



1994 Reunion in Denver 21 - 28 August 1994

What will we do in Denver? First of all we'll have a great time renewing old acquaintances, re-telling war stories, and enjoying ourselves in our hospitality room.

We'll begin our Denver adventure on Monday at the Denver Mint, where you will learn everything you ever wanted to know about the production of freshly minted coins. Don't forget to stop at the souvenir shop on your way out!

Next enjoy your walk through our spectacular State Capitol in the heart of the city. The magnificent gold leafed domed structure was built at the turn of the century and patterned after the National Capitol. You can stand at the official altitude marker on the front steps and be exactly a "Mile" High!

Let's take time out and enjoy a delicious lunch on your own. You're sure to find something to please your palate from the wide variety of choices available at the food court in the Tabor Center.

Your next stop will be the Molly Brown House Museum. Using photographs from the "unsinkable" Molly Brown herself, the home has been faithfully and beautifully restored. You will learn exciting details about the life of this true American heroine who saved many lives during the sinking of the Titanic. Her rags to riches to rags story is a great American tale. The adjoining Carriage House contains a gift shop complete with books, leaded glass, cards, and both reproductions and original antique jewelry.

From there, you may choose to go to the historic Four Mile House or to the Museum of Miniature Dolls. The Four Mile House is the oldest

original house still standing in Denver. It started out as a stage coach stop and inn for weary travelers along Cherry Creek. The Museum of Miniature Dolls offers a look at an assortment of collectible dolls that would turn any little girl (and lots of big ones, too!) green with envy! Which ever one you choose, you won't be disappointed!

On Tuesday we'll take a motor coach ride through the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, right to the excitement in Central City!! Gold has been struck and you're not going to miss out! Central City, once known only as an historic mining town, has turned into a gold mine of chance and excitement. Fully equipped with casinos and all the thrills that go along with them, you can play all the games and possibly come up the big winner of the evening!

"Madam Glory," your casino's hostess, will be on hand to greet your group. Upon arrival, each guest will be given a roll of nickels and the casino's discount coupon book. Get ready to fill your pockets and your stomachs. After browsing through the casino and pulling a lever or two, enjoy a hearty dinner of prime rib or chicken breast with all the trimmings. Then, it's on to the famous Coors Brewery to see their fascinating brewing process and even sample some of their world renowned beer!

On Wednesday, we'll got to Colorado Springs. Your tour escort will entertain and enlighten you with interesting facts and stories about the history of this fascinating city. You will have an opportunity to observe one of Colorado's natural wonders, the Garden of the Gods. Only Mother Nature could have turned beautiful red rock into these unusual majestic formations. There will be plenty of time for picture taking and strolls through these oddly shaped and colored stone structures.

Next stop: The fantastic Air Force Academy!

See next page



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102nd Infantry Division Assoc.**

"The Ozarks"

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From the overlook area, you can see the entire school! Observe cadets parachuting and flying sailplanes. Notice the spires rising from the Chapel, as this is an area you will be exploring further. The Air Force Academy Chapel is really three chapels in one. These exquisite places of worship include a Catholic Chapel, a Protestant Chapel and a Jewish Chapel.

But wait – your day isn't over yet – Your next stop is the famous U.S. Olympic Training Center where Olympic Figure Skating Champions such as Dorothy Hammil, Scott Hamilton and Paul Wiley have prepared to carve their place in sports history!

For the perfect end to a perfect day, come with us to the Flying W. Ranch, which is an actual working cattle and horse ranch. Take your time to tour and shop at the old Western town of over a dozen completely restored buildings, most of which are furnished with authentic contents of the 1800s and early 1900s and other authentic memorabilia of the Old West.

