



UNDERSTANDING
SACRIFICE

Activity: 511 Days of Combat: From Sicily to Munich with the Fighting Thunderbirds



Guiding question:

What was the contribution of the 45th Infantry Division to World War II?

DEVELOPED BY AMANDA KORDELISKI

Grade Level(s): 6-8, 9-12

Subject(s): Social Studies, English / Language Arts

Cemetery Connection: Rhone American Cemetery

Fallen Hero Connection: Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox



Overview

Using interactive technology from the American Battle Monuments Commission, primary source newspapers, cartoons, and sketches from the 45th Infantry Division, and secondary accounts of the campaign from historians and archivists, students will follow the path of the 45th Infantry Division from Sicily to Munich. Students will examine key battles in which the 45th Infantry Division fought, and discuss how this experience impacted the soldiers.

Historical Context

The invasion of Sicily was the first foothold into mainland Europe for the Allies. The four amphibious invasions the 45th Infantry Division participated in provided vital information for Allied command. The bitter fighting in Italy kept the battle-hardened Germans engaged and prevented them from shifting troops north when the Allies invaded Normandy. Though often overlooked or dismissed in favor of battles in Northern Europe or the Pacific, the campaigns in the Mediterranean allowed the Allies to push the Germans out of Italy and southern France and link up with troops from northern Europe to advance into Germany. The liberation of the Dachau Concentration Camp provided Allied command the opportunity to invite reporters into Germany to document the Nazi atrocities.

Objectives

At the conclusion of this lesson, students will be able to

- Describe the role the 45th Infantry Division played in the Mediterranean Theatre;
- Analyze and compare primary and secondary sources from World War II to understand the role of the 45th Infantry Division and the importance of the Mediterranean campaign;
- Understand the importance of the Mediterranean theatre and how it contributed to the outcome of the war; and
- Understand the importance of the liberation of Dachau and how it shaped the purpose of the war for the men in the 45th Infantry Division.



“The campaign in the Mediterranean is the most overlooked and underappreciated aspect of the war. The 45th Infantry Division was engaged in combat more than any other infantry division in the war, but their accomplishments are often overlooked because of where they fought.”

— Amanda Kordeliski

Kordeliski teaches at Norman North High School in Norman, Oklahoma.

Standards Connections

Connections to Common Core

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.1 Cite specific textual evidence to support analysis of primary and secondary sources.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.1 Determine the central ideas or information of a primary or secondary source; provide an accurate summary of the source distinct from prior knowledge or opinions.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8.6 Identify aspects of a text that reveal an author's point of view or purpose (e.g., loaded language, inclusion or avoidance of particular facts).

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RH.6-8 Integrate visual information (e.g., in charts, graphs, photographs, videos, or maps) with other information in print and digital texts.

Connections to C3 Framework

D2.His.1.6-8. Analyze connections among events and developments in broader historical contexts.

D2.His.3.6-8. Use questions generated about individuals and groups to analyze why they, and the developments they shaped, are seen as historically significant.

D2.His.11.9-12. Critique the usefulness of historical sources for a specific historical inquiry based on their maker, date, place of origin, intended audience, and purpose.

D3.2.9-12. Evaluate the credibility of a source by examining how experts value the source.

Documents Used ★ indicates an ABMC source

Primary Sources

45th Division News, August 17, 1943

45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th Division News, February 22, 1944

45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th Division News, September 6, 1944

45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th Division News, May 13, 1945

45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th Division News, July 10, 1945

45th Infantry Museum Archives

Brummett Echohawk

Drawing, *A Factory Charge*, February 11, 1944

Brummett Echohawk Collection, 45th Infantry Museum

Bill Mauldin, Cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*

Bill Mauldin Collection, 45th Infantry Division Museum

Photograph, *Dachau: Dead Awaiting Cremation 30 Apr 45*

45th Infantry Division Museum, Dachau Collection

Photograph, *Allied Forces Land in Southern France, 1944*

National Archives and Records Administration (SC-1781)

Secondary Sources

45th Infantry Division

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

<https://www.ushmm.org/wlc/en/article.php?ModuleId=10006163>

Bernard Fox Fallen Hero Profile and Eulogy ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

<http://abmceducation.org/understandingsacrifice/soldier/bernard-fox#overlay-context=user>

Liberating Rome Interactive ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/ROME_web/index.html

"The Liberation of Dachau"

45th Infantry Division Museum

<http://45th.45wp.com/Dachau>

Naples-Foggia Campaign Interactive ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/BOTA_Web/index.html

The Sicilian Campaign Interactive ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

http://www.abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/SC_Web/index.html

World War II: A Visual History ★

American Battle Monuments Commission

https://abmc.gov/sites/default/files/interactive/interactive_files/WW2/index.html

Materials

- Computer with internet capability to access ABMC Interactives
- Projector
- Soldier Dossier Cards
- Newspaper Article Rubric

Lesson Preparation

- Set up classroom technology and test all online resources before class.
- Divide the class into groups of two to four students each.
- Print and divide the Soldier Dossier Cards so that there is one for every student in the class.
- Print or make available electronically one copy of the primary source documents for each student.

Procedure

Activity One: Sicily (30-45 minutes)

- Project the *Sicilian Campaign Interactive* on the board and play the prelude video for the class.
- Explore *The Sicilian Campaign* together as a class or divide into small groups to explore the timeline with a group or individual device.
 - *Teacher Tip:* If students click on the “45” within the legend on the battle map, they can focus on only the maneuvers of the 45th Infantry Division for each time period in the campaign.
 - *Teacher Tip:* If students explore the timeline individually or in small groups, headphones are recommended for the short videos that accompany each time slot.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the 45th *Division News*, from August 17, 1943, and Bill Mauldin’s cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*.
 - Ask the students to read the article “Germans Leaving Island of Sicily” from August 17, 1943, in the 45th *Division News* and explore the remaining articles in the paper.

- Direct students to the Bill Mauldin cartoon on the last page of the newspaper and compare to Mauldin's cartoon, *Bath in 15 Minutes*.
- Ask students, *Do these cartoons match the tone of the newspaper? Why or why not?*
- View the Aftermath video on *The Sicilian Campaign* timeline together as a class.
- Ask students, *How does the historical importance of the invasion differ from the perspective from the newspaper?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45th Infantry Division contribute to the invasion of Sicily?*
- Students whose soldier died during the 1943 Sicily campaign can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

Activity Two: Anzio (30-45 minutes)

- Project the *Liberating Rome Interactive* on the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
- Explore *Liberating Rome* through the tab marked 5-20 June 1944.
 - *Teacher Tip:* If students click on the "45" within the legend on the battle map, they can focus on only the maneuvers of the 45th Infantry Division for each time period in the campaign.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the Activity Two documents.
 - Ask the students to explore the February 22, 1944, edition of the *45th Division News*.
 - Project or distribute Brummett Echohawk's drawing *A Factory Charge* that highlights a charge the 45th Infantry Division participated in during the Battle of Anzio.
 - Ask students,
 - *How is the battle presented in the two primary sources compared to the digital timeline?*
 - *How do the battle sketches done by infantryman Brummett Echohawk compare to cartoonist Bill Mauldin?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45th Infantry Division contribute to the invasion of Anzio?*
- Students whose soldier died during the Spring 1944 Anzio campaign can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.
 - *Teacher Tip:* It is important for students to understand that reinforcements were continually added to each regiment, especially after fierce battles. More than half of the soldiers on the Soldier Dossier Cards will have lost their lives by the end of the Anzio campaign. If you feel students will lose focus after the death of their soldier, split students into groups and when

you pass out the Soldier Dossier Cards, distribute the Soldier Dossier Cards where every group has at least one soldier who survives through the liberation of Dachau.

Activity Three: Operation Dragoon (20 minutes)

- Project the *World War II: A Visual History Interactive* on the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
 - From the timeline, click the “1944” button and then, “Southern France Campaign.”
 - View the footage of the invasion of southern France.
- Distribute (or share digitally) the Activity Three documents.
 - Ask the students to explore the September 6, 1944 edition of the *45th Division News*.
 - Project photograph *Operation Dragoon*.
 - Ask students, *Why does Operation Dragoon receive less coverage than the other campaigns? Was it less important than Sicily or Anzio?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45th Infantry Division contribute to Operation Dragoon?*
- Examine the Fallen Hero profile and play the eulogy video for Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox.
- Students whose soldier died during Operation Dragoon (August to October 1944) can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

Activity Four: Liberation of Dachau (30 minutes)

- *Teacher Tip:* The following activity contains graphic images and descriptions of Holocaust victims and survivors. Viewer discretion is advised.
- Project the “45th Infantry Division” page from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum onto the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own device.
- Project “The Liberation of Dachau” page from the 45th Infantry Division Museum onto the board or share the link with students to examine the site on their own devices.
- Project the photograph *Dachau: Bodies Awaiting Cremation April 30 1945*.
- Distribute (or share digitally) copies of *45th Division News* from May 13, 1945.
 - Ask students, *How is the description of the liberation of Dachau treated in comparison to the other events from the newspapers?*
- Ask students to synthesize, *How did the 45th Infantry Division contribute to the liberation of Dachau?*
- Students whose soldier died during the campaign to liberate Dachau (April 1945) can read aloud the name, rank, and date of death of their soldier and post the Soldier Dossier Card at

the front of the classroom to note those who lost their lives in this phase of the campaign.

Activity Five: Munich (15-30 minutes)

- Distribute (or share digitally) copies of *45th Division News* from July 10, 1945.
- Ask students to compare July 10 edition of *45th Division News* to previous issues.
- Ask students,
 - *Does the tone of the paper change from the first issue to the last?*
 - *Soldiers were ordered to leave Dachau and continue marching to Munich just two days after liberating the camp. What is the emotional toll on soldiers to leave behind those at the camp and continue fighting?*
 - *After 511 days of fierce combat, how or why does the liberation of Dachau become the defining act of the 45th Infantry Division?*

Assessment (50 minutes)

- Students will write a newspaper article in the style of the *45th Division News* and reflect on the 511 days of combat for the division.
 - Teacher can assign an article tied to the Soldier Dossier Card each student carried throughout the lesson or have students reflect on the entire campaign in the writing piece.
- The Newspaper Article Rubric can be used to score the article.

Methods for Extension

- Students with more interest in the Italian campaign can explore the ABMC Interactives beyond the scope of the 45th Infantry Division's involvement.
- Students who are interested in the liberation of other camps during World War II can read *Hell Before Their Very Eyes* by John C. McManus.
- Students can read more about Lieutenant Colonel Felix Sparks in *The Liberator: One World War II Soldier's 500-Day Odyssey* by Alex Kershaw.
- Students can explore the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum website.
- Students interested in the Holocaust can read *Once* by Morris Gleitzman.
- Students interested in the *45th Division News* can research Ernie Pyle and investigate how war reporting changed during World War II.
- The American Battle Monuments Commission maintains U.S. military cemeteries overseas. These cemeteries are permanent memorials to the fallen, but it is important that students know the stories of those who rest here. To learn more about the stories of some of the men and women who

made the ultimate sacrifice, visit www.abmceducation.org/understandingsacrifice/abmc-sites.

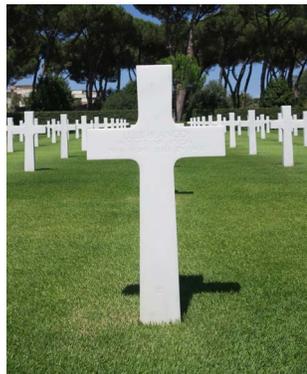
Adaptations

- Teachers can adapt the project for advanced learners by requiring students to find and evaluate at least one additional primary and secondary source for each campaign.
- Teachers can condense the activities by using only the ABMC Interactives or only the *45th Division News* to cover each stage of the campaign.
- Teachers can have students draw a cartoon in the style of Bill Mauldin or a sketch in the style of Brummett Echohawk as an alternative to writing a newspaper article.
- Teachers can change the final assessment to a group activity and have students design the front page of a newspaper instead of writing one article. Students can design and publish a digital newspaper using free online digital publication resources.
- Teacher can read aloud newspaper excerpts or record newspaper articles as needed for students.

Newspaper Article Rubric

	Advanced	Proficient	Basic	Emerging
Headline	Article has a headline that captures the reader's attention and accurately describes the content.	Article has a headline that accurately describes the content.	Article has a headline that does not describe the content.	Article is missing a headline.
Supporting Details	The details in the article are clear and supportive of the topic.	The details in the article are clear but need to be developed more. Some details may not fit in with the topic.	Most details in the article are clear. Article does not focus on the topic well.	The details article are neither clear nor related to the topic.
Who, What, When, Where and How	Article adequately addresses the five W's (who, what, when, where and how).	The article is missing one of the five W's.	The article is missing two of the 5 W's.	The article is missing three or more of the five W's.
Lead Sentence	Lead sentence grabs the reader's attention and focuses the reader on the topic.	Lead sentence tells most important details.	Lead sentence is not clearly connected to the article.	There is no clear lead sentence in the article.
Spelling & Grammar	No spelling or grammatical errors.	No more than two minor spelling or grammatical errors.	No more than three spelling or grammatical errors.	Multiple spelling or grammatical errors.

Soldier Dossier Cards



Private Luis Blanco

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: New York

Date of Death: July 29, 1943

Awards: Distinguished Service Cross, Purple Heart



Private Woodrow Wilson Thomas

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: West Virginia

Date of Death: April 13, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Technical Sergeant Robert Blaine

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Colorado

Date of Death: June 1, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Private Jose Aragon

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: New Mexico

Date of Death: March 28, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart

Soldier Dossier Cards



Technical Fourth Grade John Ayers

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Missouri

Date of Death: February 19, 1944

Awards: Silver Star, Purple Heart



Private William Campbell

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Virginia

Date of Death: March 28, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Second Lieutenant Alva Conley

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: February 19, 1944

Awards: Silver Star, Purple Heart



Private Joseph Wiener

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: New York

Date of Death: February 21, 1944



Soldier Dossier Cards



Private First Class Patrick McGee

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: February 23, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Sergeant John Bone

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: September 13, 1943

Awards: Purple Heart



Private Zeno Babarski

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Wisconsin

Date of Death: June 4, 1945

Awards: Bronze Star, Purple Heart



Private Charles Finley

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Illinois

Date of Death: February 19, 1944

Soldier Dossier Cards



Second Lieutenant Eugene Swierkocki

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: New York

Date of Death: June 4, 1944



Private First Class Timothy Kalagher

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Pennsylvania

Date of Death: February 16, 1944

Awards: Bronze Star, Purple Heart



Private Francis McCummings

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Maryland

Date of Death: February 29, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Private Warren Verner

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: North Carolina

Date of Death: February 18, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Soldier Dossier Cards



Technical Sergeant Bernard Fox

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: New York

Date of Death: August 18, 1944

Awards: Bronze Star, Purple Heart with 3 Oak leaf clusters



Private Virgil Deems

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: September 5, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Private William Lenakis

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Ohio

Date of Death: August 29, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



First Lieutenant Neil Mcphail

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Ohio

Date of Death: August 30, 1944

Awards: Air Medal with oak leaf cluster



Soldier Dossier Cards



Staff Sergeant George Harris, Jr

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: California

Date of Death: August 19, 1944

Awards: Bronze Star, Purple Heart

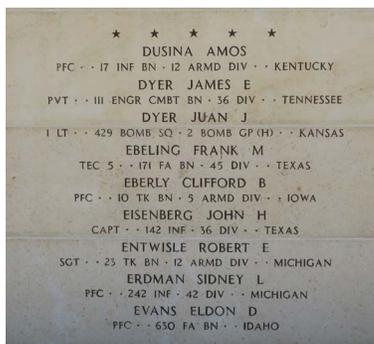


Staff Sergeant Ephrium Rutherford

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Colorado

Date of Death: October 30, 1944



Technical Fifth Class Frank Ebeling

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Texas

Date of Death: April 26, 1945

Awards: Purple Heart



Private Daniel Devlin

Unit: 171st Field Artillery Battalion, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Pennsylvania

Date of Death: September 30, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



Soldier Dossier Cards



First Sergeant Herbert Carlton

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: October 17, 1944

Awards: Purple Heart



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Lieutenant Colonel Felix Sparks

Unit: 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Texas

Date of Death: September 25, 2007

Awards: Silver Star



UNDERSTANDING
SACRIFICE

Private First Class Brummett Echohawk

Unit: 179th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division

Entered Service From: Oklahoma

Date of Death: February 13, 2006

Awards: Bronze Star, Purple Heart

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45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th DIVISION NEWS

AUGUST 17, 1943

PALERMO, SICILY

VOL. IV N° 7

Division's Fame Spreads Over America!

The 45th is famous now. Newspapers and radio stations all over America, and British papers and stations, too, have been lauding the 45th's part in the Battle of Sicily.

Letters from America showed that special attention had been given this division by papers from New York to San Diego, Calif.

A recent program of the Army Hour in the United States was entirely devoted to the embarkation of the Thunderbirds from America. A transcription had been made there on the docks when we left.

Of course, newspapers in towns we once lived near were most interested, but remarks of important war officials and our own showing here made other papers take notice. Acting Secretary of War Robert U. Patterson said of the 45th and the 82nd Airborne that their first time under fire «fought like seasoned veterans.»

He called this a tribute to our training.

Earlier General Montgomery had taken time out to praise the 45th's fight.

This record was featured on page one of the July 24 Army Times, which went on to say:

«Particular praise was given in news dispatches from Sicily to the 45th Division which had a baptism of fire in the fighting of the landings on the island, and which kept pace with the more experienced divisions in attaining their objectives. The 45th was commanded by Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton.»

Also on page one is a picture of Bill Mauldin in a story about the first issue of The Division News in Sicily.

Rome Open? Well, Not Yet

The Italian government has declared Rome an open city, but no Allied government has yet recognized it as such, it was revealed today.

The British press points out that Rome is the seat of government, a railroad center and a war industries center.

Americans said we could not consider it an open city until all soldiers were gone, through rail traffic stopped, and all war industries closed.

Open cities, by international law, are those undefended cities not contributing to the war effort in any way. Under international law they are not bombed.

General McArthur declared Manila an open city, but the Japs bombed it anyway.

For an Amateur, Victor Did Okay

It's a good thing matters ended when they did, as Pvt. Victor Plexico, Blacksburg, S. C. might have been faced with a real problem.

His buddy, Pvt. «Red» Scott got away out in front in an attack on a position, and three Italians armed with rifles took a careful bead on his red hair.

Plexico saw this. With fixed bayonet, a gawdawful grimace and a hideous howl he charged the enemy trio. They threw up their hands and surrendered before he searched their position.

«Don't know what I'da done if they hadn't give up,» drawled the former member of a recon outfit. «Never handled a bayonet before in my life.»

Bob Hope May Entertain 45th

Bob Hope, the comedian who traveled the «Road to Zanzibar» and the «Road to Morocco,» is on his way to Sicily now, it was announced this week.

Hope probably will entertain the 45th sometime around August 21, it is believed.

This isn't certain-his schedule isn't fixed-but you can hope for Hope.



No, this isn't a Sicilian cork-gun; it's a baby carbine, Italian, the exact replica of the larger carbine used by the enemy at the front. Cpl. John H. Geurin, 500 Patton St., Wilmerding, Pa., sights the 25 calibre weapon which is called «C. Garbo» according to the nameplate on the stock.



St. Sgt. Robert L. Pope, Guthrie, Okla., is literally stepping up the power. That contraption he's walking all over is a captured Italian generator which builds up the power. Pope holds another one in his hand.

Hebert Tolerates No Monkey Business

Ordinarily one man can easily escort 38 prisoners even if they are Germans, but Pvt. «Frenchie» Hebert brought his charges in under an artillery barrage and he brought them in on the double.

When he finally reached his CP, Hebert had 32 prisoners. The other six tried to escape.

Palermo Radio Airts U. S. Talent

Radio Palermo, now operated by the American Expeditionary Station, is now presenting a half hour of American music each night for the benefit of soldiers in Sicily.

The station is 365 on the dial in the regular broadcast band, and the program runs from 7:30 to 8 p. m. Tommy Dorsey, Bing Crosby, Fred Waring and others will be heard.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat...

GERMANS LEAVING ISLAND OF SICILY

As Germans poured out of Sicily by every available means—even rowboats!—the last act of the drama of Sicily neared hourly today.

How many troops Germany will be able to ferry across the channel to the mainland under a rain of bombs and the hail of strafing bullets is problematical, because in spite of reports of unearthly heavy flak the Messina Straits are alive with Allied planes harrassing the retreat.

Meanwhile, the German delaying action goes on. The American forces having taken Randazzo, moved on to take Oliveri. The British took Fiumefreddo and Piedmont Etnea.

It had been announced earlier that 130,000 prisoners have been taken on the Island during the campaign.

The Germans had covered their retreat well. Three machine guns were placed along the top of a hill overlooking the grape orchard through which advancing troops would have to pass. There was only one way to reach the guns, and that was for a small man to inch his way through the orchard until he was close enough for a grenade.

Pvt. Manuel Pino, Denver, Colo., a scout, was small—only about 5 feet six inches tall, and not over 120 pounds. He began his slow pace through the orchard, hugging the ground every minute, taking advantage of every bit of cover the vines afforded. The machine guns splattered bullets all over the area, vainly searching for the man they knew was crawling toward them.

Finally Pino got as close to the guns as the cover would let him. Only twenty yards from the top of the hill where the guns were still chattering. The Germans threw three grenades down, but their aim was bad.

There was only one way to get the gun, and Pino knew it. He also knew there was one chance in a hundred of pulling it off without being cut down by the other two guns. There was no hesitation. Standing up and yelling, «We might as well get this over with,» he threw a perfect strike at the gun.

Before he could fall back under cover, he remaining guns cut him down.

Peepless Pair Are Alive, Anyhow

The outfit might still have the peep if the Italian tank commander hadn't taken the second look.

Pvt. John Malish, Osage, W. Va., walked along behind 60 Italian prisoners and his buddy, Pvt. Thomas Tarbert, rode beside the column in a jeep.

Along came a small column of tanks. Tarbert pulled over and the armored vehicles rumbled on. Malish recognized the Italian model just about the time the rear tank slowed down and the commander peeped over the edge of the turret. Immediately all tanks did an about face and the group—

Tarbert and Malish peppered the tanks with Tommy gun fire while the jeep was crushed. Nobody was hurt.

Related to the Sicilian campaign is the bombing of Italy, and Milan took another pasting Sunday night. The people there, the Swiss say, are demonstrating for peace.

Italian Officer Costs Bob a Nickle

There were two things about the action that surprised Cpl. Bob Whittenbeck considerably.

He traced the course of the enemy motorcycle through the turns of the mountain road while he waited in the concealment of a ditch. Then, when it rounded the turn and was almost on him, he let fly with his rifle and received his first surprise: The bullet struck the machine and both riders went sprawling when the motorcycle went out from beneath them.

Surprise No. 2 came after he'd relieved the Italian officer of his pistol. The officer asked if he might have a souvenir of Whittenbeck. Amazed, the corporal handed him an American nickel and asked why he wanted it.

It seems the Italian had been in Russia, in North Africa and now his war was ended here on a Sicilian road. He wanted a remembrance.

McKean Now Bears Unpleasant Name

Pvt. James «jackass» McKean, Jonesboro, Ark., can forget the bray of the jackass, but can he ever live down the nickname he got from his squad mates?

McKean was an outpost guard, with orders not to shoot unless he had to. Mindful of his order, he held his fire when he saw the bushes stir down the side of the road, thinking it might be the wind. When, however, the bushes kept stirring, and in a direct line to him, that was too much. Drawing a close bead on where he figured the unseen enemy should be, he let go.

The next minute the air was filled with excited questions from other guards, the dying bray of a jackass, and the shouts from the Italian peddler who had been riding him.

45th Division News, August 17, 1943, p. 3

45th Infantry Museum Archives

Cannon Men Enliven Town, Shoot at Things

The small town had been in our hands only a few hours when the cannon company pulled in. If the men finally proved to be a little trigger-happy, it was because of this fact and the warning they had received about snipers. Besides it was almost dark.

So when Cpl. Ray Kuykendall, Sacramento, Cal., saw a head peering over the edge of a church roof, he first checked the figure, and when no answer was received, let go with his rifle. The head dropped out sight. Next morning he set out to see what he'd bagged. Laboriously he climbed the wall of the church, and peered over the edge of the roof. His single shot had landed right between the eyes of a statue.

Pfc. Bernie Stokes, same outfit, had been on the ball the night before too. His guard post was atop a parked vehicle near a smoldering fire started by artillery.

Near the fire was a small hut. Every few minutes a shadowy figure would emerge from the building and make a break for the fire. Every time he put in an appearance, Stokes would drive him back in the hut with a rifle shot. This kept up all night.

