR**, **GARY**. He sends his best to **DICK** and **DOLORES PIERSON**. **87-MP: THEODORE MARTZ**, is a widower, lives in Manorville, New York. He sent a check to cover his 1998 dues, apologized for being late, but all is forgiven. **549-AAA: WALTER A. CLARKE**, lives with **MILDRED** in Lauderdale- By-The-Sea, Florida, until late May every year, New York in summer. **MAXWELL R. KENISTON**, lives in Harvard, Massachusetts. He is disabled and on Social Security, but is a member in good standing.

Submitted by Bill Young

Sometimes We Do Some Silly Things



This picture was sent to us by Norm Panther, C-347. It was taken on March 24, 1945, the day before the Rhine crossing.

L to R. Gene Garrison, Dayton, Ohio; Norm Panther, Garden City, South Carolina, (formerly from El Paso, Texas; Frank J. Grieco, (Medic) Glen Cove, New York; Frederick Schneller, Chicago, Illinois

Tid-Bits

When the U.S. Air Force leaders learned that the Germans treated sergeants better than privates in POW camps, they made every enlisted man who flew over Germany a sergeant.

Source: Citizen Soldiers, by Stephen E. Ambrose



PHOTO GALLERY OF 87th MEMBERS

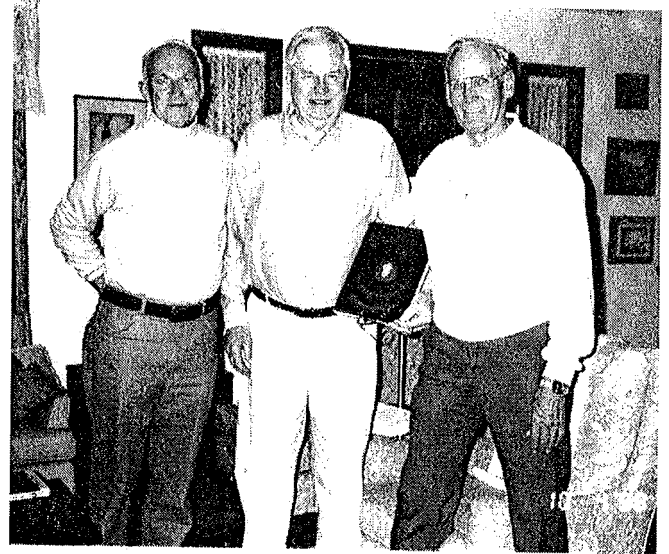


STAN SHOLETTE, HQ3-346: Stan is married to **CORNELIA**, and they are pictured on their 50th wedding anniversary party, August 21, 1998. Attending the party were their five children and their spouses, 13 grandchildren, and twin granddaughters (born July 4, 1998). They attended the reunion in Birmingham and say they enjoyed it and are looking forward to the 1999 reunion in Kentucky.

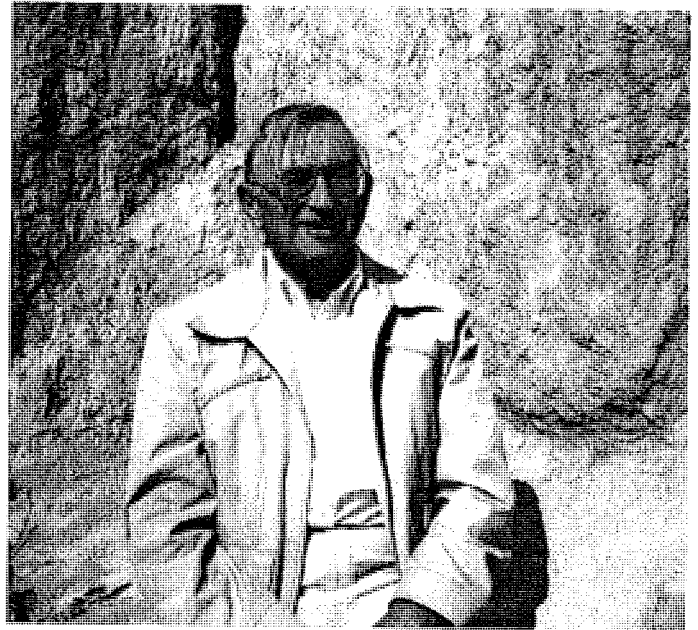


**MAYNARD L.
CLARK, B-346:**

Maynard is pictured with his wife **MARY** in a photo taken several years ago. They have two sons and a daughter. They live in Sevierville, Tennessee, where he is a retired educator. He likes wood carving, fishing and sports.



