

# 45<sup>th</sup> Division News

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## DSC Given Three Men Of 179<sup>th</sup>

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. Chamblee, 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.

Chamblee 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 repaired 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 18.

The Legion of Merit has been awarded to Capt. Leonard W. Cheek, 120th Medics; 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. Hulft, Hq., 1st Bn., 180th Inf., for gallantry April 13 during a reconnaissance to find a site for crossing the Pegnitz River.

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## 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

Rear 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

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 sadistic 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.

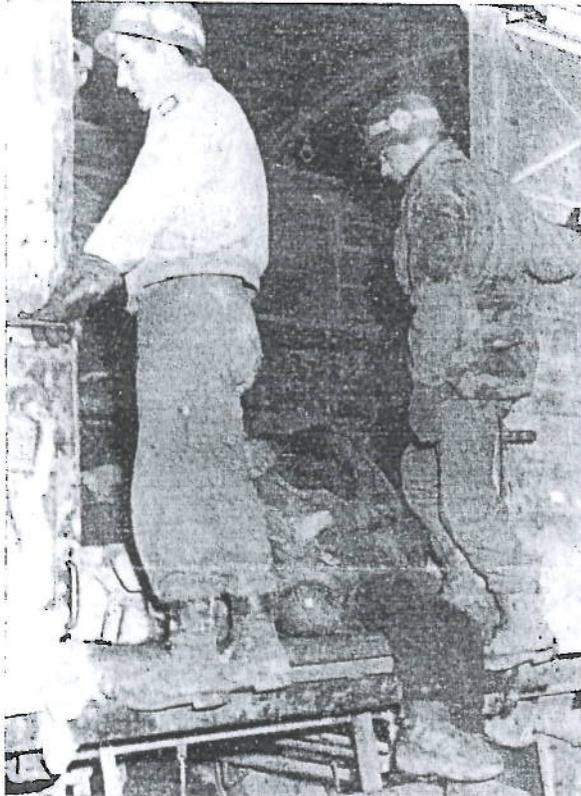
Someone broke the stillness with a curse. And then with a roar the men started for the camp on the double.

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 Dohency, Janesville, Wis., David Riley, Newburgh, N.Y., Donald Dunlap, Dayton, Ohio, and Marlin 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

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

## Munich Is the Largest City 45<sup>th</sup> 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.

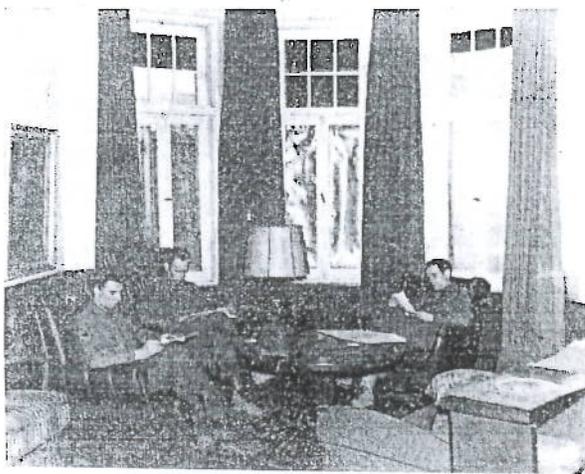
Just ten days after the capture of Nuremberg, the second city of the Nazi empire, the 45th Division lined up the prime target within its sights. And that city, too, fell, without as much struggle, for the Nazis by now were thoroughly beaten.

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 13th 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

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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.

## 45<sup>th</sup> 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 stated a diesel generator which supplied power.

Right now the station is operating only part time, due to the fact that steady 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 hung on its side.

# 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 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 family box brownie was constructed so that you had to be at least 12 feet from the subject 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-ups, 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 have the sun grins unless you do something to help him unscrew 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 m. m. 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 get 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 piece 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

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 stroled 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 Spawn, 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.

Spawn bluffed: "Are you kidding? We have a hundred Americans here ready to fight."

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

So the Kraut got his wish and went in to see the officer while the enlisted men of both sides glared 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, motioned 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 gruffness, "Then you can wait awhile, sis. I've been away from the States since June 8, 1943."

## New Radio Speaks English Fluently

Lt. Joe Meis, 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'd 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".

Meis brightened.

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

combat. In Sicily, German artillery nearly knocked it out and at Salerno and Anzio bombs nearly ended its usefulness.