In the morning, Stokes advanced cautiously on the hut, all set to capture his prisoner. He was met at the door by an indignant native. The Sicilian wanted to know why, war or no war, a respectable citizen was shot at every time he tried to protect his property from fire.

Produce

It's taking Pvt. Bernard Ramsey a little while to get used to Sicily. The other day someone showed him a small tree sprouting skinny leaves. Now Ramsey is willing to bet anyone in the outfit that he can find a macaroni tree.

Like Two Holes In The Rowboat

Cpl. Art Falkenburg, a cannon company paddleshot, found his half-track smack in the middle of a barrage of 88's one night. At the height of the attack, Falkenburg yelled at one of his buddies to let down the shield.

"What for?" yelled the befuddled dogface above the roar.

"To let out some of this damned shrapnel," was Falkenburg's reply.



Pts. Pleaz, Waisenhunt, Caddo, Okla., decided that war or no war, the company was in complete without a mascot. He walked the nearest house where he found this puppy, which the farmer was glad to trade for two cigarettes. Pooch answers to the name of "Vino" when he answers at all.

A Funny Man Is Sergeant Pope

St. Sgt. Robert L. Pope, Guthrie, Okla., division ordnance, has been having a lot of fun with a captured Italian hand grenade.

The other day he approached group of his buddies.

"Look what I found," he said, showing them the "red devil." Then, when he'd gathered a large group around him, Pope pulled the pin. "A Wonder what this is for," he remarked.

But nobody heard him. They were all diving for the nearest foxhole.

Then Pope casually remarked that the grenade had been stipped.

Friendly Are These Germans, Sergeant Finds

Friendly Italian soldiers have come a dime a dozen here in Sicily, but co-operative Germans are worth talking about.

Take the three captured by Sgt. Melvin Weisz, for instance.

Weisz, Greeley, Col., was on his way back from an engagement with a trio of Nazis whom he watched with a wary eye. In the pitch darkness of the night the four entered a draw when suddenly one of the Germans stepped, explaining to Weisz that a band of Jerries lay ahead waiting for the procession.

While the American non-com took cover, one of the Germans shouted something and out of the blackness stepped a German officer. When he saw Weisz he turned and ran, but the sergeant dropped him with a shot from his rifle and went on after the rest of the enemy, his prisoners obediently following.

Going over a wall, Weisz dropped the one of the Germans stopped, picked the rifle up and handed it back to the captor. Weisz thanked him, affixed his grenade launcher and let go.

There was a flash, a roar, and in the darkness ahead four Jerries lay dead. Weisz continued with his three prisoners.

Life Saved

First Lt. Melvin Smith rescued one of his men, Pfc. Melvin Detweiler, from drowning last week. Detweiler had gone into deep water and was floundering there when the officer reached him.

The Boys Feel Kindly about Our Medics

Two reporters went to the field, and both came back with stories in praise of the Medics. One of the reporters is a Medic, and has taken a lot of kidding about it, so it's not surprising in his case. The other is an ordnance man, though, like Skeezix, and always in the U. S. had thought of the Medics as the red tape department. So, here's to the Medics!-Editor.

Medics have been called everything from a "pill rollers" to "aspirin curealls" in peace time. Come war, and they make the scoffers swallow their words by the way they do their work.

Pfc. John Slovak, Bellmore, Long Island, N. Y., and Pvt. Homer Mathieu, Springfield, Mass., had been warned about danger of going out under direct fire to give aid. Nevertheless, when two soldiers were knocked out by mortar fire, they wormed their way up to the two and bandaged them up, still lying flat on their stomachs.

Pfc. Fred Beard wrangled his way up to two soldiers, one of whom had been hit. With the un wounded man helping, Beard set to work. A bullet knocked the volunteer down, a hole in his head, but Beard finished the job, pulled the man out of line of fire, and returned to cover.

Pfc. John Slovak, Morris Hanson, Haska, Minn., Pvt. Paul Hodges, and Pfc. Helmut Guttschuh, N. Y. C., found a wounded German near a mine field. A bridge had been blown out, so Hanson, a small man compared to the 180 pound bulk of the German, used a fireman's carry to get the man through the by-pass. All together, they carried him about six miles to the aid station and three from the station to the ambulance.

Pvt. Joe Beard, Atria, Ind., is usually always hungry. He was particularly so during a barrage of 88's. He huddled in his hole until the ranga were too much for him. Then he crawled out and made some stew.

St. Sgt. Kenneth Prather, Craig, Col., wasn't even smelt with a litter when he went over the top in one engagement. He came back to his CP a little later with four Italian machine gunners and their loaded weapons.

There are a lot of wounded paddles in the battalion who owe their lives to Capt. Peter C. Grafagnino, a medic from Louisiana. The captain picked his way into a mine field to give first aid to 29 casualties. Sappers later removed 54 mines from the same area.

Dead Germans Are Astonished

It was hard to say which group was the more surprised, the Germans who woke up to see American soldiers surrounding them or the Americans who saw what they thought dead men come to life.

The group consisting of Corp. Joe Hupka, Dillenville, Ohio, Pfc. Stanley Kurl, Cleveland, Ohio, and Pfc. Vincent Lenhard, Lorain, Ohio, had gone on a night seeing tour of the beach, near their camp site. A short distance from the beach they saw a fox hole with what appeared to be three dead Germans in it. Yelling "Here's some dead Germans," the three charged the hole, intent on souvenirs.

The Germans woke at the shout, saw the Americans charging them with what appeared to be bloody purposes, and raised their hands. They were paratroopers who had been separated from their outfit the day before and had spent the time in between dodging our patrols and artillery fire.

Bomber Sets Up A Fish Fry

Tanks to a German bomber the men of one of the line companies had a fish fry the other day. The Jerry dropped his bombs in the sea, damaging nothing but a school of fish.

The men gathered them up, had them for dinner that day.

Caskets, Wheels, Dwarves Help Issue the News

With stories of the fighting Thunderbird being flashed to every state in the Union, the 45th Division News has come in for its share of publicity. Now that the folks at home know all about us, we figure its time you learned about the paper you're reading.

It's the same paper you read back in camp. The staff is the same, the names is the same and you'll be reading it at least once a week. What makes it different, what makes it news to the folks in the States is the fact that this is the first American paper ever printed on Axis home soil.

As a matter of fact, the first foreign edition was being distributed at the front on D plus three. Our headquarters then was Vittoria, which Sgt. Don Robinson, editor, and Sgt. Bill Mauldin, cartoonist, entered a few hours after the town had fallen.

They managed to find a printer out in the un bombed countryside, and he was finally convinced to return to his abode in town. Printers weren't available and the printer didn't know from nothing about English, so we "printed" our copy in longhand, literally drew pictures of the type he was to set. Because the Italian types have few "k's," "w's" and "y's," we had to avoid using them.

But we still needed foreign news, and we had no radio. Our ingenious cartoonist took off on his bike, got to the beach, managed to bribe a sailor with an Italian carbine. He got our first foreign news on a ship's radio. Coming back he but got rid of the bike when a Messerschmitt strafed the shiny machine.

The first Division News edition on the island was a small unimposing affair, no larger than a letter. If you didn't manage to get one, it's because we printed only 1,000 copies.

The next two issues were mimeographed. Already the front was too far forward for our reporters to get there and back in a single day without a vehicle of their own, so while half the staff went out after stories the other half remained in town and printed the papers.

We moved forward to Caltanissetta and the same problems presented themselves. We finally located a printer, seven of them in fact, and work began on issue number 4. We called the printers the Seven Dwarves. You got the impression, being next to them, of being in Lilliputia.

But with a little help from us they did the job. Electric power was off in the city, so the huge flat-bed press had to be turned by hand, three turns of the mammoth fly-wheel for one copy-and we were printing a thousand copies. Just for the record, the highest number of consecutive turns on the wheel was made by Robinson who drew a super-human strength from his devotion to the sheet.

But the paper still didn't boast of pictures by Sgt. George Tapscott, or cartoons from Mauldin. So the latter set out for Palermo where he finally located an engraver. The next issue had a cartoon, and therein lies a tale.

The engraver had been bombed out of his plant. Mauldin helped him set up a darkroom in a chicken coop. In fact he was set to go except he needed zinc and there wasn't any on the island.

Mauldin got the zinc. He got it from a coffin-maker who was also hiding in the country. The man gripped a little when he had to take it out of a casket's lining, but edition No. 5 had a cartoon. There was a But the troops pushed still farther forward, so we packed our typewriters and hit the road again. We ended in Palermo and that's where we are now.

We'd acquired some more equipment so it took us several days to move and get settled. There was a two-day hunt for a printshop, and the next day was Sunday. Monday the shop still was on fire from a bombing. That's why there was a 12 day wait between editions 5 and 6.

Now that we're settled we intend to print a paper his size at least once a week. But if we drop out of sight for a few days it may be because we're moving again.

Or maybe the coffin-maker will have run out of coffin.

Memory Lapse Saves a Life

Forgetfulness is a bad thing usually, but on one occasion Pvt. Bill Hoffman, Wann, Okla., owes his life to it.

Hoffman had been doing some work on a fox hole when he saw a hole to such good effect that the enemy brought a machine gun to bear on him. Bullets splashed dirt all over him, cutting away the earth from around him, and he was convinced that the hole might well be his grave.

About this time a half-track showed up and literally gave him curb service. It backed up to the fox hole long enough for him to clamber in, then turned loose its 50 cal. gun on the machine gun.

The driver had returned for the gun shield he had forgotten the previous day.

Kosovitch Was In A Big Hurry

Pvt. George Kosovitch, Philadelphia, Pa., is a man who can have his mind on two things at once but once he found himself in only one of them at a time.

Kosovitch and Pvt. Eual Manes, Tablequah, Okla., were outposts when suddenly they saw the enemy, in force, advancing toward them. Kosovitch got the jump on Manes and tore out for the rear, forgetting such trifles as rifles. Manes, a thrifty sort, picked up both men and started out after him, yelling for him to take his rifle. Kosovitch, never slackening his pace, yelled back for Manes to hand it to him, but he wasn't fast enough. Manes carried them both back.

Paul Can Shoot, Even Strango Gun

St. Sgt. Paul Villegas is generous almost to a fault. In action on "Bloody Ridge," one of his platoon sergeants broke a rifle. Villegas turned over his M1, grabbed an oseney rifle that was laying there.

And although he'd never handled such a piece before, the staff sergeant bagged six Germans with it.

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45th Infantry Museum Archives

S. S. O. Issues Kits, Papers

Distribution of the 45th Division News will be made at the Division Special Service office just west of Cefalu on the coast road. Capt. Richard G. Hagood, division special service officer, has announced.

In addition to the paper, a limited supply of magazines are available as well as miscellaneous equipment from Seventh Army. Capt. Hagood requests each division unit check at least every other day for equipment. Distribution has been made on B-kits, containing radio, phonograph, transcriptions and books, and the athletic kits will be distributed as soon as the island campaign becomes stabilized.

EFM telegrams are delivered daily to Palermo; the truck leaving the Cefalu office at one o'clock in the afternoon. The cablegrams may be sent to any point in the United States, the message being limited to any three or fewer of those listed.

Funeral

A military funeral was given Pfc. John J. Nowakowski, infantry, who was drowned last Sunday.

45th Division News

Published by The 45th Infantry Division, every now and then, for the personnel. Address: None; we're transients.

STAFF

Sgt. Don Robinson... Editor
Sgt. Bill Mauldin... Cartoonist
Sgt. George Tapscott... Photographer
Cpl. Bill Barrett... Reporter
Cpl. Fred Shuman... Reporter
Pvt. George Riley... Diver.

Grenades, Crawford, Are Dangerous!

Either Pvt. Crawford, paddlefoot, is convinced this is all a maneuver, or he hasn't any imagination. At any rate, he's had a lot of good luck.

In a mopping-up action, his squad came upon an apparently empty hut. Crawford pulled the pin on his grenade, tossed the housing piece into the house. Then, before his mates could stop him, Crawford had vanished into the house after it.

There was a terrific explosion that bulged the sides of the feeble hut.

The buddies of Pvt. Crawford hung their heads in silence. He'd been a good guy.

Out of the setting dust that had been a Sicilian cottage stepped Crawford brushing his uniform clothes meticulously. «Wasn't nobody there,» he announced.

His squad leader, emotionally confused, took the erring private aside. Patiently he explained that after a grenade is thrown the better soldier waits for the report before he enters the building to investigate. Crawford nodded. It wouldn't happen again, he assured his sergeant. And it didn't.

A little later the same group came upon another hut. Again Crawford pulled the pin and let fly. This time, however, he didn't vanish into the house after the grenade. He just ran up to the window and looked in.

They closed their eyes on what followed. What they were about to see, they figured, wouldn't be nice. And Crawford had been a good guy.

The tinkle of shattered glass resounded above the roar of the explosion. Then came a voice: «Two men dead in there.»

And there was Pvt. Crawford, alive and unscratched, combing a window out of his hair.

German Soldier Laughs and Dies

It was Sgt. Herb Fish, Canon City, Col., who led one of the first squads to the top of «Bloody Ridge,» and while they didn't stay long, Jerry knew he'd been visited.

Going up the hill was tough enough. Fish shot more than one outpost before the top was reached and the Germans counter-attacked the small force with fixed bayonets.

The squad retreated in order. Fish accounted for 10 Nazis before a blow on his head sent him to the ground, dazed for a second. When he came to he discovered his helmet had been ripped down the center, but he wasn't hurt.

«What made Fish fighting mad was the German who shot him. Assuming the American to be dead, the Nazi laughed heartily and went on his way. So Fish shot him.

However, the non-com isn't holding the helmet as a souvenir. «Might as well throw it away,» he explains. «Can't wash in it any more.»

Top Kie Seems A Draft Dodger

First Sgt. Howard Simpson, Chickasha, Okla., a member of a field artillery battery, is being threatened with the F. B. I.

Several days ago the sergeant received a notice from his draft board in Abilene, Tex., to the effect that his case would be turned over to the F. B. I. unless he reported to the board at once.

Simpson got out of the army on the over-age clause some time ago, but rejoined his outfit later, without notifying his draft board of his

Soviets Drive On Smolensk

While her troops still closed in on Kharkov and Bryansk, Russia sent a steardhead through the center to bear down upon Smolensk, it developed this week. This drive killed 8,000 Germans in three days.

Twenty localities were captured up to Monday morning.

The Germans were counterattacking at Kharkov, using Tiger tanks in an effort to save their last exit railway.

That's No Patrol, It's a Friend!

The American patrol suddenly halted in the dark. Ahead were cautious sounds, a light tread, the rustle of a bush.

Remembering the warning they'd received of active enemy patrols in the area, they eased to prone positions and waited. Fifteen minutes ticked by. They held their breaths, waited while the bushes parted. Out stepped a stray donkey.

Bulletins

RUSSIA — The Soviets have taken Karacev, and have surrounded Kharkov.

SICILY — The Allies have taken Taormini.

GERMANY — Mosquito Bombers bombed Berlin for the third day running.

ITALY — Milan was bombed for the fourth time in three days.

Welcome Boys, Welcome Indeed

A small group of Canadian soldiers, on their way back to their outfits, sighted the bivouac area dead ahead. Here, they figured, they could spend a peaceful night before going on in the morning.

The next instant they were hugging the ground under a cross fire of machine guns. They'd wandered smack into the middle of a paddlefoot battalion battle problem.

Printed by I. R. E. S., Palermo, Sicily

Winnie, F.D.R. Met Last Week

It was revealed this week that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met for three days at the President's Hyde Park estate as a forerunner to their official conference in Canada later in the week. It is presumed that the President and Prime Minister discussed the agenda of the forthcoming Quebec conference, at which they will be accompanied by their staffs of military and naval strategists.

At Ease

Visitors who walk into the C. P. of one of the infantry companies rub their eyes and wonder if the heat has hit them when they see what occupies a prominent place in it.

«It is an overstuffed easy chair which 1st Lt. Woodard Lackey, Stillwater, Okla., picked up near the waterfront in Palermo.

STAR SPANGLED BANTER

By Bill Mauldin



Bill Mauldin, *Bath in 15 Minutes*

Bill Mauldin Collection, 45th Infantry Division Museum



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45 DIVISION NEWS

FEBRUARY 22, 1944

NAPLES, ITALY

VOL. IV No. 31

'Pooney to Pin-Ups,' Say They, A Home Girl Is Wanted

Somebody has the wrong idea about soldiers' ideal woman. The ideal woman, according to the theory of the publishing powers that be, is a movie starlet, frankly and indiscriminately seductive, wearing as few clothes as can be arranged without getting the publications barred from the mails. Now comes Gun Section 2 of

a girl who looks like a «GI's woman.» A girl who looks like she might be just ONE GI's woman, and stay that way.

They'd like to find one who has a sort of exclusive come-hither look that will say «come hither» to one guy, and «so sorry» to the rest of the guys in the world. They want a pin-up girl who

looks like she could wear and look like a million bucks in what an average guy could afford to buy her to wear, who looks like she could bake a cake, who would make a house cozy just by being there.

What they get is a lot of babes who look like they could make.

(Continued on page 4.)



Battery A to say that they are looking for a pin-up girl. Our first reaction was amusement. It has been estimated by some bureau that makes estimates, that three thousand acres of Canadian timber a week are consumed making paper on which pin-ups are printed. Every Hollywood studio, and several minor sources, supply pin-up girls by the gross, and publishers see that they get to soldiers.

And Gun Section 2, battery A, can't find a pin-up girl.

The reason is that this organization isn't looking for a frankly seductive Hollywood starlet in the raw. For two weeks they've hunted through magazines looking for

Shumway Battles To Tournay Finals

Heavyweight Cecil Shumway punched his way to the Allied Boxing Tournament finals Friday by hammering out a decision over Sylvester Smith. The amateur puddle-foot next meets the heavily-favored Perry Tyson of Sardinia.

The other Thunderbird hopeful who qualified for the Algiers matches, Jim Palmer, was outpointed and eliminated by the Navy lightweight, W. G. Cannon.

Kitchen 'Mike's Tavern' Until Engineers Get There

Rumaging through a subterranean dungeon where he was supposed to set up his field kitchen, Cpl. Mike Arbochus, Scrauton, Pa., uncovered a store of white wine — a thousand gallons of it.

The cook listed this as one of the spoils of war and wasted no time in getting together a detail to empty the liquid into some empty water cans, to be passed out among the various companies in his battalion.

They filled 30 five-gallon cans before a squad of engineers took over. The engineers had received orders to pipe the stuff upstairs, and orders were orders, they explained, although they disliked applying a wet blanket on the party the kitchen crew was having.

Arbochus satisfied himself with the thought that at least three companies of his battalion had been supplied with the wine, and he had put aside ten gallons of it for himself.

Ten gallons doesn't go very far, he found, for a week later he had drained the last drop out of the water can. The company had moved in the meantime, and Arbochus

(Continued on page 4.)

The Week's News...

Allies Beat Off Beachhead Stabs, Blast Germany

After four consecutive days of German assaults on the Anzio Nettunia beachhead, the lines remained in practically the same position, but with the Allies on the offense.

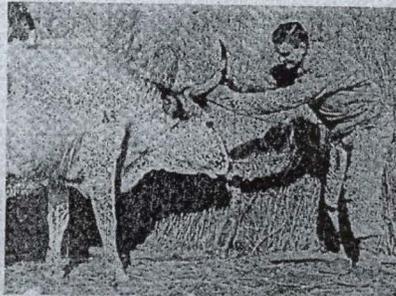
The last of the German attacks was met head-on by an Allied counterattack of Infantry and tanks which, although it did not penetrate the Nazi onslaught, stymied it. It was noted that during the week the Allied air support over the beachhead was the greatest ever given ground troops. The Germans had an estimated six divisions in the line during the attempt to throw the Allies off the beachhead.

On the main Fifth Army front the fighting tattered back and forth, and both sides occupy relatively the same positions they did a week ago. The world-famous Abbey of Montecassino was leveled by Flying Ports and Mitchells as a last resort to clear the Germans from it. They had been using the church — atop the highest hill in the Cassino sector — as an OP and firing artillery from within it.

Hometown Displays Captured Nazi Flag

This business of sending home captured Nazi flags is catching on. The third platoon of Co. C in the engineers came upon their flag in a knocked-out German tank. Each man wrote his name in the white field, and in the black swastika is inscribed the names of the men who have died in the campaign.

They sent it home then to Las Vegas, N.M. where it's been making the rounds. It's currently on display in the halls of the state university.



Pointing to the brand on this boffer, Mr. Sgt. John Maladyan, Oersted, N. J., explains that those two letters are a veritable plague to him. His job is the Adjutant General's section centers around the distribution and filing of the many Army Regulations.

The air war over Germany took a decided turn as Berlin received its heaviest passing and Leipzig — Nazi industrial center — suffered under 2,300 tons of HE. The raid on Leipzig was only 200 tons short of equalling the heaviest of the war — 2,500 tons dropped on Berlin only a few nights before — but indicative of the size of the raid was the loss of aircraft announced by the Allies: 79 planes did not return.

The Russian steamroller lost none of its momentum over the week and the pocketed Nazis were all but annihilated. An estimated 55,000 Germans were slaughtered in the Dnieper trap alone, with 18,000 taken prisoner. Meanwhile, the Red Army launched a three-prong assault on the German bastion at Pakov, where the Germans are expected to put up another determined stand. On the southeastern sector of the Dnieper, the Germans admitted that the Reds had opened up a final assault on the industrial city of Kirov Rog.

In Stockholm, meanwhile, Finnish ministers met with neutral Sweden on the possibilities of the small Scandinavian nation's getting out of the war.

Tours of inspection highlighted the invasion preparations in England and Western Europe during the week. General Eisenhower, Allied Generalissimo, after watching the Allied invasion force go through their training, expressed great approval of what he had seen. Across the channel, however, where Field Marshal Rommel made a tour of inspection, the marshal estimated that his preparations would withstand all eventualities.

Sonja Heine, international skating star and movie actress, was killed Saturday in an accident.

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Handling the 100-pounder as easily as if it were a can of spam, Opl. Marvin Sharpe, Jamestown, Tenn., examines the Jerry bomb dud he and his bomb disposal crew have removed from the Clearing Co. area. The dud was there before the medics moved in. In excavating one of these babies, the man work in the hole one at a time, because, as Sharpe puts it, it only takes one little slip...

One Purple Heart a Day Is Enough for Jagoda, Doc

By Bill Harr

Pvt. Robert E. Jagoda of Chicago, infantry, is not making a collection of Purple Hearts, and that's what he tried to tell the doctor.

Shells Miss But Don't Help Krauts' Morale

Acting as forward observer for an artillery battery, Sgt. Merle Goodman, Lancaster, Ohio, located six Jerry V's around a group of houses, and he reported the information to the PFC.

"Fire!" he heard, and he watched for the explosion.

There was an explosion, a series of them, a helluva roar. The first shell had gone wild, landed about a thousand yards to the left, in among a hidden ammo dump and sent shells and smoke skyrocketing upward and left a dense pall over everything.

Goodman made corrections on the second shot, but this, too, went wild. It landed in a thicket of bushes and trees, and scattered hidden Krauts all over the landscape and sent others scurrying for cover.

Throughout all this the German tanks remained in among the houses, and Goodman made final corrections. He centered in a series of shells on the tanks, knocked out two and the other four took off.

Jilted Dogtaces Form Grim Club

A new society has made its appearance in one of the line companies. Its not secret, and anyone possessing the necessary prerequisites can be a member.

The club is known as the "Wildow Chasers", and thus far numbers only eight members. However, it is expected to increase in membership with the news of it.

The president of the select group is Sgt. Ronald Ashilman, Liman, Colo., who became president the hard way. He lost a girl friend. The only other restriction on membership is the GI must be over 28.

Rat's Nest Smokes Out Signal Boys

When the Signal Company moved into pyramidal tents, St. Sgt. Clifford Marple of Englewood, Colo., solved the above situation by building an honest-to-goodness stone fireplace. Before you could say "Fall Out For Calisthenics" the idea spread and similar stoves appeared in many tents.

But Pvts. Mike Gourke and Harry "Red" Thomas, both of Philadelphia, and Sgt. Herb Teitelbaum of New York City, ran into trouble with their 200-pound iron steam pipe which they were using for a chimney. The pipe wouldn't "draw", and the tent filled with smoke.

It was a lot of work taking the heavy pipe down again, but it had to be done. When Private Thomas took a squint through the pipe he let out a yelp! There was a rat's nest in the middle of it!

Wood's General Store Opens

This Pfc. Edward Wood, Orange, N.J., is a handy man to have around.

The outfit had come down from the mountain for a rest, and the first thing that occurred to Pfc. Louis Popolowski, New London, Conn., was the empty condition of his stomach.

All his search was fruitless until he came on Wood.

