

The Fighting 36th
HISTORICAL
Quarterly



THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

Vol. V No. 3 – Fall 1985

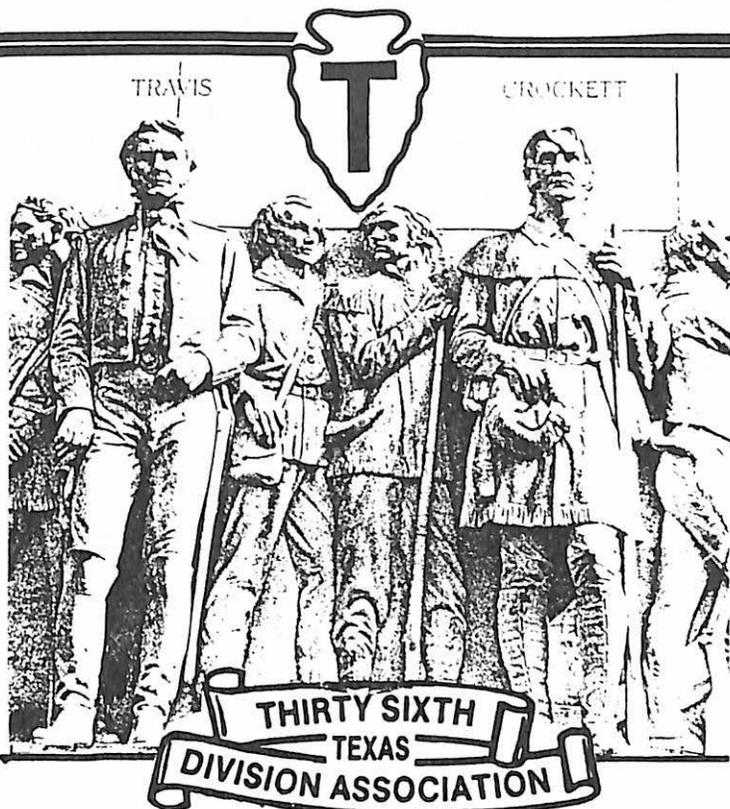
Published by
The Historical & Records
Committee of the
36th DIVISION ASSOCIATION



The Fighting 36th



HISTORICAL QUARTERLY



Vol. V No. 3 — Fall 1985

(Above): The first of the "Fightin' Texans," Travis and Crockett, two heroes of the 118 men who died at the 1836 Battle at the Alamo. This massive monument (Alamo Centograph) reared in 1939 by the United States Texas Centennial Commission. The monument's theme, the Spirit of Sacrifice, has a real meaning to all who wore the T-Patch. **SEE THIS!**



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

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

The division made two other amphibious assault landings at Anzio and Southern France.

The 36th Infantry Division participated in SEVEN (7) European CAMPAIGNS:

- **Naples-Foggia**
- **Anzio**
- **Rome Arno**
- **Southern France**
- **Rhineland**
- **Ardennes-Alsace**
- **Central Europe**

The 36th suffered over 27,000 casualties, third highest of any World War II division.



Vol. V No. 3

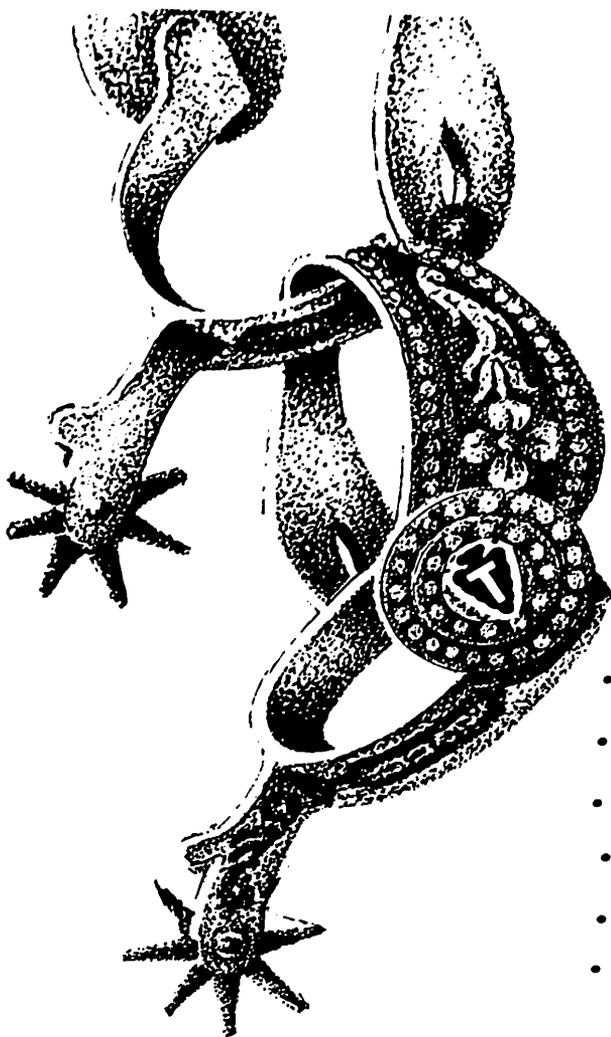
- Fall 1985



The logo is contained within a black rectangular box with decorative borders at the top and bottom. At the top, the text "The Fighting 36th" is written in a white, cursive script. Below this is a large white letter "Q" with a shield containing a "T" inside it. To the right of the "Q" is the word "HISTORICAL" in a small, sans-serif font, and below that is the word "Quarterly" in a larger, white, serif font. At the bottom of the box, the text "Texas 36th Division Association" is written in a white, cursive script.

The Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly is published for the members of the 36th division in World War I and World War II. It contains the best of new stories by the men who served, and reprints of previously published great stories of the exploits of the T-Patchers in both wars. It is available only on a subscription basis, to 36th Association members and all interested war buffs.

The logo is enclosed in a black rectangular border. At the top, the word "TEXAS" is written in a large, stylized, blocky font with a star in the center. Below "TEXAS" is the word "SESQUI-CENTENNIAL" in a smaller, sans-serif font. To the left of "SESQUI-CENTENNIAL" is the year "1836-" and to the right is "1986". Below the main text, it says "MEMBER MILITARY HISTORY COMMITTEE" in a small, sans-serif font.



Editorial Advisory Board

- Vincent M. Lockhart, Div.
Historian, El Paso TX
- C. N. Red Morgan, 142nd
Amarillo TX
- Charles Stimson, G/142nd
Plainview TX
- Woodrow Baxter, B/142nd
Coleman TX
- Dewey Mann, B/142nd
Nitro W VA
- Del Kendall, A/T 143rd
Muskegon MI
- Oran C. Stovall, 111th Engrs
Bowie TX
- Shelby Krouse, B/142nd
Independence MO
- Roy D. Goad, D/143rd
Temple TX
- Charles Beacham, 141st
San Antonio TX
- George Kerrigan, A/142nd
Chicago IL
- C. A. (Chum) Williamson
143rd, San Antonio, TX

Editor/Art Director . . . William E. Jary, Jr.
P. O. Box 1816, Fort Worth, TX 76101
(817) 738-1467

(correspondence regarding manuscripts, comments
pro or con should be sent to the editor)



SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Renewals, or new subscribers —

Mail To:

LEONARD WILDERSON, P.O. BOX 2049,
MALAKOFF, TEXAS 75148

CONTENTS

Vol. V No. 3  – Fall 1985

1. **COVER STORY:**
 “The Lone Ranger Rides Again”,
 by Nicholas M. Bozic, F.O.
 133rd Field Artillery 6
2. **Bains-les-Bains, “Shangri-la”**
 in the Vosges, the
 Finest Rest Camp in E.T.O..... 22
3. **“Fight With The Rammerstaff”,**
 a salute to great Artilleryman,
 Engineer - Col. ‘Pete’ Green
 Compiled by Jean D. Baker..... 30
4. **Anvil to Draguighan,**
 the first six days in Southern France,
 by Julian (Duney) Philips 44
5. **The Case of the Live Anti-Tank Shell,**
 as told to Alan Williamson,
 by Charles M. Beacham 58
6. **Rafael DeLaRosa Knows What True**
 Friendship is All About - He
 Learned it from Ernest Flipp 68
7. **Walter Evans Recalls Three**
 Great Men of Co F 143rd Infantry 72
8. **“Play It Again, Sam”**
 An Autopsy of the City of
 International Intrigue -
 CASABLANCA, Morocco 74

Cover Story

The LONE RANGER

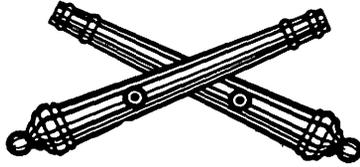
Ed Note: This is part Two of confessions of a Forward Observer (see Vol. V No. 2 Summer 1985) pages 18 through 29: "SALERNO TO ROME."



THE LONE RANGER — UNMASKED

ROME ITALY, Oct. 1984 - here's Nick and Rose Bozic with the delegation of T-Patchers who visited old battlefields, and attended dedication of Obleisk at San Angelo.

**SOUTHERN FRANCE
TO
GERMANY & AUSTRIA
FORWARD OBSERVER'S LOG**



“THE LONE RANGER”

By Nicholas M. Bozic, F. O.
133rd F. A. Battalion

It all started back in Italy when the 36th Inf. Div. was relieved by the 34th Inf. Div. on June 26th at 1300 hours in the vicinity of Piombino, Italy. We started back through Grosseto and observed the terrain we have encountered and the defense the Germans had against us. We continued our journey back to Rome and finally to a staging and training area near Salerno. We have learned that our Division Commander, Gen. Walker was to be relieved and sent back to the States.

Our new Commander was to be Gen Dahlquist and we were to be part of a newly formed 7th army to prepare for the invasion of Southern France.

August 10th, 1944; I was loaded on a L.C.I. – #190 with the 93rd Armored Field Artillery of the 6th Corp. This was a bastard load of observers, engineers, and trained assault forces. The purpose of this group was to get ashore and penetrate the enemy forces and prepare to deliver support artillery fire and plot the German defenses. Aug. 13th as we shipped out of Naples Bay we sailed and docked off the Island of Corsica near the town of Cavil.

On Aug. 14 we studied maps of the French coastline and our landing sites. The day was very unsettled so another G.I. and I decided to swim to shore on a bet just to say we touched Corsica. The swim was about a half mile.

Aug. 15th – 0800 was to be D-Day, H-Hour. As we floated around the landing area, our group was to land on Green Beach which was in the vicinity of Agay and Drammont. The landing did not go as planned. We floated around for it seemed forever. So we got orders to pick a spot and hit the beach. Finally, at 0905 on Aug. 15th our boat moved in with German artillery firing at us. I could see the bunker on the hillside and prayed that we could get close to shore even if I had to

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

jump off the boat before getting a direct hit.

We landed in an area that looked like a quarry. We ran off the boat – about “8” of us, – and headed for some large boulders on our left. At this point we had no direct action. Looking around I saw this small road large enough for a truck to travel on. Our group decided to move up to the main road with minor problems. At this pint word was sent back that we landed and our position was secure.

At the time we landed one of our naval observers fired and knocked out the bunker that was shooting at us. As we moved out a continuous flow of infantry, artillery, tanks and engineers came ashore.

A large bulldozer came in and started to widen the narrow road so additional troops and supplies could be brought ashore.

I moved up to a pint where I could observe fire and locate enemy targets. During this period I saw a German plane to my right and watched something drop from under it. We thought that he was going to bomb us, but to our surprise it was a guided missile or bomb and it made a direct hit on our first supply L.C.M. A big puff of black smoke went up and I said they got a direct hit.

I was waiting for our R.C.T. 143rd Infantry to get organized so I could prepare supporting fire. We moved toward the town of San Rapael. **On Aug. 16th we established a road block at Boulouris.** There was local contact but we continued on to Frejus.

We could see the other landing sites but it seems every one was coming in on Green Beach at the quarry. **On Aug. 18th we moved in near Draguignan.**

Our landing secure, **“Task Force Butler,”** began to move inland with its motorized forces under Gen. Stack.

Our move was so fast we hit towns like Piepin, Sisteron. It was **Sunday Aug. 20th** we slowed down for supply units to catch up to us.

Aug. 20-22 Piepin Area:

Our movement was TY.F.B. (**Task Force Butler**) through the mountains that Napoleon Bonaparte had conquered brought us to a town of Piepin.

Prior to this the airborne troops landed in front of us to give support along the road. Many of the paratroopers left their parachutes behind.

I located one of the parachutes and picked it up, even though it was slightly damaged.

Upon resting in Piepen, I met a family and had dinner with them. I noticed a sewing machine in the house, and asked if they could make me a swimming suit and shirt out of this nylon parachute material. They agreed if I would give them some of the material. They proceeded and in about three hours I came back and they made me shorts and shirt. The only problem was she put the buttons on the wrong side. To this day I still have the outfit. Note, they use the strands of nylon from

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

the rip cords for the sewing. It cost me some rations and little material. The balance of material I lined a blanket and made my own bedroll which was nice and ware for the balance of the war.

Aug. 22nd we approached Grenoble, a beautiful town. The people were happy to see us and knew they were liberated. Of course the girls came with flowers and signs of rejoicing and happiness.

Up until now we had no serious contact with the enemy. Out in the distance you could see the Swiss mountains.

Aug. 24th we moved near Bourg-De-Peace. The German demolition was busy at Valence. A road block was established and the 143rd Inf. fought off a night attack and then on the 25th of Aug. we moved 12 miles southwest of Crest into the hills near lFresneau - Marsanne. 133 F.A. went into position for defensive fire.

MONTELMAR - LA-COUCOURDE

On Aug. 26th Capt. Slack of "B" Btry. and myself established an observation point "OP" on a hill near Fresneau and this was the beginning of what turned out to be the slaughter of the German Nineteenth Army.

The Rhone Valley was under our observation at this point. Just south of us was the town of Montelimar and La-Coucourde. The 143rd went into defense near Condillac and Marsanne... **Capt. Joe Dine "CoF."**

From our advantage point you could see the towns, railroad tracks and the Rhone River. Also there was another road west of the river where we could see enemy troops moivng northward.

All this day we had targets. Train with railroad-guns. Three of them were K.O. with defense fire D-17. My base point was a small road crossing and block house "**Coor La-Courcourde 9300-6745.**" Throughout the day German convoys kept coming. The 3rd Infantry Division was pushing them north right into us.

At a point I was forced to call for air support because I couldn't keep up with all the targets. I fired 155, 105, and mortars, whatever was available.

When the first train was halted due to knocking out the tracks at the B.P., the German troops started to man the large gun and point it toward our position. **I opened up and put the gun and crew out of commission.**

The second and third train came behind and had no place to go. It was a disaster. They were sitting ducks. The troops got off the train and started to walk north away from the shelling. Vehicles, horse drawn artiller, - tanks - I couldn't count them at the time, I was so busy with fire missions. **This was the largest target area I've had since Cassino, Italy.**

T.F.B. had a field day, but on the 25th and 26th of Aug. the Ger-

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

mans tried to counter attack our defensive line along the Rubion River. The hard part of it was that the 3rd Div. kept pushing them into our positions. The Germans tried to get into the hills and avoid the slaughter on Highway 7 between Montelimar and La-Coucourde.

On Aug. 29th we moved down to Hwy. 7 when I saw all the damage. It was hard to believe. The Jerry's were surrendering in force. We moved to Mirmande with clean up action.

Aug. 31 back on F.O. moved to town of Wall, with crew of Braschko, Sparkman and Hale.

Sept. 1st moved to St. Thomas, found a castle where Napoleon slept in, Sept. 1813. We met no resistance so I went into the castle and for a joke and some laughs I laid in the same bed Napoleon slept in. A little humor to keep our minds together.

On Sept. 2nd at St. Priest near Lyon we went on reconaissance to Fort De St. Priest. We set up some Def. fire for Lyon. Germans were at Fort Bron, and airfield N.W. of Lyon. We received word a large concentration of Germans at Diaton and Belfort.

Sept. 3rd we entered St. priest and went to visit "Notre Dame de Fourviere," Lyon.

Sept. 4th moved to Romeney, St. Trevier and liberated Romeney. We then ran into German troops and tanks defending a bridge at 749-509. We received counter-fire and had to take cover.

Sept. 5th the people were sure glad to see us. They gave us food and wine. We held up at Fancy - St. Croiz.

Sept. 6th moved from Fancy to Dole and Monts-Sous Vaudrey - no contact. Had breakfast with a French family. I slept in a wet bed all night.

On Sept. 8th we moved to Besancon, Chene Du-Sage, Ecole. It continued raining but we had good observation.

Sept. 9th - Tilloroyes - Sanitarium - We liberated a group of people. I spoke to Paulette and Martha. I told them I had to move out and that others would take care of them.

Sept. 10 - Cleaning out the wood near Oiselary - Fretigney. We ran into direct enemy tank fire. My radio operator T-5 Peter Braschko got hit with shell fire and was K.I.A.

Sept. 11th near Clans and went in reserve in the afternoon. The following day we had a battle at Pussey for high ground overlooking Vesoul. Edwards and Kurth got hit - not too bad.

Sept. 13th, Port-Sur-Saone, got a target on a tank, recon, plus personal. Also stopped a nine vehicle convoy.

Sept. 14th, Southwest of Faverney ran into a strong point. Had to work on him to take objective. The following day we took Faverney after a hot fight N.E. of town.

Sept. 16, moved from Ver-Luxeuil to Les Bains through ditch - river. Relieved from F.O. after 18 days.

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

Sept. 20th. St. Balbert to Hariol near Remiremont – Battery at Raon-Basse.

Sept. 23rd. Reached the Moselle River north of St. Nabord. Rain, rain.

Sept. 28, back on F.O. in the vicinity of Docelles. The following morning we attack a grove north of Deycimont, met up with resistance in wooded areas.

Sept. 30th made attack on Deycimont and Lepanges – plenty of counter fire. Had five good targets. Went back to BN area. Was relieved by 636 TD.