Cpl. Sidney C. Higginbotham, Zee, Okla., present driver for the piece, declared: "I don't know how many miles I have dragged 'Old Faithful' around but it must be thousands. I always feel reassured when we are moving up if 'Old Faithful' is right behind me."

The mechanic who keeps the weapon in repair and "policed up" said "We have used that Howitzer so long that the very thought of losing it brings tears to my eyes. We have fired it and fired it. Of course we have had other guns but something would always happen to them but "Old Faithful" keeps going right on. It's a wonderful piece of equipment."

# What's YOUR Answer?

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

Sgt. MELVIN HOOD, Recon Co., 645th TD Bn.: Baron Hayes is our company medic and in my opinion the best medic in the Army. One time at Venafro three wounded men from the letter companies were out in the mountains. Hayes offered to go for 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 and very short, 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 they 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 being around him 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



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.

## Jewish Soldiers Hold Services

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.

Chaplain Max Eichhorn, 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 was 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 paddleteer 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 Morint wrote him from Philadelphia that he had looked in all the Atlases and couldn't find Krautland listed, after the sergeant had written of his latest whereabouts.

Eager to get on the good side of the authorities, 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 garrison life after the war, when the shortage report was filled in. He has one now.

He's got the most time and the most film, 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 carried him away to the PW cage when they learned that was all he 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.

Sitting on a log waiting for I Co's MG to wipe out some Krauts ahead, Pfc. Eddie Racywolsky, Jericho, L.I., 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, pooch no bigger than a cognac bottle, is pals with D Co., 179th Inf., men, but won't fraternize with civilians. His chief had habit of 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 bead drawn on the loogie. 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. Furman Cramer and Pvt. Howard O. Cokerendall, 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.

All Pfc. Jack Mason, peep driver for Co. K, 180th Inf., seems to have is the habit. In convoy, Mason travels up and down the line at the stops, borrowing coffee, sugar and cream.

From one small clothes closet, St. Sgt. Bob Leathers and Pfc. Robert Johnson, Co. K, 179th Inf., took five German soldiers.

Something should be done about the girl who keeps sending flowered aprons to Sgt. Oliver G. Hopkins of Hq. Co., 180th Inf., just because he's in the kitchen crew.

Hiding under some hay, Cpl. Stanley B. Foulke, 1st Bn., 157th Inf., found two blue-clad Russian slave laborers, who had hidden when they heard our men. They couldn't tell English from German.

Short items for this column are welcome. Address 45th Division News in care of message center or our APO.

On a detail which called for carting away dead Germans, Pfc's Dominick Porretto, Manorock, N.Y., and Frank Fanning, Norwood, Mass., came upon three live ones in the 157th area, and carted them off too.

Jumping into a window, 1st Lt. William Walsh, West Newton, Mass., Co. I, 157th Inf., landed on the tummy of a sleeping member of the Wehrmacht.

Co. I, 179th Inf., enjoyed hot showers in Munich when they found working plumbing in the CP. Hot water was furnished courtesy the mortar section.

Pfc. Edward Bianco, Union City, N.J., reports 1st Sgt. Charles Twelbeck, Baltimore, 179th Inf., puts his charges to sleep nights by telling them bear stories.

Largely bald to begin with, Pfc. Oscar Paul, Philadelphia, Jrd. Bn., 157th Inf., has shaved his head and now is known as "The Brow" after the Dick Tracy character.

For a full two minutes, Capt. Francis H. Shepherd, Co. I, 179th Inf., watched a GI in a parka just ahead of him, only to discover he was a Kraut in a shelter half. The lead scout killed the German, who was the shooting, not the surrendering, kind.

St. Sgt. Edward Touba, Latrobe, Pa., reports he saw a two-star general holding up the barbed wire in the 180th area so the men could crawl through for an attack.

Pop was marching in the PW column, the little kid said, but Pfc. Mathaniel G. Davis, Greer, S.C., refused to accommodate the youngster by freeing his old man. The kid then placed his hands behind his head and marched along with the column.

When a brother in QM decided to visit Pfc. Benedict C. Sibinski at Co. I, 179th Inf., it took him three days to catch up with the company. The brothers hadn't met in 15 months.

Two Russians who asked St. Sgt. David Pressman's permission to tag along with his squad of the 180th, didn't tag along. They went out ahead of the lines and sent back prisoners.

Co. B, 180th Inf. recaptured an American peep from the Krauts, then decided it was one the Krauts had taken from them in the invasion of Southern France.