"Sure, I got something to eat. Here's some rice I'll sell you."

Popolowski was in no condition to argue.

"OK, how much you want for it?"

"Only 50 cents."

The half-dollar changed hands, then Wood volunteered:

"If you want something to read, I got some good books from home the other day I'll sell you."

Crooning Captives Win Sam's Heart

MP Sam Cotten of Petersburg, Va., was guarding some German prisoners one day when one of them asked him where he was from.

"Virginia," announced Sam, proudly.

Whereupon the whole slew of captives broke out in the song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

Major Corners Market, Hens Produce for Brass

Whether it's a warmer place to sleep, a better brand of vino or just a matter of a few hen's eggs, it's the guy with the rank who'll get it every time. That's the way Pfc. Paul De Cusati, New Haven, Conn., feels about it.

The AT soldier had stumbled on a pretty good thing, he thought. Not far from where he was bivouaced was a neat little farm house inhabited with Italians who were all out for the Allied cause. What made this important was the fact that they had eggs, and they were willing to sell them.

The first day he was up there, DeCusati bought four eggs and feasted royally on them. The next afternoon he strolled through the farmyard in a happy frame of mind. He clicked companionably at the hens, producing for victory in their little way.

A major in the medics answered the door. Just a little surprised, DeCusati explained that he'd bought a few eggs the day before, and that he'd like a few more.

"Well, you won't get them here," decreed the officer. "I've bought all the eggs they're willing to sell."

DeCusati turned to go.

"Furthermore, all the eggs these hens lay in the future belong to me," remarked the major.

DeCusati got in his radio peep.

"Furthermore, you'd better get flat peep out of here. The radio is drawing shell fire."

DeCusati drove off. He didn't bother to explain that the radio was turned off anyhow.

By the Right Flank!

What with enemy air raids, fire missions and those mice, gun section two of Btry. A isn't getting much sleep these nights. When they're not crouching in their holes or tossing shells at the Jerries, the redlegs are kept awake by the noisy mice who keep munching away at the boys supply of peanuts.

They called artillery Sgt. Carl E. Blue of Btry. A "Blue pup" until he turned 21 the other day. That's right—now he's known as "Blue dog."

If someone doesn't hurry up and get him a new wheel for his German motorcycle, mail deliveries to the engineers are going to be less regular, threatens Cpl. Arthur A. Archambault, mail orderly. He made his deliveries on the captured Kraut bike until he lost a wheel recently.

It's costing the government money just keeping Lt. Col. Lewis France, Las Vegas, N.M., in cars. The engineer officer recently had his third vehicle shot out from under him.

Fan mail from the States has started arriving for Tony Macaroni, adopted wolf of a company of Thunderbird engineers. The kid recently returned to his native Sicily, so the letter and valentine greeting that came in last week from Brooklyn is being forwarded by Tony's foster-father, St. Sgt. Bennie Lavato, Mosquero, N. M.

Either Cpl. Tony Lupa is getting war nerves or he has a flair for originating new adages. The TD non-com recently completed two tasks at the same time and muttered: "Pretty good. Just killed two stones with one dog."

Life would be sweeter to the redlegs in Btry. C if they had a guitarist to accompany the accordion of Pfc. Albert DeGennaro, Altoona, Pa.

Cpl. Richard "Louisiana" Weston is rapidly becoming the official anti-aircraft gunner for his company of engineers. His passion for firing the mounted 50 isn't any greater than his buddies', but because of his long legs he usually beats them to the gun.

That new little medic out in Atoka, Okla., is the offspring of Tech. Sgt. John L. Musler, Clearing Co.

The Man in the Morris home in Mangum, Okla., is Sgt. Charles seven-pound son.

Short items for this column are welcome. Drop a line to the 45th Division News, care of our APO.

Christmas will be in February for Pvt. Norman Maffei, Franklinville, N.Y. He just came back from the hospital, and hasn't contacted his outfit to get his presents yet.

Home for Pvt. Joe Pfeifruk (pronounced Hi-fruk), New Castle, Pa., is an enlarged foxhole complete with a bedspring. He picked up the bed in the spring in an abandoned farmhouse.

Some of the newly appointed Pfc's are referring to themselves as PFCAC's, the AC standing for Act of Congress.

Regimental postal clerks Sgt. William Berkenbile, Dover, Okla., and Cpl. Gordon Martin, Oklahoma City, received a letter from an Italian family who had housed them at one time during the campaign. They're now looking for someone to decipher it.

Need a watch? Or a knife? Or a what-have-you? See Pvt. T. J. O'Connell, TD. He has a nice collection of guns, ranging from Lugers to Berrettas, and watches running from the lordly 17 jewel Elgin to the Italian alarm clock wrist watch. He has gotten as much as \$0 dollars for a P38 from a Frenchman, \$0 dollars for a Luger. (The Luger was sold to a friend.)

Texas Capt. Joe Carr, of the tank destroyers, boasts that he can eat chili-con-carne three times a day and relish it.

45th DIVISION NEWS
Address care of our APO

STAFF

Sgt. Don Robinson . . . Editor
Sgt. George Tapscott . . . Photographer
Cpl. Bill Barton and . . . Drivers
Pvt. Irving Bickel . . . Reporter
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45th Infantry Museum Archives

Jerries Mistake Lenz For Drowsy Kommandant

Cautiously the patrol crept along the canal, all seven of them virtually holding their breath every time they heard a strange sound. And there were plenty of them; the rattle of the wind down the gully, the not-so-far-off sound of artillery, and the unavoidable 'scraping of the bodies along the ground.

Herb and Looie Pass their Time Passing Rocks

Sergeant Herb Teitelbaum of Astoria, N. Y., a radio operator with the Signal Company, was driving an officer on a reconnaissance tour when some 88's came lobbing over. They lost no time in taking cover in a culvert.

On one end of the culvert there was a pile of rocks. But the next shell plopped down close to the opposite end and showered them with dirt.

«The shells are landing on this side,» observed the officer, «so pass those rocks over here.» He was nearest to the open end of the culvert. Sergeant Teitelbaum, working in the cramped quarters, passed the rocks to the officer, who neatly piled them at his end.

But the next shell smashed down on the sergeant's end of the culvert.

«Pass the rocks back, sir!» piped Herb in a loud but shaky voice.

This time they emulated Solomon and distributed the rocks equally on both ends of the culvert.

Mac Is Wrong, But Isn't Sorry

All day long paddlefoot Pfc. Ed McMillan, Henrietta, Okla., warned the company of his premonition that the house that they were in would be blown up. Over and over he repeated it, and kept it up till late at night.

His repeated warnings had some effect, for at the end he was the only one left in the house. Everyone else slept outside.

Mauldin, 'News' Vet, Goes to 'Stars and Stripes'

Those of you who turn eagerly every week to the little black-type item headed «Staff» on Page Two of the 45th Division News no doubt have noticed this week that a familiar line is missing. We print it here.

«Nevermore will that line grace its accustomed place. Mauldin has transferred to the Stars and Stripes after three years of slaving for the News. The temptations to leave were great; Bill could draw for the whole army instead of just the 45th, (and the 45th would see his stuff daily instead of weekly), while the Mauldin name would go up on a ground glass door of a cozy office with a radiator. Furthermore, Bill would be privileged to wear a little gold and black tab which says «Correspondent, U.S. Army,» and travel about all over Italy prying into the workings of war.

Bill came to the News in 1940 at the invitation of Lt. Col. Walter M. Harrison, then G-2, and officer in charge of the newborn News. He was the last of the original staff members to go. When he came to the News he was a beardless youth who was nobody. He leaves

It wasn't a combat patrol, although they were supposed to mix it up if the need arose. Their mission was solely to contact a patrol from a neighboring outfit, which was to form its lines with the first outfit.

Second Lt. Leonard Lenz, Milwaukee, Wis., first heard the sound of the other group, a short distance ahead. The voices sounded like Germans', but it was his first patrol, so he asked Pvt. George Patterson, Mt. Holly, N.C., what he thought. Patterson thought our own GI's.

Deciding to take no chances, Lenz sent Sgt. Roy Matlock, Erick, Okla., with three men to flank the other party to discover their identity.

With Matlock and his party on their way, the lieutenant and Patterson crawled to the end of the canal and looked over the edge.

Huddled in a circle, a group of Germans were bending over a wounded man, who whimpered with pain every few moments. The efforts of the group to ease the pain failed, and the group began picking up sections of a heavy mortar.

At this same moment one of the men who had gone out with Matlock returned, bursting with the news that the party was Jerry. Lenz grabbed his arm and jerked him flat, along with Patterson and himself.

The Jerries rounded the canal's edge, a few feet from where Lenz was rubbing his face in the dirt. At a muttered command from one of them, they began setting up the mortars around the three GI's, who were sweating by this time.

One Jerry almost stepped on Lenz before seeing him. Bending over the prostrate figure, he whispered: «Herr Kommandant?»

Lenz remained silent, and the

as a beardless youth who has been featured in recent issues of Time, Life and other esteemed publications as the finest cartoonist to come out of the war.

Only the paper for which he worked has failed to present a feature on him, and it's time men in the 45th were told a few things about the guy who drew for them.

The cartoonist is a thin, intense,



Bill Mauldin

pale fellow who could use three haircuts in quick succession. He has apparently lost three pounds a week for the last three years, and remains blue with cold from



Sgt. Jose Gonzales and his headache - white signs.

Artistic Engineers Dread White Signs

They aren't artists and admit it, yet they're credited with most of the artistic handiwork decorating the highways and mountain trails in the Thunderbirds' sector.

Courage Men! Rolls'll Come

The most delicious delicacy that St. Sgt. Edward «Mother» Liebhold could think of was Parker House rolls. All the long way through Sicily and Italy he promised this treat to fellow members of his outfit, whenever they hitched about the food.

It fell to the lot of Pfc. Lawrence Hall, Providence, R.I., to make this pipe dream come true. A clipping reached him recently, saying that a friend of his, Mrs. Lida Young, Woonsocket, R.I., was retiring from the police department to bake Parker House rolls for her friends.

Hall is writing Mrs. Young for his platoon.

Jerry walked away.

The mortar squad remained in this spot about 15 minutes, then began taking the guns down. Much to the three GI's relief, the squad moved far enough this time for them to slip away, collect the rest of the patrol, and head for friendly ground.

Mauldin, 'News' Vet, Goes to 'Stars and Stripes'

tanks that look like tanks, and, most important, soldiers who look like soldiers. Yet, when he tries to do serious work, the result is still a cartoon. And he has yet to draw women that look like women.

«This bothers him not at all. Actually he doesn't even see women, except his wife, and when he wants to look at a picture of a woman he looks at one of the many photos of her he has scattered around whatever room he happens to be drawing in.

Although he's only 22, Bill has a son, Bruce Patrick, he has never seen except in fuzzy snapshots that suggest the kid moves around nervously all the time like his old man.

«Leaving the News won't keep Mauldin away from the 45th. He'll be around almost any time, talking to the GI's and getting ideas. But they'll be for the Stars and Stripes, mostly.

«That's all right with us. We've always known Mauldin was too good to stay forever on a paper where only a few thousand men could enjoy his work.

«Bill still drops in to chisel fruit juice and bum cigarettes occasionally. We'll give him your regards.

These GI's Better Walk Next Time

After it was all over with, the two engineers decided it would have been easier all the way around had they walked in the first place.

Cpl. Donald Gabrik, Minneapolis, and Pfc. Lape Turay, Las Cruces, N.M., borrowed a couple of bikes from some friendly citizens and set out on the rough road to check equipment they had at several important bridges.

Their mission completed, the pair started home. All along the road they caught hell from MP's who kept yelling something or other at them. When they got back, the Italians raised a rumpus because the rough road had flattened all the tires on the bikes.

And then to round things out, a second lieutenant tore into them. Orders were to keep all vehicles off that road. And that included bikes, he said.

The pair of engineers, Sgt. Jose Gonzales, Las Vegas, N.M., and Pvt. Santo Russo, Brooklyn, are the division's billboard and signpost men, and a good week's work will run them in the neighborhood of 50 signs.

They work neither by temperament nor by the book, they just paint what's asked of them, and at the moment everyone wants signs that read, «Mines.» Awhile back «By Pass» was most in demand.

The painters put most of their signs on wood and do their best to keep the supply well ahead of the demand, but because of this, there have been many times that they were forced to give away their signs to other outfits, for a pile of wood no matter how well painted is still a pile of wood, and mightily heavy to be totting around from area to area.

Large white signs are the biggest headache to them, for in leaving them to dry, they can be spotted for miles by an alert Kraut aviator. For this reason Gonzales has a pronounced aversion toward Italian paints — they take much too long to dry.

Gonzales and Russo make the most of materials at hand in their handiwork. Everything from old crates to ration boxes are used for the signs, and their equipment is American, Italian, German and what all.

GI's Poise Takes Beating In Air Raids

The Luftwaffe has been raising hell with the GI's dignity.

Pvt. Floyd «Bud» Harbaugh, Pittsburgh, was unloading a truck when the enemy planes came over. He jumped down and started racing for the nearest cover, a stone house.

On the way, Pvt. Woodrow Parkinson, Muncie, Ind., tripped him, Harbaugh picked himself up, then lost his helmet. He bent over to recover it when along came Pvt. Hal Taylor and again Harbaugh was sent sprawling. He finally made it to the house.

Pvt. Joe Zoglio, Providence, R.I., hopped out of his jeep when the enemy plane started to strafed the road. In his hurry he banged his head on a tree.

Then, when it was all over, he had to chase his jeep. It had rolled down the hill.

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'Now Fork Over Those Shoes,' Screams Ite

It's still a mystery to the CO of the line company that found the Italian arsenal: who has the woman's shoes?

An Italian making a sentry beat along a vacant block in one of the towns the Thunderbirds recently fought in drew the attention of Pvt. Glenn Nichols, Hobart, Okla. The native tried to make his trips in front of the street appear aimless and wandering, but he was always where he could see the blasted ruins that stood in the center of the block.

One day, while the self-appointed guard was eating, Nichols and a friend of his, Pvt. Kenny Phillips, Pittsburg, conducted a little search of the area and uncovered a young arsenal containing Lugers, Berrettas, pointards, rifles, carbines, ammunition, everything needed to keep an army going. And nestled coyly in the middle of the noise makers was a pair of woman's shoes.

The two GIs took their pick of the weapons, then called in their friends. The CO himself appropriated a neat pistol.

About this time the Ite returned to find his cache a thing of the past, with everything gone except the worst of the carbines and the ammunition. The shoes, also, were gone.

Unfortunately, the CO was found without too much trouble by the native. He must have had a good story, because the next order to the company was to the effect that all the guns and stuff would have to be returned.

The rightful owner paid no attention to the black looks that were thrown at him as the articles were returned. When the last of the GIs had deposited his spoils, however, he threw a black look at the CO, who had been standing by.

'Where are the shoes?' he demanded.

Another call went out to the company for the shoes, but no one came forward with them. The officer was pretty disgusted by this time, anyway, so he shoved the fellow out of the area. Privately, though, he still wonders who kept the shoes, and why.

Love Walks Out With Ring, Piano

Pfc. Theodor Potenski, Crook, Colo., got one of those letters from the States the other day. It pointed out that he'd have to get someone else to pitch hay for him on that farm when this is all over. Oh, yes, and he'd better start looking for another girl, too.

The girl he left behind up and married Potenski's best friend recently, a man who used to work on the Potenski farm. As if that wasn't bad enough, they used his ring in the ceremony.

The happy couple took with them a 700 dollar piano that the artilleryman had purchased for the home-to-be.

Mike's Tavern

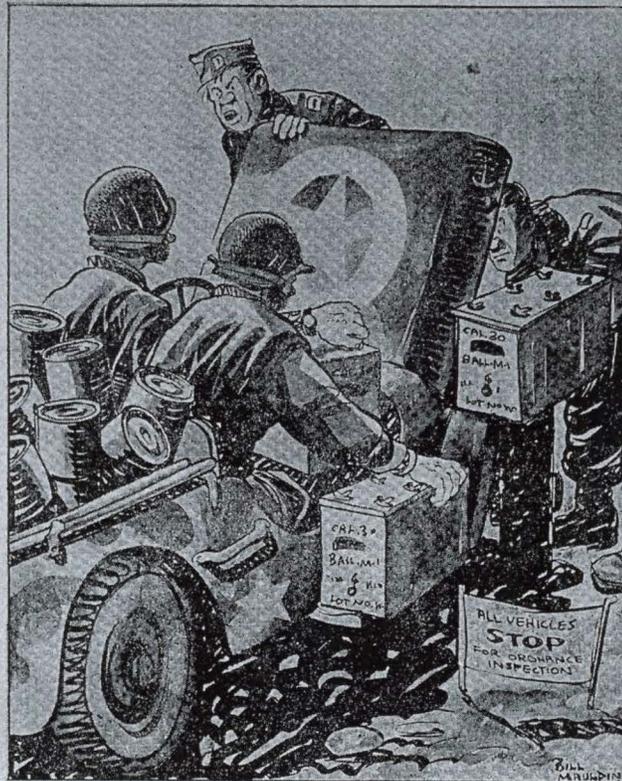
(Continued from page 1.)

set out for the dungeon to replenish his supply.

He was met by a lieutenant-colonel who wouldn't listen to reason and who properly informed the thirsty cook that the well had run dry.

STAR SPANGLED BANTER

By Bill Mauldin **Pin-Up Girl**



'What's your CO gonns think when he finds out you got stopped fer havin' a dirty motor?'

(Continued from page 1.)

but not cakes, the very girls who support the state of Nevada by their marriages at Las Vegas and their divorces at Reno.

They want a girl who would feel at home in Sloux City, and they get the Bellas of Palm Springs and Palm Beach.

We tried to oblige. We looked through five pounds of photos the movies sent us, and the best we could do was to run this photo of Maria Montez.

Now, there's nothing wrong with Maria except that she just doesn't fill the bill. She's another standard pin-up. But we're sending back to the States for a pin-up that'll meet Gun Section 2's needs. We'll print it when we get it.

Meanwhile, we're sending the original photo to Gun Section No. 2, and they can do as they like with it. But we don't think her photo will go up by the telephone as they'd planned for their own pin-up. To keep the guard company through long nights of waiting to relay firing orders.

When they get the right girl she'll be known as 'The Girl We'd Most Like to Stand Guard With.' And that's what they'll do. Stand guard with her. Disrespectful remarks will not be tolerated. She'll be close to their hearts. She won't make their pulses pound; she'll make them look forward to home. Home with a kitchen pervaded by cake smells. Home with a girl like THAT coming to the door in a print dress.

Lesson: Don't Jump Commands

It was pretty hot, and there was too much opposition for the rifle patrol, so Sgt. Melvin Marshall turned to St. Sgt. Maurice Cohen and suggested they get the patrol together and go back.

Too late. The patrol had gotten itself together and gone back.

Strozewski Leads In Air Raid Race

'Pop' Thesman Sweats Out Serial Letters

Recently Cpl. Herbert Thesman, Enid, Okla., received a wire from home telling him he was a father. No further details.

Impatiently he waited for further news of the new arrival and finally a letter came from his wife. The first two pages were full of cute things the baby was already doing, and Thesman was ready for anything when he started reading on the third page.

It didn't make sense, though. The subject was abruptly changed, with no hint of the reason.

He continued reading, however, and found that the first two pages were connected, as were the last two.

It wasn't until he had finished the last page that he found the reason for the disjointed letter. The post script said that the letter was being mailed in two parts, as it was too heavy to go in one envelope. Pages one and two and five and six were in one envelope, three and four in another.

Thesman still doesn't know what was in pages three and four.

Scores Thrice In Shelter Dash

The first thing Pvt. Walter Strozewski, South Bend, Ind., noticed about the new bivouac area the TD's were using was an air raid shelter ready-made.

The hole was plenty big — six by ten — well covered and camouflaged, and Strozewski marked it off as belonging to him.

At the first raid, he made for the hole slowly and wasn't there more than a few minutes when 11 citizens tumbled in with him. They were Papa and Momma and nine little bambinos, and they all looked at Strozewski as though he'd made off with the family belongings.

It bothered Strozewski, too, for he hadn't planned on being cramped in such a big hole. He also got the idea that perhaps the good citizens were coveting what he presumed to be his by right of eminent domain.

The next raid Strozewski was a little faster getting to his shelter, figuring that the 11 pikars might get there before him and bar his entrance. Again the covey of natives piled in on top of him, and again nasty looks were exchanged all around.

Each raid thereafter Strozewski stepped up his speed and, at the

Jerries Jump Out of the Pan Into the Fire

It's cooperation that gets results every time. Just ask 1st Lt. William J. O'Brien, Pittsburgh, and St. Sgt. Billie Bennett, Arkansas.

The pair were both serving that day as FO's for a single battery of artillery. Their posts both overlooked the same terrain, but there were points visible to one man that were hidden to the other.

It was the lieutenant who spotted the tank before him in an open field. He went work on it, and before long a near miss flushed the crew out of their tank and sent them dashing out of the lieutenant's field of observation.

The officer sighed. He could still get his tank, but he couldn't get the crew.

But Bennett could and did. The Jerries had taken cover in an area under the observation of the non-com. It was his guns that finished them off.

slightest tweet of an M-1 Thunderer, the whole company would be out to watch 11 Italians and one GI race for a hole in the ground.

So far, Strozewski gets there first.

Noncom Whirlwind Hits the - er - Dirt

It happened. St. Sgt. Lewis E. Whirlwind, Claremore, Okla., was passing the time of day at the company's straddle ditch and pondering great thoughts when a flight of Pocke-Wulf's made their appearance. Guns opened up from all over, and Whirlwind found safety flat on his face at the bottom of the straddle ditch.

Shellin Is Shockin, QM Boys Discover

Some of the 45th boys were around when a colored QM outfit moved into the battle zone for the first time. Before long a German shell plopped into the middle of the area.

'Was anybody hurt?' someone asked.

'No, suh,' came the reply. 'There wasn't nobody hurt, but we sho got a mess o' shell shock.'

TO Gets Candy

Yopkiek Bob Cole, Medics, has fed the detachment mascot, 'TO,' life savers since it was bought in Palermo as a two weeks old pup. Now, when TO gets hungry, he makes a search of Cole's bedroll and always finds a package left there for him.

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45th Division News

Vol. V. No 8 - Grenoble France - September 6, 1944

Thunderbirds Infantry Company Wins Distinguished Unit Badge

Company 1 of a 45th Division infantry regiment this week became the second division company to receive the Distinguished Unit Citation. Men in the company will wear the blue badge with the gold frame, and the company guidon will henceforth sport a battle streamer.

On February 16 the company took up a position in front of crossroads which were the intersection of two supply routes. The orders were to hold until dawn. Rations, water and ammo were supplied for only that period.

But there was increased enemy activity during the night, and it

became evident that it was necessary to prepare to withstand another German attempt to wipe out the Anzio beachhead.

At dawn, instead of withdrawing as planned, Company 1 remained in place to receive a tremendous enemy artillery barrage, tossed in preparation for the assault. Throughout the day the artillery continually fell upon 1 Company, and before long all communications to battalion had been cut off.

At dusk the artillery was lifted and the German infantry moved in to attack. 1 Company beat back the Germans after stubborn resistance.

The following days — 1 Company stood fast from February 16 to February 21 with only 24 hours

supplies — the Germans launched six small scale infantry attacks on the position.

Company 1, in the meantime, then stood up to deliver fire from burp guns.

Enemy tanks came up and attempted to dislodge the valiant company firing direct from distances of 500 to 1,000 yards. Despite heavy enemy pressure, exposure to bad weather, insufficient water, ammo and rations, 1 Company held the position to eliminate the threat to the solidarity of the beachhead.

The citation will be carried in War Department general orders. The second battalion of the same regiment also has the Distinguished Unit Citation.



Captured Krauts sun themselves in the PW enclosure, and wonder a bit how they managed to wind up in this predicament. They thought the 45th was in Italy, and now...

Antwerp Freed, Report British Enter Holland

Rolling through Belgium with undiminished speed, British forces took Antwerp, famed Belgium port. German forces apparently left in haste because the city was undamaged and Allied authorities predicted early use for the harbor area. The prime minister of Luxembourg reported British units had entered his country.

Advanced English forces were reported last night to have entered Holland, and while there was no confirmation of this in Allied headquarters authorities said it was a probable.

Canadian troops rolling up the coastal area were reported five miles from Boulogne where, it was expected, there would be a battle with German troops defending the city. Other forces were reported 15 miles from Dunquerque.

It is estimated that thousands of Germans are trapped around the Seildt River. One thousand Krauts were captured in Lille alone, and many of the prisoners are being taken in a drunken condition, abandoned by their officers but left with a large amount of whiskey.