Oct. 3rd. Group of us voted with absentee ballots. Koski, Curteton and Luke.

Oct. 4th moved through Houx into Laveline east to the mountains.

Oct. 5th 143rd made attack on Forrest Range. We took road block and half of the mountain.

Oct. 6th moved southeast and ran into anti-tank guns and 20 mm. Had to use two OP top of mountain and lower side.

Oct. 7th with "G" Co. had a good O.P. overlooking Rehaulpal. There was plenty counter fire, mortars, artillery. They were attempting a counter attack. Late this afternoon 4 p.m. I was relieved by Lt. Adams. For the next few days I went back to "B" Btry. 133 F.A. for a little R/R. I wrote to the family etc. Went to Eloyes to see a movie, "Coney Island."

Oct. 15th Sunday went back on F.O. late in the evening. Received a good shelling near "B" Btry. 155th. The next day we had some battle training with "F" Co. 143rd. Sgt. Bozic, Sgt. Allen, Freeman, Jordahl and Cureton.

Oct. 17-22nd near Lavaline with "E" Co. Shot in Def. fire near Chapelle on the 23rd and 24th.

Oct. 25th relieved by Lt. Stein in the afternoon. Shot in D-35 for Lt. Stein and Lt. Kadiak from "E" Co.

Oct. 26th back at the Btry. near Prey-Lepanges. Sure good to have a hot meal. Went back for a hot shower.

Oct. 27th did not feel good so I made sick call. Oct. 28th normal situation late evening. Jerry threw in a good barrage – no damage. We located a mine field near our outpost. Oct. 29th another barrage. Only "C" Btry got hit – not serious. This evening I went to Docelles to see the movie "Kansas City Kid." The 30th I went to Remiremont and there were plenty of French soldiers in town. 31st seen the movie "Tampico."

Nov. 1st our planes were bombing Iroux and St. Die. The weather was cold and plenty of snow. On the 2nd I went to laval. Nov. 3rd moved to Bruyeres.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Nov. 4th back on F.O. I relieved Lt. Stien at Biffontaine. Established O.P. 3162-5752. Jerry drop in a few good barrages, tanks pulled out at night and fired direct fire at us. Nov. 5th had a good O.P. and sent back for B.C. Scope. I received notice to report back to the Btry at 9 p.m. on the way back we got shelled.

Nov. 6th I was ordered to go to Docelles with Jack Hearn for O.C.S. school. After getting oriented I went to live at Cafe Cimemic.

Nov. 8th up at 0600 and ready to go to school. The bridge at Docelles was washed away and half of the town was flooded.

We continued to make an effort to get to school. After driving around, we came in from Le Panges and arrived at 1000 hours.

Nov. 9th: The engineers installed a new bridge but the streets were still flooded. Our school and quarters were in good condition.

Armistice Day - Why Not End It Now...

Nov. 11 – After another day at school we had dinner and then went to see a movie "Bathing Beauty." Today was "Armistice Day" of the past. Why couldn't it end now.

Nov. 19th we moved into the barracks at Bruyeres called (**Double "R" Ranch**) Robert Rear. We then began tactical training each morning 0600-2100.

Turkey Dinner and local beer...

Nov. 23rd – "**Thanksgiving Day**" had a good turkey dinner with some local beer and all the dressings.

Nov. 25th Bruyeres, Robert Rear – Went to Robert Forward to be commissioned by Gen. Dalquist at 0415. Jack Hearn and myself started back to our unit 133 F.A. The first one to salute me was our battery clerk, Smitty Smithson from Chicago.

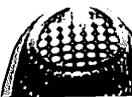
The last 19 days at OCS was a rest period for me after being on the front lines with the infantry day after day under continuous fire, not knowing when the next shell had your name on it.

Nov. 26 – Moved to BN Forward near St. Marie-Alsace "**Markirch**" which was to be the beginning of the Vosges Offensive.

On Nov. 27th I was assigned to "A" Btry. 133 FA as a 2nd Lt., and was accepted by all enlisted men.

Since the Division has reached the "**Meurthe River**" on **Nov. 19th**, the infantry units started pressing into the mountains for St. Marie. The 142nd Inf. made the final attack on St. Marie. Some heavy close combat took place after the 143rd took La Croix they head southeast toward St. Marie. **The elevation of St. Marie Pass was 2,900 feet.** The weather was bad, rain and snow all day long.

The Voges Mountains and the St. Marie Pass turned out to be a very bitter battle. For the Germans to lose this high ground was the entrance to the Alsace Valley. During this period we were held in



THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

reserve with clean up action. Every moment was tense in the mountains. The breaking of a branch would cause someone to open fire.

On the morning of the 28th the 142nd after very little rest proceeded through the Pass to come upon a surprise target the "**Chateau Koenigsbourg**," a beautiful ancient castle. This opened the observation to the Alsace Plains, Rhine River and the Black Forest in the distance.

To the south of us the French came through the Belfort Gap. **On Nov. 29th 143rd was attached to the 142nd** to clean out the slopes prior to entering the valley.

Nov. 30th attached to Co. "B" 143rd on Hill 1141 we began to move down into the valley. Our first contact was a winery in all its splendor. We entered to give search and secured the people no harm would come to them. They offered us some wine and I told him I'd have it later and I thanked him.

Dec. 1st through 8th we had some big battle at Mittelwihr and Bennwihr. On to the south were Hills 393 and 351. On the 11th I went back to St. Marie to clean up and get a hot meal. Was relieved by Lt. Johnson.

While back at St. Marie I received my mail a few packages from back home. They knew Christmas was coming soon.

Dec. 12th back on F.O. with "B" Co. at Ribeauville. The Germans were preparing for a counter attack on Mittelwihr and Riquewihr. I went up to the forward outpost in a two story building looking down on a road. The observation wasn't too good and asked where the other O.P. was. One G.I. said the little house up ahead. So I took off by myself through the vinyards about 500 yards when I came to this house. I walked in the yard and continued to the front. I opened the gate and lo and behold there was a German tank about 50 feet from me. I did about face and ran like hell, zigzagged through the vinyard while they too pot shots at me. I got back to the second O.O. and called for artillery fire on the tank. After a few rounds he moved out for better protection. I lost sight of him for the time.

Dec. 14th I moved up to Hill 351. There was no one on top of the hill. I crawled up to a position where I could see Sigolsheim and at a distance "Colmar." I could see tanks in town and a headquarters building near **Ammerwihr**. For hours staff cars kept going in and out.

To my surprise I looked over to **Hill 393** to see our troops but there were none in sight. Loking closely, I spot a German O.P. and ordered fire on him. A couple of times I saw Germans coming up my hill and I pulled back and called fire on my position. I reported the staff cars and someone in Div. ordered a patrol to go out and capture a Big Wig. I was ordered to go with them for Def. fire. **We were to attack at night on the right side of Hill 351 and pass Sigolsheim to objec-**

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

tive. It must have been ten o'clock at night when we made our move. We proceeded in a draw for about three hundred yards and all hell broke loose. German tanks were firing direct fire at us. The patrol pulled back and we talked it over. There was no way we could penetrate this line and bring back a prisoner. We called back to BN. and the mission was called off. I went back to my old position on Hill 351 and prepared fire on the tanks and building that was a German Headquarter.

On Dec. 20th while on Hill 351 I observed at a distance - toward Colmar a company of German infantry moving toward our position. They were on the main road where I had a ck point. I proceeded to call for artillery fire with time-air fire. The troops were in target range when I opened up fire. All hell broke loose and they ran off the road. I continued to fire upon them. They reorganized and started waling again but this time not as many. I opened fire again and they just kept coming.

Behind me came up a Lt. Lunski from the 39 F.A. 3rd Div., and said he was here to relieve me. I showed him my targets and Def. fire. When I showed him the troops moving up the road he said what a hell of a time to come up. Down the hill I ran with my crew and was happy to get the hell out of there. **"Note" I always kept my radio and crew on the back side of my position for safety.**

Strasbourg On The Rhine..devine!

Dec. 21st the unit moved out and headed for Strasbourg. The 3rd Inf. Div. relieved us for a rest we had coming.

After being relieved at Hill 351 we moved into a position before Strasbourg. Spending a day on O.P. in a farm house we got shelled and I ran downstairs in the basement. I was in shock when I saw the basement loaded with champagne and a good brand Kufer-Berg.

That late afternoon I was getting relieved I started to my jeep with two cases then another two and two and one with my radio. In all I had seven cases of champagne.

When I was passing H. W. F.D.C., Maj Brinkerhoff, a social drinker, asked where I got the wine and so I told him. He moved so fast and this was the first time he went to point or O.P. After reaching the rest area the rest is history.

Strasbourg, France, Dec. 22nd stayed at Hotel Deville. I met a nice girl and we went to visit the university and had dinner.

And A Merry Xmas to You...

Dec. 25th Strasbourg, had a wonderful dinner, best setup I've seen. Visited with "B" Co. and everyone was happy to get some rest. Been to mass at St. Marrice Cathedral. Father Quinn said mass. He is our Div. Btry. Chaplain. That evening we spent with the Buhler Family and had a wonderful time. They served us food and wine. Late this

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

night we were relieved by the 232 Inf. Reg. of the 42nd Div.

Dec. 26th we pulled back to Niedwiller – Sarreburg.

Dec. 27th Bains-Les-Bains the 36th Div. DeLuxe Rest Camp for the worn out soldiers. I went to the officers' club which was very nice and cozy. They had five hotels all named after our Congressional Medal of honor men. They were Hotel Kelly, Logan, Crawford, and Wise for the enlisted men. **Hotel Bjorklund was for officers.** They were all equal, good food, china and waitresses to serve us. The sulphur baths were sure a relief for the body.

I went to the post office to mail a letter and met a nice young girl named Jeanette. I invited her to a dance we had that evening. She was living with her mother and she came along. The 36th Band set up a dance orchestra and did a good job with all the late songs. It sure was another world here, peaceful, secure and beautiful. All good things must come to an end. **Jan. 2nd and I headed back to Sarrebourg.**

Jan. 3rd Battalion was alerted to move forward and reinforce the 100th Div. near Enchenberg-Montbrom. At this time we received our winter clothing and they sure felt warm. They also issued me a sleeping bag.

Jan. 4th near Montbrom the Germans infiltrated but were in for a big surprise. They were heading south from the town of Bitche. Things became normal and the snow started again. Went back to battery position in Echenberg. Moved through St. Louis to Lemburg.

Jan. 10th Lemburg – zero'd in defensive fires 21-22. Had a small counter attack at the O.P. Three Germans came up the trail. Got 2 out of three.

Jan. 11th Lemberg, visibility poor snow and wind drifts. Moved location for new O.P. and registered in D.D30. Jan. 13th relieved by Lt. Barrett from "A" Btry 131st. I went back to visit SV Btry and Sgt. Ingraham.

Jan. 17-18 closed station and moved to the vicinity of Jaguenau, and Nieder-Schaeff.

Hey, Just Saw Our 'First' Jet...

Jan 19th moved to Gries southwest of Bischwiller and set up in a German tavern. That afternoon while watching a movie we heard a bomb drop. We ran for cover when we looked up to see a P-38 **chasing the first Jet plane we'd seen.** That jet took off for German and the P-38 had no chance of catching him.

I went back up on O.P. in Bischwiller and registered on ck #1 N.W. of Rohwiller at 131-178 where I spotted enemy artillery firing at us. This was just left of the town in the woods. The guns were K.O. Later on 2-4-45 after we entered the woods, we confirmed 4-88 mm guns K.O.'d in a radius of 200 yards.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Jan. 20 to 23rd Gries-Bischwiller. Situation was normal, snow was falling and the Germans form a good bridgehead near Gambshein. They broke through the 42nd Div. All movement was N.E. and N.W. Gambshein, Herrlisheim, Drusenheim, Sherrheim and Sherrioffer. **All this was observed from the water tower in Bischwiller.**

Jan. 20/23, 1945 — Bowden Woods, as it was called at the time was a defensive area. It looked like a tank battle was to start any moment. The weather was cold and there was snow on the ground. I went out to the point to prepare for defensive artillery fire. At a distance you could see German gun barrels projecting over the road levels **between Herrlisheim and Gambsheim.**

The army was trying something new in defensive warfare. They brought in some anti-aircraft searchlights and placed them behind our lines. At night they would illuminate the sky and reflect to earth plenty of light. This would give us visibility to a silhouette our enemy and their equipment.

Sure as hell the night of Jan. 20th the German S.S. made a heavy attack on us. I shouted to our boys who were in the foxholes to cover up and lay low because I was going to bring in artillery close in to us. Thank God we held off the attack that night. The next morning showed the results. **The 133 FA and 636 T.D. did a good job in support fire.** Of course the 143rd Inf. did an outstanding job. Later that day the boys thanked me for bringing the artillery in so close even though a few rounds fell behind us.

Jan. 24 Bischwiller, maned the BN O.P. Plenty of movement from Drusenheim to Shirrioffer. Reg. some def. fire because the Germans were moving into Oberhoffer. Lt. Col. Clarkin came to the O.P. to see what was ahead of us.

Jan. 25-26 Gries, Rose Red committed to woods S.E. of Gries at 083-150. We relieved the 1st BN of rotate with "B" Co. 143rd. I had to register Def. fire because the enemy was planing a counter attack. We could see the tanks lined up behind the railroad tracks.

Jan. 27th S.E. Gries (Later called Bowden's Woods) Capt. Slack, Lt. Owens came up to my O.P. to fire tank destroyer with direct fire results were pretty good. We had light snow so it was difficult for the Germans to suspect my O.P.

Jan. 28-29 Gaudertheim. Got relieved by rotate White, then went back to red C.P. on the 30th. I went on patrol with Lt. Costello of "C" Co. 143rd to Rohrwiller, we ran into two M.G. and a few riflemen.

Jan. 30, Feb. 1st. Went back to O.P. in Bischwiller to observe movement in the vicinity of Rohrwiller and ck. point #1. Feb. 2nd prepared for attack on Rohrwiller. We got some white bed sheets to cover us in the snow. This made good camouflage. They also whitewashed the tanks prior to the attack. We crossed the "Moder River" which was waist deep and cold.

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...

We set out into the flats with water boot high. We got within 30 yards of the town before they opened up on us. Moving fast we entered town and caught the enemy flat footed. **In the first two hours "B" Co. 143rd captured 53 prisoners. Before morning there were 123 prisoners.** 142nd was to take the woods on our left but was forced to pull back. In the morning I took position in a house on the N.E. part of town with the road approaching us from the Drusenheim Woods.

— NAZIS COUNTER ATTACK —

I heard a tank coming. Sure as hell, here came a counter attack. I told the infantry to lay low that I was going to fire artillery close in on us. **I knocked out one tank and shot-up their infantry.** The other tank got out of sight. There was heavy shell fire from the Germans in the town — the church steeple was shot down. Perhaps they thought I was using it for an O.P.

Feb. 4th Rohrwiller. We made an attack on the woods north of ck. #1. After a barrage of fire we moved very slow. Once we got into the woods we felt a little secure. **I walked past my ck point-1 to find 4 German 88's and a number of dead soldiers.** We had two tanks with us on the attack. I told the tank officer to fire direct fire over our heads through the woods. After 3 or 4 hours we had control of the woods and set up a defense.

Feb. 5th went back to Gries to visit F.D.C. to report the 4-88 mm guns K.O. etc. at ck. point #1. I moved to Herrlisheim. The Germans evacuated Offendorf. During our attack on Rohrwiller the 12th Armory Div. had a head-on battle between Gambsheim and Rohrwiller. I passed the power plant which the 2nd Bn 143 had taken and did a good number on the enemy.

Feb. 6th moved to Offendorf to relieve the 117 Rec, 59th Armored Div. Put in an O.P. in the vicinity of the cemetery. Feb. 7th — I've gone down to the Rhine River at 151-119. The river area was all swamp with water 3-4 feet deep. I established an O.P. along the river. Still with "B" Co. 143rd the moral was low.

Feb. 8th "B" Co. was cleaning out the woods along the river, I saw some Germans across the river and asked them to surrender. They answered in good English "no." You could see pill boxes it looked like a garrison. late this evening I returned to Herrlisheim.

Feb. 9th Herrlisheim — Observed the area around Drushenheim and the waterworks. Put in some Def. fire, also knocked out a ferry and bridge east of town. "A" and "C" Co's attached the waterworks and woods.

Feb. 10 — Rohrwiller — Made an attack on DRU. Ran into heavy machine gun and artiller fire. They tried to trap us by putting smoke in front of his H.M.G. We secure the position and was relieved by "A" Co. 141st at 2300, then returned to Btry.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Feb. 11th – Back to Gries for breakfast of hot cakes etc., the first in months. I was relieved by Lt. Martz and went to take a shower and clean up. Went back to Sv. Btry in Geudertheim for a little rest. Had a fine dinner with the people downstairs. Received call to report to battery.

Feb. 15th – Gries – Reported to battery and received verbal orders to go to Strasbourg to an apartment waiting for me. I went to 2-Richard and Wagner and met the Guhlers and the Furst. They had relatives in Chicago and owned a tavern next to the Chicago Theater. I've taken in the sights and had a good rest. After three days I returned to Gries.

At Gries "B" Co. 143rd was in reserve. Feb. 23rd – Relieved the 101st Airborne in Hagneau, France town proper. Put in all defensive fires across the Moder River. I set up three observation posts: #1 on the river near brewery, #2 Museum and #3 – Monestary.

Feb. 24-25 Normal activities while at O.P. #1. I would go from basement to basement and you could look across the river and see the German troops moving around. The 143rd "C" company taken and lost and regained 8 houses.