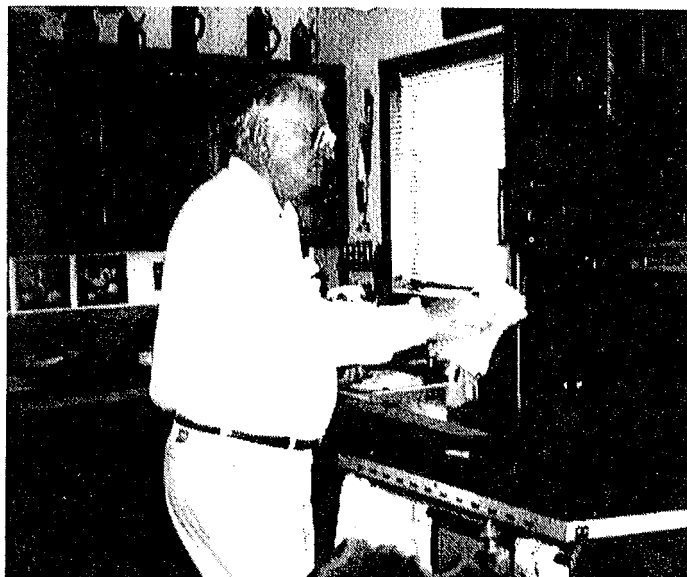
WARREN LINDBERG, E-347: Warren lives in Lake Hubert, Minnesota, is married to **KATHRYN**. Last October, two friends from E-347 visited his home for a friendly 'home' reunion. He sent us the photo, L to R, **HAROLD MADSEN, WARREN LINDBERG, CHESTER "DICK" QUAIFF**.



STUART ZECKENDORF, H-345: Stuart lives in New Providence, New Jersey with his wife **FRIDA**. He has two daughters and two sons. He is a retired administrator, likes tennis, golf and reading. He didn't tell us where the picture was taken.



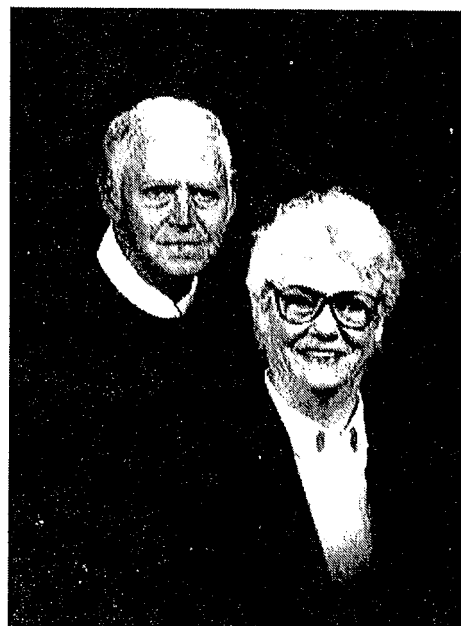
CHARLES R. NELSON, M-346: Charles lives in Red Bank, New Jersey. He is married to **JOYCE**, has two sons and a daughter. He is a retired Industrial Engineer. The picture shows Charles as "Fraternization in Berlin", a Battle of the Bulge re-enactment at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.



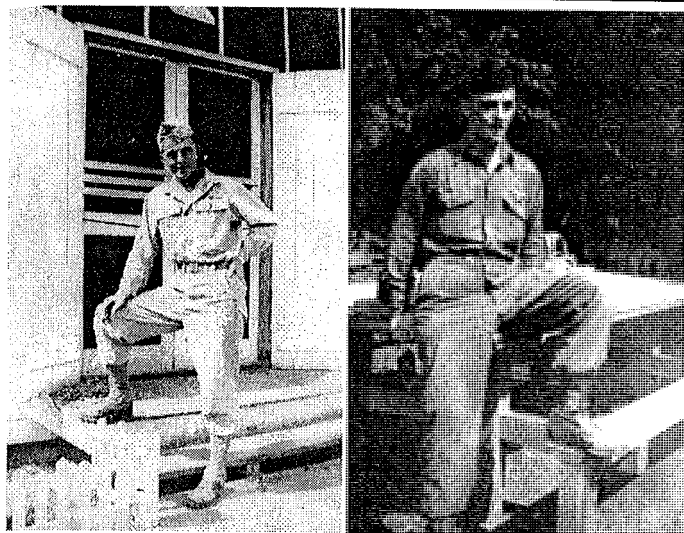
EUGENE B. PERKINS, K-347: Eugene lives in Depoe Bay, Oregon where he is a retired Aerospace Engineer. Spends his time traveling, reading or working on computers. He sent a picture of his only culinary expertise --- baking German oven pancakes.