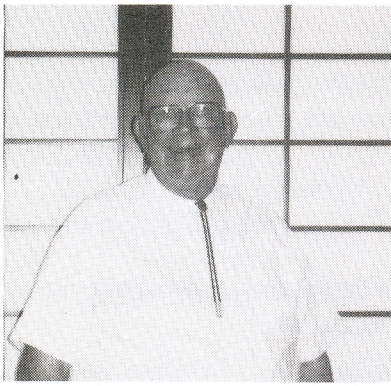
Afterwards, enjoy a scrumptious dinner followed by an entertaining performance by the Flying W Wranglers. By the time the singing and stories start you'll be sure your visit to the Flying W Ranch will be the highlight of your night in old Colorado.

Thursday is rest-up day, to do as you please. You could perhaps play golf, visit a museum, go hiking, or have dinner at a great restaurant. Tonight is Maneuvers Night.

Friday we'll enjoy a fascinating scenic tour through the mountains to historic Georgetown. Your professional tour guide will provide interesting commentary about the history of our beautiful Rocky Mountain area and the evolution of the incredible geological formations you will pass

Georgetown, an elegant mountain mining town, boasts the largest silver discovery in the history of Colorado. Slip back into the 1800s as you stroll past quaint Victorian shops and restaurants. This elegant silver mining town has over 200 restored Victorian buildings, including the famous Hammill House and the Hotel do Paris which was built in 1875 by Louis Dupuy, a French Scholar and Master Chef.

(continued on next page)



The President's Message

Fifty or more years each of the Ozarks was struggling to get an education, looking for work, or getting in a swim in the ol' swimmin' hole. Many had no radio in the home, no telephone and lots of chores to do. World War 1, the "war to end all wars" was the memory that kept us from thinking about being a soldier.

December 7, 1941 changed our lives. The desire to enlist, the draft, and many defense jobs turned us away from our objectives. The "greetings" came, factories were hiring ladies, and shortages of many items began. "Oh, you have an "A" sticker for gasoline?"

The adventure into unknown territory began with physicals, a reporting date and a whole new world of discipline. There were discoveries that people lived in other states; accents became

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After you enjoy exploring Georgetown's landmarks, it's off to Silverplume for a spectacular ride on the historic Georgetown Loop Railroad. This scenic narrow-gauge railway curls down a breathtakingly beautiful mountain valley, at one time crossing itself on a 90 foot trestle. Leave your train car and enjoy a delicious gourmet lunch at a unique Georgetown restaurant and relax amidst all the splendor. Then, on through a fascinating old silver mine where you can rediscover the origins of this mining town.

Saturday morning, while the men have their annual business meeting, the ladies will visit the fabulous Cherry Creek Shopping Center. Completed in August of 1990, this prestigious shopping mecca is anchored by 4 of the country's finest stores – Neimen Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor and Foleys. The 160 other smaller stores and boutiques are also brimming with beautiful merchandise to discover. When you arrive, we'll give you a brief orientation tour so you can make the most of your shopping time. We'll even provide you with brochures of the center and a shopping bag to put all your new-found treasures in.

identities; the GI scrub brush took its toll; the earth surrendered to holes dug 6x6x6; up at 4 AM - lights out at 9 PM. Cold mornings for calisthenics, big breakfasts, long hikes, KP for some, guard duty for others, Saturday inspections and then basic training was over and you recited your "general orders" to qualify for your first pass into town.

The port of embarkation, crossing the Atlantic and the world of war, strange languages and combat were etched in Ozark memories forever.

The fortunate Ozarks who survived and returned, and who in 1949 began the reunions and the sharing of memories should be honored as well as our comrades who paid the ultimate price.

As time marches on, fellow Ozarks, it is our duty to not only help continue the Ozark reunions but also to assure the membership that better ways of achieving reunion arrangements are available.

I'm looking forward to seeing all the Ozarks in Denver. Send in your pre-registration and make plans for a great time.

Paul Schneeberger

Not to be ignored is North Cherry Creek's established shopping district on Third Avenue, just two blocks from Cherry Creek Mall. Here you'll find a variety of fascinating and unique boutiques — and the world's largest bookstore — The Tattered Cover. Cherry Creek also boasts a number of excellent eateries to please any palate.