Feb. 26th – Lt. Owens came to visit me and to see the O.P.'s. After a cup of coffee we went to O.P. #1. Here we drew M.G. fire. We were ready to leave when a single artillery shell came in and fell about 10 feet from me. It knocked me over and when I tried to get up I discovered that I was hit in the right arm. I looked around for Lt. Owens and he also got hit in the left leg. The Jerry's got a good package, two observers with one shell. We went back to Red aid station and was well taken care of. I wanted to stay but Col. Clarking came down and said we both should go to the rear. They sent us to the 111th Clearing Co. and then to the 116th Evac. Hospital in Sarrebourg. From there we went to the 21st Gen. Hosp. in Mirecourt, France.

Feb. 30th Receiving good treatment at the 21st Gen. Hosp. on March 11th – This is 4 years in the army with most of my time with the 36th Inf. Div. March 12th – While recuperating I went to visit some friends at the 23rd Gen. Hospital at Vittel. Also met Lt. Kaduck out of "E" Co. which he had a broken leg.

March 13th – Back at the 21st Gen. Hosp. taking life easy, trying to get my arm back in shape.

March 17th – The 21st Gen. Hospital was having a dance and we were invited. They had an orchestra and the works. The main drink of the night was alcohol and warm grape fruit juice. (I sure got a big head). Arm is getting in good shape so the following days I went visiting to Nancy, Luneville, Brecevat and Rambevillers. A few of us were discharged and shipped out to 2nd Replacement Depot at "Thaon" on 22nd March.

THE LONE RANGER – UNMASKED

March 26th – We moved to Hagneau to the 3rd Repl. Depot barracks where 1st Bn 143rd had their C.P. I had a talk with Col. Clarkin and the boys.

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN...



March 27th – I was back to the battery just south of Kuhardt, Ger., near the Rhine River. Later I met Col. Gaylor of 133 FA and he informed me of my promotion to 1st Lt. Also a cluster for my “Silver Star” and a cluster for my “Purple Heart.” While at the Btry the Germans left some horses while retreating **so I mounted one white horse and had a picture taken like the Lone Ranger.** After all the Texans weren’t the only ones to ride horses.

March 29th – Leinswiller, Germany – Went on an advance party to locate some living quarters for the boys in the battery. That evening I had dinner with SV Btry. They had some good deer meat. **April 1st, 2nd** – Hoheinod – Moved from Leinswiller and going into garrison. Started to make arrangements for rest and recreation Easter Sunday and moving out again. Moved to Kollweiler and Jettenbach for occupation.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

April 25th to 28th – Went to Paris for schooling on A and R. We had a group from all units in the army. In our grup was Bennett, Coignet, Colvin, Benko, Bozic, and Faust. We had a track meet and our group won 1st place. April 29th – Went to Kasierlauter then to Murnau, Germany near the Austria border south west of Munich.

April 30 – Another incident ocured when we made an attack on a Gestapo H.Q. in Mannheim. As we pulled around in back of the building one of the doughboys called me and showed me 1000 gal. vats of wine. We couldn't drink it fast enough. They were pouring it in their helmets. My driver emptied out a 5 gal. can of gasoline and filled it with wine. We checked out the building and it was a strongbox. All the Germans left before we got there.

May 2nd – Germans in Italy began to surrender. **May 4th** – Germans in N.W. Germany surrendered to British 2nd Corp. **May 5th** – 6 Army Group (Group G) with Gen. Devers 7th Army and the French 1st Corp have taken in 400,000 prisoners. There was a plea from the Czech people of Praga, on May 6.

IT'S OVER – OVER HERE!!!

May 8th – News came over our radio the war was over at 1500 hours. We were at Murnau, Germany on that date. I could see at distance up the road, thousands of prisoners coming out of the mountains south of Murnau.

May 9th – The announcement that the war was over. We were ordered into clean up Dutys. Continuing our journey through Bad-Tolz, Kufstein and Kitzbuhel, Austria. The division had taken its share of notable prisoners. Retchsmarshal Herman Goering, Von Rundstedt. Horthy and many of the High Command. I took some pictures when Goering surrendered to Gen. Stack on V-E Day. We later went by Ittercastle, then the home of Heinrich Himmler near Tegernsee. The 143rd covered a lot of ground in a few days.

Transferred to be Special Service Officer

May 18th – Transferred to Sv. Btry as Batalion "Special Service Officer." We set up in Heising, Germany near Kempton. With the war coming to its end the 36th set up H.Q. at the Grand Hotel in Kitzbunel. Following the intern of prisoners and seeing the prison camp and the horrors of Dachau Concentration Camp, it was time to change our way.

We proceded to start athletic programs of baseball, volleyball and softball. Div. Arty moved to Laupheim, Germany where I took over a small country club that had a club house, swimming pool and a soccer field. Within a couple of days I made arrangements to get some P.O.W.'s from Italy and Yugoslavia and proceded to make one baseball and one softball diamond. With all of Division around

THE LONE RANGER – UNMASKED

Kaufbeuren a program was set up for unit competition. Later we organized a division baseball team to play 7th Army units.

Our Stage Show - A Big Hit...

The 133 FA set up a stage show called "It's All For You" in honor of Lt. Col. Roscoe Gaylor our Battalion Commander. After a showing at the theater in Kempton it turned out to be a big hit and was shown around the division. The cast was Sgt. Speakman, PFC Ken Holland, Cpl. Pete Lascuolo and music by PFC Louis De-Piro of the Bronx, N.Y.

The show went over so good that 863 F.A. moved it to Lauda to entertain their troops. I like one of the four acts entitled "Siegfried Follies" by "**Roscoes Russett Rockets.**" All stories must come to an end.

So I leave you with this **thanks to the Boys of the 143rd, 142nd and 141st for giving me support and cover while on their O.P.'s.** I know that they did not mind the close fire in our position or they would not be here today.

Nicholas M. Bozic
887 Elgin Dr.
Winter Springs, FL 32708
1-(305)-695-4434

OI' 133

By Louis De-Piro
Btry. B 133rd FA

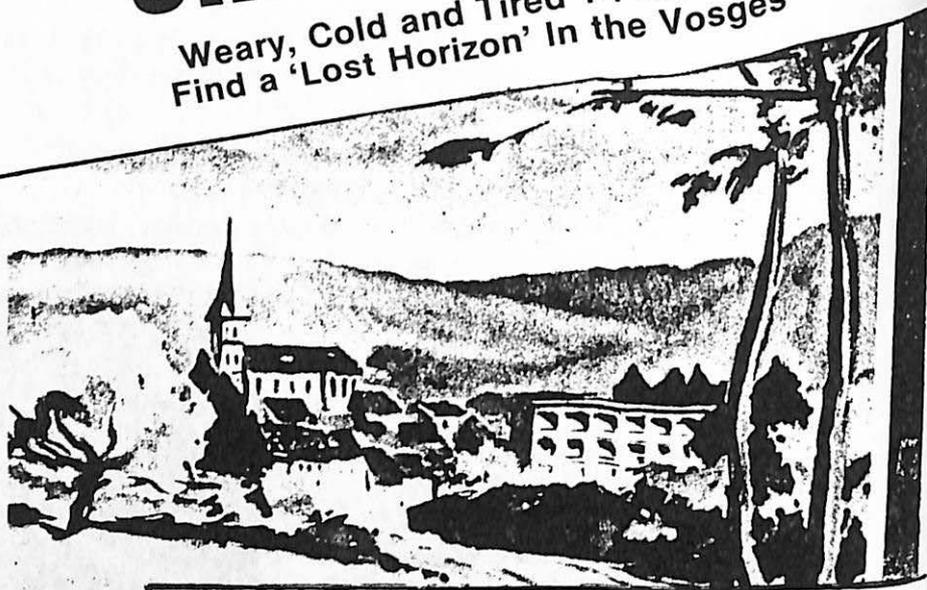
The 133 is 'first' with me,
I'm sure you'll all agree
The 133 is always there,
right with the in-fan-try
Whenever there's some dirty work,
the put us to the test.
They know darn well to get results,
they gotta have the best.
So the 133 is called upon by the
majority, the 133 is stalled
around but gets priority.
When the war is over, and
you are old and gray . . .
Just Tell them, you
were in 133, that's all you
have to say.
Not the 131st, not the 132nd,
they're both Okay, but so are you.
For the other two . . . drag out the
beer, let's drink a cheer for
all the guys who bring up the rear.



BAINS LES BAINS VOSGES

"SHANGRI-LA"

Weary, Cold and Tired T-Patchers
Find a 'Lost Horizon' In the Vosges



Take a rooper out of a foxhole, and sen him to BAINS les Bains for some R & R, was like leaving a flophouse, for a week at Disneyland. This farytale spot called Bains-les-Bains was an old favorite for the affluent French in pre-war days. It had all you needed — fine hotels, Roman baths in a beautiful setting. How lucky can you get?

LA STATION DES ARTERIELS

36th's Special Service Section Score Big With The Finest Rest Camp In The E.T.O.

Morale of the troops became a big factor, after the 36th went through "hell & half of Georgia" during the winter of 1943-44. The high command realized that the well-being of the trooper – was an important factor.

Major Benjamin F. Wilson (an ex-artilleryman) was given that post. And many things came about – USO Shows, Canteens and Rest Camps during our days in Sunny Italy.

The winter fighting in Eastern France was yet, something else. The logistics as to how this arrangement came about is not important. . . what is – **THE 36TH WAS GIVING THEIR FIGHTIN' MEN** – the best! Bains-les-Bains was the greatest!

Note: The art for the page at left, and below are taken from a pre-war brochure (we found at Le Grande) that was used by travel agencies, before the Germans took over. Notice the derigible with swastica on tail fin.



BAINS-LES-BAINS au centre des STATIONS VOSGIENNES

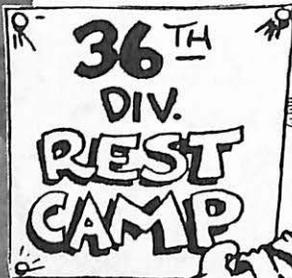
A Hundred Days of Combat And You Get One Week of Love & Tender Care . . .

The first group of 'restees' (men who had more than 100 continuous days in combat) arrived at Bains-les-Bains Spa for a week of R & R on December 7, 1944 (Pearl Harbor Day). The Rest Camp operated for the next four months, and records show that 5,533 EMs and 401 officers had been quartered there.

That's about one-third of division strength, and that's a good sized ratio, and the troopers knew they had the best treatment, ever!



Red Cross girls were part of the WELCOMING committee. Above is Candy White, and Kay McDonald both well known to the T-Patchers.



BAINS LES BAINS – Rest Camp deluxe

“Hey Joe, Pinch Me, I Think I’m Dreaming”

The first thing these troopers wanted was to get into some warm dry clothes, shed those heavy, wet and dirty Parka boots, hot water shower, and maybe slip into a ‘Dry Martini’.

After a 100 dreary days in combat, this was a dream. **“We were beginning to think we had been forgotten. Now show me some hot grub”.**



“Sitting down to a table, eating off plates with knife and fork, plus a pretty French girls dishing out some mighty fine vittles, and no canteen cup . . . can’t wait to write the folks back home about this. **“Hey, Joe hand me another slice of bread”.**”



Pfc Fidell Cashero of Detroit takes a nap after lunch, “I’m still dog-tired . . . wake me up in a couple of days”.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

**“ . . . Maestro, give us a few bars
of that R & R Music . . . ”**



During the one week stay at Bains-les-Bains, the schedule included two dances with some great Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller top tunes of the early 1940s, and the musical craftsmen did a real great job. Some of the local pretty 'mamsells' were in attendance to make these troopers - feel like 'back-home'. Above: members of 36th Division Band - John Forte, Anthony Lauro, Richard Wolf, Wm. Mattingly, Guido Lauro and Lewis Coldeway, to name a few.

Show below: One of a dozen sketches by Jack Bessel of Springfield MA, showing the T-Patchers in the ARC Corral where 'just relaxing' was the big thing, with Snack Bar, tables to write letters, radio to listen to and read. How about these Red Cross gals, Candy White and Kay McDonald really knew how to take care of the troopers.



BAINS LES BAINS — Rest Camp deluxe



“The Old Swimming
Hole Was Never
Like This . . .”



AHH, man this is livin'. Here's that famous hot mineral water pool at the Baine Les Baine 36th Division Rest Camp. Remember, there's lotsa snow outside when this pix was made by the US Army Signal Corp., 5th Army, and was released for statewide distribution to all major newspapers. This Rest Camp was just one of the many facilities operated by 36th Special Service Section, Division Hqs.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

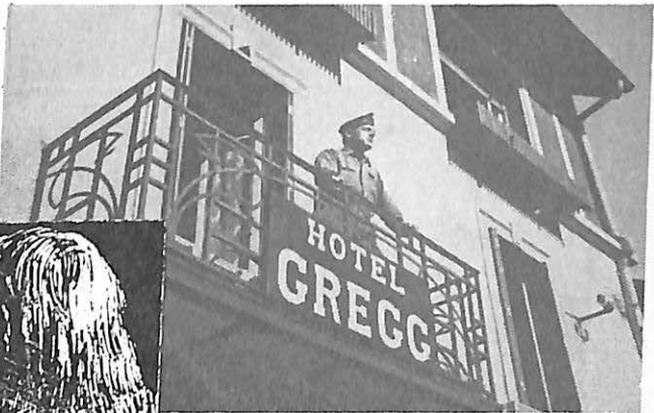


The Hotels were the troops were billed, were named in honor the first 5 of the 15 men who won the CMH. Hotel Kelly, (Commando); Hotel Logan (for Jim); Hotel Bjorkland, (for the officers); Hotel Crawford (for William), and Hotel Wise (for Homer), all in order of their getting their award, as of Dec. 1944.

Amazing thing about this operation, was the fact that the entire community of Bains-les-Bains were totally dedicated to see that these Le Americane troopers would have only the royal treatment.

Alot of imagination and work went into putting together a facility of this class . . . credits are listed on next page. They were motivated by the desire - "these are the men who really needed tender-loving-care."

Congressional Medal Winners Honored by Having Hotels Re-Named



Many of these frost-bitten T-Patchers wanted someone to talk to. Listen to their story, and problems they may have on the home front - like maybe "a Dear John" letter from old sweetheart, widowed mothers, or a brother in the Pacific, etc. The ARC girls listened, took notes and passed on to be taken care of. The Red Cross, under direction of William Fine, of New York City was 36th's best friend.

BAINS LES BAINS – Rest Camp Deluxe



WHOSE RUNNING THIS SHOW? Above at left - **Captain Theodore Nykiel** of Chicago, Assistant Special Officer was the man in charge. He had the aid of two lovely Red Cross hostesses - **Candy White and Kay McDonald** who supervised a variety of entertainment. Both were old timers, and had worked the Doughnut wagon

Above right: Candy White is counseling with a T-Patcher who needs some help for an unfortunate problem back home. Candy endeared herself to these troopers, and was widely loved and respected for her expertise. (She loved the 36th so much, she later married one of our men - Col. Herbert Eitt of 141st Infantry). A war-time romance, made in heaven.



BENJAMIN F. WILSON, Jr., of Kingsville TX shown above (at center) - was 36th Special Service Officer. He was the man who organized all these projects for the benefit of GI Joe. Things like PX rations, USO shows, Rest Camps and many more. In foto at left is Al Newell, and right - Fred Stallings of Houston. Photo taken at Kitzbuel Austria at war's end. If you attended the Bains-les-Bains Rest Camp - drop at line to Major Wilson, 231 E. Kleberg St., Kingsville TX 78363. (Ted Nykiel is deceased).

**COMING - Next Issue - Part Two -
USO Shows, Movie Stars, PX Canteen,
Red Cross Doughnut Girls, and More**

**Colonel
JOHN NORVELL 'Pete' GREEN**



1901-1985

Commanding Officer, 132nd Field Artillery

"Fight With The Rammerstaff"

... this dictum by Col. Pete Green was well known with 36th Artillerymen ... and now it can join the legends - like "I have not yet begun to fight", John Paul Jones' reply to a British demand to surrender.



Culive
John Paul Jones, American naval hero, won fame in the Revolutionary War in America.

Abilene Reporter-News, Thur. Eve., Nov. 14, 1965

Engineer, Army hero dies at 84

John Norvell "Pete" Green, who divided his working life into distinct careers in the military and in engineering, died overnight in his sleep at 1:03 a.m. today.

He was 84.

Green, who rose to the rank of colonel in the U.S. Army after starting his active duty in mid-life, was born in Runnels County on June 21, 1901, the son of an early-day West Texas educator.

His father, R.D. Green, was superintendent of Abilene Public Schools for about 20 years before he died in 1937.

The younger Green was a graduate of Abilene High School and attended Simmons College and the University of Texas a year each before joining the company now known as West Texas Utilities in 1922 to start his first career.

An engineer in charge of many dam and power plant construction projects over much of West Texas in the '20s and '30s, Green also worked five years for the Tennessee Valley Authority.

He was for several years a consultant for H.F. Templeton Construction Co. of San Angelo.

In 1922, he joined the National Guard, and was activated with his unit in 1940.

In World War II, Green commanded the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion of the 36th Division, which fought at Salerno, Cassino, Anzio, Rome, all in Italy; in the invasion of France; and in the campaign from Austria to Germany.

His combat decorations included the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal, the Army Com-

mandation Ribbon, the Purple Heart, and the Croix de Guerre with a Gold Star.

After the war, Green stayed on active duty, serving at posts in Memphis, Omaha, in Abilene with the 136th National Guard Division, and Camp Chaffee, Ark.

He returned to combat duty in Korea, as executive officer of the 25th Division Artillery.

Green retired in 1956 as chief of the Iowa military district.

Sixteen years after retirement, he was given an honorary promotion by the Texas National Guard to the rank of brevet brigadier general.

After his 1956 Army retirement and his return to West Texas Utilities, Green helped build several power plants, including plants at Haskell, at Oak Creek Lake near Blackwell, and a \$10 million plant at Lake Nasworthy in the mid-60s.

The Nasworthy plant when completed was WTU's largest.

He retired from WTU in 1966.

He married Helen Cox in 1925. She died in 1967. He married Eleanor Guynes Dec. 20, 1968, in Abilene.