Complete security silence surrounds the movement of American forces pushing through east France, but Allied headquarters reported stiffening Kraut resistance as our troops near the Reich border.

The 19th German Army, or what's left of it, is in full flight up the Rhone Valley in the South. Prisoners taken since the start of the campaign now number 65,000, and many thousands more have been shot up or killed.

A German counterattack launched north of Bourg was reported broken, but the exact position of Allied forces here is not given.

Military commentators predict that Germany will not be able to salvage more than one complete panzer division from the battered remnants of her 19th Army.

A new Russian offensive is in full swing to the northeast of Warsaw, according to reports from Moscow. Yesterday over 100 towns and villages were liberated in this sector alone.

To the South where the Red Army is sweeping on toward the Yugoslav border, Blazau, key Rumanian communications center, was taken together with 150 towns and villages. In Rumania the last German troops were being captured or killed.

German reinforcements were being rushed from central sectors of the Gothic Line to plug the deep gaps made in their defenses.

Meanwhile, British and Canadian forces were making slow headway against panzer and paratroopers fighting from a ridge just across the Conca River and six miles south of Remini. This desperate defense is the only real line between the Eighth Army and the Plains of Lombardy.

Allied medium bombers continued their attacks on German supply routes in Northern Italy and sub pens in Genoa.

A powerful task force smashed at Jap bases from the Bonin Islands to the Volcanos, just 700 miles south of the Japanese mainland. Twenty one Jap ships were destroyed together with 85 planes. Five of our planes failed to return to their carriers.

The British Admiralty announced new attacks on the German warship, Tirpitz, in Norway. Several hits were scored and over 15 other ships were damaged.

Quick Swim Nearly Fatal For MP Pooch

Angelia, a white wire-haired dog of mixed breed, pride and joy of a regimental MP detachment, died because of her unexplained urge to go swimming.

Progress of the regiment was upheld for a few hours, when the retreating Jerries blew up a large bridge which had spanned a swift river. While the engineers hastily constructed a pontoon bridge, oncoming vehicles became massed in the vicinity and Angelia was in one of the vehicles.

While drivers and troops scanned the skies expectantly for an enemy air attack, Angelia trotted toward the river. She waded into the shallow water 100 yards above the pontoon bridge, plunged into the swift current and started swimming toward the opposite side.

All eyes turned to Angelia as the powerful underflow swept her toward the bridge, which cleared the water by the barest margin. Then Angelia, her head barely showing, suddenly disappeared beneath the construction.

A long minute elapsed, then a great sigh passed over the onlookers. Angelia still paddled valiantly, rose to the top of the water on the opposite side of the bridge.

She finally was rescued by Pfc. Mike Lipka, Winscott, Rhode Island.

Nearby Jerries Safe with Alfred

It was my first chance to kill a German in 14 months overseas and I missed, I regrets Pfc. Alfred C. Stringer, Philadelphia.

Al fired a whole M-1 clip at the three Krauts from 25 yards, and the Krauts are all still unrounded members of the Wehrmacht.

A SILLY QUESTION TURNS OUT SANE

The MP's who direct traffic along the division route spend a good deal of their time answering foolish questions, and Pvt. James Ransom, Murfreesboro, Tenn., is no exception.

A peep pulled up beside him at his post.

"Seen my wife around here?" asked the lieutenant driving. Ransom wanted to know who was kidding who. The lieutenant, though, wasn't kidding anyone. He was a French liaison officer with the division, and his wife lives in this sector.

HANS TELLS PAIR HE'S A GERMAN

Sgt. Grover Wood, Atlanta, and Pfc. Sammie Blanco crouched in the darkness and listened to the tanks pull to the side of the road.

"Aw, they're American," stated the sergeant.

"Hans!" called a voice from one tank.

"Ja!" answered another tank.

And two American soldiers, one of them very embarrassed, slipped away in the dark.

Another Peril of Warfare: Ripe Tomatoes In the Pan

The Germans have presented one obstacle to the troops moving through the different towns. Even when they leave, however, there is another, and almost as formidable, danger. This is the welcome of the French people.

Pvt. Antony Yakatis, Brooklyn, threw up his hands to catch the object that came hurtling through the air.

The man's aim was perfect. The huge tomato passed through Nail's hands and made a direct hit on the barrel of Yakatis's gun, which he had jerked in front of his face when he saw the object coming at him.

He spent next few miles of the trip trying to clean tomato from his fuse and clothes.

Clerk Wins Combat Badge In Tucker' Task Force

Tucker's Task Force is what E Company calls itself, deriving its name from the work it has been doing and the name of the company commander, 1st Lt. Lawrence Tucker, Tuscaloosa, Ala. The task force usually spearheads the battalion drives.

UNIT RESERVES' FOR BOB NEALEY

Mid, bespectacled Spl. Howard Clundt, Brooklyn, is mail clerk for the force and usually remains behind at the company CP separating his envelopes and filing out money order applications. At times, though Clundt gets tired of getting second hand reports on the war and wants to get into the action himself. Besides, he was putting in his time for the combat badge.

On these sorties, Clundt pulls down the detail of first scout away up at the head of the point. The men in the company maintain he's pretty good at scouting, too.

In Clundt's latest bit of action, Tucker's Task Force spearheaded a battalion drive across a river and onto a little French town. And spearheading the task force was the blond Brooklyn mail clerk.

All the buddies over the river were gone and the recent rains had brought the level of the stream up to neck depth, and the current was strong. But Clundt raised his rifle over his head and stepped in. He was going to win him his combat badge, he thought, and the river was hardly an obstacle.

Sopping wet, Clundt ambled on into town and received the ovations of the French populace. But what was more important still was that Lieutenant Tucker handed him his badge when the company was reassembled in the town.

Krauts Want Pilot More than Buddies

Pfc. Teddy Pilat, Lowell, Mass., took two prisoners and marched them through the main street of a town.

Snipers opened up on him, more interested in bumping him off than they were in the safety of their fellow squareheads.

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45th DIVISION NEWS

YOU KNOW THE FFI...

The Kill With Rocks, Can Live on Grass

BY BILL BARRETT

You've seen them in your CP many times. They may breeze in about sundown with a couple of blimp guns slung across their shoulders. They're usually around just long enough to grab a cup of coffee and a K-ration, or to fill up the gas tanks of their disreputable cars, and then they're off again into the hills.

They're usually in a hurry because they're the men of the FFI — the French Forces of the Interior — or the Maquis, and they feel there aren't enough Germans to go around. So they hurry off to kill their Kraut before someone else gets him.

The FFI are the organized remnants of the French Army. The Maquis are the guerrillas of France, the little men-on-the-street who took up arms against an intolerable oppressor.

But who these men are isn't too important: it's what they do and how they do it that counts now. These men of the FFI and the Maquis kill and they do it with personal hatred that springs from four years of watching their fellow-countrymen die at the hands of the Germans.

They kill with whatever they have handy — a stolen German rifle, a rock, a knife. They are receiving their first artillery support now and it's a luxury.

One infantry company had a small road block set up miles in front of the main body of troops. The CO investigated and found that the only units defending his flanks were FFI men. He conferred with their leader and suggested it might be wise to withdraw for the moment.

The FFI leader looked at the road block of two machine guns, a couple of mortars and a small anti-tank piece.

« Withdraw? » he cried in amazement. « Withdraw with all that artillery? »

These guerrilla bands have won the admiration and respect of the Allied powers, and more than one American or Briton has fought with them in the hills.

On record is the case of two British flyers shot down deep in the heart of France. The first friendly party they ran across in their separate flights for freedom was a group of FFI warriors. Both Englishmen strangers to each other, joined the same band.

They remained strangers for days. It was only after the leader found he could trust them that he introduced them to each other as fellow countrymen.

When the two English flyers reported to the division CP recently, they inquired whether they could obtain immediate transportation back to the coast for evacuation. They explained that if they couldn't, they'd like to rejoin the FFI and do a little more scrapping before they went home.

Then there's the entirely different case of George George is a civilian Englishman of 60 years, a man who'd been a major with the RAF in the last war. When war broke out in 1940 he was working in the Riviera.

He might have escaped when France fell, but he didn't. He saw the job the FFI was doing and he joined them. He had false identification papers made out and for four years he fought the Krauts in their own back yard, a man of 60 fighting next to youths of another country for another country. He smuggled arms, distributed the underground newspaper, struck and killed in the dark. His sector has been liberated now but George is going to stick around. He likes the FFI.

Co. F of a Thunderbird regiment reports one Frenchman who fought with them for days. Even after he was wounded he kept on carrying ammo to the mortars.

But that's the way they fight — hard and shrewd, making each opportunity count.

A small, animated Armenian dropped into division headquarters the other night for supper. He explained that he was with the FFI and things had been rough of late. As he wolfed his food he told the men that this was the first square meal he'd had in days. He'd been eating grass.

He didn't usually eat grass, he explained as he left. Usually he ate German rations which he captured himself.

But lately the Germans had run out of rations.

A Local Host Finds Friends Nearly Fatal

First into a small French town were Pfc's Bill Topping, Merrett L. I. and Victor Rodey, New Orleans. The populace welcomed them, bought them drinks and one who could speak English even invited them to his home for a meal.

En route, they met up with some members of the F. F. I. who had lots to say in French, but neither Topping nor Rodey understood French, and they continued on to the English-speaker's home for chow.

Later, when everyone was having a good time, the F. F. I. returned and wanted to kill the host. They explained that what they were trying to do back on the road was to get the two Americans to go along with them and round up some Krauts in the hills. But they wouldn't let them go and, as result, was a collaborator. Hence, they were going to do away with him.

Rodey and Topping had a tough time of it but managed to explain the English-speaker's way out of it. He wasn't killed.

Foot In His Face Doesn't Please Will

« And the shell wasn't even a German Artillery unit hiding in the mountains. The Frenchman Pfc. Ode then became freed in order to find an American officer to whom the Nazi could surrender.

Using every possible precaution, the lieutenant, carrying a white flag of truce, and his two men followed the patriot to the Jerry camp. There the Nazi officer in command politely handed his pistol over to the American officer, saying that he wished to surrender to the American forces and would be lieutenant be kind enough to guide his unit to the Yank lines. The Nazi then called his troops together and explained that they were prisoners of war and advised them to behave accordingly.

Within two hours the three Americans and the lone Frenchman had escorted the 200 prisoners to the 45th PW enclosure.

Thunderbirds And Frenchman Take 200 Krauts By MORTEN BERL

A French Patriot and three division soldiers collaborated to accept the surrender of 200 German soldiers who were trapped in the mountains.

The soldiers 1st Lt. Peter J. Odo, Saddle River, N. J., Cpl Oral (Bud) Gallop, Comanche, Okla., and Sgt. Fred O. Barton, Taisquah, Okla., infantrymen, were on a routine reconnaissance mission when they were confronted by the patriot.

He had just been released by a German Artillery unit hiding in the mountains. The Frenchman Pfc. Ode then became freed in order to find an American officer to whom the Nazi could surrender.

Using every possible precaution, the lieutenant, carrying a white flag of truce, and his two men followed the patriot to the Jerry camp. There the Nazi officer in command politely handed his pistol over to the American officer, saying that he wished to surrender to the American forces and would be lieutenant be kind enough to guide his unit to the Yank lines. The Nazi then called his troops together and explained that they were prisoners of war and advised them to behave accordingly.

Within two hours the three Americans and the lone Frenchman had escorted the 200 prisoners to the 45th PW enclosure.

George Feels TD Is Vengeful

It might have been a accident, but Pfc. George Beul, Syracuse, N. Y., feels it was jealousy.

Beul often boasts that when nobody is looking he knocks out Tiger Tanks with his carbine.

The other night a TD-one of ours, nearly ran over him in a ditch. Beul thinks they don't appreciate his crowding in on their business.

French Chaplain Conducts Mass

Formerly chaplain aboard the French warship « Teste », Father Charles Poulin said mass last Wednesday evening for a Thunderbird infantry regiment.

After mass he related how he and the captain of the Teste, command the last of the ship when it was scuttled in Toulon.

MORTARS FINALLY GET TO THE POINT

« It must have been a mistake, » the boys explain.

Somehow the mortar section, in the care of Tech Sgt. Patrick Williams, Burawp N. C., became the point of the advance for the first time in their careers.

The captured seven Germans the last, according to Pfc. Roy D Anderson, Brooklyn.

By the Right Flank...

Next time a cute little French gal asks you what the « eagle » is on your arm, tell her it's a « oison de tonner », that's pronounced — more or less — « wasso de tonnay » and it's French for « Thunderbird ».

Division MP Pvt. Ernest Dorr, North Scituate, Mass., wants to meet a couple of other Thunderbirds. John Pelletier and Sam Coleman, Cohasset, Mass. The News will forward any correspondence.

Lt. Colonel William Grace, infantry, was inducted into the French Order of the Legion of Honor recently. A French lad asked the colonel if he would honor the unit by becoming a member, and the Colonel obliged.

The men of A Battery lay claim to having had more delicacies since hitting France than other outfits. Their mess sergeant, Sgt. Albert Williams has fed them either hot biscuits, oatmeal cookies, or cake every day.

Maybe some other dogface was first to bake bread in Southern France but Pfc. Vincent J. Leotta, Brooklyn, infantry, says he's the first one here to bake pastry. Leotta turned out a super-duper « Angel Layer Cake » for members of his unit.

Quartermaster Pfc. Bill Hostins Oklahoma City, has a valuable souvenir of France. He got one him a 100-dollar French gold piece on a chain as a memento.

Pfc. Charlie Ishmeal is about ready to give up accepting invitations from French families. Twice he has made plans, only to have them canceled at the last moment by orders for his outfit to move out.

Engineer at Division headquarters, Pfc. John Heabacher, Bryson City, N. C., can't set up his tent like everyone else at the CP but he'll get a lights throughout each new area.

Cpl. Reggie Dull, artillery, isn't cool toward the civilians, he's just careful. Moving through a little town on convoy, Dull reached out to shake hands with the populace. What with the moving car and French enthusiasm, Dull almost lost his right arm.

Cook, Pfc. Allen Kostis, Brooklyn, figures he's been kissed 491 times since he's been in France.

Information MP's Cpl. Al Porter, Philadelphia, and Pfc. George Reagan, Des Moines, had their portraits drawn by a Parisienne artist. There was no charge.

Ordnance Co. has two dog mascots. « Butch » is the brains of the pair and can do everything except talk. « Sad Sack », with four amphibious assaults to his credit, is as smart as expected, rather dull.

Ducks don't make good pets, so mess sergeant Raymond Adkers, Abilene, Texas, gave the two he had to a little boy.

MP Pvt. Norbert Thibault, Cranston, R. I., has a lament: « We're moving so fast we don't have any chance to tack up off limits signs.

Second Lt. Bartoot, Co. L, demands a credit line on the town's outfit liberates. The first American flag he planted in a little town back on the coast bore the sign: « This town taken by Co. L. »

The difference between Italy and France, according to Pfc. Charles Pappacoste, The Bronx, is that here the adults ask for bon bons to give to the children, and the children ask for cigars to give to papa.

Some places in France there are two prices, one for civilians and one for Americans. Pfc. Charles Helms, Brooklyn, reports. At one cafe the French paid 120 francs, a bottle for champagne. G.I.'s paid 100 francs for the same article.

Happy indeed was Pfc. Grady Brown, an Oklahoma medic, when he got hold of a German half track. He gassed it up, started it and it threw two rods through the block. He should have used diesel oil, he discovered. Too late.

« What kind of soldiers are we fighting? » asks the second platoon of Co. A, scout car, they knocked out was carrying women's silk hose, brassiere, and other even less mentionable garments.

45th Division News

Capt. Louis Rethser, Jr., SGO

STAFF

Sgt. Dan Robinson, Editor; Sgt. George Tascotti, Photographer; Cpls. Bill Barrett; Fred A. Swartz, Reporters; Cpl. Joe Stenard, Artist; Pvt. Irving Rabinowitz, Designer.

CONTRIBUTORS

Bill Harr, Robert Perkins, Jack Hollowell, Morten Berl.



French Boy Scout Jacques Water dropped into the MP CP to see how they were faring, and to pass around some fresh fruit... his good deed for the day. Above, Cpl. Matthew Ewadinger, former cop from Easton, Pa., is inspecting the Boy Scout's service stars, one for each year.

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Sleepytime Boy Almost Slumbers Through Landing

BY ROBERT PERKINS

Pvt. Walter V. Nevels, Liberty, Miss., is a conscientious soldier, but he has one bad habit. When he goes to sleep not even an artillery barrage disturbs him.

It was only to be expected, therefore, when he found a comfortable bunk on an LCI that he would soon be a part of this world.

The LCI pulled alongside the troopship which was to carry him from Italy to the coast of Southern France for the invasion. Nevels' companions climbed aboard but the infantryman slept on.

Next morning the GI Rip Van Winkle awoke to find himself still aboard the LCI and safely back in the harbor. The navy officer explained that they couldn't make the trip again for one lone soldier. They were in a harbor 20 miles from his ship. He was told the best thing to do would be to hitch-hike a ride to the other harbor and report to the port commander's office.

Arriving there, Nevels explained the situation to several officers and was sent to another office. D-Day for the invasion was near. The whereabouts of the troopship he was a military secret. No one could secure any information as to its location.

Six hours later Nevels was feeling disgusted, tired and sleepy again. The lieutenant who was trying to help him had exhausted all official possibilities of locating the ship. But then he had an idea. "Well, I'll try the unofficial way," he said.

They went out on a pier and waited until one of the navy personnel boats pulled alongside. The officer asked a sailor if he knew where Nevels' ship was. He did and would drop him off on the way back to his ship.

Thirty minutes later Nevels was with his company and sleeping soundly. His exasperated first sergeant assigned two men to the special duty of awaking Nevels when they hit Southern France. They did, thus preventing him from missing the invasion.

Heinie' Frets Over Borrowed Bike's Owner

A frown marred the looks of Pvt. N.R. Arruzzo, Stamford, Conn. Arruzzo was on guard at a crossroad and he was frowning at a strange man on a bicycle. The man was a German and Arruzzo was frowning with disapproval. The German was out of uniform.

The cyclist wore no hat. He had on a non-Kraut belt and a tan, non-issue shirt. Arruzzo arrested the badly dressed Kraut.

Back at battalion the Kraut was forced to give up the bike, which he had hinged ever since he was taken. He said he had borrowed it. He wanted time off to take it back to the owner.

GARDE ON GUARD FOR FIRST TIME

A German-speaking MP on duty at the PW enclosure overheard the German officers and non-coms plotting escape. The non-coms and officers, of course, were separated after that.

No escape was attempted because an extra heavy guard detail was drawn. For the first time, the first sergeant, Frank Garde, Marlow, Okla., did a guard tick.

CASH PAYS CASH FOR VICHY WATER

After hearing so much about the French while lightning, a Eau du Vie artillery Pvt. Lester Cash, Gainesville, Ga., was only too willing to shell out hard cash for a chocolate bar and a pack of gum for a bottle.

Unable to speak French, Cash didn't get what he'd bargained for. Instead, he wound up with a bottle of Vichy water.

Auto Crashes Are Hurting More Men Than the Enemy

So far in France, the medics reported the other day, a Thunderbird's chances of getting home alive have depended more on his ability to dodge automobile accidents than his ability to dodge enemy shells, mines and bullets.



What the well-dressed tankman will wear. This tank went rolling around France attracting more attention than the others, because one tankman wore a silk opera hat instead of a helmet.

Is GI Fighting, Sick, Ill? Sometimes Nobody Knows!

Tangles it seems to take the whole war department to straighten out are resulting from the Thunderbird habit of not reporting in to the first sergeant when returning from the hospital, the AGO declared.

One man was wounded on Anzio, was duly reported wounded in action to his family, and the company papers showed he was in the hospital. But he had left the hospital, and he was returned to his squad without a word to company authorities.

The next thing his family, or the war department, heard, was from the Germans through the Red Cross. The guy was a prisoner in Germany.

But sometimes a man is listed as being in the hospital, returned to the front without reporting, is killed, no identification is found on the body, and the family's insurance must be held up while things are straightened out.

Pay status, notification of relatives, pensions and other affairs are affected when the army loses track of a man on the books. A guy who is fighting day after day on the lines, may be carried on the books as AWOL simply because nobody in company headquarters knows where he is.

Another suggestion from the AGO is that soldiers should not only wear dog tags, but also put their names and serial numbers in their helmets, boot tops or elsewhere in their clothing. Many unidentified soldiers are buried at Anzio, simply because nothing could be found on the bodies to show who they were.

When no identification can be made, the man probably is carried as missing in action. And insurance payments must be held up a year until the soldier is pronounced dead.

Men who are wounded and get into a British hospital, or in some other hospital where Thunderbirds do not usually go, should write their CO's as soon as they are able. They'll get their mail that way, and their families, who might have been notified they were missing in action, will know the truth instead.

Sometimes a man drops out of his unit to spend a few days AWOL at some town. The unit goes into combat, casualties are suffered, and the soldier fails to answer the roll. The family is notified the man is missing in action. They grieve until the war department's second notification is dispatched. That one tells the family that the soldier has really been AWOL.

The AGO also reminds GIs that regulations won't permit you to write anyone about a casualty for 90 days after it occurs. In the division several soldiers have written that their buddies were casualties, and worried the families of these men. And they were cases of mistaken identity; the soldiers reported wounded were alive and unharmed.

The AG has taken elaborate precautions for the identification and reporting of casualties, the officer reported, so that no mistakes will be made in reporting to soldiers' families, and so all claims and insurance may be settled promptly.

in time to avoid crashes," another officer said.

And some Thunderbirds have wound up in the hospitals or have been killed because they drank then tried to drive peeps over the curving mountain roads.

Eleven U.S. Airmen Find Safety at 45 th

BY BILL HARR

Eleven American airmen who were shot down over Southern France before the invasion returned safely to their own lines when forward units of the 45 th penetrated deep into Nazi held territory.

They were sheltered and fed in a Maquis camp in enemy territory since they were shot down and all wore French civilian clothes.

Over Allied radios dropped to the Maquis by parachute they listened for every bit of news. When they heard our infantry units had taken village close to the Maquis camp, they left in a French truck, skirted the Nazi-held towns and reported to a line company's CP.

From the company they were shuttled to a regimental CP where they had their first American Army chow in France. Later they were taken to Army to tell their story.

Second Lt. Richard F. Hirsch, bombardier navigator, and St. Sgt. Louis J. Capawana, turret gunner, both of Chicago, bailed out with four other crew members when their B-25 was shot down over Avignon — August 8 — a week before our invasion.

Nazi ground forces shot at the Americans as they floated down in their parachutes and three were killed, another taken prisoner. Hirsch was hit in the ankle by the tail of the bomber as it crashed.

After landing, the two evaded searching Germans and soon came across a small boy, who led them to a wood, then ran off to fetch his sister and civilian clothes.

After bathing and bandaging the lieutenant's ankle the civilians directed them to a Maquis camp.

"The French were wonderful to us," said Hirsch. "They treated us like family."

St. Sgt. William B. Esterline, Toledo, waist gunner on a Fort parachuted in enemy territory July 12. Esterline and eight others were picked up by French patriots and taken to the camp.

Some civilians told the Germans the name of the patriot who aided Esterline, and Jerries ransacked his home, broke the furniture, beat his wife and overturned a crib with an infant in it.

Despite the fact that the Germans prohibited any ceremonies on Bastille Day, 600 French civilians gathered at an impressive burial ceremony for two dead American flyers. Jerry soldiers appeared and dispersed the crowd by firing shots into the air.

Eleven airmen met at the camp and were given clothes. There were 15 other Americans and six French flyers at the camp. One of the Americans, a captain, was badly burned and the Maquis summoned an Allied transport plane to pick him up.

An American C-47, piloted by a British aviator, landed near the camp but it was impossible to evacuate all the flyers. The 11 who reached the 45th were those left behind.

While living with the Maquis, the Americans helped the French un-pack supplies dropped by parachute. They also were armed with German rifles to help defend.

American Flier Prefers the Air

Talking it over later, the boys in Co. F decided that the aviator wasn't unfriendly. He just wanted to get out of there quick, and they couldn't blame him for that.

He had been shot down over the front and when they first saw him he was dashing down a hill out of enemy territory and Jerry tracer bullets were kicking up the dirt at his heels.

He didn't have much to say at the CP—just that he was an American aviator and this was his first trip to the front and he didn't care to stick around, thanks.

Then he took off down the road at a good clip, and after awhile another Jerry sniper started cutting up the dirt around his flying feet.

Cook Pots Krauts, Brings Home Bacon

Just as he was unloading his pots and pans and setting up his kitchen, Pvt. Anthony Massario, Dover, N. J., was shot at.

It was supposedly a quiet sector, but a Frenchman informed him there were still Krauts up in the hills. Massario picked up his M-1, loaded a full clip and set out.