Saturday afternoon the Catholic Church service will be held from 4 to 5 PM in the hotel. Then comes our banquet and dinner dance. We have great entertainment planned. You won't want to miss this evening.

In the next Ozark Notes we'll tell you about our fabulous Sheraton Denver Tech Center Hotel and how to get here. If you didn't fill out the Tours and Events order form and hotel reservation sheet from the Jan./ March issue of the Notes, you can use the ones at the back of this issue. We've also included a Banquet Table Card, so you can get started on filling that out to send in to Bob Enkelmann.

SEE YOU IN DENVER!!!!

OZARK REPLAY

The following is a continuation of the stories of Al Guglielmo which originally appeared in the Weirton, WV Times. All names are fictitious except for Al's. The events are as he remembers them. From here he reports on the exodus, pandemonium and panic of the people trying to cross to the west bank of the Elbe River before the Russians arrive.

The Exodus begins

Having been settled in our new quarters, we had more free time on our hands. We began to roam around the town of Stendal.

Parks, Bennett and I were walking on a sidewalk when a motorcycling GI stopped by us and asked if we would take that bike off his hands. Parks accepted his offer, so now we owned it. Parks knew how to operate it, mounted it and took it a few blocks. I had never driven one, so when he returned he instructed me on its operation and I also rode it for a couple of blocks, turned around and returned. Being satisfied, we returned to our quarters and parked it in a shed for future use.

General Von Edelshime returned with yet another general named Wentz, who controlled the German 12th Army. Together with our higher brass, who dictated the terms of their surrender, they sat at a long table and had them sign the papers. They contained terms that they, the Germans, would have their engineers and laborers repair the two bombed out bridges (they were within a couple of miles of each other) well enough for their soldiers to walk across, bringing all medical supplies, food, blankets and small arms only. They could also bring their wounded, but their own doctors would have to take care of them.

Next morning Captain Reed went to have breakfast with our battery commander. On his return, he got us men together and said, "Men, I heard the German army will start coming across the railroad bridge about a half mile up the river. They have repaired it enough so they can walk over it single file. We may be able to get some guns. Any

volunteers to go along?"

"Yes, sir." I was the first one to answer affirmatively and the rest followed suit.

On our way there we encountered hundreds of prisoners being formed and ready to march back. They were the remnants of Nazi Germany's once invincible forces,

When we arrived, a major asked our captain if he could borrow us to march these prisoners to a field about a mile back. We did that without any problems. They were just too glad to be taken in by us rather than the Russians.

On our return, our brass decided to let their (the German) officers march them back. We also found out that our commanders had cordoned off the area and we could not go near the prisoners to disarm them.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Captain Reed. "They have special crews taking them in. We walked up to the rope and stared in amazement at this history-making event. The special German speaking troops received, disarmed and directed them to the formations.

We watched and drooled as they were disarmed and all arms were stacked on both sides. After a long silence, Captain Reed remarked, "I'd sure like to have one of those Lugers" (a hand gun considered the best in the world).

"I'll go and get you one, sir. I owe you one."

"Gugie, with all those guards, I can't get there. How are **you** going to do it?"

"Well, sir, sometimes when one is not big enough, he's got to act like it. Just watch."

I turned to Bennett and said, "I need your help. Are you willing? I'll get you a gun, too."

After he agreed, I led him to our jeep and explained, "You drive me back a little. We'll turn around and drive right back to the center. I'll get out

of the jeep and act like a big shot guard, pass over the rope, and go give them orders like I'm a big general."

"You must be kidding."

"Nope, it'll work."

The exodus continues

Bennett had said "You must be kidding." and I replied "Nope, it'll work."

"OK, if you say so, we'll try. I hope you're right, 'cause I can use any kind of pistol."

"Remember, you've got to drive up there like we're coming from General Eisenhower's headquarters. Got it?"

"Yes sir, general,"

After driving out of sight, he turned the vehicle around and remarked, "You know, I think you're lucky enough to pull this off."