His sister-in-law, Louise Green, said of Green:

"He was a very proud soldier and very family-oriented."

In time of troubles, she said, "he was always the one I called on."

Green was a member of the Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Services will be announced later, to be directed by Elliott-Hamill Funeral Home, 542 Hickory St.

He was preceded in death by two sisters and two brothers.

Survivors include his wife, Eleanor, of the home; two daughters, Mrs. Harold C. (Nancy) Boehning of Dallas and Mrs. F.R. (Janis) Haile of Fort Worth; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Edgar N. (Martha) Morgan of Austin; a stepson, Sam B. Guynes, of San Francisco, one brother, William (Bill) Green of Waco; a sister-in-law, Mrs. R.D. Green Jr. of Abilene; seven grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Gabbert Recalls Colonel Pete —

“He Was One Helluva Man” . . .

One thing that comes to mind happened at Camp A. P. Hill, after we moved there from mountain training area. We were busy getting everyone P.O.M. qualified and found there were 15 or 20 who had not completed familiarization on the bazooka. Major Clark, S-3, got Lt. Nicholas Rahal, Hq. Btry., pointed out an area on the map, gave him a bazooka and a few rounds of ammunition and told him to take the group out for a familiarization course on the weapon. When Rahal arrived at the designated spot he found a crossroads with several old buildings in various states of repair. He started his lecture by firing a round into one of the old buildings, but it was so dilapidated that it didn't show the true effect of the bazooka round. He looked around the area and just across the road was a fairly well preserved and very sturdy cement block building.

All the windows had shutters on them and the doors were locked — but this didn't tell him anything since he was determined to show his class the destructive power of the weapon. Well, he fired a round into the building and went on with the lesson. A few minutes later one of the students saw smoke coming out of the building and told the Lieutenant. They pulled a shutter off of a window and found the room was filled with tentage. Rahal got on the radio and called the C.P., reporting the fire and asking to have the post fire department sent out. **By the time the fire dept. arrived the building had burned to the ground.**

About an hour later the Post Quartermaster called and gave Col. Green one of the worst chewings, I'm sure, he ever had. It seems the Q.M. was using the building to store tentage and had something like the following: 2 large, 2 pole medical tents, 24 pyramidal, 10 large walls, 8 latrine screens and many other items of a like nature with a total value of \$40,000.

We were getting close to going to Fort Dix and the Q.M. told Col. Green he was not going to leave A. P. Hill until he had paid for the loss. Green finally got somebody in the Pentagon to talk to the Q.M. and got Herb Bishop, S-4, to prepare a report of survey. So he went to Dix with the Bn. The R/S came back to him there. He reworked it and returned it. To make a long story short, it went back and forth several times and the last time I heard anything about it was after we went to relieve the 3rd Division near Mignano.

"Fight with the rammerstaff"

I asked the colonel about it one time after we went in the line in Nov. '43 and he shrugged his shoulders and mutered something about the old SOB. He was worried at Hill that he wasn't going to leave with the Bn., but someone at D/A went to bat for him and I do believe that if it had come down to it – he would have gone to Dix with the Bn. in spite of the camp quartermaster. To the best of my knowledge he never mentioned it to Lt. Rahal.

"PETE GREEN'S MORTAR BATTALION"

Another thing – the old **"Fight 'em With The Rammer-staff"** got lots of mileage but the one I liked best was a name someone in the 142nd hung on the battalion. Whoever it was said, **"that it wasn't the 132nd F.A. Bn – it was Pete Green's Mortar Bn."** this, because, as you know, we were usually close enough behind the infantry to be within range of enemy mortar fire. On more than one occasion, we had mortar rounds fall in our battery area.

On 22 December '43 we moved into those positions east of San Pietro. I remember this area was so hilly and rough we had engineers bulldozers scrape out places for the guns and each one was at a different elevation. **"A" Btry. No. 4 gun was about 40 feet lower than No. 1.**

We moved all vehicles back to Service Battery near Venafro. On Christmas morning the "Old Man" had all the B.C.'s come to the command post. These plus the Bn. staff made a total of 10 or 12. We had fried eggs for breakfast. (The first since hitting Italy.) But before breakfast he brought out a bottle of bourbon, a bottle of scotch and a bottle of rum. He made a few brief remarks; commended everybody and gave a toast. It was things like this that made us all regard him so highly, because he could easily keep the booze for himself.

I'll never forget the landing in Southern France. Only the four guns and essential personnel from the firing batteries and the fire direction center personnel went in with first wave. One of the infantry regiments had already gone ashore down east of our beach. The 142nd was supposed to go ashore at St. Raphael, west of us. When our time came we loaded into DUWKs and went in in alphabetical order – Batteries A, B, and C.

I was in the vehicle with my 1st gun section. **Pete came up and crawled in and he and I were sitting on the edge of the cargo compartment behind the driver.** We started in to the beach which was relatively flat, about 400 yards from east to west and 60 to 70 yards deep. As we got within about 1000 yards of shore a single German gun (150mm) started straffing the beach with a round about every 30 seconds and moving from west to east and back across the area. The DUWK kept going.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

I looked at Pete, he didn't say a word, just continued looking straight ahead. So I said to myself, **"If he can take it that calmly, I can too!"** The firing stopped when we were about 50 yards offshore - the DUWK pulled up on the beach, we drove from one end to the other to get to the exit road and I never heard another word until we had all landed and got to the area where we were to unload the guns from the vehicles. I couldn't imagine what he was thinking but you could just see the determination in his face.

In summary, I've never seen a person who was; more patriotic, more dedicated, more devoted or more determined. He believed in being honest, as near perfection as possible, and in always doing the very best he was capable of doing. **He was one helluva' man!**

John R. Gabbert
(Exec CO 132nd FA Bn)
925 S. Waterview Dr. Apt. 215
Richardson, TX 75080

HAROLD PICKARD Remembers 'Pete'

Everybody in the service has heard the old expression, **"If that hada been a second Louie you'd a been in a peck of trouble."**

Well, it actually happened to me.

I volunteered to break in a new man on the telephone switchboard to get out of close order drill. This, I believe, was in the **"rest"** area in the spring of '44.

The new man was doing just fine in his new job so I was across the tent reading. All at once about six drops fell at once and he started sticking plugs into jacks. He had people with wrong numbers, people talking to themselves, etc. About then I heard him say, **"Colonel Green, you will just have to hang up, some other BASTARD is using that line!"**

Figuring my name was **"mud,"** I sweated for a couple of days waiting for the **"axe to fall,"** then sure enough one day I was on the radio by myself and Colonel Green walked up. Without any preliminaries he said, **"When you are breaking in a new man, you had better keep a close eye on him. That could just as easily been a 2nd Lieutenant instead of me on the phone the other day, and if it had been, YOU WOULD BE IN BIG TROUBLE NOW!"** With that he turned and strolled off.

Harold L. Pickard (Btry C 132nd)
4925 Rector
Fort Worth, TX 76133



"Fight with the rammerstaff"

I REMEMBER COLONEL PETE GREEN WHEN:

I served under Col. Pete from Brownwood until the end of WWII. He did everything in his power to provide artillery support for the 142nd Infantry. When we were in combat, he was usually up with the Infantry Regimental Commander, advising him and calling back to our battalion telling us how to support their missions.

When our Fire Direction Center was set up in a farm house looking up at Abbey Montecassino, German rocket fire had been quite active. Col. Pete was up with the Infantry and I was on duty at FDC. Col. Pete called in, "Jones, what are you firing at?". No having any fire missions, I said, "Nothing Sir." "Well get to firing" was his response. "What do you want me to fire at?", I asked. He said "It doesn't make a damn; just fire." From then on we just picked out spots that might be possible launcher or artillery sights and fired. Apparently Col. Pete and the infantry were happy just listening to our

rounds going out. Col. Pete usually slept in a tent and at this position it was set up behind the farmhouse. Late one night he was on his cot when a German artillery round exploded close by making several holes in his tent. He moved inside and never used the tent again.

After we passed through Rome, Col. Pete was up with the infantry when they hit a road block. A German shell exploded under Col. Pete's jeep killing Vincent Lopresto, his interpreter. Col. Pete suffered from concussion and bruises. Later on Col. Pete and I were up inspecting a river crossing site where we were going to cross that night. The engineers were laying down a heavy smoke screen when heavy German artillery fire started coming in. Once more Col. Pete must have had someone higher up looking out for him. An infantry Colonel told Col. Pete once that his artillerymen up with the infantrymen had it too comfortable. Col. Pete said "Any damn fool can be uncomfortable."

Colonel Pete Green was the finest Army Officer I ever knew.

Remus L. Jones, Lt. Col. Ret.
(Capt. Hqs Btry 132nd)
505 Alexander Killeen, TX 76541

Colonel Green's Driver and Very Close Friend...AMIL KOHUTEK talks:

PETE GREEN — a man who did what he had to do.

War is hell. John Norvell "Pete" Green knew and hated war. Yet he was a war hero.

The slight-built, steely-eyed colonel from Texas had the fiber of which heroes are made. He didn't know the word, "surrender." All of his life he had lived by the code, "a man has to do what he has to do without winning."

It was only natural that when Pete's unit was pinned down on the bloody beach of Salerno, Italy, ammunition almost gone, and other artillery officers suggesting that they pull back, for Pete to shout, "Hell no! We'll stay where we are, and when our ammunition is gone, we'll fight with rammerstuffs."

Pete's family and friends didn't find it surprising that the colonel distinguished himself in time of war. They rather expected it. He always did the things that he did with honor and care, even to raising a garden. when it was time to sow, he sowed, when time to fertilize,

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

he fertilized, and when it was time to harvest, he harvested and shared the harvest with others.

When he built a dam, he built one that would last, and he built it no matter the odds. He stood tall the day he took his family through the Pickwick Dam power plant – one of the Tennessee Valley Authority projects. **“We not only harnessed a river,”** he stated with pride, **“we made it work for mankind.** Some said it couldn’t be done, **but we did it.”**

When it was time to go to war, Pete and his brother talked it over. Both were long time members of the Texas National Guard. His brother’s wife was pregnant with their first child. **“Your duty is here,”** Pete said, **“You stay home and see your first child born, and help take care of my wife and children, and I’ll go fight. We need men on the home front as well as the battle front.”**

It was his belief that if we didn’t fight aggressors over-seas, we would one day be doing it on the streets of our own nation. **“There are just some things a man has to do, no matter the hell of it,”** Pete said, and marched off to war.

“A Knowledgable, No-nonsense Leader”

“The colonel was some man,” his driver and long time friend Amil Kohutek says of him. He recalled many of the stories of their times together in war. **“Pete knew that National Guard officers had to prove themselves to the West Pointers. It didn’t bother Pete though. He wasn’t in the war to make a name for himself. He was there to win and go back home.”**

It didn’t take long for both men and officers to learn that Pete Green was a knowledgable, no-nonsense leader who knew what he was about. He cared, really cared, about the safety of every soldier under his command.

The stories about Pete Green are legend, both in war and in peace, yet none contain even a hint that he ever shirked his duty. He did what he had to do in World War II, Korea, building dams and powerplants, taking care of his family and friends, and being true to the man that he was.

When he stood at the grave of a loved one and the rain began to fall, he said, **“It is fitting that the heavens should weep.”**

Now, Pete Green is gone. The military burial and memorial services are over, yet it is fitting that we should weep. Not every man does what a man should do, and we miss the soldier, husband, father, brother and friend who always did what a man had to do – with honor.

"Fight with the rammerstaff"

John Hawkins, Battalion Historian - writes:

I can still picture the Colonel sitting in his Command Post pouring over a situation map. He always had a good crew and I can remember his looking up at you with those all knowing eyes and that glint and a smile and take time to answer your questions no matter how involved he was. I used to bother him with questions all the time and there was a reason for this. This all started back in North Africa and when Major James T. Clark was Battalin S-3. One day Major Clark gave me an order to keep the Battalion Unit Journal - a 24 hour record. He told me that I was supposed to know where the Battalion Commander was at all times plus the movements etc. of the Battlation. It was not easy to follow the movements of Ruddy 6 because he was always on the move and fighting the war with all his might. Pete Green as we came to know him deep affection was never to tired or too busy to answer all my questions. He had extreme patience and in many ways was the father of us all. I firmly believe that many of us made it home again due to the skill of this artillery officer in putting his units in the best possible positions of defilade.

Most of the time he would tell me; "I am going up forward to check on the Doughs. He was always going forward - the only time I knew him to go to the rear was when the General told him he was due for a rest. Of course he did not always agree with the General. One time General Hess came into the C.P. and stated that he wanted to present an individual Croix de Guerre and right away Ruddy 6 wanted to give it to an enlisted F. O. who well deserved recognition; however the General stated that it would go the Battalion Commander and that was that.

The individual Infantrymen knew "Pete." He was at the point most of the time. The 132nd Field Artillery Battalion was known as "Pete Green's Mortar Battalion."

For many many year I have been secretary of the Department of Delaware, Reserve Officers Association and in that capacity have come in contact with officers of all services and ranks and nobody - nobody - surpassed this gentleman in command.

I can remember well the first day at Salerno where Colonel Pete Green knew the whole situation so well that the Division Artillery Commander who was a Regular stated: "Pete, its your show." This is fact because I was right there and heard this statement. Do you remember the second day at Salerno when some of the doughs were wandering back through our lines at the Command Post (a long ditch) and Ruddy 6 hearded them all and turned them in the right direction mentally and physically. It was in this same position that a brand new 2nd Lieutenant started to run amuck looking for his gas mask when some talk of enemy gas came over the radio. Pete Green grabbed him and said "Take it easy - its alright, Son."

He was always very modest about admitting the statement he made during a breakthrough at Salerno and he even tried to play it down; but it did take place. I heard it as it went out over the phone. He instructed one Battery Commander "put out local security and if necessary fight them off with the rammerstaffs."

Whenever I am confronted with some idea about men crying I always state that at one time I witnessed a whole staff of officers cry when their Battalion Commander left for home.

I quote from the beginning of our written Battalion History:

"We have each been a part of a great fighting unit. We have never failed to accomplish our assigned mission. Nothing which the future holds for any one of us should be too difficult. We have done so much the hard way.

I am humble in the privilege of having commanded such good soldiers. for now and all times I would quote a prayer.

'Dear God, give us the strength to accept with serenity the things which can not be changed. Give us courage to change the things which can and should be changed, and give us wisdom to differentiate the one from the other.'

John N. Green
Lt. Col. Field Artillery
Commanding

"My mother used to tell me what made a Southern Gentleman. I know now better than anyone because I had the privilege and honor of knowing John N. Green"...

John V. Hawkins, Sr.
160 Christiana Road
New Castle, DE 19720

Excerpts from Eulogy for
Colonel 'Pete' Green

By General

Ross Ayers

Memorial Service
United Methodist Church
University Park
Dallas
11:30 Nov. 23, 1985

On D-plus-3 of the Salerno landing, the German attack at Altavilla began. The 132nd Field Artillery was supporting the 142nd Infantry Regiment. In the early afternoon a battery commander called the F.D.C. (Fire Direction Center) and said, **"I have about 20 rounds of ammunition left, what do I do when I've fired that?"** Pete said, **"Break down the rammerstaff and fight them in the pits."** Ammo arrived eventually and the 142nd retook Altavilla.

* * * * *

The 1st Battalion, 142nd Infantry was holding Selestat (France) on the division's left flank. Col. George Lynch, Lt. Col. "Pete" Green and Lt. Col. James L. Minor, C.O., 1st Bn. made a plan to make a counterattack against the attacking Germans, followed by quick withdrawal. The Germans gave quick pursuit. They were trapped between a railroad track and the Rhine River. Pete's artillery plan was to open up with all the artillery within range, including two other division units and one corps battalion. **In less than an hour the battle was over and 600 German soldiers were dead or wounded and over 300 dazed prisoners were taken.** The French 2nd Armored Division quickly drove through the gap left by the battle and took Colmar thus clearing all German troops from French soil south and west of Strasbourg.

* * * * *

Col. Green was Chief of Staff, 5th Armored Division at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. A friend of mine in Lubbock asked me if I knew anyone at Chaffee. I said I did. He then told me his son-in-law had been drafted and was taking training there. He and his wife and daughter wanted to go see him. I called Pete and he said to tell them to come to the gate and tell the guard on duty who they were and to call Colonel Green.

When they returned to Lubbock they called me. The guard had held them at the gate until Pete arrived, about five minutes. He then took them to the Officer's Club and ordered drinks. In about 30 minutes the son-in-law arrived. Pete had arranged everything. **They were very grateful that a colonel in the army would do this for a basic soldier.**

* * * * *

Pete was assigned to Korea as corps artillery officer. While there he received a letter from Colonel Thomas Bay who was the

"Fight with the rammerstaff"

commanding officer of the 131st Field Artillery Battalion when it movilized in 1940. Tom told Pete that his son, Buddy was on active duty in Korea. He was a 2nd Lieutenant forward observer with a front line infantry outfit. He asked Pete to see about and, "take care of Buddy."

Pete went up to the infantry command post and visited awhile with Buddy. Afterwards he wrote to Col. Bay, telling him that his son was doing fine and in good health. Later Col. Bay confided to me that that was not exactly what he had in mind.

Later, when Col. Green returned to the U.S. he was assigned duty as Army Advisor to the Texas National Guard. I told him that Col. Bay had expected him to get Buddy reassigned to a less hazardous position. Pete said, "I know what Tom Bay wanted but I did what Buddy wanted, and he did just fine."

Charles Hearn, Battalion S-3 says- Colonel Pete Had Great Concern For His Men, and they were aware of it.

Lt. Col. John N. "Pete" Green.

He will always be "Colonel" Green to me. "Pete" just didn't fit the man I knew. He once told me "Having the responsibility for the lives of a battalion of men is too much for one man to bear."