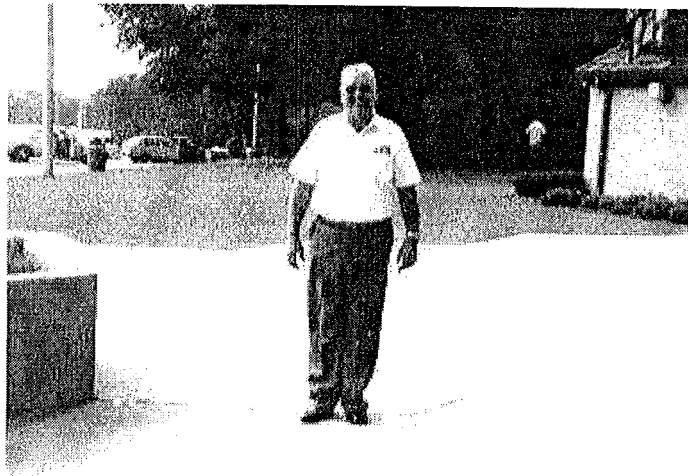
VERNON D. STEARNS, D-346: Vernon and **MARIE** are married and have a son, **RICHARD**. They live in Simi Valley, California, where he is retired from Rockwell International. They like to travel. Photo shows them at home with their best friend, **FOLETTE**.



DAVE SCHELLHASE, H-345: Dave and **MARJORIE**, shown in the photo, have been married for over 53 years and have three children, **DAVE JR., MICHAEL, MARGIE**. They live in Evansville, Indiana where he is retired, belongs to American Legion, VFW.



RICHARD F. BYRNES, HQ2-345: He is married to **JEANNE**, and they have two sons and two daughters. Their 50th anniversary was on August 27, 1998. He lives in The Bronx, New York where he is retired. Likes to go deep sea fishing and visit the five grandchildren. One photo (L) shows Dick at Camp McCain in 1943, the other shows him in Germany in 1945.



CECIL L. WHITAKER, B-345: Lives in Bowling Green, Kentucky with his wife **GENEVA MAE**. They had two sons, **WILLIAM**, **TOMMY** (deceased). He just joined the Association, didn't know it existed until last summer. Is delighted to become a member.



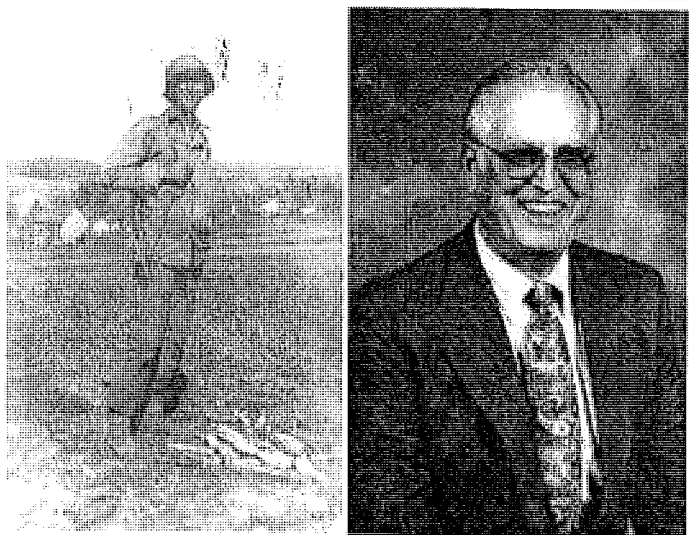
PHILIP E. CHAMPLIN, F-346: Philip is retired in Port Richey, Florida. His wife, **PAULINE** passed away in 1997, but they had three sons. He is pictured here with his youngest son, **JIM**. He belongs to VFW, DAV, VBOB, MHOP, takes each day 'one at a time'.



NORMAN ANDERSON, G-347: Norman is married to **BARBARA** and the two are shown on their 50th anniversary, April, 1997. They live in Huntington, New York, where he is retired. They have two daughters and a son, eight grandchildren. He belongs to DAV, just joined the Association, likes to travel, garden and play golf.



JAMES GATENS, DIVHQ: James is another new member of the Association. He is married to **DOLORES**, has three children, **EILEEN, JAMES, JUDY**. He is retired, lives in Elmwood Park, New Jersey. The couple is pictured at what appears to be a 50th anniversary party.



J. S. (JAKE) HUNTER, I-346: Jake is married to **DOROTHY**, and they have five children. He is retired, lives in Bedford, Virginia, keeps busy with travel and church work, fishing, camping. He sent two pictures of himself, one at age 20 in Germany and the other at age 73 at home.



ARMAND VERDONE, C-347: Armand is pictured with a California King Snake which is the son of a pet he had in his back yard for two years. He lives in Scottsdale, Arizona, is married to **JOSEPHINE** and they have five children, nine grandchildren. He is an auto dealer, belongs to every group, VFW, DAV, VBOB, Legion and 'loafers club'!



DEAN FELIX, HQ1 & AT-345: Dean and his wife **JACQUELINE**, traveled from Salix, Pennsylvania to attend the 1998 reunion in Birmingham. The photograph shows the two of them at the dinner table during the Saturday night banquet at the Sheraton Hotel.

IS YOUR SON OR YOUR DAUGHTER OR GRANDCHILD A MEMBER OF OUR ASSOCIATION? WHY NOT?