He was gone only a short while, during which time there was intermittent firing. But Massario came back with five Germans and explained there were two others, dead, on the hill.

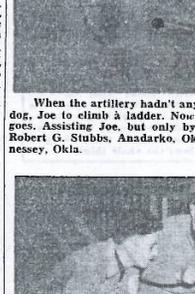
Holy Chit-Chat

Catholic Chaplain Henry Pollack doesn't speak French, but he's found that it doesn't hamper him from talking shop with the French priests.

The chaplain conducts his conversations in Latin.



When the artillery hadn't any fire missions, the boys taught their dog, Joe to climb a ladder. Now you just show him 'em, and un he goes. Assisting Joe, but only by holding the ladder, are, left, Cpl. Robert G. Stubbs, Anadarko, Okla., and St. Sgt. John Gaudin, Hennessy, Okla.



First into a town was Chaplain LeRoy Raley, Cameron, Texas, and his assistants, Pfc's Alvey McCollister, LaJunta, Colo., and Raymond Bergeron, Williamansett, Mass. They were welcomed by the inhabitants, each of whom brought along several eggs, some included flowers, and one brought a dressed rabbit. Shown above are Bergeron, Chaplain Raley and McCollister preparing the rabbit.

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Liberators Ride to Town For Festival

The platoon moved down the road stealthily. Some of the men had their rifles at high port, and all of them were ready for trouble. Ahead of them lay a town they expected to find defended.

It was too quiet. Like the town ahead was a large French truck. The platoon halted suspiciously and waited while the vehicle chugged nearer and wheezed to a stop.

An old bearded Frenchman stuck his head through the cab window. He came from the town, he said. The people were eager to receive their liberators. Couldn't he offer them a ride?

Could he? The men whooped and piled in the back end. They'd walked for hours and they were tired. The truck turned around and chugged into town.

As they neared the village they met a civilian on a motorcycle. The people in town had sent him to make sure the Americans were coming. He whipped his motorcycle around and sped back into town with the good news.

"I never saw such a reception in my life," confessed Pvt. Clarence Bourassa, Cohasset, N. Y. "When we piled out of the truck they handed us each a bouquet of flowers. There were flowers all over the place. Never saw so many flowers in my life."

"I leave mine to an old woman with tears in her eyes," admitted Pfc. Roland Robinson, Syracuse, Ala.

Set Loren Slaton told about the bar.

"They took us down to a cafe they had opened especially for the occasion," said the non com from Lincoln Ill. "We all drank champagne, good aged champagne."

The were there just a few hours. The platoon set up road blocks at each end of town and every few minutes a little file would bring them little cakes which were being baked on the other side of the village.

The villagers told the Thunderbirds that the only sugar they had in years was the amount the air force had dropped for them. But each of the little cakes had sugar liberally sprinkled across the top.

Who Will Trade M-1 For Brassard?

Pfc. Harris is a company aid man with Co. F, and he likes his job fine. But for a few hours the other night he would have willingly swapped his red cross brassard for an M-1.

Harris brought a casualty back to the aid station and then set off in the dark to rejoin his company. He took the wrong road and decided suddenly that things were too quiet.

They weren't quiet for long. Down the road lumbered ten German tanks and they pulled into the clearing occupied by Harris. As neatly as if they'd planned it, the ten tanks surrounded him and he could hear the drivers bedding down for the night.

Then when things got quiet again, he heard something else.

"It was the guard they posted," says Harris. "At first I thought he had asthma, his breathing was so heavy."

Then it occurred to him that the guard might be sleeping, so he crawled away. It so happened the guard was sleeping so Pfc. Harris is still a medic for Co. F.

HOW CAGLE WON HIS ARGUMENT

"You guys are supposed to dismount here," said Pvt. Guy E. Cagle, Centerville, Tenn. driver, as he pulled his six-by to the side of the road near the new CP.

The passengers put up an argument. They told him to pull on into the CP and let them unload there. Cagle was unwilling, but started the truck.

In the dark he hit a ditch, the truck turned over, and one load of GI's spilled out on the wet ground.

So Cagle had his way, and the boys were dismounted before they got into the CP.

Dessicated Eggs

Are Made Tasty

Sgt. Tony Grasso, Ulaca, N.Y., cook, got tired of seeing dehydrated eggs wind up in the garbage pail each morning and decided to do something about it.

One morning Tony turned out a batch of dehydrated egg omelets. The boys came back for seconds

Pistol Packin' Mama Buffalos Krauts

They call her Pistol Packin' Mama. She's a chic French brunette, slim and tall, who marched 60 frightened Germans into the PW enclosure, aided only by a stray, unarmed GI, who served as guide.

She turned over the prisoners in good order and clasped the hand of Pfc. Pete Peterson. The Californian's hand ached for two hours after the firm grip.

The enclosure boys pieced her story together. Her brother and her husband had been killed by the Germans, and she went to fight this war when you know you can't win?

The loote didn't know Paris had fallen, and wouldn't believe it even when Bob showed him the report

pistol. Nevertheless, the Germans were pale and nervous and scared when they reached the enclosure. They were much relieved to be delivered.

The 60 sturdy men had marched seven miles down a lonely mountain road at the point of the women's pistol. She didn't have a moment's trouble with them.

"There's a woman who knows how to handle men," said the slightly disabled Peterson. Pvt. Bob Lousseman, Louisville, got into a conversation with a German second loote. Why do you fight this war when you know you can't win?

The loote didn't know Paris had fallen, and wouldn't believe it even when Bob showed him the report

in the Division News. He didn't know Rome had fallen. Bob forgot to ask him whether he knew Rome had been booted out of Africa.

The loote commented that it was criminal to bomb German cities, and denied that Germany had blitzed England.

He couldn't be convinced that he had invaded Southern France and cracked the Festung Europa. He insisted we had arrived by parachute.

Back on the beach he turned out to be even more skeptical.

He didn't believe in the ducks he saw with his own eyes.

Two Germans captured by the division turned out to be man and wife. The husband was a pillow designer.

A 45th FIGHTER
Father JOSEPH E. BARRY, C.S.C.
 Catholic Chaplain from Syracuse, NY

During a rush on the hill near San Stefano, Sicily, the regt. machine gunners were pinned down. Father Barry, carrying a first aid kit, crawled forward and administered comfort to the wounded and last rites to the dying. He then helped evacuate the wounded for his section. Father Barry was awarded the Silver Star and for meritorious service in combat in Sicily and Italy as chaplain, he was awarded the Bronze Star.

Graduating from Notre Dame in 1929, Father Barry returned to the university as an instructor of apologetics (religious lore) and joined St. Joseph's parish in South Bend.

In the photo above, Chaplain Barry, wearing a cross, is seen kneeling on the beach, ministering to the wounded and last rites to the dying. He then helped evacuate the wounded for his section.

Awarded the SILVER STAR for Gallantry in Action

Little House Is 'Safe' FO Liggett Says

It was just about as safe an FO as you could hope for. It was located in a farmhouse, the walls of which were a foot and a half thick. The windows used for observing fire were small.

There were just a couple of things wrong. There was no American infantry in the immediate neighborhood and the five American tanks that had accompanied the FO party coming up just disappeared after two had been knocked out.

But 2nd Lt. F.E. Liggett, Shelton, Neb., had a job to do, and he and his party settled down to do it. With him were Sgt. Charles Smith, Philadelphia; Cpl. Dick Borwick, Dinuba, Calif., and Pfc. Rupert Rodriguez, Brooklyn.

The enemy had an OP on high ground to the front and were pouring shells into our sector. So the first thing the FO party did was lay down a barrage of mortar shells that clouded up the mountain and had the Jerries firing blind.

But the Krauts continued to fire and a lot of their shells landed close to the little farmhouse. One shell of straggled whizzed through the open window, bounced off the helmet of Lieutenant Liggett and imbedded itself in the wall.

Borwick had his radio set up opposite an open door in an exposed corner of the house. From the door he could see a couple of German tanks just 200 yards away. There were other enemy tanks to the rear so Borwick would rush into the exposed room, tend his radio set, then dash back to another room comparatively safe. This got boring after awhile, he says.

"I don't think the Jerries ever guessed we might be in that house," says the lieutenant, "because although things got pretty hot, we were able to stick it out and keep directing fire."

They did a pretty good job of it, too. In the eight hours they were up there they accounted for a German tank and a mortar emplacement.

Biggest thrill was dropping mortar shells into an area the Krauts tried to cross at intervals.

"We could see them plain as day," he recounts the officer, "every time they'd start across we'd drop in a concentration of shells that became tree bursts and sprayed all over the place. I'll bet we got 50 or 100 Krauts that way."

They're Lightly Armed Task Force To Buck Panzers

This has been a very strange war, so Tech. Sgt. Linwood Brewster, Ridgeway, Va., and his men weren't much surprised when they got their instructions.

They were told to take two bazookas and some hand grenades, enter a town and knock off a couple of Mark VI's that were hanging around.

They got into the town, started to look for the tanks then dropped into a ditch. They stayed there all night while a panzer division rolled past.

They said they thought they'd better not tackle the division without another bazooka.

Message Delivered Finishes Enemy

When Nazi machine guns and mortars temporarily halted the advance of a rifle company, Cpl. Edwin V. Keim, Baltimore, volunteered to carry a report of the situation to battalion.

Although all routes rearward were covered by Kraut guns, Cpl. Keim ran, dodged and crawled under the withering curtain of bullets and shells to deliver the message.

At headquarters he was ordered to lead tanks to aid the company in short order the lumbering disposition of enemy troops. Flynn and the doughboys moved ahead.

Scout Drags In Eight Prisoners

Pvt. Harry L. Flynn, Denver, first scout in a Thunderbird line company, is credited with the capture of eight Jerries who were armed with a light machine gun and rifles near a small town.

Creeping over a level field under small arms fire to determine the disposition of enemy troops Flynn encountered the Krauts as they were digging in. Despite their armorment, the doughboy took them prisoner and brought them in.

Here's Why Tony Doesn't Like Radio

Crouching along the road with a radio on his back was Pvt. Anton J. Kanelstorfer, Vowgiac, Mich.

Then around the bend came three German tanks, their long-nosed 88's looming up all too plainly ahead of him.

Tony broke and ran, and he thought he'd unhooked his radio for greater speed. But one strap held Tony to his ditch, and the radio landed on top of him, just as an 88 shell exploded nearby.

"I thought for quite a while I was hit," admitted the GI.

BOVINE VISITORS MAKE CALLS LATE

A strange noise awoke Pvt. Millard D. Rogers, Hillsboro, Ill., at 3 a.m. as he lay the field, wrapped in his blankets and shelter half.

A rough-tongued cow was licking the canvas covering.

Meanwhile in another sector a bull was butting down the tent occupied by Pvt. Antony Shapenko, California, Pa.

Tank KO's Gun With Some Help

Pfc. Thurman Smith, Eastland, Tenn., and others of his rifle platoon, were advancing on a tank at the head of the column. Suddenly three Nazi at guns opened up.

The infantrymen dismounted from the tank and began moving forward to take up the fight. Smith crawled to an open spot from which he could observe the Krauts. He directed the tank fire on the enemy positions and the American 75 mm. shells destroyed the Jerry weapons.

Holt Relieved By Jerry GI

Tolling up the mountain with a case of K's was Pvt. Gerald Holt, Tullahoma, Tenn.

While he was thus engaged a timid German came up and surrendered to him.

Holt put the K's on the German's back, took the German's bayonet, prodded the Jerry in the right place to get results, and went on with his ration detail much happier about the whole thing.

Nollen Gives Aid To Cut Off Squad

Pvt. Henry A. Nollen's platoon was pinned down by German machine gun and mortar fire. The leading squad was cut off from the rest of the unit and was suffering heavy casualties.

The Detroit first aid man, snaked his way to the wounded men and began administering treatment. When he a mortar shell landed nearby he led the injured riflemen to a shelter where he continued to administer to their wounds.

Infantry's Guests Are Neglected

Infantry Pvt. Lee Brown, Houston, Texas, and the whole first squad spent two hours in the house after searching it thoroughly.

Then the artillery FO party moved in and the infantrymen moved out. The artillerymen searched the house, too, and found two Germans

Felix Has Company, Nobody Knows Why

The only man in the outfit who can speak French, Pfc. Felix Thierman, Gardner, Mass., went into town for an evening.

Early next morning four women of assorted ages came to the bivouac area and asked the company commander where Thierman's tent was. They walked to his tent and waited patiently until he awoke.

Nobody but Thierman can speak enough French to know what the idea was. He won't say.

SOMEONE MAKES A BAD MISTAKE

The squad was going down the road when someone gave the alarm. Three German tanks were approaching in a very businesslike fashion.

The squad ducked into the ditches, except for Cpl. Rollin Nichols, Joplin, Mo. He stood there as yelled:

"Aw, whose afraid of our TD's?"

GUY NEEDS HAIRCUT, BUT NOT PEAVY!

When St. Sgt. John J. Malish, Osage, Va., came back to the bivouac area he headed straight for the wrong tent, reached in, grabbed the pate of a guy he thought was his tentmate, and yelled:

"Hey, Peavy, you need a haircut."

It was Second Lt. Peter J. Doherty, Newton, Mass., who needed the haircut.

Photograph, *Allied Forces Land in Southern France, 1944*

National Archives and Records Administration (SC-1781)



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45th Division News

MAY 13, 1945

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DSC Given Three Men Of 179th

Three more members of the 45th Division have been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, one of them posthumously, the AGO announced this week.

The posthumous award was given to Sgt. Peter C. Loizides, Co. K, 179th Inf., for action January 3, 1945, near Wingen.

Loizides saw one of his machine guns put out of action when the gunner was wounded, and started toward the gun to man it himself. On the way, he was twice seriously wounded and knocked to the ground by the fierce enemy fire.

Nevertheless, he reached the gun, and fired it until it jammed. He was killed while attempting to get the gun in action again, but his surprise fire from a gun the Germans had believed out of action caused many casualties among the enemy.

Pfc. Delmar B. Chamberle, Co. I, 179th Inf., was awarded the DSC for his actions October 6, 1944, near Grandvillers, where he manned a machine gun in the face of a counterattack.

His accurate fire killed 23 of the enemy and wounded many more. The enemy, in an attempt to eliminate the gun, fired on his position, and a fragment from a grenade hit him in the eye, almost blinding him.

Chamberle stayed at the gun, however, until the attack had been repulsed.

St. Sgt. William P. Hatfield, Co. H, 179th Inf., earned his DSC January 10 at Goetzenbruch, France, where he had been acting as a mortar observer with Co. G. That company was disorganized, due to heavy shelling and the loss of officers.

Despite the continued shelling, Hatfield reorganized the communication lines, coordinated the fire of the 60 and 81 mm mortars, found the executive officer and gave him the details of the company's situation.

Then he returned to evacuate wounded. His actions are credited with preventing a German breakthrough in the sector.

The Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Legion of Merit has been awarded to Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick, division commander, for his outstanding service during the period from January 1 to February 13.

The Legion of Merit has been awarded to Capt. Leonard W. Check, 120th Medical; Lt. Col. Everett W. Duvall, 180th Inf.; Lt. Col. Walter S. Schlotzhauer, Jr., Div. Hq.; Lt. Col. James A. Reynolds, Div. Hq.; 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Robertson, 158th F. A., and Tech. Sgt. Henry Weinberger, 180th Inf.

The Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster to the Silver Star Medal has been awarded to Lt. Col. Raymond F. Huff, Hq., 1st Bn., 180th Inf., for gallantry April 13 during a reconnaissance to find a site for crossing the Pegnitz River.

(Continued on page 6.)

Good Hausfrau Wants Less Shooting

Cpl. John Long, Wagoner, Okla., had to see the European war through almost to the end before he reached the point where he believed he'd seen everything.

With a Kraut 20 mm. shooting at him from down the street, the Cannon Co., 180th Inf., soldier finally sought refuge behind one of the company's half tracks.

Then an indignant German woman came up behind him and demanded that he make the 20 mm. stop shooting while she got across the street.

Sinatra Honored, Adolf Loses Out

Near echelon outfits moving through a certain small town in Bavaria are in for a little jolt.

When one of the line companies of the 157th Inf. 1st Bn. came through the town, the main street had the usual sign proclaiming to the world that it was "Adolf Hitler Strasse".

The Thunderbird doughboys tore it down and put a cardboard one in its place. The new sign reads: "Frank Sinatra Strasse".

Dachau Gives Answer To Why We Fought

By Bill Barrett



MP's Pfc. John Biscanti, Reading, Pa., and Pfc. William Bolton, Lockport, N.Y., inspect the bodies in one of the boxcars near Dachau.

Thunderbirds who last week still wondered why we fought the Germans and their beliefs got their answer at the Dachau prison camp where death claimed victims by the carload and murder was a wholesale sodastick business. Rifleman of Co. I, 157th Inf., were the first to see and smell the place. Dachau never would have been dealt with so thoroughly in the assault stages if these men hadn't walked by a railway siding crammed with boxcars on the way in.

It was late afternoon - about 4 p.m. - as the men made their way down the tracks. They knew that the camp ahead was guarded by SS troops and they expected a hard fight. And like all men going into an attack, be they rookies or vets, these men were afraid.

They picked up the clawing stink before they reached the first boxcar. They stopped and stared and the dead stared back. There were about a dozen bodies in the dirty boxcar, men and women alike. They had gone without food so long that their dead wrists were broomsticks tipped with claws. These were the victims of a deliberate starvation diet, and they weren't pretty.

The men looked, then shuffled on to the next car in silence. There were more dead eyes here staring out at the German houses not 200 yards from the tracks.

Someone broke the stillness with a curse. And then with a roar the men started for the camp on the double.

Co. I entered the camp from the rear end, back by the crematorium, and probably the first liberating Americans inside were members of the first squad of a platoon commanded by 2nd Lt. Harold Moyer, Las Vegas, N.M.

With him were Pfc's Jack Edwards, Cumberland, Md., John Dehtorny, Janesville, Wis., David Riley, Newburgh, N.Y., Donald Dunlap, Dayton, Ohio, and Martin Evans, Louisiana. With other men of the platoon they swept down the row of SS barracks, killing the weakly defending SS troops at every turn.

"I never saw anything like it", Lieutenant Moyer said later. "The men were plain, fighting mad. They went down that road without any regard for cover or concealment. No one was afraid, not after those

(Continued on Page 3.)

45th Station On the Air, It's a Job

The 45th Division has been on the air many times during its better than-four-year history, but now, for the first time, it is operating its own station - Radio Thunderbird.

When the city was captured, Maj. Leo V. Bishop heard reports that a radio studio was still intact, and contacted 1st Lt. M. Stuart Novins with a suggestion he might operate it.

Lieutenant Novins found the studios could be used with a little work here and there, and began hunting a transmitter. The first one he found had been smashed by the Nazis, as had the second. Finally a third was located, and proved to be ready to go on the air.

There was a major set-back here. There was no line between studio and transmitter, and no city power with which to put the station on the air.

Lieutenant Novins, with the help of two former Columbia Broadcasting System men, Cpl. Al Morgan, 1st Bn., 157th Inf., and St. Sgt. George Huether, 45th Sig. Co., moved the studio equipment to the transmitter location, and started a diesel generator which supplied power.

Right now the station is operating only part time, due to the fact that unsteady current makes the big, slow turning transcriptions of American radio show sound strange. Regular phonograph records sound good, but only a few are on hand.

The station needs good, unscratched records, and if you'd like to contribute any, call Lieutenant Novins at PRO.

When a steady supply of current is obtained and enough records are on hand, hours of operation will be lengthened. When a line can be run between the downtown studios and the transmitter, live programs will be aired, employing division musicians.

The station broadcasts on 1411 kilocycles with 500 watts power, and your best chance of hearing it is to try between 7 and 9 p.m.

A & P Platoon Are Resigned

Members of A & P platoon, 3rd Bn., 157th Inf., have a new name for their outfit. Instead of the Ammunition and Pioneer platoon, the boys are calling themselves the Atlantic and Pacific platoon.

Says Sgt. Kenneth Ross, Norwood, Mass.: "Now that the war is nearly over in the Atlantic most of the boys are expecting to move over to the Pacific."

Rolling Kitchen Rolls No More

Like the one-hoss shay or else it couldn't stand the publicity, the Kraut bus which was being used to travel in by the 179th Headquarters Company Officers' Mess broke down.

It ran first rate until a story about it appeared in the 45th Division News and the very day the story appeared the bus called it quits. The crew had it pulled from the road and left it with a "For Sale" sign bung on its side.

Munich Is the Largest City 45th Ever Has Captured

By Fred Sheehan

Munich, the birthplace of Nazi-ism and scene of the pre-war appeasement peace pacts, fell to the might of the democratic world.

Just ten days after the capture of Nuremberg, the second city of the Nazi empire, the 45th Division lined up the prime target within its sights. And that city, too, fell, without as much struggle, for the Nazis by now were thoroughly beaten.

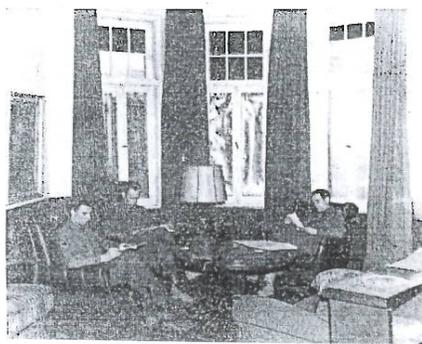
With all three regiments abreast, the Thunderbirds advanced upon the city. Originally it was planned that the Bavarian capital be split up among three divisions. The 42nd and 45th were to take approximately a quarter of the city apiece, while the Third was allotted half. But the speed of the Thunderbirds soon changed the plans.

The 157th and 179th met little resistance, and they forged ahead till they reached the Isar River, which bisects the city. The 180th on the left met and overcame what resistance the Germans could muster.

By this time, the Thunderbirds had taken slightly more than half of the city. The rest was mopped up by the Rainbow and Rock of the Marine divisions. The division's bag of prisoners numbered 8,294.

Far more important than the tangible city itself were things for which Munich stood. Here, from an inconspicuous beer

(Continued on Page 6.)



Here's a picture that Adolf Hitler never planned on. Thunderbird GI's are making themselves at home in Der Fuehrer's own apartment in the room in which the former Nazi leader at one time entertained such people as Sir Neville Chamberlain and Benito Mussolini. Left to right, the GI's are Mr. Sgt. H. A. Horton, Lancaster, S. C., Cpl. Charles Binford, Indianapolis, and Cpl. Herbert Flynn, Brooklyn.

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Imprisoned Jerries Spurn Rescue Offer

It was one of those details where you feel that you've been completely forgotten, but although these 12 men of Co. F, 157th Inf., were responsible for about 200 PW's, they were content with their lot until a rescue party showed up.

How to Use That Camera

By George Tapscott
(News Photographer)

Many European cameras are very expensive instruments which are just as delicate as a watch, but require more care. Here are a few hints on how to keep your camera in prime condition.

Never touch the lens. Fine lenses are made of special optical glass. This glass is very soft and has a very high polish. Sweat or moisture from your thumb or fingers contains acid which eats right into this soft, polished glass. The lens is the most expensive part of a camera, and the easiest to damage.

If your lens is dirty or dusty, clean it by rubbing it gently with a very soft paper. Kleenex or toilet paper are all right for the purpose. Don't blow on the lens, as the moisture in your breath may rust the steel of the lens mounting.

If something goes wrong with the shutter, don't try to repair it. Wait until you can take it to a good camera repair man. A shutter is a very complicated mechanism and hard to adjust.

Every once in a while it's a good idea to clean all the dust out of the bellows of your camera. Dust can get on the film, where it sticks and makes black specks on your finished prints. Carry your camera in a case, if you have one, to help keep the dust out.

The subject box brownie was constructed so that you had to be at least 12 feet from the family or the picture you took wouldn't be in focus. If you have a European camera that's pretty good, chances are you can now shoot close-up, or portraits. They can compare favorably with the work of studio photographers, or look gawdawful, depending on how you shoot them.

Choose your background carefully. That's one of the first secrets of good portraits. Pick a smooth, neutral colored surface, and then put your subject at least three feet away from it. Board fences, trees, brick walls and other backgrounds with patterns in them will look bad in back of the guy you're shooting.

If you're taking a portrait in strong sunlight, the guy you're shooting may when you're sun grins unless you do something to help him unsee his face.

While you're setting your camera, getting the focus and so on, have your subject close his eyes. Tell him to open them when you're ready, and then shoot immediately, before the light has time to bother him.

If you want a good portrait, you'll probably do better if you don't let the subject look directly into the camera lens. Have him look over your right or left shoulder. If you want him to smile, say something funny rather than asking him to smile. Most people can't smile upon order, and give a sickly grin instead.