"Yep"

Sure enough, Bennett drove back fast, squealed the brakes and raised some dust coming to a stop close to the ropes. With confidence and an aura of authority, I walked fast, raised the rope, ducked under it, walked straight to the oncoming prisoners, and loudly began to give orders.

"Kommen, machen schnell." ("Come, make it quick.")

I took their weapons and directed them to where the lines were forming. The first and second didn't have any handguns. I repeated the order to make it quick and also added, "Pistole? Pistole?" They understood that and the ones that had them started coming to me. I couldn't stash them in the pockets of my field jacket fast enough. (Field jackets at that time had many inside and outside pockets.) One officer handed me his Luger, and for the first time, I showed a smile, thinking how Captain Reed was going to feel. The next man was very tall and wore fatigues. When I asked him, "Pistole?" he answered, "Ja, ja." He pointed to his right rear pocket. This pocket was almost a foot deep and filled with junk. I reached way down but couldn't find it. I thought the man was pulling my leg and said, "Nicht pistole."

"Ja, ja," he answered and began to pull out his

junk. He finally came up with a beautiful little chrome-plated pistol. I quickly put it in my trouser pocket and ordered him on.

I must have had 50 pounds of steel on me and looked over-stuffed, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and there stood a smiling colonel. Shaking his head and still smiling he asked, "Have you got enough guns, corporal?"

"Yes, sir."

"OK, you can go back now."

"Thank you, sir."

I reached a jeep with a captain and crew that were totally bewildered. We got in our jeeps and Bennett remarked, "I don't — I mean I *can't* believe that you did it."

"Drive to our quarters, Bennett. I can't wait to see what Gugie's got," remarked the captain.

Remembering where I'd put the Luger, I pulled it out and said, "You don't have to wait. Here's the Luger I promised you, sir."

The captain was all smiles as he accepted it. He played with it like a kid plays with a new toy. It was hours before he was satisfied and put it away.

I also gave the others one each, but kept the little chrome-plated jewel and a Belgian P-38. A few other I kept for trading purposes, or to give to good buddies like Stan.

Free time on our hands

The following morning was a beautiful spring day. For diversion, I decided to take a ride on our motorcycle. I asked Parks, "I hope we still have that motorcycle around. Do we?" Parks answered affirmatively that it was in one of the sheds.

I found it, checked it out, filled the tank with gas from one of our Jeep gas containers and, not to make any noise and attract attention, I pushed it to the street away from our house. I paused a moment to get my bearings and decided to take a highway that went north along the river. I cruised north less than a mile and came to a highway that went west. In a matter of a few blocks, I entered a majestic forest with tall pine trees and thick brush

on both sides. The rays of the morning sun glistened through the trees and made the tops look like silver tinsel. The serenity was broken only by the purring of my motorcycle.

I had gone less than a mile when my bike conked out. I tried and tried to restart it but nothing happened. My leg was beginning to tire pushing the start pedal when a voice in English sounded from my right rear saying, "Comrade, we want to surrender." I turned my head and saw six German soldiers putting their hands up. Again, the leader spoke. "American, we want to surrender. Will you take us prisoners?"

I was so astounded that momentarily I lost my speech. Wow. What a situation. Here I was with my rifle slung over my shoulder and six enemy soldiers right behind me. I finally dismounted, tuned to face them and asked, "Do you have any guns, grenades, or any type of weapons on you?"

"No, we are unarmed. We threw our weapons in the woods."

I pondered the situation over and it seemed that I had no choice. I finally said "OK, but will some of you give me a push so I can start this motorcycle?"

Sure enough, they were very willing to do so. I remounted, put it in gear, pressed down the clutch, and by that time I felt hands on my back pushing. When I had enough speed, I let go of the clutch. In a matter of seconds the motor sputtered and ran fine again. Again I had thoughts whether I should keep going or turn around. I finally decided to turn around and take them in. I slowed down to a crawl and told the leader to walk towards where I had come from and that I would ride behind them. I also informed him that at then end of the highway we would turn right, towards the town of Stendal. I led them to the compound where the many thousands that had come across the river were camped. The leader thanked me and they all walked right in to join them.