St. Sgt. John Draper, Staten Island, N.Y., Co. I, 157th Inf., owes his good appetite to a German "Gott Mit Uns" belt buckle. The tough steel stopped an 8S frag which was heading straight for his stomach.

## 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.

# 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 paddlefeet 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 awaited 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 Co. I man. "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 perverts 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 37,000 (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 "grapevine 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.

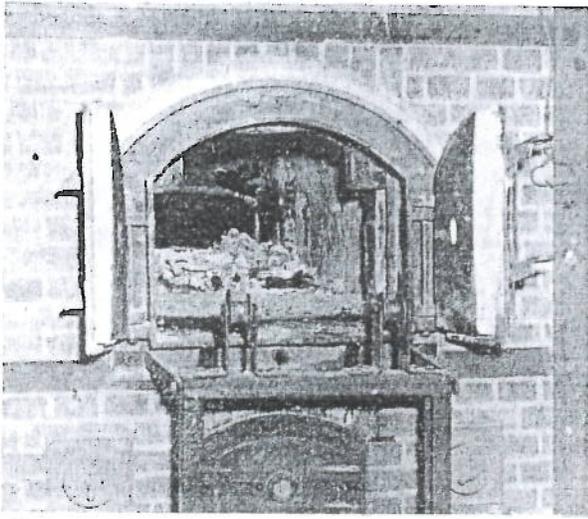
The prisoner's quarters is a land of many smells - the stink of vomit, of stale sweat on clothes never washed, of horribly sick bodies. And over everything the sickeningly sweet smell of death.

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 bunks five tiers 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 hundreds of times 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 kennels 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, 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 unwilling 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 were 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., turned 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 skylined. But while the Jerry lead whistled around him, he stuck to his post and directed the mortar fire. The mortars wiped 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 L Co., 157th 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. L. 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."

# 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. Earnest 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 Kaplan, 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 curt 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.

## There's No Point To This Story

One of the line companies of 1st Bn., 157th Inf., was billeted in a German home with quite a library. A Looey who reads German was glancing through one of the books and his runner asked, "What's that you're reading Lieutenant?"

"It's a book on Goethe", said the officer. "Oh", ohed the pfc. "A medical book huh?"

## 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 ordered 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. Keitsey, Durant, Okla.

## 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.

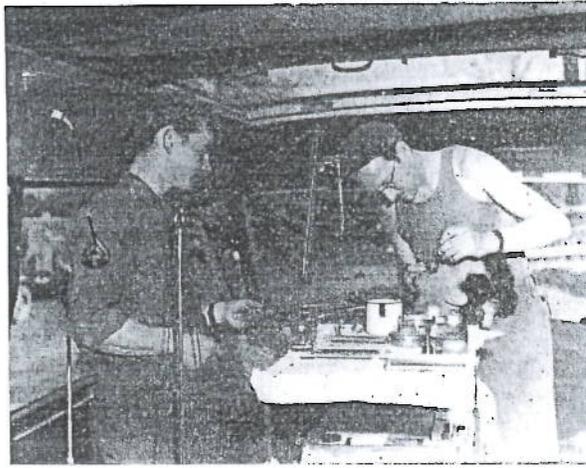
It was an SS man who had crawled out of the cellar after that one grenade.

## Tarzan Suffers Only Slightly

They call Cpl. Anthony Takazuckas "Tarzan" because he's 200 pounds of brawn 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.



When the Krauts built their busses 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, Goulbusk, 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 outfits 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.

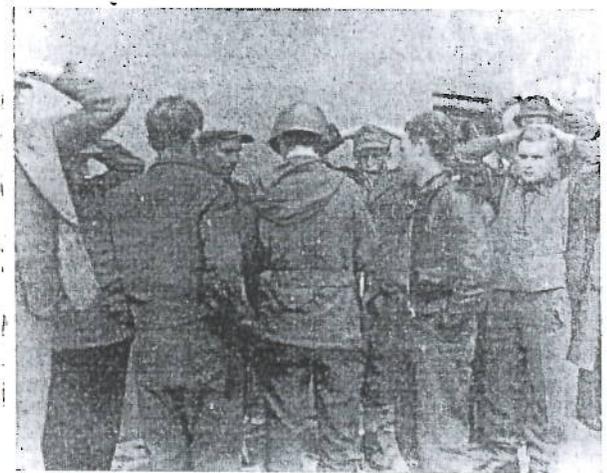
## Surprise! Kraut Drives Kraut Car

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 inevitable 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 Wehrmacht's inside before he realized they weren't GI's.