If you have any questions about your camera or how to use it, write me in care of the 45th Division News, through APO or message center.

'Old Faithful,' Gun, Is Sicilian Veteran

By Harry M. Palmer

"Old Faithful," was still "in the line" and still shooting straight after the nearly two years service which has seen it hurl 75 mm. shells at the Krauts in Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. "Old Faithful," is the name bestowed on the 75 mm. howitzer, the last original artillery piece that the 179th Inf. Cannon Co. brought overseas in June, 1943.

It has fired approximately 12,000 rounds — maybe not as many as some howitzers — but in length of service, "Old Faithful" takes off its hat to no one.

"We shot it first in training back in the states, then in Sicily, in Italy, France, and now Germany," declared 1st Sgt. Charles Thelbeck, Baltimore.

"The gun has had a dozen or more gunners assigned to it since we came across. They got promoted or assigned to another post but 'Old Faithful' keeps going right on. In fact the gun is more a part of the company, I believe, than other pieces of equipment or personnel. If we lost 'Old Faithful' it would be like losing a brother."

The gun has had many escapes in its nearly two years of almost constant a wonderful piece of equipment.

Sunday afternoon the mortar section under Tech. Sgt. Major General Simonson, Columbus, Ga., was left 35 miles behind our rapidly advancing lines with 140 prisoners and a promise of a vehicle that would drop by to pick up the PW's.

Tuesday they were still waiting and the number of Jerries they were guarding had swollen to about 200. Kraut stragglers, attracted by the smell of C-rations, kept dropping in.

Early Wednesday morning, about 1 a.m., the guards spotted a number of Jerries approaching in the darkness. The GI's strolled out to take them prisoners.

But the Krauts, while they didn't feel much like fighting, didn't feel much like giving up, either. They were German tankers, without tanks, but very well armed. They spoke to Pfc. Emil Spawa, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and said there was a still larger force awaiting their return outside town. Then their officer demanded to see the ranking officer among the PW's.

"Spawa bluffed," about you kidding? We have a hundred Americans here ready to fight."

"We know that isn't true," grinned the Jerries' officer. "We've been waiting you for days."

So the Kraut got his wish and went in to see the officer, while the enlisted men of both sides stared at each other across their weapons. The "visiting" officer asked the ranking PW if he wanted to be rescued with his men.

"Not at all," replied the Kraut puffing an American smoke. "We like being prisoners."

So the tankers took off into the night and as far as anyone knows, none of them stayed for steady diet of C's.

MP's Been Away One Day Longer

MP Pvt. Jim McNeary, Philadelphia, switched a civilian vehicle over to the curb when the driver, seeking information, had snarled up traffic at his post.

The driver was a pert French gal who spoke English and who was quite put out at being held up by the division cop.

"I want to go back to France," she said. "I've been away since June 9, 1943."

The MP smiled and answered with typical police department glibness. "Then you can wait awhile, sis. I've been away from the States since June 8, 1943."

New Radio Speaks English Fluently

Lt. Joe Metz, Sharon Springs, Kas., 157th Inf., was having trouble with his radio. No matter how carefully he twisted the dials, all he got was the guttural language of the Master Race.

When he just about reached the end of his patience, Cpl. Jack Tuck, Fayetteville, Ark., walked in with another radio, plugged it in, and was rewarded with the strains of "I Walk Alone."

"Let's keep that one," he said. "It speaks English."

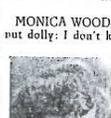
What's YOUR Answer?

The question: Who's your favorite medic and why?

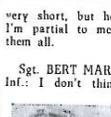
Sgt. MELVIN HOOD, Recon Co., 645th TD Bn.: Barton Hayes is our company medic and in my opinion the best medic in the Army. One time at Venafio three wounded men from the letter companies were out in the mountains. Hayes brought back all three of them but was advised against it by one of the officers. They were in the middle of a minefield. Hayes went anyway, made three trips through the minefield and brought back all three of them. On the line he's a darn good medic, but when we're off he's a regular guy. He's the first to take off.



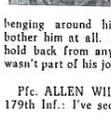
MONICA WOODS, Red Cross doughnut dolly: I don't know his name. He's an ambulance driver and he's the cutest thing in the world. He wore a wool knit cap with the visor up, and the cutest shock of blond hair stuck out in front. He's only about 18 years old, but he's a darling. But I'm partial to medics. I really love them all.



Sgt. BERT MARCUS, Co. G, 179th Inf.: I don't think there's come any better than Sgt. Buck Markham. On the Push on Rome I saw him go out in an open field and patch up both our own boys and those from another outfit. The artillery and mortars that were didn't seem to bother him at all. I've never seen him hold back from any job, even when it wasn't part of his job. He's quite a man.



Pfc. ALLEN WILLIAMSON, Co. G, 179th Inf.: I've seen medics go pretty far forward to work on wounded GI's, but one day I saw Sgt. Charles Beaver, company aidman, pull a stunt that topped them all. He went out past the most forward elements, lead a band of men, scout, to patch up a couple of wounded men. And time he's gone out under heavy fire to either give first aid or bring wounded men back to better shelter.



In a cold bitter rain on the steps of the Nuremberg Rally Stadium under the famous gold swastika Jewish members of the 180th Inf., along with five liberated Palestinian soldiers held memorial services for their buddies who died in the seizure of this famous Nazi citadel. The Chaplain Max Eithorn, Tallahassee, Fla., conducted the service which, despite the bad weather, was well attended.

"There is nothing which should give us more pleasure than this," remarked the Chaplain to his audience, "for it is in this home of nazism that the hideous race laws were formed. Just as this symbol of intolerance, hate, and greed has fallen so we hope and pray that all who attempt to foster such ideals may fall too."

As the congregation started to leave they witnessed the demolition of the gold swastika.

By the Right Flank!

"They don't get up in the morning — it's bad for their health and body," was the way a Luftwaffe doctor explained the absence of ME's in the wild blue yonder.

Co. I, 179th Inf. crossed the Danube without any of its organic equipment, but the paddletect solved that by keeping up the chase on bicycles and loading their mortars and machine guns onto a horse and wagon.

A German medic came up to Pfc. Robert E. Peters, medic for Co. K, 179th Inf. The Kraut saluted, and before he could catch himself Peters returned the salute. The incident occurred right in the middle of a lively fire fight.

Soon after his hospital was behind American lines, a German doctor offered Sgt. Mario Cocchiara, Boston, Co. K, 179th Inf., a smoke — from a silver case filled with Camels.

The brother of Sgt. Conrad Morini wrote him from Philadelphia that he had offered to go for them but was written of his latest whereabouts.

Eager to get on the good side of the advancing two Germans walked into the CP of Co. F, 180th Inf., and asked 1st Lt. Vernon Whitehead to come with them to see their apartment. They said they wanted to billet some soldiers there.

St. Sgt. Daniel Sears, Lawrence, Mass., got optimistic and ordered a necktie for parison life after the war, when the shortage report was filled in. He has one now.

He's got the most time and the most fun, so Pfc. Homer Roberts, Okemah, Okla., has been elected company candid photographer of Dog Co., 180th.

French people living in Munich threw a birthday party for Pvt. Albert H. Siska, Co. I, 179th Inf.

Into the CP of Co. B, 180th Inf., came a German civilian. He asked to see the commandant, then gave a big Heil Hitler. They called him away to the PW cage when they learned that we all had wanted to do at the CP — just Heil Hitler.

Ordinarily Pfc. George Simon, New York City, starts to worry when people shoot at him and come close. But Simon did a lot of worrying when, during a short fire fight, he was shot through the helmet and creased across his noggin by a buddy in G Co., 180th.

There is no Hitler listed in the Munich phone book, and no Shikelgruber, despite the fact Adolf maintained an apartment there.

St. Sgt. Louis H. Arnold, Co. I, 179th Inf., used a bottle of lighter fluid as a gargle, the other day. Learning nothing by this sad experience, he later used a bottle of nail polish as hair tonic. They may have to blast him.

Sitting on a log waiting for I Co's MG's to wipe out some Krauts ahead, Pfc. Eldre Hacywolsky, Leitchfield, Pa., was almost scared to death by a deer. The critter leaped over the head of the 179th infantryman, and he recovered too late to have venison for dinner.

In one day, Sgt. Wallace Greer, Co. D, 179th Inf., compelled three Krauts to shave off their mustaches. The mustaches looked too much like Hitler's.

Rowdy, pood no bigger than a cognac bottle, is pals with D Co., 179th Inf., men, but won't fraternize with civilians. His chief bad habit is sabotaging the telephone lines. He jerks them right off their connections.

Wearing a Robin Hood hat caused 1st Lt. Seldon Lawe, Sacco, Me., to be the hit of 2nd Bn. Hq., 179th Inf., and also caused a Kraut SS'er to hesitate when he had a head drawn on the loinc. During the moment he hesitated, Sgt. Pat Delaney, Boston, nabbed the Kraut.

No matter how long Co. D, 179th Inf., has remained in one spot, Sgt. Carl Clure, Washington, Okla., protests when they get ready to move. He always claims he hasn't had time to eat.

First Bn., 180th Inf., recently sent to the PW cage the commander of a German PW camp who had been living for some time on packages sent to his prisoners by the Red cross.

One Kraut PW held by Co. F, 157th asked permission to go back to where he was captured and hunt for his glass eye. Pfc. Joe Clark, Philadelphia, escorted him, and they found it.

A couple of thirsty 157th GI's, Pfc. Farnham Granger and Pvt. Howard O'Connell, waited for a traffic jam, then dashed out and looted a keg of ice cold beer from the rear end of a truck — which belonged to the regimental MP's Reporters.

45th Division News Fifth Year of Publication

Copies of the News may not be mailed to the United States.

Sgt. Don Robinson Editor.

Sgt. George Tapscott Photographer.

Cpls. Fred Sheehan and Bill Barrett, Reporters.

45th Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 3

45th Infantry Museum Archives

Dachau Prison Shows Why We Fought

(Continued from Page 1)
boxcars. We were just mad."

Hysterically happy prisoners shouted as they saw the Americans burst into view. With one mighty surge for freedom they charged through the electrically charged barbed wire enclosure that separated them from the fighting. Some of the inmates were electrocuted, but death had long since ceased to mean anything to the slaves of Dachau and the less fortunate were trampled under foot.

They swept down upon the Thunderbirds. Those who couldn't kiss the faces of their liberators kissed their feet. It wasn't until the paddletect fired a few rounds over their heads that the prisoners retired to their blocks to watch the fight from there.

But there was hate in that crowd as well as fierce joy, hate that had simmered deep inside the men for years. They had swayed this moment, and they acted.

"I saw one gang of Russians get an SS'er", recalled one GI grimly. "One gang got on one leg and their buddies got the other. Then they just pulled him apart. There was nothing I could do but look away. I could hear the bones cracking."

"I tried to stop one Pole", added another GI. "I stood behind the SS man and got my rifle between him and the prisoner. The Pole just laughed and drove the M-1 sight through the Kraut's eye."

When the brief fierce fight had ended, the newly dead bodies of the SS garrison lay in grotesque posture around the bodies of the inmates who died by the score daily. Co. I suffered no casualties.

The Dachau prison camp was designed originally to gratify the sadistic whims of German military police whose greatest delight was seeing helpless victims suffer. In normal conditions it housed 6 to 8,000 prisoners, and was a compact hell on earth.

When the number of inmates rose to about 32,000 (the population at the time of liberation), conditions went from bad to a deplorable state beyond description.

Dachau was one of the worst concentration camps operated by the German government. To it were sent Jews for execution, minor political enemies, and the internationally known who clashed too openly with Nazi beliefs and were whisked away by the Gestapo.

There's a "spiesing" guestbook" at Dachau which exists in the minds of the inmates. Each time a notable prisoner came through the gates, most of the camp knew about it by sundown.

A Dutch prisoner, who spent two and a half years in Dachau, rattled off a list of famous people who are alleged to have passed through Dachau.

Kurt Adler von Schuschnigg, Austrian prime minister from 1934 to 1938, was a "guest" very recently. This report comes not only from Dachau inmates but also from a BBC correspondent with the 5th Army in Italy who this week interviewed von Schuschnigg.

The Austrian had been evacuated from Dachau to a small Italian town near the Swiss border. With him were Leon Blum, France's last president, and Hjalmar Schacht, Reich's Finance Minister and victim of the Nazis' recent purges when he had "disappeared". All three had been confined in Dachau.

The Dutch Minister of War and Prince Leopold of Prussia also knew the horrors of the concentration camp, according to the prisoners, the Prussian serving time because he listened to BBC.

But these were the aristocracy, and they received special favors from the guards. They were treated to a room the size of large clothes closet with one rough bunk. The room contained running water which often didn't work.

But the common people of Dachau lived worse than the watch dogs that guard the camp's crematorium.

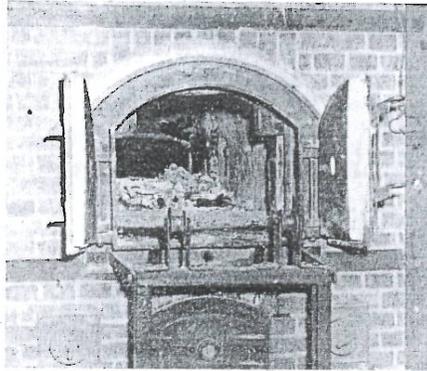
The prisoner's quarters is a land of many smells - the stink of vomit, of stale sweat on clothes never washed, of horribly sick bodies. And over everything the sickeningly sweet smell of death.

Into a room no larger than the combined sizes of an average living and dining room, 450 men were herded each night. Here they slept, some of them, in crude bunk beds five feet high. Each bunk is two feet wide and about a foot and a half from the bunk above it.

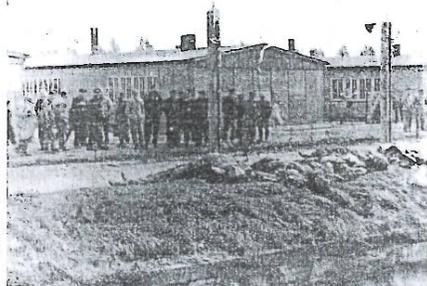
Those who didn't have bunks slept on the floors, on a table and under the bunks, squeezing their starved bodies into the six-inch high space.

They were likely to be routed out any time during the night if the guard heard someone whisper in the dark - or if the guard just felt like it. Then they were made to stand at attention in the freezing Bavarian darkness and repeat a portion of time in unison: "I have disobeyed. I will not disobey again."

Reveille was at 4 a. m. That is, the inmates fell out at that time. Usually the guards kept them waiting in the cold until they were ready. Then they were marched



This incinerator was in operation day and night, still had bones in it.



Prisoners at the Dachau concentration camp feast their eyes on the bodies of SS men, killed during the assault on the camp. Prisoners killed a number of the guards.

to work, those who were able, and slaved away all day.

A day at Dachau was never without agony for the individual. If he escaped the wrath of his SS guards, there was always the mental torture, the knowledge of what awaited him if he didn't snap his cap off quickly enough when a German passed, if he accidentally violated the million strict rules of the camp, or if one of the guards didn't like his face.

Long before the 45th reached Dachau fantastic rumors of the camp's tortures reached the outside world. Few of them were exaggerated.

A man might be hung by his thumbs all day on the parade ground as an example for the passing prisoners. Or he might be tied to a stake in the kennel where the dogs, infuriated by the SS men, would tear out the man's testicles in one furious leap.

The most common torture, the one few men escaped, were the "bunkers". Even now the liberated inmates speak of them in hushed tones of fear. The "bunker" is a small room about three feet square and seven feet high. Here a man might be made to stand for two weeks with only bread and water to keep him alive. His thin body, starved by malnutrition, might be able to crouch or even sit in that limited space, but the guards eliminated that comfort by erecting a short, needle sharp pole situated in the center of the room. Unless the victim cared to impale himself, he stood - for two weeks in the pitch darkness.

About two months ago one of the prisoners achieved the impossible and escaped. Somehow he got through the barbed wire, across the swift flowing moat surrounding the camp, past the guards and over the stone wall.

As soon as his absence was discovered the whole camp was assembled in the parade ground and stood at attention. The men stood there all that night, all the next day, without overcoats (no one here possessed such a luxury), without food or water.

They stood for more than 36 hours, until the escaped prisoner was re-captured and

put to death. Many of the inmates died in the freezing, starving ranks, and as they crumpled to the ground, they were kicked to one side and later, when there were several dozen bodies lying about, they were gathered up and disposed of.

Death was perhaps the most constant factor at Dachau. "Exclusive of executions you could count on 100 deaths a day", one prisoner revealed.

The men died of starvation from a dit of tea for breakfast, a liter of water for dinner, tea again for supper. A small loaf of bread was issued to eight men daily, and twice a week they were treated to a bowl of soup.

They died of typhus. The Germans shied away from the infected, and when the housing problem became more acute, they mixed healthy men with the typhus cases in a methodical system of extermination.

They died as unwitting guinea pigs for the advancement of Germany's war science. Hundreds were infected with malaria in the laboratories and German doctors studied their death.

Others died in tubs of freezing water. The Luftwaffe ordered a report on how long a man, immersed in ice water, can live. Doctors at Dachau cooperated by killing off more Dachau slaves in cold tubs, leaving them in the water until dead, making blood and temperature tests each hour.

The dead were taken from their barracks, or from the crude hospital or from where ever dropped and stacked in the camp's streets like cordwood. A tarp which didn't cover the head or feet was tossed over the stack, and for days the dead eyes stared out at the living until the guards, always rushed in the disposition department, got around to them.

The expected end of every man in the Dachau prison was the crematorium, a threat that hung over them like the pall of smoke that almost daily issued from the chimneys of furnaces where dead bodies were being reduced to dust.

Although the furnace area is enclosed inside a high wall set off a way from the blocks, the things that happened there were no secret to the prisoners.



Here is a roomful of bodies, waiting to be stripped of clothes, then fed to the incinerators. The majority of these men starved to death.



Prisoners of all nationalities walk up and down this avenue, their only way of passing time. Many had four and five years behind them in Dachau.

Corpses, like those in the boxcars who had ridden weeks without food before they died, or corpses like those who died in the camp and lay heaped in the streets, were carried here, stripped and thrown into the hungry flames. On each side of the crematoriums, in large anterooms, piles of bodies lay waiting for cremation.

"During February", one prisoner claimed, "1,300 bodies were cremated."

Behind the crematorium is the most devilish creation of the SS troops - the "shower room".

Those who were about to die were herded into the room which looks exactly like a shower room. They were stripped, handed a clean towel and some soap and told to wash well, that they were going on a long trip.

Then the guards went out, locked the door and turned a switch. Instead of a rush of hot water from the showers, a deadly gas seeped into the room and in a few moments all were dead.

Others were given a more prosaic death and shot while they knelt over a ditch to catch their blood. But no matter how a man died at Dachau his body was cremated when fuel was available.

Right now military authorities are engaged in the stupendous task of evacuating the camp, caring for the sick, caring for the dead.

But although the buildings be burned to the ground and flowers bloom someday on the site where the dead have lain, Dachau can never again be just a pleasant little town 18 kilometers from Munich.

The stink of death has seeped into the ground with the blood of the murdered and Dachau must remain forever a blot on German history.

'Shavetail' Is Right Name

When 2nd Lt. Delbert F. Hemminger, mortar observer for Co. D, 157th Inf., tossed his weapons loose on the assorted weapons opposing the outfit, he had a personal interest in knocking them out. They were firing at him.

Heavy resistance met the 1st Bn. when they jumped off against the Siegfried Line. Automatic weapons, mortars and artillery fire from the Krauts was holding up the parade, so Hemminger set out to find an OP and do something about it.

He found one, all right. The only drawback was the fact that he was skykilled. But while the Jerry lead whistled around him, he stuck to his post and directed the mortar fire. The mortars whined out the two guns firing on the shavetail.

"Speaking of shavetails", grinned Hemminger. "I had mine shaved plenty that day, and I got a lot of satisfaction out of knocking out those MG's."

Stars and Stripes Catches Hell

Members of the I. Co., 157 th Inf., are up in arms over a line that appeared in the Stars and Stripes recently. The article mentioned that two companies of the 157th Inf. had been surrounded but had been rescued in the early morning.

"What I would like to know", says Lt. I. R. Stewart, Washington, Pa., "is who in hell rescued us. I recall having the company surrounded one night, but the next morning we took care of the situation."

45th Division News, May 13, 1945, p. 4

45th Infantry Museum Archives

Impossible Story, Pfc. Commanded Battalion In Action

This is the sort of story any GI would laugh at in a magazine. Any GI knows it's impossible. Nevertheless, Pfc. Ernest M. Friedman, Carnegie, Pa., commanded the 1st Bn., 180th Inf., in battle at a crucial time and did an excellent job of it.

Karl Holtz Died From Tank Fire, Lieutenant Says

Karl Holtz, political leader of Nuremberg, was not a suicide, but died when a shell fragment from tank fire hit him in the head, 1st Lt. Vernon Whitehead, Co. F, 180th Inf., asserted this week.

Lieutenant Whitehead was on the scene at the time of the attack, and Holtz's body was found in the Co. E sector, which Co. F was assisting in clearing after having cleared its own sector.

"I saw the body, saw where the shell had hit, and inspected the wound," Whitehead stated. "I'm certain he was killed by one of our tanks."

Holtz's aide, a lieutenant, was captured. The aide said Holtz had ordered troops in the city to fight to the last man. The aide thought Holtz's death hastened the fall of Nuremberg.

Kraut General Isn't Welcomed

Co. B, 179th Inf., had no sooner set up their CP in a modernistic apartment in town than they were confronted with a visitor.

An elderly German in civilian clothes was ushered into the orderly room, then began his story.

"I suppose you want me," he explained to 1st Lt. Leon Kalphin, New York City. "I'm a major general, but on inactive duty."

The Kraut general said he had fought in the Polish campaign but soon afterward had been retired because of his age. He was never an ardent Nazi, he said, and had lost all favor with the party last July when his cousin, also a general, was implicated in the attempt to assassinate Der Fuehrer.

The interview was conducted with all due military pomp and ended with Lieutenant Kaplan discharging his captive with the cut instructions to be a good civilian.

Maine Cowboy Gets Horse Laugh

Pfc. Richard Hinkley, Bethel, Me., is known as cowboy to his buddies among the 3rd Battalion, 157th Infantry Regiment anti-tank men. For the longest while, Hinkley, who is a medic with the outfit, has talked of his prowess with horses and his ability to ride them. He recently had his chance to prove his talk.

Walking through the woods Hinkley discovered a horse grazing among the trees. With a shout of delight, he mounted one and began to ride it back to where he was bivouacked. For some reason or other the horse kept running into the trees, making the ride an extremely uncomfortable one for the cowboy from Maine. After several minutes of this, Hinkley dismounted, and only then did he discover that his horse was blind. — Irv. Kintisch.

Tarzan Suffers Only Slightly

They call Cpl. Anthony Takazuckas "Tarzan" because he's 200 pounds of brown on a New York City frame. The other day he really earned his nickname.

He was out leading a tank into a nest of snipers when one of the Krauts let fly at the tank with a bazooka. The shell tore into Anthony's pack and set it afire.

Tarzan, Co. G, 157th Inf., suffered a slight dent in his armor.

Civilians Get Early Discharges

A 179th Inf. platoon under Lt. Malcolm C. Spalding, Cranston, R. I., advanced into a little town just outside Munich and surprised the local schoolmaster as he was issuing uniforms to civilians of the section.

"It was a company of the Volksturm being outfitted before our eyes," Spalding said.

When the platoon arrived, the civilians turned their uniforms in again and went home.

Normally, Friedman is a radio operator, and it was in that capacity he was accompanying the battalion commander. The CO was directing his units in an attack through a wooded area, and Colonel and Private were alone in their section of the woods.

The colonel explained his plan to Friedman as they went along, probably just to make conversation. Or it might have been this thing called "orientation." It was fortunate the conversation took this trend.

Suddenly a rifle cracked, and the colonel fell, wounded by a sniper. Friedman got to his knees beside his CO, knowing the sniper's rifle might speak again at any moment. The colonel unfolded the remainder of his plan of attack to the Pfc.

Still carrying his rifle, Friedman made his way over 500 yards of fire-swept terrain to a group of tanks, which he moved into a position in support of one of the rifle companies.

"For the next half hour I felt like the old man himself," Friedman recalls. "The colonel had told me what to do when the reports came in. So I ran around from one company to another, ordering them to advance here, or fire there."

"But the best part of the whole deal was leading a platoon of tanks up to a spot where the machine gun and anti-tank defenses were that had hit the old man. The tanks wiped them out. From there we advanced to positions where we could best support the attack."

Friedman helped materially to coordinate the movements of the leading elements and proved of invaluable aid," commented Capt. Jim D. Keisley, Durant, Okla.