As I rode back home, I reminisced at what had happened. Again I was lucky that they did not kill me when I was trying to start my bike. Also, what force had conked it out right at that spot? It had plenty of gas and there was nothing mechanically

wrong with it or it would not have restarted when pushed. It was just one of the many strange things that happened in the war to spare my life.

When I reached home, I told no one of what happened. It was lunch time. I grabbed my gear and walked to the kitchen truck. While there I met my buddy, Stan. Together we walked back to his quarters where we sat down on chairs at a round table. We chatted as we ate our lunch. I also invited him to come an visit me at our "palace." He replied that he couldn't, but he would the next morning.

Best buddy visits

I had invited Stan for a visit to our "palace" and at the appointed hour next day he came over. I gave him a tour of our quarters. Through it all Stan marveled at the place. At the end he exclaimed, "Wow. I can't believe that you guys would wind up with the best quarters of our outfit, perhaps the whole division. How did you guys do it?"

"I really don't know, Stan. I figured a possibility is that it's somehow isolated and our commanders prefer to concentrate a company or battalion together."

"You could be right. You guys being only six, and might as well say an independent unit, it's the ideal quarters for you."

When he had seen all the interior and briefly greeted all of our crew, I directed him to the rear French door that led to the farm. He said, "Let's take a walk around and reminisce about the war."

"Yes, Gugie, that was pure hell we went through, especially you that got stuck on the front lines with the infantry." He paused a moment to reflect back. "You know," he continued as we walked without knowing or caring where to, "I got you in that mess, (he had recommended me to Captain Black as a good radio operator) but I didn't know what it was going to be like."

"Yes, I know Stan. Actually we were all in danger. Look at you. You got hit by a piece of shell, too." Puzzled, I paused a moment then said, "By the way, I never did find out where or how you got hit. Do you remember?"

"How can I forget. It was the night of Feb. 23-

24. I had crossed the river late that afternoon of the 23rd to go find a good spot for our headquarters battery when I got stuck on the outskirts of that town where the Germans gave us hell all night and finally surrounded us."

"Oh, ho," I exclaimed and stopped.

"What's the matter, did I say something wrong?"

"No, but that was the night I called for artillery fire to cover the whole town. That could have been a piece of our own shell that hit you. My God, I could have killed you. Gee, I'm sorry, Stan. I didn't know."

We both paused momentarily to reflected back on that night. Stan finally spoke again. "Hey, Gugie, I'm sure you had orders to do so. It was just a flesh wound on my thigh and I don't even think about it now. Besides, I understand that if you hadn't called for that artillery fire, we would have been run over by that German counterattack."

I started to say something when Stan broke in with, "Hey, let's forget that."

We were so engrossed in our conversation that without realizing it we had arrived back at our house. "Oh, we're back. Want to come in, Stan?"

"No, thanks I really must be going, Gugie." He started to turn, then said, "By the way, the Russians should be at the other side of the river in a matter of days. You think you might want to go and meet them?"

I got flushed and wanted to scream. Stan saw this and added, "Gee Gugie, I plain forgot that that's a sore subject with you, but they are our allies and the war is over."

I shot back with, "Oh, yeah? The war might be over with the Germans, but I'll bet you that within five years we'll be fighting them ourselves."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not, but let's forget that. Want to meet me tomorrow and we'll go by the bridge just to see what's going on?"

"OK, see you tomorrow."

The Russians are coming

Stan had conned me into taking a walk and without realizing it, we walked to the street nearest and parallel to the river. We were also near the

bridge that the German army was coming across. We saw what appeared to be a scuffle and we heard a German woman screaming not more than 50 feet to our left. An elderly man was with her trying to help. We ran across the street to investigate.

Stan asked, "What's wrong with her? Do you know?"

"Not yet, Stan." I said.

I turned to the man and said, "Now, will you try to find out what happened?"