NOW IS THE TIME TO ENROLL THEM AS MEMBERS AND GET THEM INTERESTED IN WHAT DID DADDY DO DURING THE WAR?

**BERNIE KLEMMER, I-347:**

Bernie is a regular attendee at the reunions. He is married to **NELLIE**, but attended Birmingham reunion by himself. He likes to do unusual stuff, as shown in the photo — that's him on the bottom doing actual sky diving.

ERVIN (DUTCH) SHERK, I-346:

Dutch is the Association's guy who has been handling shirts and jackets for many years. He and his wife, **GRACIE**, have been attending many reunions. They are pictured here with **DELBERT LUTTERMAN, I-346** at the 1998 reunion in Birmingham, Alabama.

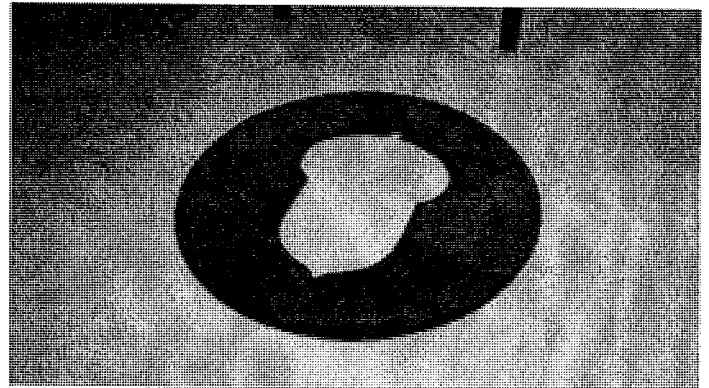
**VITO J. CATRAMBONE, I-346:**

Joe and his wife **LYNN** came from Lake Charles, Louisiana to almost every reunion and helped with carrying out the activities. They are shown here at the Birmingham reunion enjoying a 'time out' with their son and daughter-in-law.



COL. JOHN HAUSCHILD, 87th DIVISION (EXERCISE):

During the Birmingham reunion, John invited a number of us to come to his house for a get-together. He is shown in a corner of his living room in the top photo. The photo on the right shows the center of his livingroom carpet, the likes of which we have never seen before. The photo on the left shows a group of us in his living room. L to R: **EARLE HART, A-345; FLETA WATSON, I-346; LT. COL. TIM HOON, 87th EXERCISE; BILL YOUNG, HQ-345; HAROLD TENDAM, 87 QM.**



Prayer for the Millenium

Bill O'Shell sent the following prayer along with his column which appears on the next page.

God of all human journeys.

you have been our life even before our first breath was taken outside of our mother's womb.

You have been the hope of our ancestors even before they entered the promised land.

You have been the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire that led your chosen people day and night, through the crossing of the sea to a new life of freedom.

You have been the voice who summoned the generations to repentance and reform through the prophets of ancient and modern times.

You have been the saving hope of a people washed clean in the Baptism of Jesus, anointed with your Holy Spirit, and nourished with the food and drink of eternal life.

Be with us now as we journey into the next millenium.

Be faithful to us , your people, who stand at this threshold, as you have been faithful to your people of past generations.

Let all safely cross over the threshold of this new century into a reign of peace and happiness upon earth.

May we one day cross the threshold from this life into your reign, that will celebrate the fullness of all your creation, with all people of every time and place, with all angels and saints, to live and reign with your Son, Jesus Christ in the power of your Holy Spirit, for you are God, forever and ever.

Acornette Singles Corner

By Marian Ahlberg, DIVHQ

Hope you all had a wonderful Holiday Season.

Lovetta and I visited with Judi and Bob Sauerbray in Cincinnati and had a wonderful time. She spent most of the time in a wheel chair to give the inflammation in her leg time to heal.

Heard from several Acornette Singles;

Maxine Schrader - Peoria; Illinois loves to read the Acornette Column.

Ann Dein - Tempe, Arizona; her son and family from Sumatra visited her in July and then spent Christmas in Virginia with her daughter, Sue and family.

Kitty Harding - El Paso, Texas; enjoyed the wonderful reunion in Birmingham and spent the Holidays in California.

Marty Pike - Columbiana, Ohio; missed the reunion but was enjoying a trip to the British Isles.

Betty Helmer - San Jose, California; eye surgery went well and is now looking forward to traveling again. If all goes well, we plan to visit Betty this year.

And to all you other Acornettes -- Please send me newsy items about yourselves so we can keep this column going and interesting.

Hope to see you all in Kentucky.

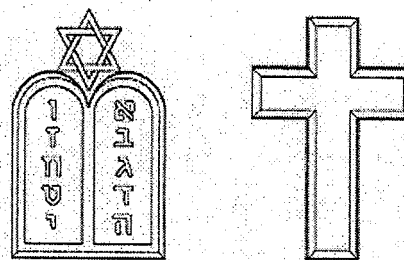
Marian Ahlberg

Question: What is more dangerous than being an Infantryman?