Then he persuaded them to accept the hospitality of the PW cage.



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., Copley, Pa., (Back to camera, wearing helmet) and Tech. Sgt. Harold Sable, Hasley, Neb., at Denko's right.

## U.S. Officers Greet Patrol In Village

When someone hailed 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 hailer 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. James, 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", grumbled 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 Dn., is officially listed as a staff member, but these days, he's doubling as a sort of unofficial first scout.

Quartermaster parties are usually routine, but can turn into something straight out of the Rover Boys and a Warner Brothers movie. On one quartermaster 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. The Captain hesitated.

"Any German troops around?" he asked. "Oh ja!" 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-guns.

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.

Maintenance had the peep running again a couple hours later after it had been recovered by a more powerful force.

## Fritz Is Glad He Returned To Home City

At least one resident of Adolf Hitler's "Festival City" of Nuremberg was pleased with the American occupation. Lt. Fritz Schnaittacher, New York, 157th Inf., left Nuremberg 12 years ago after being jailed repeatedly by the Gestapo for his outspoken criticism of the Nazis.

From there he made his way to the United States and eventually donned the olive drab of the American Army.

When the first elements of the Thunderbirds entered the city, Schnaittacher was with them. His first stop was the house he'd lived in 12 years before.

"It was a funny feeling", he said, "to come back to the city I know so well, as a conqueror. Maybe after the war is over I'll come back to Nuremberg, and if I do I leave the American Army to thank for one major improvement in my old hooch. My old living room used to be very dark but now, thanks to a well placed artillery shell there's a nice big hole in the center of the wall. It lets in a lot of air and sunshine."

## 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 18 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.

Commanded by 2nd Lt. Thomas M. Peavy, Burnswick, 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.

They got 120 PW's who were able to walk, while strewn over the hill were at least 20 dead or dying Germans. Of about 150 Germans engaged in the action, 85 were armed with machine guns.

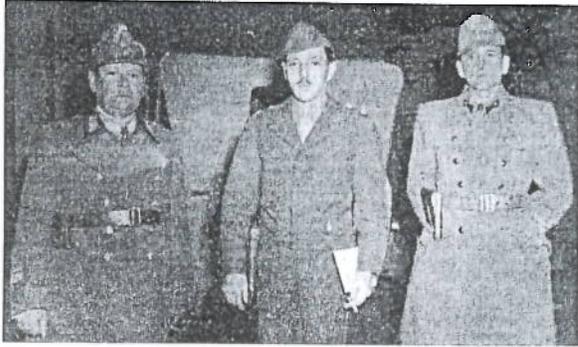
## Artificers Arise! You're Artists

Cpl. Milton Rice, Detroit, 157th Inf., 1st Bn., is throwing his weight around considerably these days.

Looking through a dictionary the other day he came across "artificer", his title in the outfit. According to the definition Rice is a skilled artist, an inventor, and a trained worker.

"Seems to me", mused Rice. "A man who's all those things ought to be a T/4 at least."

# 45<sup>th</sup> Bags Well Known Krauts, Generals, in Germany



By-passed and realizing the hopelessness of his situation, Hungarian Brig. Gen. Liwinosch surrendered himself and his entire division to our attached 106th 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 sewed 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 beating. 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 teetotler, who found a bottle of wine and raffled it off for smokes. Dyke won the bottle and the teetotler 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 dopping 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 - for 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 Kraut, 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. Hq. Btry, 160th 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 looter 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. Gerhardt 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 "nichts 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 paddlefoot 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 the door, and he evidently 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, a British soldier was liberated by the 179th Inf., and then nearly found himself a PW all over again.

His Yank liberators told him he could eat with them, and the ex-PW was self-conscious about his dirty uniform. So, he went into a house and changed.

That's when he almost became a PW again. The only clean uniform he had was German, and the boys didn't recognize him when he emerged. They grabbed him. He explained to their satisfaction.

Cpl. Matthew Scavarelli, New York City, celebrated his entry into Germany by getting the measles - the German measles.



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

By Norbert Salpeter

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 730 Germans.