"I will," and he went to work on her. He put his hands on her face, held her steady and shot a flurry of questions at her. I could make out a lot of "Vahss..." (what) and between sobs and screams she managed to answer some of the questions. The man turned to me and I saw the shock on his face. He could hardly speak. "First," he began, "she is a German army nurse. She stayed behind to treat the wounded, until the Russians reached the Elbe River. She is screaming because of what happened next. She says the Russians gang-raped her and all the women, young and old. Then they let them go and told them that if they wanted to go across the river, they could go. She was one of many and led the group on." At this point, the girl became hysterical again. It took some time before she could continue. He pieced together what happened next. "Wen they got about 50 to 75 meters on the bridge, they machine-gunned them. She fell and was protected by the bodies that piled on top of her. When the Russians left them all for dead and went to gather more victims, she managed to crawl away and cross the bridge."

Shocked, I exclaimed, "Oh, my God." I turned to Stan and said, "She needs medical attention. Do you think our medics would look at her before she loses her mind completely?"

"Are you nuts? We'd better get out of here before we get caught and charged with fraternizing."

"You're crazy. This is not fraternizing. It's being human. If you don't care, I do."

The last section of Gugie's wartime memories will appear in the July/ Sept. '94 issue of the Notes. He has sent us several articles on the occupation.

Please remember that we're still asking for your wartime stories. Short or long, we want them all.

"Scared? H--- No!"

by Bob Enkelmann

On a cold winter night in Frelenberg, Germany I learned what a front line combat experience was all about. From that time on, whenever I hear a war story, I always ask the former hero: "Were you ever really terrified?" If the answer from the macho one is "No, never." I know his heroic tale is a figment of his imagination.

Act 1, Scene 1 - Bastrop, Texas

As a 20 year old reject ASTP student from Ohio State, I was shipped to a Texas vacation paradise known as CAMP SWIFT. One of my more important assignments on a sweltering Texas afternoon was to guard the rifle range, and in full combat regalia no less.

Having passed the GOOF OFF course 101 with an A+, I figured that such unbearable heat and no liquid to drink earned me the privilege of relaxing under a scrawny tree, devoid of helmet and field pack, with rifle at ready leaned against the tree. Little did I know that Lt. Owen "Radar" Carroll was fast approaching in his jeep, to determine whether this ASTPer was combat ready or just another Beetle Bailey, lost in the swamp.

Both soon found out. After a 30 minute diatribe and countless threats, including a court martial, "Radar" relented as he realized that forcing this stupid college hot shot to accompany him to battle the Wehrmacht was a greater punishment that spending time in a Texas stockade. Reassembled into combat readiness, I recall his parting shot: "Enkelmann, you owe me one and I mean to collect." Little did I realize how this dire prediction would play out in the not too distant future.

Act 2, Scene 1 - Frelenberg, Germany

In a basement, this ASTP reject sat mulling over the days events. First there was the early pre-dawn trip through a mine field, dodging possible German patrols, headed for the abandoned German pillbox overlooking Geilenkirchen. It was now used as a forward observation post by Lt. Kaiser, with his rifle company dug in on the hillside.

I watched him intently observing the firing of a 60 mm mortar behind the pill box. It was being done

using a technique that could only have originated in the soon to be famous OZARK Infantry Division. It was affectionately called the "Balls Mortar Method." The gunner had removed the tripod and sat upon the breastplate as his partner nonchalantly dropped the 60 mm shells into the tube while the tube was rotated 360 degrees between his legs. Lt. Kaiser cordially invited me into the pill box where, lo and behold, I ran into my old buddy "Radar" just 24 hours before he was to call my chit.

I was invited to observe the results of the potent 60 mm mortar barrage on the German front lines, and saw a direct hit on a German's fox hole. Marveling at the accuracy of this newly conceived method of fire, I vowed to communicate this idea to our Co. commander, Capt. Mitchell, until it dawned on me that no one in Co. H Mortar platoon, where we utilized the much larger 81 mm mortars, would have the BALLS to try this method.