Answer: Being an Infantry replacement.

Disease, while not the major cause of casualties it had been in previous twentieth century wars, was still responsible for nearly half the 100 million deaths caused by WWII.

Source: *Dirty Little Secrets of WWII*

The Chaplain's Corner

An open letter to my dear friends in the 87th Infantry Division Association.

My prayers were that you all had a blessed, happy and healthy Holiday Season.

I am progressing through my chemo sessions very well. Five days on and twenty days off. In between, I get shots for my red and white blood count. Thus for no side effects, Praise the Lord.

I've heard from many of you through cards, letters and phone calls. Keep me in your prayers. There are times when I can feel your prayers going through my spirit, They do help.

At every turn I am getting the right medical help from some very good doctors and nurses.

I am looking forward to our 50th reunion. I pray I can come up with a good service and some very special prayers.

My one hope for 1999 is that I see all of you at the Draw Bridge Estates in Kentucky.

Love and God's Blessings.

Bill O'Shell.

1997

**Does this number peak your interest?
If this is the date over your name on
the address label, you are in serious
arrears with your dues.**

**This Association cannot exist without
your continued cooperation. Don't let
your comrades down. PAY YOUR DUES.**

Photo Project Started

The Sons and Daughters of the 87th are undertaking a project to compile, identify, and maintain a repository of photographs taken by and of the veterans of the 87th during the war and up until the time of deactivation.

Photos may include people, places or both. Rather than asking you to relinquish your original prints that some family member may wish to keep, we ask that you have your photos copied and send the copies. These copies will be kept in albums, filed by unit, and will be displayed at all reunions.

Experience has proven that color copies (even though the photos are black and white) produce a much clearer copy. One sheet is \$0.89 at Staples or \$1.49 at Kinkos. Four to six of the small photos can be laid out and copied onto one sheet. You can also enlarge them. Please date and label with the names of people and places. If you don't recall the names of people or places where your photos were taken, this could be an excellent opportunity to discover if anyone else may still be able to identify them.

[A note of interest: Several veterans have found that some camera/photography stores have Photo-to-Photo copying, a special photocopy machine that can produce a copy in minutes. The copies look like an original print. Some stores with this technology are Wolf Camera Shop in the Chicago area and Ritz Camera in the Washington DC area. The cost is \$10.95 per sheet. It is well worth looking into if you wish to enlarge a photograph or several photographs. One option is to have four small photos enlarged to four 3 x 5s on one sheet. One sheet will produce four 3 x 5s, two 5 x 7s, or one 8 x 10. There are various options and those who have used this process have been very pleased with the results.]

We hope this project will enhance the reunions as well as preserve the history of the 87th. Please send copies of your photos to:

345th, 346th, 347th Regiments to:
Barbara Strang, 6614 Ivy Hill Drive, McLean, VA 22101-5206

Artillery and Special units to:
John R. Walker, 15 Morrison Avenue, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44221-2124 □

BOOKS

Golden Acorn Memories

By James R. McGhee

This well written book about the life of an artilleryman in WWII may be ordered from the author, James R. McGhee by sending \$18.00 + 3.00 shipping to him at:

RR6, Box 191, Mount Vernon, IL 62864-9234

Private

By Lester Atwell

The original account of a rifleman in WWII, his good times and his bad. Critically acclaimed by all who have read it. It may be ordered \$25.00 + 5.00 shipping from:

A&A Publishing, c/o M. Atwell, 314 Wayne Avenue, Lansdowne, PA 19050.

The Men of F Company

Compiled By Barbara Strang from the personal accounts of 19 men of Company F-347.

This fascinating book may be ordered for \$15.00 hard cover, \$12.00 soft cover + 3.00 shipping from:

Golden Acorn Publishing, P.O. Box 70, McClean, VA 22101-0070.

The Diary of a Serviceman:

From the 87th to 493rd and Home.

This book shares the authors experience as a serviceman who answered the call to duty, served his country faithfully and then returned home continue his life with his youth sacrificed so that other youths would enjoy the benefits of freedom.

It may be purchased for \$24.00 from the author, Robert Ralph Hartman, 134 Backus Drive, Alexandria, VA 41001-1002.

Naked Heart

This book by Harold Pagliaro, relates his experiences as an A.S.T.P. candidate to the dismantling of this elite unit and reassignment of these troops to the 87th and 104th Divisions.

The book may be ordered from:
Thomas Jefferson University Press, Truman State University, 100 E. Normal, Kirksville, MO 63501-4221, for \$15.00 which includes shipping. □

NECROLOGY

We Are Saddened To Hear Of The Passing Of These Our Comrades And Friends

Francis P. Cody, H-345, passed away just after our 1998 reunion. In a letter from Margie, his wife, she stated how much the 87th meant to Cody and included a very large amount as a donation to the proposed World War II Memorial Monument to be built in Washington DC, the site of our year 2000 reunion. Plans are for the 87th to be present at the ground breaking ceremonies to be held that year as guests of the Battle Monuments Commission.