Typical of Col. Green's concern for his men was exemplified when he came up on Mount Maggiore right after the 142nd had taken this mountain guarding the left side of the Mignano Gap. It was early in December 1943 and we were all cold, wet and very tired. He came up to check on his forward observers. Lt. Ruffin had been wounded and his replacement, Lt. Ellermeyer, and his 2 man F.O. party was captured on the way from my position to the most forward O.P.

The terrain was very rugged and rocky - you couldn't "dig" a foxhole. My hole was between two large rocks that leaned together at the top. It was small but made a pretty good palce to get out of the weather and offered good protection from enemy artillery fire. Col. Green stayed "on the hill" that

night. When I offered him my hole he refused. "Lot., that's your hole," he said, "I'll stay out here." We spent the night within 2 or 3 feet of each other - me with shelfter and him out in the open with a single G.I. blanket. The night was again cold but it didn't rain. (For a change.)

Artillery from both sides boomed all night and mcachine gun fire could be heard from across the valley on Mount Lungo. I think the Italians were attempting to take Mt. Lungo. Col. Green left the next morning. Within a few days Capt. John Bennett releived me and I was sent to rest camp at Sorrento for a week! Col. Green was extremely concerned for the welfare of his men. He hurt when his men hurt. That's the kind of C.O. he was. We all respected and loved him for it.

Charles L. Hearn
(Maj. Hqs. 132nd, S-3)
1201 Glenhaven
Cleburne, Texas 76031

Military hero

Pete Green

At a time in his life when most men have settled into a comfortable niche, John Norvell "Pete" Green embarked on an entirely new career.

And it was not an ordinary career change. Green left a job as an engineer at the age of 39 to command an artillery battalion during World War II.

Green, who died last week at the age of 84, joined the firm now known as West Texas Utilities in 1922 to start his career as an engineer. He was in charge of many dam and power plant construction projects over much of West Texas in the '20s and '30s. He also worked five years for the Tennessee Valley Authority.

In 1922, he joined the National Guard, and was activated with his unit in 1940. His was a distinguished military career. He fought with the 132nd Field Artillery Battalion of the 36th Division throughout Italy, in the invasion of France and in the campaign from Austria to Germany.

At the bloody Salerno beach landing in Italy, Green coined a battle cry that immediately became legend. On the third day of fighting at the beachhead when the Germans counter-attacked, infantry troops pulled back temporarily behind the artillery positions.

Several artillery officers suggested that Green move his artillery back.

"Hell no!" the colonel shouted, "We'll stay where we are, and when our ammunition is gone, we'll fight with rammerstuffs!" The cry, "Fight with Rammerstuffs" caught on, and the attack was repulsed.

His combat decorations included the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal, the Army Commendation Ribbon, the Purple Heart and the Croix de Guerre with a Gold Star.

Remaining with the military, he returned to combat duty in Korea, as executive officer of the 25th Division

“Fight with the rammerstaff”

Artillery. He retired in 1956 as chief of the Iowa military district, and, 16 years later, was given an honorary promotion by the Texas National Guard to the rank of brevet brigadier general.

Following his retirement, he rejoined West Texas Utilities, and helped build several power plants, including plants at Haskell, at Oak Creek Lake near Blackwell, and a \$10 million plant at Lake Nasworthy in the mid-60s.

He was a dedicated soldier and a born commander. He was a no-nonsense leader who demanded — and received — perfection from those in his ranks.

At the same time, however, he was a humane and considerate man with a winning personality. He gained not only the obedience but also the respect of those who worked for him.

In short, few accomplish in one career what Green managed in two. He was a true hero.

Col. Pete Green was soldiers' officer



Dear Editor:

Your editorial on Col. Pete Green was very commendable and accurate. It sounds like fiction, but his remark, “When the ammo is gone, we’ll fight with the rammerstaffs” was actually made at the invasion of Italy at Salerno, or Paestum, south of Salerno. I know, because I was there when he made that remark.

Col. Green was a soldier’s idea of a true colonel, always up front where the fighting was, knowing what was going on, a real leader.

After the surrender of Germany, I was discharged in July, and was working at the Paramount Theatre as manager, under Wally Akin. One morning, Col. Green and Major Raymond Elliott walked in, and said they had a decoration for me from the War Department.

I actually thought more of these two field officers tracking me down than I did of the decoration. We’ll miss Col. Green, both as a civilian and an officer in the U.S. Army.

RALPH V. FRY
2149 South Willis St.
Abilene 79605



“Fight with the rammerstaff”

C. N. RED MORGAN, Amarillo, TX served with 142nd Infantry, and naturally was proud to have Pete Green and his cannoneers for support action when needed. Red reprinted Green's Obit in his High Plains Chapter newsletter, and added this quote:

“General John Norvell (Pete) Green has gone to join the legions of JIM BOWIE and DAVID CROCKETT. I am sure that he will be highly respected by those Texans that have gone before him.”

A Special Thanks to Jean D. Baker

Baker is editor of the Battery C 132nd Newsletter, and it's a good one. He was first to send in clips about the passing of Pete Green.

We immediately called him (Aledo is only two beers from Fort Worth) and asked for his assistance in getting 'quotes' from men of 132nd F. A. BN. All these stories were gathered by Jean Baker. He added this short one:

PHIL McCLENDON, C Battery section chief, had this to say about Green -“there were very few days during combat that the Old Man failed to visit all 12 of his 105mm gun sections. No matter how much hurry he was in, he would always take time talk with the cannoneers, and answer questions asked. He always tried to 'spot' his batteries close to the Infantry, cause the Krauts wouldn't be looking for them there for counterbattery fire. The record proves he was right”.



JEAN D. BAKER,
P.O. Box 176, Aledo, TX
76008
Former Supply Sgt. Btry C,
132nd Field Artillery



132nd Field Artillery —



Texas' 36th Division Sets Endurance Record

WITH THE 6TH ARMY GROUP, Somewhere in Alsace.—Texas doughboys of the 36th Infantry Division fighting here are credited with a new Army endurance record in their drive to plant the Lone Star flag on the Rhine.

On Dec. 11 the veteran 36th began its 119th consecutive day in contact with the Germans.

FOR THE
RECORD

Now under French command, the 36th had fought side by side with tough Moroccan Goums in the long drive across France since the landing on the Mediterranean coast.

It has not been by any means an easy fight. One estimate placed the division's infantry replacements at 90 per cent since the landing. Some companies have had as many as 12 commanders.

* We are glad that the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce didn't see this one — "Goums were called THE FORT WORTH BATTALION."
The Dallas Mayor would have received a call from the Fort Worth Mayor. Ha.

But the Texans still manage to maintain their sense of humor. At the front they shout to one another in GI French, and occasionally a Dallas boy will refer to the dark-skinned Goums as "The Fort Worth Battalion." *

The exact whereabouts of the 36th is not officially disclosed. Two weeks ago they were on the slopes of the Vosges above Selestat. Reports indicate they are now probably in combat with German rear guards between the slopes of the Vosges and the flooded plains below. Ahead of them are scores of little Alsatian towns, each in itself a barrier in the march to the Rhine.

Fighting for the most part side by side with the 36th, the veteran 3d Marine Division also marked 119 days of contact with the enemy on the same date. But the 3d spent a day or two in October moving into a new position near Remiremont and have recently had some garrison and police duty.

The 36th, however, has continuously had at least two and generally three regiments in the front lines. One regiment recently went through an 80-hour street battle and was still carrying on without a breather at last reports.

The 79th Division claimed 117 days of contact in its drive across France toward Luneville, and the 45th Division, which Friday will be fighting its 365th day of combat since coming overseas, reported 119 days of continuous contact in the Italian campaign, according to some sources.

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGHAN



By Julian "Duney" Philips

During the month of July and early August, 1944, the men and officers of the 36th Infantry Division worked and sweated to train for an Invasion — the Country or beach not known at that time.

We had received our replacements to bring the Division up to strength after the Rome Drive. Some of the men were just out of basis training and had not been in combat, while others had been in Divisions in the States. Then there were always returnees from hospitals, some whose wounds had not completely healed. They heard the Division was moving and they did not want to be left behind. They knew there was a possibility they would be sent to other Divisions if they did not rejoin the 36th. This type of loyalty was not uncommon in combat units.

It was our job to get them ready to go ashore someplace in Europe against the Germans.

We had been through every phase of combat with these men, working some into our mortar sections and others into machine gun sections. The ones that were left were placed in rifle platoons. **We taught them what to expect from the Germans**, how to act when they came upon a man who was there to kill them and what it was like to be in a barrage that did not let up. We also taught them how they should act on their first attack and, last but not least, **they had to learn to kill — or be killed.**

In training, we waded ashore time and time again, from Landing Crafts, LCI's and LCT's. We were trying to correct all mistakes so when we went ashore sometime in the near future we would be ready.

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGHAN

We had trained our men well, with rifles, B.A.R.'s mortars, machine guns, bazookas, bangalore torpedoes and explosives. They were ready to meet the Germans.

It took quite awhile to load an Army with supplies on Navy ships in preparation for an invasion of this magnitude.

We loaded from the Naples area and as a ship would load, it pulled out into the Bay of Naples and anchored. We were allowed to swim to other ships that were loaded and anchored in the Bay. **Some of our Cannon Company, 143rd Infantry, were on an LCT near us, so I swam to their ship to visit with C. L. "Tiny" Thompson and Phil Strom.** (They were from Houston, Texas and had mobilized with Co. G 143rd Infantry. Both had Silver Stars and were good soldiers.)

The Bay of Naples was a deep blue and as clear as crystal. The sun was bright that August day in 1944. The water was warm and war seemed so far away – but oh, so near.

Here again was the situation we knew so well. The Division was ready, battle wise, all equipment cleaned for action and more than enough ammunition and rations. Knowing everything was ready did not keep that hollow feeling from the pit of our stomachs.

As the ships weighed anchor and we were underway, we had only a few hours to wait until we would open our orders. We were anxious to find out where we were going and who would be there to greet us when we went ashore.

We had the English, Australians and Indians in our training area and we thought we would all be going on one big invasion.

Our Host Will Be - The German 19th Army

After opening our orders, we learned we were alone and on our way to **Southern France.** We would land just east of San Raphael and our host to be was the German 19th Army. Our job was to take his title as the Host of Southern France. **We had these options: send him home, capture him or kill him.**

People by the millions have been going to the beaches of Southern France for hundreds of years. They go to relax, soak up the sun, dine on the best food in Europe and drink some of the finest wines in France.

Here we were, **a Division in the 7th Army, on a summer outing, cruising on the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, heading for the small town of San Raphael on the southern coast of France.** We were just one day at sea when the Navy captain called his men together in the officers mess to go over their orders. He had confided in me the night before that neither he nor his men had ever been under shell fire. Our Army officers were welcomed to his meeting. **He started out by explaining to his officers and men how fortunate they were to be car-**

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

rying men of the famous 36th Infantry Division from Texas. He went on to explain the Division was battle wise and knew what they would face on the beaches of Southern France. He said our men had every right to be nervous and told his personnel to go out of their way to make the trip an enjoyable one. Up until then, the only nervous personnel on board were the Navy. Our men were writing letters, playing poker, shooting dice and trying to get our orders out of their minds. Most remembered how the Germans had fought at Velletri, Cassino and the Rapido River just a few months before.

The Captain went on to say that if our men requested anything within reason to be sure they got it. We could not have asked for a better Navy support. I remember his talk as though a coach were talking to his football team, always trying to get a little more from them, but all along wanting them to play a good game.

On the nights of the 14th and 15th of August, 1944, not many men or officers of the 36th Division rested or slept. It was not because we had been at sea for a few days – it was more than that. The U.S. Navy was to put us ashore the next morning on the beaches of Southern France. We would go down in history as part of the U.S. 7th Army, making a second front in France and it would be known as “Anvil.”

Our orders stated that the 7th Army was commanded by Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch and was made up of three American Divisions. These were the 3rd Infantry Division, the 45th Infantry Division and the 36th Infantry Division from Texas.

The Army could not have put a better group together to satisfy members of the 36th Division personnel. We knew these units and were confident they would do their jobs and do them well.

In the past, we were never sure of information that G-2 gave us, so we had our doubts as to how we would be welcomed by the German 19th Army. There was that lonely feeling creeping up on us again. We knew we would hit the beaches the next morning as the “Queen of Battle,” and, for a time, we would be by ourselves until the tanks and artillery were able to be put ashore.

We kept going over and over our orders trying to work out answers to every question that popped into our heads. We studied overlays and maps until our eyes hurt as we tried to memorize every detail. We had to know where we would be at all times.

Officers would call a group of Sergeants together to go over certain details pertaining to their sector of the beach. The Sergeants would go back to their men and go over the orders, answering questions that came up time and again. They were always trying to make it sound simple, trying to assure us that we would take our objectives. Then there were the questions from our new replacements – they were

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGHAN

always seeking answers. The old Sergeants took a little more time with the new men because they were younger and really did not know what to expect.

One must remember where these recruits came from. First, they were Americans and most of them were raised in family oriented homes. The largest majority were raised in the church, some Catholics, others Lutherans, while others were Methodist and Baptist. **All had cut their teeth on the "Ten Commandments."** The Commandment that kept coming into a soldiers' mind was, **"Thou Shalt Not Kill."** We never told a new soldier his early training was wrong or that he was supposed to forget his religious upbringing. **We tried to stress the fact that our Government was at war with Hitler's Germany and they had been brought into the Army as soldiers.** It would become his job to kill the enemy and if there was a delay in carrying out his orders, he could lose his life. We did not dwell on this subject of **"Kill the Enemy."** It was usually accepted that our soldiers would know how to respond when the situation presented itself.

Most of the time a soldier would ask to speak to his Sergeant or officer. It was always with a little embarrassment when they got around to say, **"Lieutenant, when the time comes for me to kill a man, I'm not sure I can."** I always countered this question and, with my arm on his shoulder, I usually said, **"I was raised a Baptist and one of the first things I learned in Sunday School was the Ten Commandments.** When the time comes to kill the enemy, you will realize you are an American and do your job because we are soldiers representing the greatest country on the face of the earth." This was a way of easing their minds, always praying it would be an easy landing and we would get ashore before all "Hell" broke loose.

The convoy was beautiful and, as far as one could see, **there were LCT's, LCI's, Destroyers, Battleships, Supply Ships and Troop Carriers.** The Destroyers were always moving through the convoy, making sure the flanks were secure and the seas were clear of Submarines.

On the afternoon of the 14th of August, 1944, the Navy Captain called a meeting of all the Army officers on his ship. The meeting was held in the Officers Mess and when we were assembled he told us he had been studying his orders trying to get everything straight in his mind. **He explained what he thought he could do the next morning – with many "IF'S."** If we did not encounter a mine – encountered did sound better than hitting a mine. **If we did not run into underwater obstacles** – his orders stated there were many. It would be up to the Navy Frogmen to clear everything up to the beaches. The captain made it very clear that **"IF" everything went right, with no pro-**

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

blems, he was under the impression he would be able to put us ashore on dry land. Most of us had thought we would at least get wet, but his maps made him believe he could run up on the beach. He ended the meeting by suggesting we go to the pantry and take anything we wanted when it was time for us to leave the ship. He went on to explain they would see a supply ship on the 16th or 17th of August to replenish his stores.

The only thing I had really missed having to eat in Europe was dry cereal. I stuffed the inside of my shirt with as many small packages of Post Toasties as I could and carried a gallon of stuffed olives.

The trip so far had been beautiful – bright sunny days and lovely nights with ten million stars shining. The beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea was full of phosphorous in every wake the ship made. **No place in the world could be more peaceful.**

The ships were running with out lights but, as we looked over the railings, we could make out silhouettes of other ships in all directions.

The older officers would duck into the Officers Mess every now and then to take out his orders and maps, always trying to work out something else in his mind.

It was well after midnight when the planes carrying the Paratroopers and those towing gliders went past. We knew they would beat us to France, which was a good feeling. Their job would be to disrupt communications, set up road blocks, hold key bridges and keep the Germans bottled up until we broke through to them with support. **We all hoped and prayed their operation would be successful.**

It was still dark as we saw France for the first time. The Air Force was dropping their bombs, trying to knock out key targets and soften the beaches for us.

'D-DAY' Started Out a Beautiful Day...

August 15, 1944 started out to be a beautiful day. The sun was bright in the east, in a light blue sky with only a few white clouds here and there. Then the silence was broken as I heard the first Navy Ship open fire. **About that time, we heard the Navy Rocket Ships, with a distinct noise that we knew carried death.** We watched the rockets leaving the ships, arching into the sky, reaching their peak, then heading for the ground. As the first shells started exploding on the beaches of France, it was music to our ears. The rockets hit the beaches, bunkers, houses and everything else in the area. We knew this would make our job a bit easier.

Then came the sounds we knew would follow. **The Battleships began their firing.** We had heard and dreaded the Germans Anzio Express firing of these size shells just four short months earlier. So, the older men knew how the Germans must have felt as they also heard the Battleships firing on their positions, all the time knowing



ANVIL TO DRAGUIGAN

what a near miss would do. Last, but not least, the Destroyers came. They came closer than the others, firing their guns and doing their best to cover the Invasion. **The Navy gave the "Queen of Battle" all the support it could give. The Navy Captain knew his business.** He beached his craft as he told us he could and we stepped ashore on a rocky beach without getting our feet wet. I walked ashore to meet the Germans with my shirt stuffed with corn flakes and a gallon of stuffed olives under my arm.

It was August, 1944, vacation time in France and here we were, the 36th Division landing on the beautiful French Riviera. In other days and years, visitors had to pay thousands of dollars to see what we were viewing for free. The grape vineyards were full of ripe grapes and the pear trees were heavy laden with their fruit. Many of the 36th troops enjoyed this fruit as we moved inland.

We encountered a few small arms skirmishes and the German Artillery fire was not too accurate, so we knew there was no Artillery Observer calling fire in on us, only the gunners firing at area targets.