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One Grenade Does the Job

A couple of thorough Pfc's, Frank Bromfield, Springfield, Ill., and Clifford Davis, Baltimore, went about cleaning out the town for Co. I, 157th Inf.

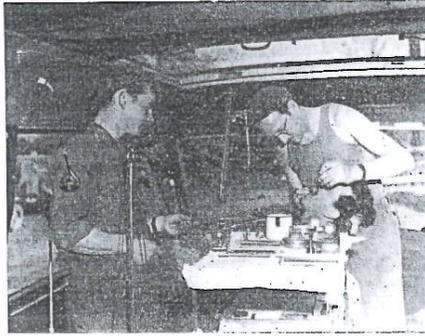
They ducked into a farmhouse, took one look at a deep dark cellar and tossed a grenade into it. Then they looked out into their yard for snipers. Bromfield whirled when someone tapped him on the shoulder.

It was an SS man who had crawled out of the cellar after that one grenade.

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When the Krauts built their buses they had no idea one of them would end up as a dentist's office. This is the office of the Special Troops' dentist, Capt. Charles Blum, Hominy, Okla., who is shown here doing repair work on Sgt. Bertran Goodman, 700th Ord. Co., Tulsa, Okla. The assistant is Cpl. Paul Monaghan, Janesville, Wis.

Div. Arty. Air OP Captures a Stork

The division air OP has its 7A-CAP too, and, as you might expect of the air OP, it's a German plane. Capt. David M. Kyle, Florence, Ore., heard about it from Lt. Roger Davis, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, who saw it on a Kraut field while he was observing fire.

Davis radioed back the location. The infantry had taken the field just a short while before, and Davis thought the plane appeared to be in good condition.

Captain Kyle and St. Sgt. Darrell F. Slate, Goulbuck, Texas, took off in a jeep for the location described, and found the motor of the German artillery observation plane was still warm. The motor started easily.

Slate took off again in the jeep, this time to tell the ack ack outfit not to shoot at the black-crossed Stork. As an added precaution, he rounded up three division bombers as an escort.

All went well, and Captain Kyle succeeded in bringing home the stork. Now the plane has been painted OD, and American markings have been painted on the wings. Pilots, tired after a long day of flying our Cubs, now come home and take the Stork for a spin to relax.

Surprise! Kraut Drives Kraut Car

Col. Richard A. Peterson, Chicago, hadn't known that there were any Kraut vehicles still being driven by Krauts.

He had a little engine trouble in convoy, and was left behind his 157th Inf. unit. When he resumed his trip, the convoy was out of sight, and soon he came to the invisible crossroad.

He turned left at random, and soon came upon a parked Kraut vehicle. He got out and blurted out a question to the two Wehrmachties inside before he realized they weren't GI's.

Then he persuaded them to accept the hospitality of the PW cage.

Bush Fighter Technique Bags Well Armed PW's

A jungle bush-beating technique employed by two Thunderbird regiments recently resulted in one of the biggest catches of the war for Co. F, 157th Inf.

With the 179th operating on a flank and driving Jerries across their path, about 25 men of Co. F started to dig at a road block late one afternoon. Suddenly one of the men spotted Krauts coming over the hill about 1500 yards away in plain view.

They got 150 PW's who were able to walk, while strewn over the hill were at least 20 dead or dying Germans. Of about 150 German magazines in the action, 85 were armed with machine guns.

Artificers Arise! You're Artists

Cpl. Milton Rice, Detroit, 157th Inf., 1st Bn., is throwing his weight around considerably these days.

Commanded by 2nd Lt. Thomas M. Peary, Barnswick, Ga., and Tech. Sgt. John Tyburczyk, Irvington, N.Y., the men started to work. They had a few 50's and a few 57's and they put them to good use with their M-1's.

They got return fire, but their shooting was so accurate and the Krauts such good targets that after 20 minutes it was all over. The enemy flew the white flag and the Co. F men went across the valley to take their prisoners.

U.S. Officers Greet Patrol In Village

When someone halted them in English as they passed through the little town on a security patrol, Lt. Edwin Jacobitz, K Co., 179th Inf., and his companions halted their peep with a squealing of brakes and tires.

The halter turned out to be an American captain, who had just escaped from a German prison camp in the hills. They didn't get to talk about it right away, because eight Germans, eager to surrender, interrupted the conversation.

The Germans said they thought the patrol's presence meant the town was under attack by a large American force, and they didn't feel like sweating it out. They were taken care of, and the captain went on with his story.

The captain asked for two riflemen, and returned with them to the hills, where the three contacted two more escaped American officers, both lieutenant colonels.

The patrol, including St. Sgt. John S. Janes, Sgt. John S. Reed, and Pfc's Woodrow Woods, Joseph Spence and William Turner, returned with their 11 guests to headquarters.

Medic Forced To Tote Meat For Germans

Like everyone else, St. Sgt. Joe Petido, Woodward, Okla., Clearing Co., thought the war was over, so he and another medic took a stroll through the woods adjoining the company area.

There they met up with four Krauts who didn't think the war was over and in the skirmish, Petido's buddy was wounded in the thigh. As he was administering first aid, the Jerries took Joe prisoner and forced him to shoulder a lamb which they had just slaughtered.

"The skunks made me play the part of a Kraut supply wagon for 15 miles," gumbled Petido, "but as soon as it got dark I ditched the lamb and escaped."

He made his way back to the company, and resolved that the next time he goes strolling it'll be back in good old Woodward. — Cpl. John Kling.

Captain Acts As First Scout, Didn't Plan It

Capt. John D. Goodner, jr., of Alexandria, Tenn., and 157th Inf., 1st Bn., is officially listed as a staff member, but these days, he's doubling as a sort of unofficial first scout.

Quartering parties are usually routine, but can turn into something straight out of the Rover Boys and a Warner Brothers movie. On one quartering party, Captain Goodner arrived in a German town suspiciously free of white flags. The population stood in doorways gaping at the man with the railroad tracks.

Trotting out his best German, the Captain asked if the tanks had passed through in the last ten minutes.

"No," said one old man. "No tanks passed through."

"Any American soldiers pass through here?" he asked a trifle anxiously.

"No," said the stolid citizen.

"Any German troops around?" he asked.

"Oh! In!" said the Kraut. "Plenty of SS troops just ahead of you."

"At this point," says the Captain, "I forgot all about my civilian training as a driver and made the damndest U turn you've ever seen."

Keena Totes Pal On German Bike

Riding down a road in a peep, 1st Lt. Harold A. Lingle, Long Beach, Calif., Tech. Sgt. Robert Fitzpatrick, Newkirk, Okla., and Pfc. John Keena, Westerly, R. I., with another member of Co. D, 179th Inf., ran into heavy fire. They had to bail out.

The fourth member of the party was wounded in the leg. Keena threw the wounded man over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and got him away.

It was still a long way to the aid station, so Keena grabbed a bike, and managed to transport his patient on that. An obliging Frenchman tagged along behind, carrying two T-20s.

While the party was gone, the Germans shot holes in all the peep's tires and beat the hell out of it with an axe.

"Seems to me," mused Rice, "A man who's all those things ought to be a T/4 at least."



During the first few days after fall of Munich German soldiers were caught dressed in civilian clothes. The majority produced their pay record book quickly enough when questioned by GI's. Here some are lined up for questioning by Cpl. Charles Demko, Co. K, 157th Inf., Copied, Pa., (Back to camera, wearing helmet) and Tech. Sgt. Harold Sable, Hasley, Neb., at Demko's right.

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45th Infantry Museum Archives

45th Bags Well Known Krauts, Generals, in Germany



By-passed and realizing the hopelessness of his situation, Hungarian Brig. Gen. Livinosh surrendered himself and his entire division to our attached 16th Cavalry Group. Major Gen. Robert T. Frederick (center) accepted the Hungarian's surrender.

DP's Are GI's Released from Kraut Cages

"DP", the letters you've been seeing on reports and on signs all over town, stands for "Displaced Person". Liberated Allied prisoners of war. Within their ranks are many Thunderbird fighters who experienced the thrill of being rescued by their own division, some of them by their own regiments.

All of them are bound for the States for a 21-day furlough before being re-assigned. Right now they're whiling away the time in the sheer luxury of just doing nothing after months of inhuman treatment.

They're smoking American cigarettes again, sipping good American coffee, eating American chocolate, visiting and telling their stories to anyone who'll listen.

"Don't talk to me about the Geneva Convention", said Pfc. Don F. Dyke. DP from Woodward, Okla. "The Germans may have heard of it, but they didn't observe it in caring for PW's."

Dyke, formerly with Co. F, 179th Inf., should know. He was a prisoner since last September when his rifle company came out second best in a fight with Kraut ambushers. Although he spent his last months in the dreaded confines of the Munich prisons, among the worst in Germany, he doesn't look too bad.

"That's because I took off finally", he grinned at his buddy, Pfc. Philip Kramer, division headquarters, formerly with Co. F. "I was lucky. I made for a German farm outside the city and the family there took me in. I worked for them, and they fed me. And, brother, did I eat! In a few weeks I gained 35 pounds!"

Life in the Munich camps was hell. The men worked long hours through the cold Bavarian winter without overcoats, without enough to eat. A little ersatz coffee, a thin cabbage soup, a slice of bread - that might be the amount of food given the man for a day's work.

"We scoured special pockets into our clothes", Dyke said, "and we'd stuff our pockets with spuds. Sometimes we got by the guards who searched us every night, and sometimes we didn't. If we were caught it often meant a boxing. Once the Red Cross parcels that reached us occasionally contained C-rations. You can't imagine how good a C-ration can taste until you have been a PW."

He told of one American prisoner, a teetotaler, who found a bottle of wine and raffled it off for smokes. Dyke won the bottle and the teetotaler collected about 100 smokes.

"They had us working on the railroads in Munich", Dyke recalled. "That was a thankless job. The Yank bombers would blast hell out of the tracks one week-end and we'd work all the following week straightening out the tracks. Friday they'd be good as new again. Saturday there'd be another raid and we'd start all over again on the same road!"

Finally Dyke escaped. The Bavarian farmer was glad to take him in - the Americans were coming, he'd heard and a Yank in the house would make things look better. Dyke got the job.

He worked hard, but more important, he ate five times a day in the best farmer tradition.

Then one day he heard artillery and he made his way to the top of the hill to watch the fun. The night before he'd heard that the Americans might arrive the next day. He drank the farmer's last bottle of schnapps and generally had himself a time.

"From the hill I could see the SS troops scattering", he smiled as he recalled the scene. "There were shells dropping in all over the place and they were taking off. Then came the tanks and I waited to see which division was coming up. When I saw those Thunderbirds coming down the road - brother I almost fell off that hill!"

Two former Co. I, 179th men, Pfc. Calvin C. Whitney and Pfc. Shaeffer, were rescued by their regiments the other day. They were captured last October in the tough fight for Grandvillers. After four months of hell in the concentration camps they were given the assignment every PW hopes - to farm work.

The two were sent to a farm about a dozen miles outside Munich where they worked hard, but treated well. One morning they awoke to find the house surrounded by tanks - American tanks. Later that day they turned in to a patrol from the 179th Inf.

Within three hours they were back visiting with their old buddies in Co. I. Just like that.

Whitney told the boys how he was captured. "It happened while we were fighting for Grandvillers. I happened to glance up and notice a GI and a Kraut standing together. Like a sucker, I thought the German was the PW, so I walked over.

"Another German, hidden behind a tree, popped out with a rifle and I thought, 'This guy has a nerve, and I slammed his weapon down with my M-1. But the first guy who wasn't a PW after all, stuck a luger in my ribs and off we went for Munich!"

A GI chocolate bar was the first food request Whitney and Shaeffer made when they were free. Hig Brey, 16th FA, prepared a special meal for them and 24 other DP's, not from the division.

Pvt. Robert Schlegel, Banks, Ore., Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 180th Inf., became a PW because his buddy, Pfc. Walter Larsen, New York City, hadn't finished breakfast.

Last September 2, Schlegel was a mechanic in the motor pool when a look-alike called for Larsen, his driver. Larsen was eating breakfast, so Schlegel offered to drive.

An hour later he was a PW - he drove up next to a Tiger tank which was very neatly camouflaged. He almost escaped shortly after. On the trip back to Germany, Schlegel and his captors stopped in a French cafe for something to eat. One FFI man there slipped the Thunderbird a note saying that if he could get out the back door the people of the town would hide him. But the place was too well guarded for that.



Captured on the 45th's push from the Rhine, Brig. Gen. Gerhard Franz, (above) commander of a German infantry division demolished by the 45th, was one of the division's biggest catches in combat.

Schlegel stayed on and ended up in a Munich camp only to be rescued on our recent drive into the city.

He brought back some interesting information. The Krauts, he said, call our captured privates and Pfc's "arbeits" or "workers". T-5's and up are called the "indits arbeits".

Fists As Good As His BAR, Dunlap Shows

Ordinarily Pfc. Donald Dunlap, Columbus Grove, Ohio, does his fighting with a BAR, but the other night he proved that he can do almost as well with his bare fists.

While the rest of his buddies turned in for the night in the German house, Dunlap, Co. I, 157th Inf., sat for awhile in the living room reading.

"Next thing I knew", he says, "the door was open and a couple of SS officers were coming at me fast across the room."

The padd-floer jumped to his feet and grabbed for his holster. But one of the SS'ers had a right cross on the way so Dunlap had to forget his gun. He blocked the punch neatly and knocked the Kraut officer across the room with a solid right.

With one down, he turned to face the other who was coming at him with a chair. Dunlap blocked the chair twice with his left arm, then drove his right fist into the second Kraut's face.

The punch sent the SS man reeling for five feet, and he eventually felt that was a pretty good direction. With his buddy who was still rubbing his jaw, he dashed out of the house.

Dunlap was right behind them. He slammed the door on one of their arms and grabbed for his pistol. But the SS'er, who was probably more afraid of Dunlap's right cross than he was of the pistol, wriggled free.

Limey's Almost PW of 2 Sides
A prisoner of the Germans for nearly five years, and a British soldier was liberated by the 179th Inf., and then nearly found himself a PW all over again.



Mrs. Fritz Kuhn, wife of the ex-leader of the German-American Bund, and her daughter were brought to the 45th CP for questioning several weeks ago.

Unit Takes Prisoner Every 50 Seconds

A prisoner every 50 seconds on the average over a 10-hour period is the record set by 3rd Platoon, E. Co., 180th Inf., during the fight for Nuremberg. Or, if you prefer, you can say each of the 27 members of the platoon took 28 prisoners. It was a fight, too.

Third platoon was ordered to make a frontal assault on fortified positions. As the supporting tanks and artillery poured shells into the positions, the infantrymen scaled the ancient walls, much as archers used to scale walls of besieged cities centuries ago.

Buildings near the wall quickly were cleared, and by noon 300 German soldiers had been dispatched to the cage.

The afternoon was tougher. Walled up in several buildings were 400 Germans who seemed determined to make a last stand. Then a new weapon was brought into play. Division men are familiar with it. The monster unloaded its projectiles onto the houses occupied by the Germans in a brisk 10-minute barrage.

The Germans changed their minds about a last stand, or maybe they decided that had been their last one. The platoon moved in, and found very little fight left in the besieged Germans.

The PW total was swelled that day by 750 Germans. Members of the platoon are: St. Sgts. Ross A. Challberg, Alfred E. Reese, Edward Hoffman, D. Lindine, James Coffey; Sgt's Charles Trimble, Jack Dunwoody, Jr., Travis E. Smith, Jr., Vernon M. Rush.

Pfc's Howard D. Johnson, Howard K. Swain, Wyatt E. Thomas, Theodore A. Thompson, William Ward, Matthew C. Urbin, Francisco J. Guerra, Dorste E. Weathered, Clyde J. VanPelk, Mack F. Lyle, Don A. Holt, Clarence G. Jester.

Pvt's Leland Burrows, Henry S. Boratyn, Filadelfia Padilla, Hilly C. Burnette. Cpl's Talmadge H. Faulke, James F. Vest.

Wine Up to Knees Stains Their Legs
St. Sgt. Donald H. Caturia and his motorized patrol from Co. D, 179th Inf., were surprised at the size of the crowd outside a Munich wine cellar. The stopped and investigated.

A crowd of civilians and released prisoners (not ours) had entered the wine shop and were carrying away the wine in pails. Nobody ever bothered to turn off a spigot. Caturia and his men had to take off pants, shoes and socks and wade in wine to their knees to clear out the joint.

Rah, Rah, Rah!
A proud graduate of East Rochester, N.Y., Spalding High School, Pfc. Edward Goodland, has taught that school's fight song to Co. L, 157th Inf., and it's now tops on their hit parade.

Psychological Warfare Does As It Should

Recently two members of Co. K, 179th Inf., tried a little psychological warfare on their own and it worked.

Pfc's Arthur Eubanks, Sullivan's Hollow, Miss., and Frank Sarne, Philadelphia, while the battalion was in reserve, wandered off to a farmhouse to eat their K rations inside for a change. But in the house were three Krauts who had the drop on the pair and took them prisoner.

The two would have been taken back to the Kraut lines if it weren't for Eubanks' telling a convincing lie.

They were completely surrounded by an armored division and three regiments of infantry. Eubanks told his captors, and there were three Ilak wagons ready to open up on the farmhouse if they didn't come out immediately.

The Krauts gulped a few times then asked if they would be sent to New York if they were prisoners. One wanted to go to Texas; he had a brother there.

The GI's assured the Krauts that they could choose their prison camps and it was a deal.

Costa Rescues Six From Fire
Pfc. Augustus Costa, Philadelphia, 1st Bn., 157th Inf., saw a barn catch fire from a direct hit. He plunged inside to rescue all the living from the barn.

They were two pigs, three cows and a horse. Slightly burned, Costa will not get the Soldier's Medal, but he did have fresh cream in his coffee as a reward.

Ground Force Man Takes to the Air
Hickenbacker would have hesitated; Doolittle might have turned away; but Capt. Bertram Hardin, Chandler, Ariz., couldn't resist the temptation of chasing a flight in a captured Heine glider.

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45th Infantry Museum Archives

Last Big Fight Pitted 180th Inf. Against SS Men

When most of the rest of Munich had been occupied and other troops were beginning to take it easy, 1st Bn., 180th Inf., was starting the toughest fighting it had seen since the Siegfried Line.

G-2 reports told them there were two battalions of SS men holed up in the old SS college and the only way to approach it was over 1,000 yards of open ground. To make the first battalion bitter was their recollection they had passed through the 3rd Bn. the day before, and the 3rd had rounded up a thousand prisoners with practically no trouble.

The SSers were prepared to fight for their old alma mater. They dug nice dugouts in the open field, where they could sweat out the shelling, then come out into trenches to fire on the advancing Americans. Their defense consisted of rifle, burp gun, machine gun and 88 fire at close range.

To assist A and B Companies in the assault, the 20th Armored Division distributed about a dozen tanks, and the men in them were in their third day of combat.

The morning's attack got under way with fire from our artillery, our 60 and 81 mm mortars and chemical mortars from 2nd Chemical Bn. The fire was not precisely adjusted, and the attack got nowhere. Observation hadn't been good.

First Bn. tried it again that afternoon. "We showed them a powerhouse", reports Maj. James H. Quello, Detroit. Company's A and B were behind and between the tanks. Two hundred yards behind came the armored infantry and half tracks. Co. C trailed the armored infantry.

"Then we got the best artillery support I've ever seen", continued the major. "They were dropping smoke and HE just 100 yards in front of the tanks. The mortars, as usual, were right on the money."

Tanks and infantry went forward, firing to beat hell. The SS men lay in their holes until the tanks had passed, then got up to fire at the backs of the infantrymen.

Co. B went into the barracks and started mopping up, and Co. A outflanked its opposition, going through to B's right, where it belonged.

Some of the stalwart SS men had taken off when they saw what was coming, but many stayed. Seventy-five were taken prisoner and 80 killed.

One of the prisoners had been run over by a tank, covered with dirt, and just by his mouth and nose were showing. He walked away with his captors, which might indicate how tough the SS opponents were.

The fight was filled with incident. Pfc. Homer Bearden and William Trimmer, Co. D heavy 30 MG men with Co. A, set up their gun to find they were directly across from a German 88 not far away. A duel ensued between 88 and MG. The 30 obviously couldn't hurt the gun, but Bearden and Trimmer kept the lead running for an hour, all through the fighting, and kept the 88's crew flat on their bellies, their gun out of the fight.

First Lt. William F. Jennings, New York City, took over one of the companies after four of its officers had been shot, reorganized it on the spot, and led it in the attack.

Capt. Edward L. Kerker, Shawnee, Okla., jumped in a hole to get out of sniper fire, found five SS men there, and took them prisoner.

The CO of Co. B led his men after he had been hit in the hip, and didn't quit until he was shot a second time.

Apparently, this was the last tough battle the 45th was to fight in the European war.

DSC's Given Three Men Of 179th Inf.

(Continued from Page 1)

Heavy enemy small arms fire forced the patrol to seek cover, but Colonel Huff exposed himself to see that all his men reached safety. One of his officers lay wounded in the street. In the face of the heavy fire, the colonel went out and carried him to safety.

The Silver Star has been awarded to: First Lt. Vernon B. Whitehead, Co. F (then Co. E), 180th Inf., who led his company into an attack on high ground held by the enemy in the face of heavy machine gun fire. The platoon on the left was halted, so Whitehead went over the fire-swept terrain to make an analysis of the situation, then led an attack which neutralized the enemy positions and enabled the company to advance. Throughout the attack, as the only officer present, he exposed himself to check on positions and encourage his men. He also led a tank in a move to silence a machine gun. Forty-three enemy were killed and 13 taken prisoner in the action.

First Sgt. Willard M. Gabriel, Co. K, 180th Inf., who placed himself at a window with a machine gun supported on his shoulder, and assisted another soldier in firing at the enemy troops which had surrounded the company CP. They inflicted heavy casualties.

Sgt. Armond Barriga, Co. G, 180th Inf., who left his foxhole to man a 60 mm mortar during a heavy enemy attack at Wingen. The mortar was on an open slope about 300 yards from the enemy, and from this exposed post, Barriga directed effective fire at the attackers, sometimes as a range of 125 yards. Two men were killed beside him, but Barriga stayed at his post and materially aided the successful defense.

The Bronze Star Medal has been awarded to:

First Lt. Charles L. Kilgore, 180th Inf. Tech. Sgt. Edmund X. Rousseau, 179th Inf.

Error Follows Error, Kraut Loses Head

Along the street in the uncleared town walked 1st Lt. Daniel E. Awalt and Pfc. Allen B. Conway, both of Co. K, 179th Inf. A German leant out the window and drew a bead on the lieutenant.

As the German fired, his helmet fell off his head and struck the rifle. He missed his shot.

Then Awalt lifted his carbine to shoot the sniper, but he hit the clip release instead of the safety. The clip fell out it was Conway's turn. He aimed his M-1.

"Just then a Kraut shell burst on the side of the building", reported Conway. "There was the Kraut, still clutching his rifle -- but he didn't have any head."



The famous Munich beer hall -- the birthplace of Nazi-ism -- now serves as an attraction for GI sightseers. Markings on the outside of the bombed and gutted stube demonstrate the part it played for us. It served for a while as the 157th's CP.

Artificer, Supply Sergeant Are First Into Town

It isn't often that a company supply sergeant and his artificer beat their company into a town that hasn't been taken, and when they do it's all a mistake.

St. Sgt. Opal Jones, Knoxville, Ohio, and Cpl. Charles Kepler, Jersey City, recently made the mistake of getting to the battalion objective before any other GIs. They were driving along with the rest of their company when their captured Ford fouled up and they had to drop out of convoy.

The two worked on the car till they had it running right again, then resumed their trek to find their company. On the road they met 3rd Bn. 179, which told them the company objective, and they set out for that. That was their mistake, for the company was busy slugging it out with the Krauts well out of the town.

The first person they met was an English-speaking woman who said she had been in Jersey City and wanted to talk about the town and Hague. As an offhand remark, she dropped the information that the two were the first Americans to reach the town.

That was enough for them. "That was the first time I didn't want to talk about my hometown", Kepler said.

Guardian Angel Works Up Suck With This Looie

By Al Morgan
Lt. Desmond Moore of the 157th Inf. Baker Co. is being careful about wishing for things these days. He's afraid that the gods in charge of his personal whims are just a little too much on the ball.

A recent CP was too warm for comfort. Because of the blackout restrictions, all the windows were closed and a fire was burning in the stove, heating coffee. "I wish", said the lieutenant, "There was some way of getting some air in this place."

Right on cue, a Kraut artillery shell came through the roof and landed practically at his feet. Fortunately, the shell was a dud, but it did leave a wonderful hole in the roof and improved the ventilation system considerably.