Sylvia Serulnick, M-347, passed away on September 25, 1998. The wife of Harry Serulnick, she will be missed by all who knew her. As her dear friend, Mary Seltzer said in a eulogy, "Sylvia was blessed with wonderful children, and grandchildren who gave her so much happiness. She had much she could have bragged about, a daughter who is a nurse practitioner,



Harry and Sylvia Serulnick

a son who is an engineer, a grandson who earned a full scholarship to Brandeis University, a grandson who is a computer whiz in college, a granddaughter, Kim who is beautiful beyond her years. She was so loved by Trudy, her daughter-in-law, by all so endeared. Yet she never bragged. 'Let others', she said, 'I do not have to compete to make my life complete.'

William J. Gordon, 87 RCN on December 1, 1998. Said Susan Gordon, daughter-in-law, upon notifying us about Bill's passing, "Pop always took pride in his unit and his country. He had old fashioned values that are

often lacking in the world today. He will be sorely missed."

We have learned, since our last issue, of the passing of these dear comrades and friends.

Anderson, Margaret	I-347
Ballin, Michael	HQ-345
Behmer, Ella Mae	A-334FA
Brown, Arthur L.	K-346
Buhl, Norbert	SV-347
Cate, Frances	C-347
Cody, Francis P.	H-345
Crowell, Gene	347th
Daschbach, Norman	K-345
Engebretson, Vernon	B-312ENG
Episcopo, Joseph	B-347
Freese, Henry S.	HQ3-346
Goostree, Billy E.	A-345
Gordon, William E.	87 RCN
Gross, Bernard M.	C-345
Hochmiller, William	B-912FA
Jongas, Chris	G-345
King, Esther	787 ORD
Kroontje, Milton	E-347
McNaron, Thomas G.	SV-334FA
Nangle, George	SV-347
Naylor Eugene	HQ3-347
Nelson, William H.	Unit Unk.
O'Neal, Lois	HQ-912FA
Patterson, Forrest	L-347
Paul, Clyde R.	HQ3-347
Perhac, Andrew	I-346
Pike, Marty (Mrs. Charles)	B-345
Roberson, Tommie L.	F-346
Schenk, Boyd	D-312MED
Schmidt, Malcom J.	A-345
Scott, Robert W.	HQ-345
Serulneck, Sylvia	M-347
Shue, Percy H.,	D-C-347
Sperring, Ross	B-347
Trostle, Nancy	A-336FA
Unsicker, Benjamin W.	B-346
Wines, Arlene J.	F-345
Young, Howard O.	D-549AAA
Ystilart, John L.	B-347

**Day is done, gone the sun
From the lakes, from the hills,
From the skies.
All is well, safely rest, God is nigh.
Thanks and praise, for our days
'neath the sun, 'neath the stars,
'neath the sky.
As we go, this we know, God is nigh.**

E-Mail Corner

The following Members have made their E-Mail addresses known to us. If you would like to have your E-Mail address shown here, let Jim Amor know. P.O. Box 4092, Long Island City, NY 11104. Tel# 718 937 9160. Or use his E-mail address: jimamor@msn.com

Allen, Leonard E., HQ-335FA - allenlen@aol.com
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 Amor, Jim, A-345 - jimamor@msn.com
 Anderson, Ted, B-912FA - trala123@aol.com
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 Chalue, Bob, HQ3-345 - bobnfluff@aol.com
 Cougill, Glenn, HQ3-346 - ecougill@aol.com
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 Davis, Cecil Gil, AT-347 & I-347 - cgj@lanl.gov
 Decker, Richard, C-346 - luvmark@bellsouth.net
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 Henn, Herbert G., G-346 - hhenn@erols.com
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 Kinney, Evan D., K-345 - topofhill@usnetway.com
 Knestrick, G. Lloyd, C-345 - ritalloyd@juno.com
 Korn, Jules, F-347 - sargefco@webtv.net
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 Kramer, Louis B., C-312MED - lbkramer@pol.net
 Kreider, Bill R., D-345 - wa8ctl@aol.com
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 McMurrough, Robert, G-346 - acorn87bob@webtv.net
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 Pionessa, William T., E-347 - jpp312@buffnet.net
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 Rogister, Henri, C.R.I.B.A. - henri.rogister@skynet.be
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 Statt, William G., E-347 - stattwg@juno.com
 Stevens, Bryce, C-312ENG - blstev@aol.com
 Strang, Barbara, B-912FA - barbstrang@aol.com
 Sturgeon, Fines, E-347 - fines@clnk.com
 Talerico, Joseph J., SV-912FA - rlovset@aol.com
 Tendam, Harold, 87 QM - halt@sunline.net
 Vincent, Lawrence, A-345 - mtyc88a@prodigy.com
 Visco, Lou, G-347 - lvj1925@aol.com
 Wahlert, Fred, I-345 - cairnview@aol.com
 Watson, Robert, I-346 - litawatson@aol.com
 Watson, Sharon I-347 - sharonwatson1@compuserve.com
 Weeks, James & Susan, D-345 - jsweeks@aol.com
 Wenstrup, Jack, HQ-336FA - jackwens@aol.com
 Werner, Richard, B&E-347 - sesame-w@taconic.net
 Woodress, Fred A., DIVHQ - axewoodz@aol.com
 Yake, Lee, L-345 - lyake27974@aol.com
 Young, Bill, HQ-345 - jung1@aol.com