We were not really hurt by the German small arms or artillery, so our first priority was to move inland and as far away from the beach as possible. **No matter which way we turned there was barbed wire with signs marking the mine fields.** There was no way for us to go around the mine fields, so it was onward, for our mission was to get inland as fast as possible.

Here was the Infantry, alone again, There were no Engineers around to clear paths through the mine fields. **They were clearly marked with skull and cross bones with the word, "Mienen," every so often.** The older soldiers had encountered German mines and booby traps in Italy and had learned to dread them and respect such warning signs.

I went ashore in Southern France as a Platoon Leader in Co. C., 143rd Infantry. As the company hesitated in front of the barbed wire marking the mine field, the commanding officer called all officers forward. He went over our objective and we all knew the mine fields would hold us up if we did not go through them. It was decided that each officer would take turns leading the Company through the fields. The commanding officer and one other Lieutenant would lead before it was my turn. We returned to our respective Platoons and told the men to be sure and step in the tracks of the man in front of him. **I then told my men that with prayers and luck we would come through.** We also told them if they saw a mine to mark it with toilet paper and pass the word down the column as to its location.

I was the third officer to lead the company and my heart was in my throat. I had felt alone many times as an Infantry Officer in combat.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Times when there should have been tanks to support an attack and there were no tanks. Times when we could have used air support and there was no air cover. Never had I felt so alone as I did in the mine fields of Southern France.

As we moved forward, each of us realized that death was on all sides and it could come fast.

As I lead the men through those mine fields, I did my share of praying as I watched my whole life flash through my brain. It was hard to believe we had moved so many men through such large mine fields without setting off one single mine.

Mine Fields Were Mind-Bogglin'...

I had been through a few German mine fields in Italy but they were small compared to the fields in Southern France.

Before we knew it, we hit the north boundary wires of the mine field. It seemed as if we had been through miles of the field and we had seen many exposed mines which meant instant death or a wound that could leave you minus a leg or your sight.

As I cut the strands of barbed wire and stepped through to safety, I prayed that the men in the company would make it too. I'm sure I wasn't the only one praying that day and our prayers were answered. As the last man stepped through the gap in the barbed wire and not one mine or booby trap had been set off, we knew how lucky we had all been. Once we were through, we all breathed a sigh of relief.

After clearing the mine fields, the company headed for its objective and we all felt someone was looking over the 1st Battalion, 143rd Infantry.

On the way from the beaches, I had observed at least ten sixteen inch naval shells that had failed to explode on contact. These shells were on top of the ground where they came to rest as harmless timebombs after clearing trails, uprooting trees and crashing through buildings.

We headed inland for our objective and, late in the afternoon, we were ordered to halt and regroup. We had been lucky that first day. We had only hit a few Germans, none in great number and none that seemed to be organized.

The mine fields slowed our advance but once we were through it was easy going. **By night fall the company was three miles off the beaches.** We put out our defenses for the first night in France, thankful to be alive but physically and mentally tired.

The next day we were off again to our next objective. Around 9:30 that morning, I saw a man coming through the company from our left front. There were not supposed to be any other Americans in that area, but as he came closer, **I recognized him as our Assistant Division Chaplain, Father Bernard Roemer.** Father Roemer was an in-



ANVIL TO DRAGUIGAN

spiration to us all no matter what our denomination was. Father Roemer had been the Chaplain for the 143 Infantry since mobilization and he was a comfort to us all. I scolded him for exposing himself to such danger. He took out his note book and said, "**Duney, you asked the last time we were together in Italy to find out where Mitchell Woods and Raymond Chargin' Elk were buried. They are buried at the Anzio Cemetery.**" I tanked him for that information and, after saying goodbye, he headed for Battalion Headquarters.

Late in the afternoon, as the company stopped for a day, a French Civilian walked into our area. He told us a story about paratroopers being about one mile in front of the company area and a couple of them had broken legs. I turned to some of the men and asked who wanted to go with me to pick them up and bring the wounded back. About fifteen men volunteered to go with me and when we had gone less than one half mile, we topped a small hill and **I saw about twelve German soldiers some one hundred and fifty yards to our front.** As I hit the ground, I pulled the Frenchman down beside me. My first thought was that he was leading us into a trap. I pulled my 45 and placed the muzzle under his chin as I asked him why he was helping the Germans. He could not get the words out fast enough as he tried to explain that Germans must have just moved into position. (The Americans were supposed to be about a half mile on the other side of the Germans.)

The Frenchman and myself eased back behind the hill without the Germans opening fire. I split my group with half of them moving to the right to be ready to fire from the flank as we started the first fight from the crest of the hill. I would open fire in fifteen minutes, so I explained that the flanking group would have to hurry to get into position.

As I checked the M-1 Rifle for range, I zeroed in on a couple of Germans who I thought would be good targets. As time ran down, one German left the group and headed in our direction. When he was about one hundred yards from my position, he turned back toward the other Germans. This was going to be my target. **I got him in my sights and squeezed off my first rounds. All the Americans opened fire.** The Germans did not know what to expect next. They started firing their machine guns and two Americans were hit after exposing themselves. **The fire fight lasted only a few minutes.** The Germans realized they were out gunned and their men were falling fast so they raised the white flag. The Frenchman, one Sergeant and myself moved forward while the rest of our group covered our movements. We moved the Germans away from their guns and down from the high ground.

We had some of our men take the Germans and their wounded back



Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

to our lines while the rest of the group went on to help the paratroopers. Before dark, we had helped five American Paratroopers who had broken legs, get back to our Battalion Aid-Station.

When I returned to the company area, I was told that Lt. Col. Frazier wanted to see me at Battalion Headquarters.

When I arrived at Headquarters, Col. Frazier explained that Lt. Walker, the commander of the Special Platoon, had been wounded and would possibly be sent stateside. I would assume command immediately. I felt sorry for Lt. Walker but felt he would be shipped home because of his wounds. This was something we all dreamed of from time to time in combat. If one had to be hit, make it the large side of the percentage figure – let it be a wound instead of a box to carry the body home. If it was a wound, make it nice enough for a trip stateside or clean white hospital sheets.

I was aware of Lt. Walker and his Special Platoons reputation. He had picked his men well while still in Italy and they had held up their end of the arrangement.

Col. Frazier went on to explain what the Battalions missions would be the next day. He wound up our orders by saying **our objective would be Draguignan** and we would be leading the drive. As I started to leave, he put on his broadest smile and said, **“By the way, this Special Platoon has somewhat of a reputation; they loot, they’re undisciplined and, at times, are hard to handle. I’ll expect you to straighten them out.”**

I walked over to the houses the Special Platoon had taken over and introduced myself to **Sgt. Chester A. Peterson** of Omaha, Nebraska and **T/Sgt. George B. Rainer**, the Platoon guide, from Beaumont, Texas. I explained that I would be the new Platoon leader and to assemble the men. **I knew the men had great respect for Lt. Walker, and now it was my job to ‘sell’ myself.**

I had joined this regiment in the summer of 1938 to make the Camp Bullis summer exercises and felt close to them. **I had seen good officers and bad ones. As an enlisted man, I had been hard to handle and had lost my stripes five different times**, but had the talent of always landing on my feet. I considered myself as a combat officer, equal to any in our Division. I was in the 1st Battalion at this time because the 2nd Battalion commanding officer had made a mistake of asking me, after the Rome Drive, whom did I wish to serve under. The Colonel was West Point - new in the Division and new to combat. I answered without hesitation, **“You don’t have a S.O.B. in this Battalion that can teach me anything about combat.”** That ended our conversation and my home in 2nd Battalion.

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGAN

Col. Watkins, upon arriving in Southern France, ordered a company commander to take an objective. The Captain refused, the Colonel tried and was cut down. He lived but learned the hard way that we had officers on the line with the rank of Captain, commanding Infantry companies who invariably lost men because of incompetency. **That time a Captain had lost his Battalion commander (a new Lt. Col.) because the captain was yellow.**

I explained to the Special Platoon the conversation I had with Col. Frazier in reference to their looting and being hard to handle. I made it clear that I would not change a thing until I got to know them better and they got use to me. I finished by telling them what the Battalions objective was - **Draguignan** - and it was about thirty miles up the road. I went on to explain that our platoon would ride the scout cars and tanks and lead the Battalion.

As the lead tanks moved out the next morning, we ran into German rear guards. Nothing seemed to hold us up for long. As we came to destroyed bridges, we detoured to the Rail Road Bridges that were still standing, all the time getting closer to our objective, **"Draguignan."**

We ran into American Paratroopers and Glider troops that had landed on the 15th of August and **they had done their jobs well.** They had lost many good men but they made it easier for our entrance. They were happy to see us and showed it with big smiles as we passed them.

As the scout cars I was riding entered the first buildings of **Draguignan**, I held up the column to go back and talk to Col. Frazier. He was all smiles. We had driven hard and his Battalion had taken its' objective with a minimum loss of men. He explained that the Battalion would be held outside of town. My job would be to check the town to be sure there were no Germans left, then send out patrols to try and contact the German rear guard. He ended by telling me to set up my CP in town and to keep patrols operating in front of the Battalion. As I returned to my men and we started on into town, I asked Sgt. Rainer to find us quarters while I looked the town over with some of the Platoon.

German Supply Depot - Straight Ahead...

Draguignan was a German supply depot for a part of Southern France and they had not destroyed it when they left. So, for the next few days we enjoyed fresh dark bread and all types of cheeses. It was greatly appreciated by the Special Platoon.

When I returned to the center of town and found Sgt. Rainer, he was waiting for the Platoon. He pointed to a house and said we could set up our CP there and the Platoon could have the next ten houses for their quarters. I inspected a few of the houses the Platoon was to

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

use and each French family seemed pleased we were there. They accepted the task of putting up with my men for a few days.

As I returned to the house where my Cp was set up, there was no French family present. Sgt. Rainer had the telephone installed to Battalion, had set up house keeping and had started dinner. **I saw two of my men going through the house removing what they wanted and putting the items in their bags. I said nothing but they knew I had seen them.**

Gracious French Couple Befriend Us

Around 3:00 p.m. an elderly French couple came into the house. He explained (in French) that this was his home and we were welcome. His wife had already gone to the kitchen to help prepare dinner. I asked Sgt. Rainer to explain why we were there and to tell him we appreciated the use of his home.

There would be one officer, two Sergeants and three runners living there for a few days and we would need the use of the living room (where the phone was installed), one bedroom and the use of the kitchen and dining room. Mrs. Bourges and helped with preparing the meal and when it was ready to serve, **she went to get her best silver from the cabinet in the dining room but it was missing.**

She said not a word, just went to the kitchen to get the everyday silver. One of the runners saw her and went to his bags and retrieved the silver chest and returned it to its' original place. He took the good silver and set the table. When Mrs. Bourges came in with a tray of food, **she saw the silver had been returned and a big smile crossed her face.**

Everytime a man came to the door to ask a question or bring in a message, both Mr. and Mrs. Bourges would run to the living room. They did this time and again when finally they asked Sgt. Rainer where the officer was. He turned to me as I was bringing the salad from the kitchen and said, **"This is Lt. Philips, our officer."** They could not believe that I had helped prepare the meal and insisted I set at the head of the table where one of the runners was setting. I tried to explain that I was comfortable where I was and then asked them to join us for dinner. I asked Mr. Bourges to say the blessing, which he graciously did in French. This seemed to bind us together as a family and we felt accepted in their home.

They had not seen so much food in years and our jams, coffee and German bread was a big hit. After we had coffee, fruit and cake, out of our rations, we started to clean up the dining room and kitchen. As I started to carry a stack of dishes to the kitchen, Mr. Bourges took them from my hands and carried them into the kitchen. I went on into the kitchen and started getting the dishes ready to wash when Mrs.

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGHAN

Bourges saw me. **She wanted none of that**, so she took my arm and took me to the living room. She motioned for me to sit in a large overstuffed chair.

I had to leave the house two or three times that evening to check the outpost and go out to Battalion Headquarters to see what was going on. Col. Frazier told me we could not move the next day but the Special Platoon would continue patrolling north and northwest looking for the Germans.

As I returned to my CP about 2000 hours, everyone was getting ready for bed. The spread and blankets had been turned down on the bed by Mrs. Bourges. She thought I would be using it and when she came in to tell me goodnight, there were two big Sergeants in her guest room. She asked Sgt. Rainer where Lt. Philips was and he explained that I was in the living room by the telephone. She headed for the living room and found me stretched out on the floor on a blanket with my knapsack for a pillow. She started talking and was raising her voice so I yelled for Sgt. Rainer to come and interpret for me. After a lengthy discussion between Mrs. Bourges and Sgt. Rainer, one could see she was upset. She did not think it was right for me to be sleeping on the floor and the two Sergeants sleeping in a bed. So, Rainer explained to her that I needed to be near the phone and that's why I was on the floor.

She told Mr. Bourges to go get a bed which turned out to be a folding cot. When he brought it in, she ran to get me a pillow with a clean white pillow case. **She just could not do enough to make me comfortable.** By then, I just wanted to get to sleep so we said goodnight and I thanked her for everything. After saying goodnight, Sgt. Rainer went back to the guest room.

The Bourges made us feel 'at home'

August 19, 1944 was a day of rest for the Battalion. We cleaned our weapons, drew rations, did some washing and wrote letters home. This was our first breather since arriving in France.

The Special Platoon was not quite that lucky. We were up before daylight and moved to the west part of town on the main highway. We were expecting the German patrols to probe our position to check our strength. We could not find a German any place so, by noon, I took half of the Platoon back to our quarters.

As I returned to the CP, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Bourges had taken some of our rations and had prepared a delicious lunch for my men. I headed for the living room to phone in my report to Col. Frazier. As I picked up the phone, Mrs. Bourges was there with a glass of chilled wine for me. Instead of saying I did not drink, I thank-

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

ed her and as soon as T/Sgt. Peterson came into the room, I asked him to drink it so I could give the glass back to her. A couple of hours after lunch, I noticed one of my runners taking the items out of his bags that he had taken on our arrival. I had not said a word to the men but each item was put back in place. When I returned to the dining room, Mrs. Bourges was moving a Bronze Statue to its' original position. When she turned and saw me, she had a beautiful smile on her face. She came across the room and put her arms around my shoulders and, with tears in her eyes, she whispered, "**Merci.**"The Bourges were old enough to have been our grandparents. **They had accepted us as their children and just could not do enough to make us feel at home.**

After dinner, I checked the outpost again and went to Battalion Headquarters to see what we would be doing the next couple of days. Col. Frazier said, "**Your rest is over. We move out in the morning. The lead scout cars and tanks will pick your men up on their way through town, you will lead, and let's see if you can find the Germans.**"

Early the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Bourges prepared breakfast with all the trimmings for my men. They tried to help us pack so we would be ready to pull out when it was time.

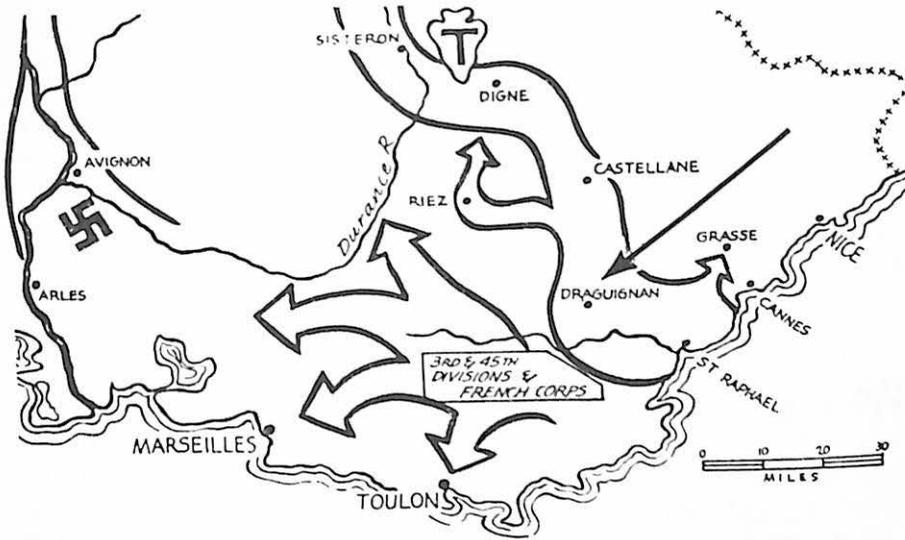
I had called in our Patrol and we would pick up the men on outpost as we moved west of town. The show was where Mr. and Mrs. Bourges were seeing my men off. They were moving through the Platoon kissing the men on both cheeks, wishing them well and blessing them all in French. These men, who looked so young and innocent that morning, were some of the best that would wear an American uniform and, as I looked them over, I was damned proud of all of them.

Now, it was my turn. Mr. and Mrs. Bourges came up to the lead scout car where I was sitting and began thanking me for the American Liberation of their town and for staying in their home. **Then came the kisses on both cheeks, and then it hit me — both of these people were crying.** They had only known us for a few days and were sincerely worried for our safety.

Mr. Bourges was superintendent of schools in Draquignan — not a big salary but a kind and sincere Frenchman. My men had transferred enough food from the German Depot to their house to last them many months.

On the 14th of August, 1944, we knew we were headed for Southern France, code name "**ANVIL.**" We were to fight the German 19th Army on the beaches and drive through and capture Draquignan, France.

ANVIL TO DRAGUIGNAN



Yes, the men of the 36th Division had made history on August 15, 1944 when they hit the beaches of Southern France and when they captured Draguignan, France just four days later.



Julian H. (Duney) Philips has a long career in the military, is one of our most devoted workhorses. Has been a member of the board for 10 years, and still serves as Treasurer.

NOTE:

On the sixth day in France, the Special Platoon of the 1st Battalion, 143rd Infantry, riding lead scout cars and tanks, drove 100 miles through France. **It was the most real-estate ever taken in one day of combat for the 36th Infantry Division.**



THE CASE OF THE LIVE ANTI-TANK SHELL

as told to
Alan "Chum" Williamson

by Charles M. Beacham

When the 36th Division was triangularized, reduced to three regiments and supporting units, a division Tank Destroyer (TD) Battalion was added. An Anti-Tank Company was made organic to the infantry regiment and each battalation was given an anti-tank platoon.