Members of the platoon are: St. Sgts. Ross A. Challberg, Alfred E. Rose, 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. Swaim, Wyatt E. Thomas, Theodore A. Thompson, William Ward, Matthew C. Urbin, Francisco J. Guerra, Dorrie E. Weathered, Clyde J. VanPelk, Mack F. Lyle, Don A. Holt, Clarence G. Jester.

Pvt's Leland Burrows, Henry S. Boratyn, Filadelfie Padilla, Hilry C. Burnette.

Cpl's. Talmadge H. Faulke, James P. 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, so 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.H., Spalding High School, Pfc. Edward Goddard, has taught that school's fight song to Co. I, 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 flak 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

Rickenbacker would have hesitated; Doolittle might have turned away; but Capt. Bertram Hardin, Chandler, Ariz., couldn't resist the temptation of chancing a flight in a captured Heine glider.

"I nearly had her going", was all the Captain would say as he walked away.

# Last Big Fight Pitted 180<sup>th</sup> 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 had 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 contributed 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 tailed 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 his mouth and nose were showing. He walked away with his captors, which might indicate how tough the 1st's opponents were.

The fight was filled with incident. Pfc's 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 into 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 Huft 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. Williard 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. Armand Barriga, Co. C, 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 at 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. Edmond X. Rousseau, 179th Inf.

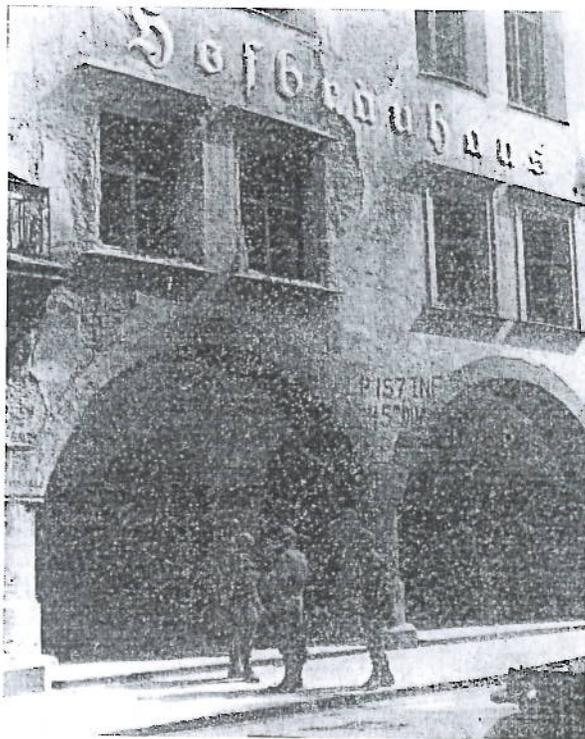
## Error Follows Error, Kraut Loses Head

Along the street in the uncleared town walked 1st Lt. Daniel E. Awalt and Pfc. Allen B. Conaway, both of Co. K, 179th Inf. A German leaned 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 Conaway's turn. He aimed his M-1.

"Just then a Kraut shell burst on the side of the building", reported Conaway. "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. Ogel Jones, Knowles, Okla., and Cpl. Charles Keppler, 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", Keppler said.

Acting instinctively, Fox bowled Lt. Raleigh F. Seah, Lynchburgh, Va., over and smothered the flames that had set his clothing on fire.

Though suffering from a minor, but painful, burn himself, Major Edwards administered first aid to the casualties while Fox ran to the rear for medical aid. Returning with blankets, he and the major evacuated the men.

## 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 agape as the comrades filed 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 seek 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-Regenta 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 souvenir 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 1933, told Adolf how badly the plebs were 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 revelry 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 labels. For awhile Hitler's theatrically inspired niece 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 stroke 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 waiting to surrender. 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 a shovel.

## PW's Want Drink, Want it Bad

On guard over the wounded in a town still not quite in our hands, Pfc's Allen B. Conaway, 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, they said.

The Pfc's were agreeable, and started to open a bottle of the warehouse's supply.

"Non, non", said one of the Frenchman. 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., get in touch with Sgt. John Messick, Co. F, 157th Inf.

### Lost and Found

LOST—On road between Rohrmoos and Munich, May 1, Jerry dispatch case and musette bag containing writing and personal equipment. Reward for return of camera and film or all. Cpl. R. J. Borucki, Hq., 191st Tank Bn.

LOST - Barracks bag with name and serial number, Wilbard W. Harr, 15070072, Hq. Co., 45th Inf. Div.