Please note: **Pascal & Nathalie Hainaut** have changed their e-mail address. ED.

Visit Our Web Page

<http://members.aol.com/division87/acorn.html>

Visit The CRIBA Web Page

<http://users.skynet.be/bulgecriba>

PLEASE CHECK YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS FOR ACCURACY AND PLEASE NOTIFY JIM AMOR IF IT IS INCORRECT.

Going Postal Over Stamps

On November 11, 1998, The New York Daily News ran the following editorial. We think it important enough to run it here and to have you, our members, write to the U.S. Postal Service about correcting this wrong.

As this country marks another Veterans Day, it is worth noting, again, how America continues to slight one special veteran in particular. In so doing, it slights all who have served this country with honor.

Audie Murphy, the most decorated combat soldier of World War II epitomizes courage and patriotism. In what he achieved, he stands alone. But he also stands for every veteran of that war and all the others in which American blood was shed.

For some years now, organizations like the American Legion and individuals intent on preserving the memory of a true hero have petitioned the U.S. Postal Service to issue a commemorative stamp honoring Murphy. The answer has always been no.

In many ways, it is worse than no. While Murphy and all he represents are determinedly ignored, The Post Office churns out tributes to cartoon characters, movie monsters, ballet dancers, beagles and budgies. Obviously, these fall under the sacrosanct Stamp Subject Selection Criteria established by the Postal Service and the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee.

"Only events and themes of widespread national appeal and significance will be considered," the rules state. So Tweety and Sylvester get a stamp and Murphy doesn't.

Murphy, inducted into the Army in 1942, served more than two years in the European Theater, most of the time on the front lines. When he returned home, he held the rank of first lieutenant. He also held 32 medals - every decoration for valor an American could earn, including the Medal of Honor and three Purple Hearts. He was not yet 21 years old.

Murphy epitomized the extraordinary feats of ordinary men, most of whom were little more than boys when they carried freedom on their shoulders. Somebody handed them a rifle and a

helmet and told them to go save the world. And they did.

The Murphy matter is dear to the heart of many Voice of the People writers, who occasionally remind the world of the Postal Service's sin of omission. One such letter, published last year, summed the matter up nicely.

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It is interesting to note that the U.S. Postal Service celebrates Veterans Day by closing all of their offices. The address to write to the U.S. Postal Service is: Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee c/o USPS, Washington, DC 20260. Ed. □

Combat Infantryman's Association

James Williford wishes to advise all members who hold the C.I.B. that the Combat Infantryman's Association will welcome them as members. Dues are \$20.00 for two years and interested members may join by contacting the Association at: Combat Infantryman's Assoc., Inc. 70 Woodfin Place, Suite 323, Asheville, NC 28801. □

DO YOU NEED TO CONTACT THE DIVISION ASSOCIATION?

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Sr. Vice-Commander

Earle R. Hart, A-345

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Historian

Ross H. Rasmussen, A-912FA

**All Past National Commanders and current officers
are on the Executive Committee. The immediate
Past National Commander is Chairman. □**



A Word From Our National Commander, John McAuliffe

It was the day after Veteran's Day that Editor Jim Amor called to remind me to submit a few lines for the Commander's page of this month's GAN.

I was the Chief of Staff for my home town City of Worcester's Veteran's Day Parade and 45th Observance of Veteran's Day. I listened to the scathing remarks of the program's speaker, a retired Major/Sergeant Vietnam veteran, denouncing political campaigners who desecrate veteran's shrines and memorials, using them as props in calling attention to their candidates. Not only a sham but a disgrace to the sacrifices made by our veterans during wartime. The fervor of his speech was such that it evoked a statement from me in agreement in my response.

What immediately came to mind was the inscription I read on the 101 foot granite column that overlooks the American Cemetery at Margraten Holland. I visited the cemetery with Warren Batchelder, B-345, and Dick Lutz A-347 and three Belgians while on a side trip when touring with the 87th Inf. Division, June 1996.

The inscription left an impact on my memory which I have used at times when talking to groups about the sacrifices made by our soldiers during WWII and those who lie beneath the crosses in the field beyond the granite column. It reads.... "Each for his own memorial earned praise that will never die, and with it the Grandest of all sepulchers not that in which his mortal bones are laid but a home in the minds of men"...