Regimental units were equipped with the 37mm anti-tank gun. The guns were towed, usually by a 3/4-ton weapons carrier which also carried the crew and ammunition. The division TD battalion was equipped with self-propelled (track-laying) guns of larger caliber. However, the TD Battalion played no part in the drama that was about to unfold.

Ammunition for the 37mm gun included a dummy round with a hole in the side of the shell case which made it easily recognizable as inert; a target practice round for firing on the range; an armor piercing round for use against enemy tanks; and a canister, anti-personnel round.

The shells were semi-fixed. The shell case, which had a primer and contained the propelling charge, could be detached from the projectile.

1941 - We Used Stove Pipes and Sticks

1941 was the year of "the parade of the wooden soldiers." Combat equipment and munitions were shipped to England as fast as they came off the production line. Stove pipes and sticks were used as substitutes for mortars and machine guns for training of U. S. troops. An axle with two automobile wheels and a piece of pipe was a simulated anti-tank gun.

When the 36th Division arrived at Camp Blanding in February 1942, the anti-tank units had only recently been issued the 37mm guns. Not a single officer or enlisted man had fired the gun, except for an isolated few who had done so at a service school.

Shortly after arrival at Camp Blanding, MGen. Fred L. Walker directed that training of the anti-tank elements be placed under division control. A training schedule was prepared. Training was con-

THE CASE OF THE LIVE ANTI-TANK SHELL

ducted under the supervision of the Division Anti-Tank Officer, formerly of the 141st Infantry, whom we shall call "**Captain Able.**" Training in each infantry regiment was carried on at the same time, the battalion anti-tank platoons training with the regimental anti-tank company.

In the 141st Infantry, the training was conducted by the CO of the regimental Anti-Tank Company, whom we shall call "**1st Lieut. Baker,**" and his platoon leader, "**2nd Lieut. Charlie.**" **The names are being withheld to protect the officers concerned.**

The units were not initially issued any ammunition for the guns, not even the inert dummy round. To remedy the situation, several enterprising GIs of the **141st Infantry Anti-tank Company** went to the target range, where they found several expended 37mm Target Practice shell cases, as well as projectiles that had not been battered when landing in the soft sand. They put sand and gravel in the shell cases to simulate the powder charge, then put the projectile back in place. They then had inert round for use in practice loading and unloading of the weapon and for display.

After the reassembled shells had been in use for some time, **the unit received the dummy round.** In addition to the hole in the shell case, it was distinguished from live ammunition by a different color tip on the projectile. On the other hand, the "**home-made**" dummies were on casual inspection indistinguishable from the real thing.

As training progressed, urgent requests were made for live ammunition, for familiarizing the troops with the various types. **Captain Able promised Lieutenants Baker and Charlie** that he would get them some live ammo as soon as he could shake it loose from the Brass sitting on it.

According to testimony during the subsequent courts-martial, Captain Able arrived at the supply room of Anti-Tank Co., 141st Infantry, on 16 March 1942, after training for the day had been completed. Equipment was being turned in, issued and exchanged. The supply sergeant was busy exchanging linens.

Capt. Able said, "**Sergeant, here are some rounds of ammunition that I promised.**"

"**Yes, Sir,**" the sergeant replied. "**Thank you a whole lot, Sir. Lieutenant Baker will sure be glad to see this.**"

The supply sergeant took the ammunition and placed it in a box containing training aids for anti-tank instruction then in progress, which had been brought to Supply earlier in the day for overnight storage. Apparently it was placed **in the same box with the issue dummy and the "home-made" inert rounds.** The evidence was not clear on this point.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

On the morning of March 17, the 141st Infantry Anti-Tank Co. together with the platoons from the three battalions, assembled in an area near Regimental Headquarters for the day's training. Lieut. Baker had gone to the regimental supply officer to draw supplies, leaving Lieut. Charlie in charge.

Making use of "the school solution," Charlie arranged the guns and personnel in a semicircle around him, with himself as the focal point. The muzzles of all the guns were pointed at him. From 0800 to 0850, training was in the functioning of the weapon, including loading and unloading. At ten minutes to nine, Charlie looked at his watch. "Tak a ten minute break and reassemble in this area."

Turning his back on the guns, Charlie walked to the side and began a discussion with several NCOs. A small group of men lit cigarettes and met at a point in front of the guns, where the lieutenant had been standing.

Two or three interested soldiers stayed behind one gun, opening and closing the breech. One of them picked up a round of the ammunition he and others had been handling, inserted it in the chamber, and closed the breech. Another, his name never revealed in the subsequent proceedings, pressed the plunger.

A MAN WAS DECAPITATED

The gun fired, reared convulsively, then recoiled. A man standing some ten feet in front of the muzzle was decapitated. A piece of his skull struck another soldier in the face with such force that he lost an eye. Men caromed away from the concussion.

Before the odor of gunpowder had cleared the area, BGen. Terry de la Mesa Allen was on the spot. His concern was the possible adverse effect on the morale of the men involved. He almost immediately obtained supplies of ammunition. All anti-tank crews were directed to fire the guns and become familiar with them in action.

As the officer having general court-martial jurisdiction, General Walker ordered an investigation. After studying the findings and recommendations, he directed that Captain Able, 1st Lieut. Baker, and 2nd Lt. Charlie be tried by general courts-martial. The charges and specifications included dereliction of duty resulting in negligent homicide.

Walker directed that three separate courts be established, the composition of each being different, except for the Trial Judge Advocate and the defense counsel. Also, that the findings in each case be kept secret until all three defendants had been tried. Thus, he reasoned, the findings in each case would not affect the outcome of the others.

Apparently, Walker underestimated the effectiveness of "the third stool" and latrine rumors as a means of military communications.

Major Frank E. Fulgham, an artillery officer and experienced trial

THE CASE OF THE LIVE ANTI-TANK SHELL

lawyer of Weatherford, Texas was prosecutor, or Trial Judge Advocate. Today he is a district judge. **Major Stephen J. Brady**, another artilleryman and attorney of Fort Worth, Texas was the officially designated defense counsel. *2nd Lieutenants Charles M. Beacham and John M. Stafford* were assigned as his assistants, at the request of the accused.

According to Charlie Beacham, "No stone was left unturned in the preparation of the defense. We (the three defense attorneys) went over the ground in detail with the accused officers and personnel present at the time of the accident. We made a study of the 37mm anti-tank gun and the ammunition. We studied anti-tank tactics, organization and theory. We spent night after night studying Army Regulations and the directives for training of anti-tank elements of the 36th Division. Regulations concerning the handling of ammunition were given careful study."

"There was not a single man in the Anti-Tank Company, 141st Infantry, who expressed the least bit of loss of confidence in Lieutenants Baker and Charlie during the course of the investigation. There was, instead, a feeling that the command was out to make scapegoats of two officers to whom they felt a great deal of personal loyalty. They cooperated with counsel to the fullest."

"The matter of creating 'dummy' ammunition was the subject of exhaustive study. It was at the suggestion of men in the company that a dummy was prepared, a duplicate of those prepared before the accident - and which had disappeared during the investigation."

Beacham said, "We didn't know what we would do with it, but we didn't want to miss a point. We learned to identify an expended shell casing by examining the primer on the center of the base, where a characteristic mark was made by the firing pin at the time of firing. Then we discovered quite by accident that in some instances there was no visible mark on the primer of an expended shell."

Defense counsel decided to submit the case of Lieut. *Charlie first*, followed by that of Lieut. Baker, then Captain Able. The first court was convened on 8 May 1942. **Brigadier General Otto F. Lange** was the senior member and president of the court. Other officers were of high rank.

It became quickly apparent that **General Lange** was going to be the boss; that he intended to take over much of the duties of the TJA as well as president of the court. This prompted a sudden decision on the part of counsel for the defense.

After a few preliminaries, Lange read from the Manual for Courts-Martial, "If any member of the court is aware of any facts which he

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

believes to be ground for challenge by either side against any member it is requested that he state such facts."

There was no response. Lange continued to read, "A copy of the charges in this case were served on the accused on May 8, 1942." (Charlie had been served only a few hours earlier).

"General," Brady said, "the defense waives any failure of proper time to pass between the service and the commencement of the trial. We are ready."

Lange glared at Brady and the other officers sitting at the table for the defense as if the interruption was uncalled for. Turning to Fulgham, he said. "Have you any challenges for cause, or do you wish to exercise your right of one peremptory challenge?"

Fulgham replied in the negative.

"You," Lange turned to Lieut. Charlie, standing with his defense counsel. "You now have the right to challenge any member or members of the court for cause, and any one member, other than the law member, peremptorily. Do you desire to exercise any challenges?"

"Yes, Sir," Stafford piped. "We wish to challenge peremptorily the President of the Court, General Lange."

Lange looked at Stafford as if he had not quite heard him correctly. His face reddened. He glanced once to the side, grabbed his hat and stalked from the room. By sundown, word had leaked to the lowest platoon leader in Camp Blanding that a 2nd lieutenant had tossed General Lange off the court.

Prior to pleading to the arraignment, the defense made a motion to quash the specifications on the grounds that they were improperly drawn, multifarious in nature, had carved several offenses when only one, if any, was triable. Furthermore, they plead a conclusion, and that such pleadings were improper since they invaded the province of the court, which was to decide them from the evidence. It was pointed out that the court must hear the facts and then decide if such facts were "to the prejudice of good order and discipline," and not to take as fact the statements of the complainant who signed the charge sheet.

After heated argument between Brady and Fulgham, court was recessed. Prosecution and defense then proceeded to the office of Captain Jesse E. Mosely, an officer of General Walker's staff and an attorney of Houston, Texas in civilian life. There, deletions were made that met with agreement of counsel and court. Mosely, who had drawn up the charges and specifications, was surly about the changes. He took them as a personal affront.

When court was resumed, Lieut. Charlie entered a plea of "Not guilty." After a brief opening statement, Major Fulgham developed

THE CASE OF THE LIVE ANTI-TANK SHELL

the case for the prosecution, witness by witness, much as has heretofore been related.

The defense used the time-honored stratagem of placing the blame elsewhere. Although he wasn't mentioned by name, the inference was that **Lieut. Baker**, as company commander, was responsible for the training of his unit. This could be done without prejudice to Baker, since he would be tried by a different court.

When Baker was brought to trial, Major Fulgham used the argument of the defense in the trial of Charlie against him. Defense countered that Baker wasn't even there on the morning of the fatal accident. His absence at regimental supply was properly excused. And once General Walker had directed that the training of anti-tank units be under his control, he was responsible no less than the unit commander.

Captain Able was tried by the last of the three courts. The defense felt that his would be the most difficult case to defend, since he was the last commissioned officer to handle the ammunition with the knowledge that it was live. They had to reverse their arguments and proceed against Lieut. Charlie, the officer on the ground, and the unit commander. It was in Able's case that the reassembled "dummy" round was finally used.

When the court convened, the reconstituted round was in a shoe box, carefully packed with cotton. It was kept on the defense counsel table while preliminary matters were completed. Finally, **Major Fulgham** introduced an Ordnance officer he had been qualifying as an expert on the 37mm anti-tank gun for the purpose of explaining to the court the technical aspects of the case. He finally finished and turned the witness over to the defense for cross-examination.

"**Captain,**" he was asked, "I believe in your testimony you stated that you could identify the type of 37mm ammunition from the color of the projectile, the shape, etc.?"

"That's right."

"And you described the 'dummy' issued as a training aid by markings and the fact that it has a hole in the side of the shell case?"

"Correct."

"Can you determine by shaking a live round of ammunition whether or not it has a powder charge in it?"

"Yes. The powder can be heard falling around inside the case. It doesn't fill up the space completely between the detonating cap and fuse and the projectile."

"I believe you said the projectile can be removed rather easily?"

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

"It can."

"And the powder poured out?"

"Yes."

"And can you tell by examining a shell case whether it has been fired?"

The captain smiled indulgently. "Well, you can see that the projectile is gone, if that's what you mean."

"But could you tell from the primer alone whether or not it has been expended or exploded?"

"Yes. You see the firing pin makes a mark where it impinges against the primer when actuated and forced forward. . ."

"Thank you, Captain." Defense counsel reached for the shoe box, opened it, and gingerly removed the prepared 'round'.

"Now, Captain," he proceeded, "can you tell me from where you are sitting and at this distance what it is that I appear to have in my hand?" The reassembled round was turned slowly so all members of the Court in the quiet room could hear the 'powder' shifting inside the shell case. The members followed this proceeding with intense interest.

"Now wait a minute," Fulgham interrupted. "We want this shown to the court."

"We wish to advise counsel for the prosecution that we have not at this time offered this as an exhibit to the court," defense counsel replied. "Until we do, the Court is not entitled to examine it."

Fulgham said, "If they are going to use it, I want to see it first."

"We again advise counsel for the prosecution that we have not introduced this as an exhibit. He has no more right than the Court to examine it at this time. We cannot introduce it in evidence until we lay a proper predicate for its introduction."

"I object." Fulgham was back on his feet.

"Objection overruled. Proceed."

Defense counsel: "Please answer the question."

"Well," replied the captain, eyeing the exhibit carefully, "I can't say from this distance what it is."

"But what does it look like it is?"

"It looks like a round of Target Practice 37mm ammunition."

"And what markings and shape of it do you identify as being the same as Target Practice?"

He named the markings and shape observed.

"Now, Captain," defense counsel walked closer to the witness, slowly turning the shell in his hands. "Did you not say that you could examine the primer and determine whether or not a round had been expended?"

"I did."

"Will you examine the primer on the bottom of this shell casing?"

THE CASE OF THE LIVE ANTI-TANK SHELL

The witness looked closely at the pont indicated.

"Now, can you state whether or not this primer has been used?"

"I can."

"Has it been used?"

"No."

"Then tell the court, if you can, what I am holding in my hand."

"You have a live round of 37mm Target Practice anti-tank ammunition."

"Thank you, Captain." Counsel turned to Fulgham. "Your witness."

"Wait," Fulgham demanded. "I want to see that ammunition!"

"We have not introduced it into evidence."

After several minutes of argument, the court was cleared and recessed. About 15 minutes later, the court was reopened and Fulgham was overruled.

The TJA had no further questions and the witness was dismissed. After the door closed behind him, defense counsel removed the projectile from the shell case, held it up so all the Court could see, then poured the sand and gravel into the shoe box. Counsel then reassembled the case and projectile. At no time had the exhibit been introduced into evidence.

When the findings and sentences of the three courts were announced, 2nd Lieut. Charlie was found guilty and was sentenced to be reprimanded. 1st Lieut. Baker was suspended from promotion for one year and sentenced to be reprimanded. **Captain Able was acquitted.**

Upon review, that portion of Baker's sentence that withheld promotion was thrown out. Regulations pertaining to such procedure applied to Regular Army officers only. All three officers were transferred out of the command.

General Walker was furious when he was informed of the sentences. He said, "**Two of the officers were found guilty. Yet the sentences were more appropriate for a traffic court than one dealing with homicide.**"

Being left with nothing to do but administer a reprimand, Walker did so in writing for attachment to the officers' permanent 201 files in the Adjutant General's Office. Defense counsel Charles M. Beacham said, "**I have read them. In comparison, (French Army Captain Alfred) Dreyfus was treated like a hero.**"

Looking back 42 years, Beacham said, "**I think that the judgment against Baker and Charlie should have been set aside and all three**

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

officers transferred promptly from the command.

After we arrived overseas, about half a dozen men were killed in training accidents, many of them under circumstances more aggravated than here presented. I know of no courts-martial as a result of such training accidents.”

-----o-----



C.A. WILLIAMSON
12653 King Oaks
San Antonio, Texas
78233



Acknowledgment: The material contained in this story was furnished by Colonel (Ret.) Charles M. Beacham, Attorney at Law, San Antonio. (Charlie is Mac Acosta's co-editor of *Le T-Bone*, the official publication of the San Antonio Chapter).

When I began researching the story, I called Charlie to verify rumors about the incident that were circulated in Camp Blanding after it occurred. To my surprise, Charlie was a defense counsel for the accused and also recorded the proceedings while still fresh in his memory. The foregoing is Colonel Beacham's story, published with his permission.



**A TEXAS VERSION OF
HARDCASTLE &
McCORMACK**

Charlie Beacham at left, in a Rebel Cap, with his side-kick Mac Acosta, the two most colorful characters in the giant San Antonio Chapter. As a big fan of *Hardcastle & McCormack*, I always think of these two guy every Monday night. Over and out.



One More PIN-UP From Overseas T-Patch
Weekly Tabloid For Foxholers



Ahhh . . . a PINUP like this one of MARION REID is one of the good reasons we won the war. This one appeared in March 1945 (Somewhere in France Edition) because Walter Thornton was nice enough to send a flock of his latest and best models (this is an original glossy print) . . . all were autographed to MEN OF THE 36th.

Hey, Marion, where are you now, baby? A grandmother in Bunnyhutch, North Dakota? I can't believe it. You warmed up many a foxhole for us T-Patcher, so THANKS.

Rafael DeLaRosa
Knows What
TRUE FRIENDSHIP
Is All About — He Learned It From
The Late **ERNEST F. FLIPP, SR.**



1983 Reunion at Dallas Dunfey — this is a cloudy Polaroid photo of 3 EX-POW's of the 132nd FA Bn. From left: Rafael De La Rosa, Houston; James O. Painter, Fort Worth, and the late Ernest F. Flipp, Sr., of Marshfield, Mass. (formerly of Cleburne, TX) meet for first time since WWII. (Foto from De La Rosa).

The narrative to follow started when De La Rosa sent a TAPS notice to Julian Philips about the death of his buddy, **ERNEST F. FLIPP, Sr., Who died on Sept. 17, 1985.**

Philips forwards this to LENWLK, which is normal procedure, and then it is sent on to us for publication in the T-Patcher Newsletter.