At this point, I did not realize that the climax of this passion play would have such an unbelievable ending. I must ask all of my OZARK comrades to stretch your imaginations, recall your own combat experiences, and give me the benefit of your doubts. I swear on a stack of Playboy magazines that the finale of this tale really happened as I describe it.

Act 3, Scene 1

When I returned to our squad room basement without incident to celebrate my birthday, Radar remained in the pillbox, opting to miss the gala festivities planned by my squad mates, Gene Becker and Wm. Korman. Radar was still in the pillbox, scanning the valley below with his trusty GI issue binoculars. Imagine his surprise to see a German soldier slowly emerge from the foxhole next to that which had received the direct hit earlier. He proceeded slowly down the road, hands on high.

Unfortunately, for him, one of his more Nazi indoctrinated comrades took exception to his surrendering to the Allies. Another German began firing, and it took only 12 to 15 rounds before he hit the defector once in the leg. He fell, screaming in pain, on a road about 200 feet into No Man's Land.

Radar, who never encountered a dilemma he couldn't exacerbate, was shocked at this inhumane display and yelled for a medic from the rifle company, ordering him to render aid to the wounded

Kraut. The medic, wearing the perfect target (in German eyes) of a large white cross, was fired upon, and dove into a hole, refusing to proceed on his mission.

Frustrated and angry, Radar exited the pill-box, and raced across the hill back to Frelenberg to commandeer a jeep. Finding no driver willing to accompany him on this rescue effort, Radar jumped behind the wheel of the Company jeep, one of the few still not damaged by enemy fire, and sped off on his mission. He didn't realize that the lowly jeep could not speed down a country road, deeply imbedded with tank tracks filled to the brim with water, without getting mired down to the axles in the muck. There sat an angry, frustrated, Radar behind the wheel of an immobile vehicle, 200 feet from his quarry, another target for the German "sharpshooter." With the sounds of bullets whistling through the crisp fall air, Radar threw caution to the winds and high tailed it back to Frelenberg, leaving his jeep behind him.

By this time, news of Radar's tactics had reached the ears of our battalion commander, who had been described as a mean SOB who suffered such incidentally with little patience. Spies in the battalion CP reported the ensuing conversation in hushed tones. It supposedly went something like this: "Radar, you stupid SOB, I don't give a good %\$#* about that dumb wounded Kraut, but that precious jeep and the medic had better be back behind our lines by sun up, or your a__ is red meat!" To which Radar supposedly answered: "YES SIR, COLONEL. I will organize a rescue team at once and we will have everything cleared up by day-break."

Shortly thereafter, about 10 pm, I was sitting quietly in our squad basement devouring my birthday meal (cold spam and questionable coffee) when Radar exploded on the scene, screaming "Enkelmann, get off your lazy ass, drop the spam, grab your carbine and follow me - I'm about to collect the chit you owe me." To which I meekly replied: "Sir, you didn't even wish me a happy birthday."

Just outside stood 8 recently recruited medics with a stretcher, helmets gleaming in the moonlight. As the only soldier in this motley group who

spoke a smattering of German, I was ordered to accompany Radar at the head of this column as we began our hazardous escapade.

Surveying the valley below from our hillside, we deduced that the medic had been able to sneak back to his company without further incident, leaving only the wounded Kraut and the mired jeep to be rescued - an easy task according to Radar. Leaving the medics at the fence line, Radar and I were to proceed to the wounded soldier lying in a fabulously moonlit No Mans Land, about half way between the fence line and the German front line foxholes.

I was to advise the wounded German that we were friendly American troops there to rescue him. As we went down hill from the fence line, the moon was so bright I thought I was walking down the great white way in Las Vegas. Each tree was a German soldier; each shadow was a hidden machine gun nest; and each sloshing step made so much noise I was sure we could be heard clear to the Fuhrer's bunker in Berlin. I was sure the whole German army was on the alert to eliminate us from the Fatherland, and the TERROR was building to a crescendo.