Moore claims his guardian angel is bucking for stripes, but he's still a pretty careful guy about wishing for anything these days.

500 Is Total Of 'Few' PW's

Alabama St. Sgt. Rayford Latham, Co. G, 180th Inf., believes he holds something of a record.

Recently he was detailed to clean out a German barracks, just inside the door he found three willing prisoners. Latham brought two of them outside and instructed the other to round up his comrades.

Latham stood as close as the comrades filled out of the building. All told he had rounded up 500 Krauts in the barracks.

Infantry CP Sets Up In Hitler House

(Continued from Page 1)

hall in November of 1923, a political fanatic launched a putsch with which he hoped to overthrow the existing German government. He was ten years too early. However, and his attempted coup landed him in jail with a five year prison sentence. But his term, which lasted less than a year, was served in comparative luxury of a prison apartment.

Hitler made use of his time in prison by writing the first drafts of the Nazi bible, Mein Kampf.

Munich had served Hitler well. It was the place to which he fled from home to eek out a meager living as a painter of post cards and as a paperhanger. It was the place, too, which fostered his ideas on a German dominated world. He chose it as the site for the "peace in our time" appeasement meetings with Chamberlain and Daladier, during which he sliced up Europe and took of it what he could get.

Der Fuehrer maintained an apartment in Munich on the Prinz-Regents Platz, which was destined to become the CP of the 179th Inf. Up on the third floor, the apartment was fashionable but modest. In it Hitler entertained Chamberlain in 1938. On several occasions Mussolini was a house guest. It was well stocked with wines and liquors, and some of the bottles bore labels that stated they were personal gifts to Hitler from the Spanish dictator Franco.

The apartment was a sovereign collector's bonanza. An egotist, Hitler kept at hand thousands of photographs of himself and stacks of Mein Kampf to autograph and pass out. There was also his personal gold-embossed stationery.

Also found in the apartment was a stack of Hitler's correspondence. There were letters from many of the world's dignitaries, and buried away in the pile was a bill for one toilet seat. One letter, dated in 1923, told Adolf how badly the plebeians was going for the Nazi Party and that if another was held inside Germany, the Nazis stood a very good chance of losing power. No other was held.

Although Hitler used the apartment very seldom himself, it was a place of much activity and debauchery. His housekeeper, Frau Winter, besides being the talk of the neighborhood was gal who liked a good time and was an authority on fine vintage labors. For awhile Hitler's theatrically liveried nices lived there, but when she couldn't get a start on the stage despite the fact she was the niece of Der Fuehrer, she committed suicide.

Munich was not only the apple of the Nazis' eye. It stood high on the list of the Allied Air Forces, and the piles of debris that line the sidewalks and streets from the heart of the city out into the suburbs are demonstrative scars of the bombers' accuracy.

With National Socialism only a dead doctrine to be read about in histories and Germany down on its knees, the 45th can well be proud of the part it played in bringing this about and stroking the two prize feathers in its cap -- Nuremberg and Munich.

New Supermen Bagged by Rear

In the best tradition of the "Little Audrey" jokes, the men of the 157th Inf. Baker Company laughed and laughed when headquarters platoon went out on a patrol. The laugh died still-born, however, the company's rear echelon came back with eighty five prisoners.

It all started when a Kraut prisoner was brought into the CP and reported that there were lots of Germans in a building just west of the town. Sgt. Nathan A. Abbie, The Bronx, the company sergeant alerted his runners and wiremen and took off.

The building in question was a recruiting station, and the 85 PW's were brand-new Supermen, who had just been measured for uniforms. The are now being measured for a shovel.

PW's Want Drink, Want it Bad

On guard over the wounded in a tower still not quite in our hands, Pfc. Allan B. Conway, Tujunga, Calif., Carl L. Alexander, Cincinnati, and Leroy Meaux, Louisiana, discovered their post was a German liquor warehouse.

At the same time they found some French PW's underneath some bales of straw. Amazed that the Americans were really here, the French were joyful. Let us have a drink on it, said they.

The Pfc's were agreeable, and started to open a bottle of the warehouse's supply. "Non, non", said one of the Frenchmen. He dashed out the door in the face of small arms and sniper fire just to fetch a bottle of something better.

It was pretty good, too.



In the latter stages of the Nazi decline, the one-time powerful German war machine was reduced to burning charcoal to power even its tanks. Shown above is one of the tanks that was undergoing conversion to burn the wood chips and was left before completion by the retreating Krauts.

Classified

Personal

Pvt. GLEN MEYER, probably in the 179th Inf., got in touch with Sgt. John Messick, Co. F, 157th Inf.

Lost and Found

LOST—On road between Rohrborn and Munich, May 1, Jerry dispatch case and musette bag containing writing and personal equipment. Reward for return of camera and film or all. Cpt. R. J. Borucki, HQ, 191st Tank Bn.

LOST - Barracks bag with name and serial number, Willard W. Harr, 15070072, Hq. Co., 45th Inf. Div.

Photograph, *Dachau: Dead Awaiting Cremation 30 Apr 45*

45th Infantry Division Museum, Dachau Collection



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45th Infantry Museum Archives

An Introduction

Editorial

To the 9th, 103rd and 10th Airborne Divisions:
By this time you have received many of the "older" news from the 45th Division. So that you'll have more about these guys and the world they fought with, the 45th Division is publishing this special edition to you, as well as to the 45th itself.

In its two years of combat, the Thunderbirds piled up 511 days on the line—probably a record for any division in any war so far. They suffered the second highest number of casualties among all the divisions of the army in this war. They cleared the way for the southern drive of Sicily, through Italy, out of Rome. They paraded down the streets of Southern France to the Vaucluse. They carried the Stalag line, crossed the Rhine, and made one last, excited dash that took Nuremberg and Munich.

Yet, through all the heavy fighting, and back to the rest areas, the 45th has remained a human division — a pleasure division to belong to as far as its men are concerned. It was never contempt in the 45th. Men did their jobs, took their jobs in dress, and generally were treated as intelligent people. It was a unit and a group which put before a general: you will get used to ordinary garrison life.

In its fighting, it never was a "glory" division. It fought its battles hard and won them as a team, outwitting the enemy when it could be better through its lines. But it was never given to grandstanding on the field.

This edition will give you more information on the exploits and the success of the Thunderbirds. They're proud of the credit they fought with, so you are proud of yours.

News Published First Allied Paper In Sicily

With this edition, the 45th Division News completes its second year of publication in Europe. During those two years the News has accomplished many feats, and led in three of them of the most picturesque publishing adventures in the history of journalism.

Volume 77, Number 1 went out to the troops July 13, 1942 — just three days after the first Thunderbird was shot on Sicily. The News was the first Allied newspaper to publish in Axis home territory.

The staff started working Sicily, one after a week taken from the local papers being in the hands of the enemy, and soon had them at work. However, means had to be found. The 45th Division struggled with the unending English occupation, and promptly ran out of all the letters "A", "L", and "I", which were crucial ingredients in Italian. The staff came into its own and had to work without these letters.

Two editions were published in Rome, electricity was on, and conditions were almost ideal.

The division went to Salerno, the New second back to Rome, and soon all traffic was bound for Southern France.

Sometimes forget to back passage for the News staff, so they took it to France on an LCI, then took it to the division CP. Things were moving so fast, the staff decided to go ahead and let the division get its papers as it passed the front stop.

France and Germany
So, all they want to Germany, entering after the FBI had taken the town and before the Thunderbirds came in. The paper was set in a modern newspaper plant, while the FBI and the U.S. Army set up a small news line right in the street below the window.

After that, Beaumont, Henry, Earl, Menck At Munich, the War Echo edition was the first issue published, and German prisoners composed the mass of the remainder of Germany. They didn't even tell what all the facts were about.

That's a brief history of the 45th Division News. It might be added that the paper was the cap presented by the army's Camp Newspaper Service in 1944 at the last interzone paper published overseas by the division, and was honorably retired in 1945.

Unit Histories Are On the Way

Historical data of all these regiments and Div. Army will be available eventually in book form, although have announced.

The divisional historical history and account book of the 157th Inf. is on the printers, and will be mailed to members of the regiment upon completion.

History, but not set on the press, is a large book, outlining the history of the 157th Inf., not only in this war, but in the two World Wars, and the Spanish American war. Many illustrations and maps will be included.

Div. Army's smaller booklet, containing about 70 pages, will be ready at any time.

The 157th history is being written by Howard Phewell, who served in the 157th as a sergeant with the unit, and will be published in the United States.

'Famous', 'Fighting', Are 45th's Press Words

When newspapers and magazines speak of the 45th Division, they often use two of three adjectives before its name. They call it "famous", "fighting", or "bold". The 45th's press agents of the 45th claim:

Major General Alexander received by the 45th was that started by the capture of Munich and Duxburg. Columns of the American newspapers were devoted on the streets of these places and the 45th's part in taking them.

Now's the beginning of a typical story:

By HOWARD COWLEY
DUXBURG, Germany — (AP) — The U.S. 45th and 46th divisions captured the infamous Duxburg prison camp Monday and freed its 22,000 captives.

Two columns of infantry riding tanks, bulldozers and long tank rollers — everything with wheels — rolled down from the northeast and surrounded the 32 police camp guards in the main lines.

Scores of 22 men were taken prisoner and sent to prison.

The story goes on in the Herald. It is tedious to fill the space below a headline half a page wide.

There was an error in this story, however, and it was an error many correspondents made. The 45th Division troops did not arrive until Duxburg had been taken. The Seventh Army Daily News Summary of May 1 reported:

The DUXBURG concentration camp, taken solely by the Third Armored of the 157th Infantry Regiment of the 45th Division.

Photographs of 45th Division men in Munich were printed throughout the United States after Signal Corps photos were specially transmitted to the waiting squadrons by radio.

A typical story about the division's big moment in Munich was written by Sigrid Schuler. It begins:

(Chicago Tribune Press Service)
Munich, Germany, May 30 — In Munich, newspapers, where Hitler and Goebbels ruled their empire in 1937 with a glass, shattered glass, and a glass of Munich, were the United States 45th Infantry Division held successful services today.

It was an unprecedented, moving occasion. Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick addressed the men with whom he fought in the front lines to defeat the Axis forces.

The roles of the 157th, 179th and 180th Infantry regiments were in the middle while 2,000 men stood on the parade grounds.

Before Munich, the 45th was meeting the attention of the press. It took work at Metz. From a story by Richard J. H. Johnson in the New York Times:

WITH THE UNITED STATES SEVENTH ARMY IN BAVARIA, April 16 — Sweeping down from the northeast line today, troops of the Forty-fifth Infantry Division of the United States Seventh Army smashed into Nuremberg, the second largest city in Germany and the largest of the West.

They were an immediate report of what type of opposition the First-45th was encountering, but there were indications that the enemy was still making strongly in sections of the city. The men of the Thunderbird division, which is commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick, crossed the city on a direct down the north bank of the Pegnitz River.

Before it entered Nuremberg, the Forty-fifth cut the major highway.

On April 10, A. J. Goldberg of the Associated Press saw the 45th that the Nuremberg staff of police was captured captured late in the day by

elements of the 157th regiment of the 45th Division. The Thunderbirds have advanced far beyond the stadium area in the northeast portion of the city.

The 45th Division has a well-earned battle line and has joined up with the Third Division, which is coming in from the northeast and north.

The United Press reported on the scene like this:

From facts on the northeast and from a group of factories just to its west.

Two days later the fighting was ended, and the New Minute Register picked up the following item:

Nuremberg, Germany — (AP) — Duxburg of the U.S. 45th (Thunderbird) Division raised American flags in Leipzig Stadium, where Adolf Hitler used to check his delusions to the world. Duxburg is Hitler's birthday and public relations officers had planned the street there, but 45th Division fighters had's learned about it and marched into the stadium with flags.

Perhaps you may demand that the best for Duxburg and Munich was the middle stand of the city of Anshulshing early in April. One of the earliest stories being what was to come appeared April 2, when the following story went over America.

WITH THE U. S. SEVENTH ARMY — (AP) — The American Seventh Army entered the famous German garrison of Anshulshing yesterday and the heavily fortified city ended off the way today as Lt. Gen. Paul H. Thompson longed toward into Bavaria.

The girls took orders by the Allied command as an example to all Germany was assigned to the Thunderbird Infantry of the 45th Division and the Thunderbirds pilots of the First Tactical Air Force. Monday the town, in which two-age girls are fighting alongside German troops, is a heap of smoking rubble.

Time magazine, too, turned its attention to the 45th's struggle of Anshulshing. Here are excerpts from that publication's account:

Some divisions of the Seventh found some signs of their own. An Anshulshing, showing up behind a U.S. Third Army street, the 45th Infantry captured heavy casualties in a week-long battle.

Anshulshing had a financial Paul commander, Major van Lambertz. In the streets he had hanged officers who sought to surrender. He had captured and killed old men, women & children. Young girls huddled in the streets, wounded soldiers from the military hospitals joined the battle.

The major's position had to be north of previous positions and banks which had been set up in an effort to maintain control.

The 45th fought in the smoking heat of the burning buildings. Finally, U.S. troops went to work in earnest, bombed Anshulshing and there was nothing left to make a stand. Then Major van Lambertz did what he had killed orders for suggesting; he came out with a white flag.

Many other stories were picked about the 45th during these last weeks of the war. The capture of Nuremberg, wife of the leader of the German-American Bund, was credited to the 45th in an Associated Press story, but for capture the 45th most respected making war of a more dramatic fight.

The Walter Berry, Pa., Times-Leader told this story:

Deputies of the 17th Infantry Regiment had the last laugh today when two of their members captured a German left column, who was responsible for surrounding one of their battalions. A Wings a couple of weeks ago.

One of the two was Mr. Joseph C. Stinson, age of 394. The other was Mr. Henry D. Wilson, New York City.

As the 45th Division headquarters, the column said that it had three days more, he would have crossed the Rhine and captured another regiment to stage a battle against us that would have made Wings look like child's play.

"An ally as it may seem and as much as it may seem," the column said, "I will bet that Germany will win the war."

The 45th's public relations office, while the correspondents were covering the major news stories, was sending out many of stories to the home town papers of division men, telling of their latest news, the things they did, the way they lived, and how they felt.

There was a story about Mr. Robert E. Woods of GPO, who became a soldier during the Army broadcast stand, showing him and how he was able to bring up supplies by LST.

Another told how the French of the village of Duxburg, presented the key of their "city" to Gen. William J. Leary, and removed their village Lorraine.

In closing, here is an editorial from The Daily Oklahoman, Oklahoma City, where 45th Division Headquarters were located in peacetime:

As war is in progress, the last battle bulletin from the German army mentioned the 45th division among those present and fighting. The battle picture would have been incomplete if that fighting could not have been in the hands.

Not since the first one of the European invasion were reported have the men of the 45th shared any such of the important fighting. Forging the division's reputation, that veteran division has been fighting ever since the American boys fight out of our of the Atlantic.

In the North Carolina scene of the "White House of the Confederacy" in Richmond in a district which dominated the War had troops as "First at Belmont, First at Gettysburg and First at Appomattox." That distinction with the proper observation will apply to the boys of the 45th, who fought through the German army in the north of the European pass. By right a great number of historical names are inscribed on the division's banner.

The fighting soldiers who fashioned so much of this division in the twenty years of the previous period have shared a great portion to be proud of their homeland.

Ex-45th Generals Have Three Stars

Two former 45th Division generals now have three stars after serving as corps commanders. It was learned this week.

Gen. Troy E. Middleton, former division commander, commanded the VII Corps, and now is back in the States. He has announced he will retire from the army and return to his home at Baton Rouge, La.

Gen. Raymond S. McLain, former Thunderbird artillery commander, commanded the 70th Division and the XIX Corps after leaving the division, and is now at home in Oklahoma City.

A former division commander, Maj. Gen. William S. Egan, former American member of the Hungarian anti-Communist committee.

45th Division News
51th Year of Publication
Sgt. Dan Robinson Editor
Sgt. George Tompsett and Pvt. Carl Solov, Photographers
Col. Fred Sherman, DR. Samuel and Pte. Leo Schmidt, Reporters
Pte. John Chasick, Types Editor

45th Division News, July 10, 1945, p. 3

45th Infantry Museum Archives

A Chronological History of the 45th Division in Combat Sicily, Italy, France, Germany, A Long Hard Road to Victory

Sicily

July 10, 1943—45th lands in Sicily at 0425 under supporting naval fire, moves inland quickly to take Vittoria, Santa Croce Camerina, Dinnia Paglia.

July 31—Comms airport taken. 18th Inf. runs land on into German Goring Division.

July 18—Calatonezza falls to 45th Division, continues dash through mountains to north.

July 22—18th attacks track outline of Palermo, contact Third Division, land near.

July 29—"Battle of Bloody Ridge" begins; the division's toughest fighting begins and the first real test for the 15th Inf.

July 31—45th is relieved at San Siro. Guns are sent over Taormina after 23 days of sustained combat.

Aug. 10—15th embarks for end zone around Erice positions. Warily swamp path back and 15th lands behind Third Division line.

Italy

Sept. 8, 1943—Special task force of 50 men from 1st Bn., 15th Inf., help clear line of Vesuvius to Gulf of Naples.

Sept. 18—15th and 18th land at Salerno, most planned and successful German resistance. First and 2nd Bns., 15th Inf., suffer from machine gun ambush in Salerno area. 6th Div., captures 18th reaches beach.

Sept. 13—Demolished artillery fires 3,830 rounds. 10th moves to attacking German tanks.

Sept. 18—18th arrives to transport area. 45th headquarters goes over 4,000 shells.

Sept. 19—Division artillery keeps average 100 rounds a day with 5,218 rounds. Regiment of 1st Bn. German sends search headquarters as heaviest machine barrage.

Sept. 17—Forward Supply begins withdrawal from Salerno Beachhead.

Sept. 18—45th initiates withdrawal to six company line just south of Highway 18.

Sept. 19—45th enters Salerno, 18th, 10th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Anzio

Jan. 22, 1944—17th Inf. lands on Anzio Beachhead.

Jan. 29—German Division is committed to Anzio.

France

Feb. 16-18—German launch Operation Overlord, assault to split beachhead from along Paris-Normandy road with "Fuehrer Panzer" as focal point. Elements of seven German divisions thrust against 45th with Luftwaffe support at its peak. Enemy artillery support is heaviest of Italian campaign, but 45th manages to gain only three kilometers and the attack which was to liquidate the beachhead by Feb. 18 develops into a bitter struggle. Casualties heavy on both sides, but integrity of 45th Division saved Anzio Beachhead.

March 1-31—Chief activity is trench digging and artillery work. Enemy penetrates on our area and supply drops while 45th maintains air-lifted their cargo on harbor installations, mostly at night.

April 7—Night bombers start trying their attention to beachhead air strip, troop concentrations and supply dumps near AP and 8th Air Force.

April 20—Division is relieved and moved to "Blue Force" for rest and training. Artillery, TD's and chemical mortar attachments remain on line. For division as a whole, 15 consecutive combat days on Anzio are behind.

May 1—Relief of Third Division is completed as 45th goes back on line.

May 6—Co. B, 17th Inf., attacked by Krum company with tank, mortar and artillery support. Success from Co's B and C reports lost ground.

May 17-21—Corps artillery shoots works on heavy enemy installations to soften them for coming attack.

May 23—Division units carry off at 0300 a. m. against well stocked. Progress is rapid and by nightfall all units have achieved objective after 3rd Bn., 15th Inf. breaks up enemy counter-attack.

May 26—After repelling German attacks, 18th and 15th attack against 45th machine gun, artillery and tank. For 45th, the 18th and 15th are in contact between Anzio and Terracina.

June 4—Division seems to reach back of River River, southside Rome. Paratroop units are sent over a bridge bridge.

June 4—45th crosses into Italian objective.

July 1-31—Thunderbirds undergo intensive amphibious training in Salerno area.

Alsace

Nov. 25, 1944—17th crosses German resistance before Metz, one of the heaviest defended sections of the Maginot.

Nov. 26—Division sets up defensive positions to stem an expected German counterattack designed to recapture Strasbourg.

Dec. 2—Kunzler, Esperler, Muehlen, Linschmitt and Gumboldt killed during the 45th pushes deep into Alsace.

Dec. 8—Mudobren falls to 15th Inf. after tough battle.

Dec. 11—Thunderbirds observe 26,500 days of combat.

Dec. 14—15th advances through Maginot Line and across Landau and Wissembourg.

Dec. 15—Elements of the division enter Germany.

Dec. 18—Four platoons cut off in Biedersheim crossing of Moselle River.

Dec. 21—Attacking the famed Wehrmacht, the 45th dials up its 12th platoon.

Dec. 23-24 members of the 45th platoon returned after being circled six days.

Jan. 2, 1945—Division begins preparations to withdraw from Alsace Germany to the Maginot Line due to the withdrawal of positions on the Seventh Army front where enemy troops have left for the Ardennes campaign.

Germany

March 13-15—45th sustains its 31st week of Stoupsburg.

March 15—Division jumps all through 45th Division between Muench and Nienburg, 18th Inf. offers morning of 18th Fire.

March 16—45th reaches Diefelberg Line.

March 20—Supplied Line connects before Thunberg attack, 17th Division through to division objective—Ludowig.

March 26—45th Infantry crosses Rhine River between Wismar and Hagen.

March 28—With their engineers construct four barrages across Main River two kilometers north of Aachenburg, 17th and 18th light average resistance to their night advance beachhead.

March 28—Enemy bank for Aachenburg begins with German civilians fighting on lawlessness.

March 31—45th returns back on one of its most glorious months. Since the attack began on March 18, the division has covered a geographic distance of 181 kilometers over a route that involved the crossing of three major rivers. The Thunderbirds marched through the Siegfried, captured 3,199 Germans, killed or wounded 3,382 men, and captured 3,122 enemy kilometers in a half month of combat.

April 1—17th and 18th take off, leaving 15th Inf. to mop up the German fighting Reichsbanner.

April 3—Enclosed by 15th Inf., Aachenburg resistance is met the German's toughest fight inside Germany. The division killed about 1,200 Germans here, captured more than 2,000.

April 5—17th captures Gen. Maj. From, commanding general of a German Infantry Division that had opposed us in Metz.

April 14—18th Division mopping up Bembach, an important industrial location city which looked for weeks like a second Aachenburg.

April 20—Battle for Norderburg begins with their engineers standing against PW court for the day is 4,600 a new division record high.

April 21—Norderburg falls as "old city" division conquers.

April 27—45th Division crosses Danube. Thunderbird artillery fires its second round shell three weeks before on July 10, 1945.

April 29—Most vicious struggle of a war time ever encountered by the 45th—Dachau prison camp—is tried by the 18th Inf.

April 30—Phalanx falls with amazingly little resistance after 18th Inf. crosses the Danube bridge of 50 defenders in its attack. The division never observed its 511th day of combat on 691 days constant.

May 1—45th begins parading through Munich.

May 9—45th war ends.

Maj. Gen. Robert T. Frederick Sends Note to Old, New Men

TO THE HIGH POINT MEN OF THE 45TH DIVISION

It is difficult to have an appreciation after being and working in it as long as you have. It is even more difficult for those of us who remain to express our emotions at your leaving.

Through your efforts and by your unflinching devotion to duty as members of the 45th Division, you have brought this division to the glorious culmination of the first stage of its mission—V-E Day. Now, it is the mission of this great battle-worn division to carry on in the way we spent the days. Your individual contribution has been recognized by our government and now you will be relieved of further combat duty.

The friends, the families and the Army sympathy which combat soldiers feel toward each other will not die with your departure. The 45th Division will always be the color for having led you into the greatest war. I know I speak for every member of the command when I thank you good-bye and thank you a sincere salute from your division.

ROBERT T. FREDERICK
Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding

A SALUTE TO VETERAN SOLDIERS JOINING A VETERAN UNIT

WELCOME TO THE 45TH

You have just been transferred from your old unit to the 45th Infantry Division. Your old unit was a good one. Its successful accomplishment in combat made a material contribution to our joint objective, the complete destruction of the German Army.

It is not easy to leave a good unit. It is hard to leave behind you the men and officers whom you have come to know, who have been your comrades in combat.

You are a veteran soldier from a veteran division. As such, the 45th Division welcomes you. One in a thousand of which we are proud are in Sicily, at Salerno, during the heavy Winter Line Campaign in Italy, at Anzio and the breakthrough to Rome, during the invasion of Southern France, in the Vosges and deep into Germany, one of the 45th Division took their splendid hardships. The Thunderbird campaign has become the proud symbol of a great fighting division. Its members of their progress are welcome here. Together we shall carry on and enhance the traditions of our unit and our Nation. We begin today to build down strong friendship which will carry us with confidence and integrity to complete victory over our remaining enemy—Japan.

ROBERT T. FREDERICK
Major General, U.S. Army