Your editor had visited with Flipp on the same time at Dallas Reunion. He had sent in a lot of war material, so we had a chance to visit with this brave soldier. We promptly contacted De La Rosa, and the story to follow only substantiates — what a fine person he really was. We are proud to use this story — for the ages, and generations to come. Read on . . .

**“ . . . A Man With A Heart
of Gold, and A Heart Full
of Love For Everybody . . . ”**



By **RAFAEL G. DeLaROSA**
Btry B 132nd FA Bn
5819 Vena Drive
Houston, TX 77087

Ernest F. Flipp and I both served with Battery B 132nd Field Artillery since early days at Camp Bowie. During the war we both were forward observers and both became prisoners of war in Germany though not at the same time . . . nor same camps.

ESCAPED NAZI POW CAMP FOUR TIMES

He was captured in the battle for Cassino, Italy during an assault and was a prisoner of war nearly two years. In the course of his imprisonment **he escaped four times, twice from camps and twice from labor gangs.** Although he managed to elude his captors each consecutive attempt and recaptured each time – **doomed to severe punishment worse than the time before** – he gained 33 days of freedom by his efforts even if just temporary.

As per your request to "write" in my own words – about Ernest – I hereby submit the following as a tribute to the memories of the greatest friend ever, and to the ardent love and affection created between two human beings without cause of differentiation in the course of development.

Losing a friend like Flipp was as painful as if I had lost a brother, or perhaps more so, because in our case, and in contrast to our color – **never in the name of "brotherly concern for others" were there ever two men like us so pledged to mutual loyalty amid the aggregate of particular circumstances.**

I honored and admired him profoundly, not only for our personal attachment, but for bearing disgust and trials calmly in putting up with me. **He was a man with a heart of gold, with a heart full of love for everybody alike no matter what, where or why.** With all due respect to the men of Btry B 132nd F.A. it was Flipp who befriended me immediately.

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

I had volunteered for service at age 18, and after my assignment to Btry B on Feb. 14, 1941, I soon regreted what noble deed I had done. Because army life was not what I thought it would be.

My biggest problem was my inability to adjust to the unfamiliarities of the circumstance. Though I tried hard I just couldn't cope with the strangeness that surrounded me. At the end of my first week at Bowie I saw myself on the verge of something drastic. Stress and loneliness were the hardest to come to grips with. Homesick and miserable – I felt I couldn't meet what was expected of me.

I guess it showed on me all over because **that's where Flipp came into the picture**, into my life, either from pity or compassion for me. Whatever it was – we hit it solid. He took a liking to me and I to him and we became friends. That's the kind of guy I soon discovered him to be – always willing to help out. From gratitude I imposed on his good nature which exerted an animating influence over me, more so after learning our ages were identical and that he had the jump on me by a few months of army life. That was my turning point.

Three months later Flipp's efforts had paid off by filling me in on the essentials of militarism. I had overpowered all that had blocked my path in the beginning. I had conquered all fears and doubts and loneliness of the past.

For a green kid like me from different sides of the fence I had come through with flying colors but all because of my pal. He helped when I had most needed help. Still, however, the most wonderful thing happened in the course of this – venture? The friendship we'd constructed, the steady and faithful attachment we'd developed between us – all turned into something far more greater, more powerful, more beautiful.

It was respect, admiration, loyalty, and love for one another. Affectionately, we treated each other like brothers. Such was the case that we became known as the **"unrelenting,"** the **"inseparable"** admired highly by the men in the battery for our togetherness. Anything needed to be done we'd do together; KP, guard duty, etc. I was even transferred to his section: communications, for the same reason, I guess.

From states-side to Africa we were indispensable, a rare commodity, a pair like none ever heard of. What was good and acceptable to one was good and acceptable to the other – **including punishment** –

ESCAPED NAZI POW CAMP FOUR TIMES

(like for drunkenness or disobedience). That's why we dug holes all over Africa. But even that couldn't keep up apart. Imprisonment did, but we still had the last word. **Flipp and I knew we could survive anything material – and we did.**

At the Dallas Reunion in 1983 and confined to a wheelchair he revealed to me upon our eternal friendship that in his nearly two years captivity he had escaped 4 times from prison camps and labor gangs seeking refuge here and there for days at a time.

Lack of proficiency and disorientation, however, had contributed to his futile efforts causing his repeated recapture and subjected to the worst kind of inhuman punishment ever known to man. **Yet by outsmarting the enemy he gained 33 days of temporal freedom.**

To that extent, a contention with reference to prison camp conditions is that there wasn't much to exhibit contrast as almost all had the same system.

I was captured outside of **Remiremont** in France as the infantry tried taking an objective. In the camps I was in, privates had less consideration than men of ranks.

Forced to manual labor we slaved for the Germans amid starvation, disease, sickness, brutalities, bombardments, cold, sleet or snow – on the railroad swinging picks and sledge hammers (on empty stomachs) 10-12 hour days, in coal mines, ammunition factories, etc., always under the watchful eyes of inhumane guards and man-eating dogs that could everything but talk.

Conditions within camp were from bad to worse to whatever followed because we had no leaders. Tired, hungry and thirsty, upon returning from long hours of work, Sundays, holidays and all.

What little food we occasionally got it was the bullies and newest guys in camp who through hostile actions always got the most if not all. **The Nazi guards got their kicks from seeing them beat their brains out.** As for escape – that was not possible for us as we were too closely guarded. For each guy that escaped – others paid the price.

Yet like my friend Flipp – I too survived.



Walter Evans Recalls Three Great Men of Company F 143rd Infantry



The first matter I had in mind is about our Mess Sergeant of F, 143. He was **Sergeant Bob Nowell of Longview**. I doubt that a Congressional Medal of Honor could be won by hauling chow. If so, Sergeant Nowell should be so honored. He would bring up hot chow when he was told that he could not get to us and ordered not to try.

Sergeant Nowell was one of the few in the Division that lived long enough to be sent home before hostilities ceased. He turned the offer down; saying that if the Division ever came home, he would come with it. Otherwise, he did not wish to come. I don't know if he changed his mind after the war or not.

Sergeant Nowell's Jeep had so many bullet holes in it, one could stand on one side of it and see daylight on the other side if the time were taken to line up the bullet holes.

No doubt Sergeant Nowell would want to give part of the credit to his driver. Surely between that pair there was plenty of credit for both. I am sorry that all I can remember about his driver was that he was affectionately known in the Company as "Jew Boy."

The reminds me of another story I won't try to tell here in detail. **That is about a Company Commander we once had . . . Capt. Josef Dine.** He spoke German. I don't know what he would tell the Krauts in the foxholes facing us. Whatever it was it would make them so angry they would blaze away in our direction and give their positions away. I was glad to see his picture in a recent issue of the T-Patcher.

The other T-Patcher I want to mention, I probably have mentioned in this manner before. I feel so strongly about the matter that I make no apologies for repeating. I have in mind **Sergeant Oscar Oller**; who was at the time Squad Leader; later First Sergeant of F, 143.

Perhaps most Riflemen would have been willing to run if there had



been a safe place to run to (I know I would have gladly). The only time I knew of our squad running was on the orders of Sergeant Oller.

Jerry launched an attack on our hill just before daylight. They had us almost surrounded when Sergeant Oller told us to take off as fast as we could. That was straight down the hill into the grape vineyard. We took it for granted that he was right behind us. As it turned out, he remained and held our position alone. When it was light enough to see, **he had killed every German that could be seen.** Those that remained soon got the message; they took off, leaving Sergeant Oller all alone with his victims on his sector of the hill. He remained there until relieved.

Sergeant Oller remained with the Division from Salerno to disbandment in the States. Until hostilities ceased, he remained a rifleman or a leader of riflemen. **The only honor he received for being a genuine hero was the Bronze Star.** The Bronze Star seems to have about the same significance as The Ruptured Duck. If anyone earned The Medal of Honor, Sergeant Oscar Oller did. I don't know how to do anything about this lack of recognition for a real American Hero. If anyone does, please accept this challenge to see that this gallant warrior receives some recognition for service beyond the call of duty.

Perhaps some heroes became heroes because of circumstances existing at the time. Sergeant Oller and Sergeant Nowell became heroes; they were heroes at any time or place.

Walter C. Evans, Psy.D.
Psychotherapist and Counselor
102 Midway Drive
Clinton, Mississippi 39056

Dec. 11, 1985

Dear Editor:

I have just been informed that Shelby Speights, (Cover story, Vol. V No. 2 1985) "An Original Hero" passed away early this month, information received from his daughter, and she requested a copy of that issue of The 36th Quarterly. Walter Evans.

Dear Walter:

Two of that issue honoring Shelby Speight has been forwarded to his widow, Mrs. Shelby Speight, R #2, Purvis MS 39475, phone (601) 794-6330. We are all saddened by his passing. Please advise when the Monument to him will be dedicated. Thanks.



CASABLANCA

An Autopsy
of a Great
Motion Picture

*"Play it
again,
Sam"*



One year after the movie, "Casablanca" was made, the ol' Fighting 36th arrived at a Cork Forest a few miles inland from RABAT, Morocco. We arrived here on 40 & 8's from Algeria and soon learned a few things about the "Mystique of Morocco."

Like Minneapolis and St. Paul, CASABLANCA and RABAT were sister cities. Casa was 60 miles down the coast from Rabat, a few T-Patchers managed to get there. (It was a supply base, and also compound for all the A.W.O.L.s in North Africa).

Why all this trivia about another town of a thousand bergs and hamlets we would see in the next two years in other lands like - Italy, France and Germany.

A CITY OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE

CASABLANCA is the story here, so let's get on with it. As a movie buff from the late 1920s, the cinema was the best (and cheapest entertainment known to man). I can't recall the FIRST time we had viewed "Casablanca" (the movie), but it certainly hit a spot in my memory book.

Humphrey Bogart had been my favorite. Who could forget "The Petrified Forest", "San Quentin", and "The Maltese Falcon", dozens more before "Casablanca".



An Autopsy of a Great Motion Picture



Humphrey Bogart was 'Casablanca' saloon-keeper Rick

NOW - Forty plus years later - this great movie is becoming even more popular - "As Time Goes By" (that's the title of the now famous song - which is the tune that 'Rick' tells his piano player . . . "Play It Again, Sam").

Recently, a HF station in D/FW area ran a two week series of Bogart's old movies, and "Casablanca" was included. Viewing it for the humpteenth time, it occurred to me that the truly great films - are those that have a background of WAR.

**"Casablanca" Is The Best Movie
Ever Made, After "Gone With The Wind . . ."**

We decided to check it out. Movie Memorabilia is multi-voluminous, my Cinema Encyclo - says: 1943, directed by Michael Curtiz, produced by Hal Wallis, starred Bogart and Bergman, with Hans Henreid, Claude Rains,

Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly

Conrad Veidt, Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet (he's the big fat guy)
... 102 minutes, by Warner Bros.

There is some puzzlement here, other stories, about "Casablanca" give 1942 as the date of release.

RICK'S AMERICAN BAR, don't look for it...

WHAT really is important, is that many Bogart fans have since revisited Casablanca to have a drink at RICK'S AMERICAN BAR. Don't look for it. The whole movie was filmed entirely in HOLLYWOOD. How'bout that.

"Of All The Gin Joints..."

"PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM" . . . that's gotta be the most used line for comics, and columnists . . . here's the actual dialogue from the script:

- Rick: "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine! What's that you are playing?"
Sam: "Oh, that's just something of my own".
Rick: "Well stop it. You know what I want to hear".
Sam: "No, I don't".
Rick: "You played it for her, and you can play it for me".
Sam: "I don't think I can remember it".
Rick: "If she can stand it, I can. Play it".

"AS TIME GOES BY"

If you visit Casablanca today looking for Rick's American Bar, it probably would be in MARRAKESH, the exotic city that would most fit the **mistique of Bogart's Casablanca**. Today you find soothsayers, fire-eathers, monkey trainers, snake charmers, singers, dancers, acrobats and story-tellers, and even a man who can hypnotize his donkey. It's one long party, day after day, from dawn to dusk with a few hours off during the heat of the afternoon.

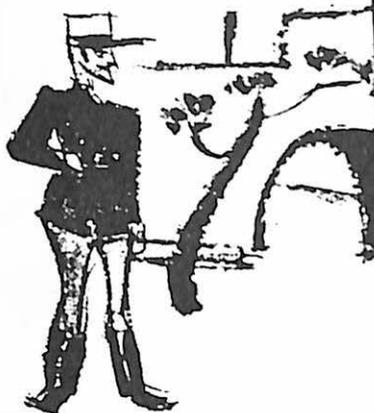


Bergman in USO Show Pays Visit to 36thers

Ingrid Bergman toured ETO with a USO Troup, can't recall the date, but here's she's autographing for some T-Patchers. Del Kendall sent this one from his vast scrapbook.

Humphrey Bogart and 2nd wife Mayo Methot also on a USO trip performed for the 36th Troopers, time and place not known, or maybe you remember. If so please advise.

Remembering - Bogart & Bergman



Bergman and Bogart in *Casablanca*

“HERE’S LOOKIN’ AT YOU, KID . . .”

Script-wise, here is probably the finest words of the whole film. This is dialogue between Bogie and Bergman (remember, she is married) . . .

Rick: “Ilsa, I’m no good at being noble, but it doesn’t take much to see -that’s the problems of three little people don’t amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you’ll understand that . . . Here’s looking at you, kid.”

New Book, “Inside Warner Bros” Devotes 26 pages to Bogart’s “Casablanca”

Inside Warner Bros.

At the bottom of every Warner Bros. memo sheet was a routine injunction that said, “Verbal messages cause misunderstanding and delays (please put them in writing).” And put them in writing they did, the most star-studded list of memo writers in movie history: the Warner brothers themselves; producers, directors and writers; and a roster of stars that included Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Errol Flynn and George Raft. The best of those tens of thousands of messages have now been collected by Film Historian Rudy Behlmer, whose *Inside Warner Bros. (1935-1951)* (Viking; \$19.95) is, to any fan of film, an open sesame into Aladdin’s Cave.

A monumental slice of film history, a bit of soap opera combined with the drama of high finance, and a gold mine of behind-the-scenes intrigue, *Inside Warner Bros.* offers rich fare for anyone interested in the movies of Hollywood’s Golden Age, and an irresistible look at the legendary and colorful people who created them.

Culled from Warner Bros.’s voluminous files, these revealing memos, letters, and production reports recapture the conception, the second thoughts, the inspirations, doubts, conflicts, and triumphs that produced some of the most popular films ever made: *Casablanca*, *Jezebel*, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *The Maltese Falcon*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Dark Victory*, *Mildred Pierce*, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *Now, Voyager*, *The Big Sleep*, *Key Largo*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and many, many more.

TEXAS CELEBRATES 150 YEARS



Nobody, But the 36th
Offers a Historical
QUARTERLY

The Fighting 36th



HISTORICAL QUARTERLY



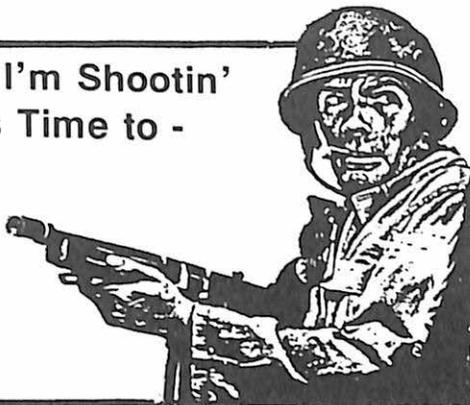
*Think
about the Kids!*

We got a few of left-over issues of Vol. IV 1984 (shown below) and we need to put 'em in the hands of the troops. ORDER a set (4) for grandkids, friends etc. NOW!



Alright, You Guys, I'm Shootin'
Straight to you..It's Time to -

RENEW '86



We ain't foolin' - 1986 is a biggie for all
Texans, and you're gonna read alot about
this state's history - from the ALAMO to
the 36th's BAGGIN' all the Nefarious
NAZIS at end of WWII...

....so RENEW YOUR QUARTER-
LY SUBSCRIPTION NOW... and Vol. V No.
4 issue will be out in your hands -late Feb.
1986.



order NOW, make your check out -
"Fighting 36th Historical Quarterly" and mail to:

LEONARD WILKERSON, P. O. Box 2049,
MALAKOFF, TEXAS 75148

Here's my check for \$_____ for the following:

- Renewal for Vol. VI - 1986 - four issues
@ \$15.00 postpaid.
- Set of Vol. V, 1985 Set of Vol. IV, 1984
4 issues @ \$15.00 4 issues @ \$15.00
- Set of Vol. III, 1983,
4 issues for \$12.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Unit Served _____



Feb. 1986

**TWO MEN — TWO WARS — AND
THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE**

WORLD WAR I

\$165,462,000,000



ALLIES

U. S. A.	\$22,625,252,843
Britain	\$35,334,011,868
France	\$24,265,582,800
Russia	\$22,593,950,000

CENTRAL POWERS

Germany	\$37,775,000,000
Austria-Hungary	\$20,622,960,600
Turkey & Bulgaria	\$2,245,200,000

WORLD WAR II

\$740,000,000,000

UNITED NATIONS

U. S. A.	\$240,000,000,000
Britain	\$100,000,000,000
Russia	\$100,000,000,000
Other	NO FIGURE

AXIS

Germany & Italy	\$300,000,000,000
Other	NO FIGURE



Please note that the United States spent TEN TIMES the amount of money in the fracas we were a part of, over cost of WWI. These figures are part of a story in LOOK MAGAZINE, published Fall 1945. It's mind-boggling!

If WAR was a SALOON, guess you could say these two villians shown above — ran-up the largest BAR TAB ever, in the history of mankind.



The Defenders of Freedom



THE ALAMO CENOTAPH

Above: West Panel of giant monument to Texans who died at the Alamo. Located in front of the Alamo, San Antonio.