I thought certainly in the minds of the veterans who marched the mile length of Main Street in the rain, and those present at the Memorial Hall; but hopefully in the minds

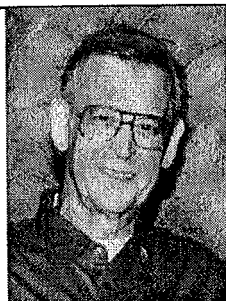
of those abusive political campaigners, alluded to by the Major/ Sergeant in his talk. Material shrines can be debased, which is unthinkable, but the memorials we hold in our minds are permanent and indestructible. In a sense our GOLDEN ACORN NEWS is that 'sepulcher', the embodiment of the memory of the sacrifices made by our comrades and which holds the deeds and stories of our members. I encourage you then to put your memories to writing and send them to our editor so that they may become everlasting memorials to the 87th Infantry Divisions Association.

In this March issue you will find the application forms for the 1999 National Reunion to be held at The Drawbridge Estate, Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky. The dates are September 26 to October 3, 1999. The events are in the very capable hands of Past Commander, Lou Gueltzow, D-345 and his lovely wife Jeanne and they have some very interesting things planned for us.

Again, in a sense, our reunion may be considered a 'living sepulcher' at which all our past memories come to life again. If we could hear all the stories told they would fill volumes. So get busy now and make your plans to attend our 50th Annual Reunion. Your application to the Drawbridge Estate in selecting your room reservation, either in the Main Building or the Garison Building must reach the Estate by August 27, 1999.

Also remember that your application for events to the Reunion Committee must be in their hands no later than three weeks prior to the reunion date of September 26th. We need not burden the reunion committee with late applications. So, I urge you again to plan now.

And if you truly wish to perpetuate the Glory that is the 87th Infantry Division, endow your public library with four issues of the Golden Acorn News for \$12.00. Use the dues form in this issue to accomplish that. ■



EDITORS NOTE

Jim Amor, A-345

Going Postal Over Stamps

On November 11, 1998, The New York Daily News ran the following editorial. We think it important enough to run it here and to have you, our members, write to the U.S. Postal Service about correcting this wrong.

As this country marks another Veterans Day, it is worth noting, again, how America continues to slight one special veteran in particular. In so doing, it slights all who have served this country with honor.

Audie Murphy, the most decorated combat soldier of World War II epitomizes courage and patriotism. In what he achieved, he stands alone. But he also stands for every veteran of that war and all the others in which American blood was shed.

For some years now, organizations like the American Legion and individuals intent on preserving the memory of a true hero have petitioned the U.S. Postal Service to issue a commemorative stamp honoring Murphy. The answer has always been, "no".

In many ways, it is worse than no. While Murphy and all he represents are determinedly ignored, The Post Office churns out tributes to cartoon characters, movie monsters, ballet dancers, beagles and budgies. Obviously, these fall under the sacrosanct Stamp Subject Selection Criteria established by the Postal Service and the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee.

"Only events and themes of widespread national appeal and significance will be considered," the rules state. So Tweety and Sylvester get a stamp and Murphy doesn't.

Murphy, inducted into the Army in 1942, served more than two years in the European Theater, most of the time on the front lines. When he returned home, he held the rank of first lieutenant. He also held 32 medals - every decoration for valor an American could earn, including the Medal of Honor and three Purple

Hearts. He was not yet 21 years old.

Murphy epitomized the extraordinary feats of ordinary men, most of whom were little more than boys when they carried freedom on their shoulders. Somebody handed them a rifle and a helmet and told them to go save the world. And they did.

The Murphy matter is dear to the heart of many 'Voice of the People' writers, who occasionally remind the world of the Postal Service's sin of omission. One such letter, published last year, summed the matter up nicely.

Wrote Voicer Anthony Menna of Maspeth: NY, "Great! Bugs Bunny gets a stamp. Ditto Zasu Pitts and Fanny Brice and James Dean. Audie Murphy, a true hero and this country's most decorated soldier, fought in seven major campaigns of World War II. killed 240 Nazis and lost nine inches of his hip in the process. It's because of men like him, and men like my uncle Tony, who was killed in the Battle of the Bulge, that this world was not turned into one large crematorium. Where's Audie's postage stamp! Most people today don't even remember his name. A disgrace!"

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Just as we were going to press we read an article in the Washington Post stating that in 1999 a stamp would be issued honoring that great American hero, Malcom X.

If you are outraged by this turn of events then the address to write to is the U.S. Postal Service, Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee c/o USPS, Washington, DC 20260. Please let them know where you stand. Ed. ■

THE GOLDEN ACORN NEWS

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BIG 50, HMM!

APLOGIES TO: B.M.

— PETRICK — 

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SEE YOU THERE.

—PETRICK—