Nearing the wounded soldier, we heard moans and groans and the German equivalent of "Help me, please help me." He was lying in a rut with his back toward us. Radar and I crept forward with his pistol and my carbine aimed at the back of the head of the future POW. Hearing us approach, the wounded soldier slowly rolled over and stared down the dual barrels aimed at his eyeballs. Needless to say, he needed no further instructions to remain quiet. It was a toss-up as to who was the most terrified, the POW or The White Tornado - me. Radar whispered: "Tell him in Kraut who we are!"

At this juncture, I slowly opened my mouth, my jaws locked in place, and - try as hard as I could - not a word of either English or German could be forced through my clenched teeth. Only me and my GI underwear knew how terrified I really was.

I later realized that this precise moment was my baptism and conversion from an ASTP goof-off to an front line infantryman in the famous OZARK division. Radar roused me from my terror by poking

me with his pistol, and the fractured German poured forth, as the wounded POW nodded in agreement. After the medics rushed down the hill, rolled the wounded prisoner onto the stretcher and hurried into Frelenberg, I hurried over to another abandoned out-building to check it for possible German patrols and then relieve myself, thanking the Good Lord that our mission had been successful.

At this moment other disconcerting sounds reached my ears and the terror returned. Had we run into one of those rumored Kraut patrols hunting for Americans to capture? The sound of metal against metal rang through the night. Were we back at the Las Vegas strip again?

Radar had neglected to inform me that another squad he had commandeered was frantically working to dig the jeep from the mud. It seemed like hours later that the group of us were able to lift the jeep from the mud and turn it around, to be pushed silently (I thought) back into Frelenberg. Not on your life! To climax this adventure, Radar vaulted into the driver's seat, gunned the motor, and raced back into Frelenberg, sending a message to Adolph's best still located in Geilenkirchen that there was no combat soldier like an OZARK. MIS-SION ACCOMPLISHED.

From that day forward I realized that anyone who purports to have been a front line combat infantryman and swears that he was never truly terrified is a FLIPPIN DAMN LIAR!!

Epilogue

On my 1979 return trip to Germany after WWII with fellow members of the OZARK Infantry Association, we retraced our route through the heartland of Europe from Heerlen, Holland through Checkpoint Alpha to Tangermuende on the Elbe. We made an historic stop in Frelenberg and Geilenkirchen. We were entertained by a Count, a former officer of the Wehrmacht in his rebuilt chateau. There, after coffee and Damson plum torte, we were briefed in the living room of the chateau by a former German Major who had fought against us in that area. Suffice to say that his briefing of that time differed radically from the battles in the area documented by Ken Ford in his book: "The Assault on Germany, The Battle for Geilenkirchen."

The chateau, by the way, was the site of my

introduction to combat by the late Owen "Radar" Carroll, who finished his career in the military as a Lieut. Colonel. Radar and I were reunited at the 405th Reunion in Reno, where I recounted this story to him and took credit for his later ascent to Lt. Col. Radar, of course, had forgotten the entire incident. R.I.P., Radar. You were the only person on earth who could have testified that "The White Tornado" was once so terrified that he couldn't speak, and now had forgotten the entire incident.

Ozark officer captured 10/31/44, now hears from German officer

by 2nd Lt. Marvin Danielson, HQ-407-A

Something has happened in the past two years I would like to tell you about. I was captured by the Germans October 31, 1944 near Bergan, Germany while on a combat patrol. I was hit and could not get back to our Division lines. I was picked up at daylight by German soldiers. We had been pinned down by heavy small-arms fire in a German mine-field. Several were killed, some wounded, and a few got back to our lines.

I then went through the process of being interrogated, etc., and finally wound up in Oflag 64 near Szwejn, Poland. On January 22, 1945 Oflag 64 was overrun by the Russians. Those of us who could not walk were left behind in Odessa on the Black Sea. From there we went by a British ship to Cairo, Egypt, to a U.S. Army General Hospital. I wound up back in the U.S. on Easter Sunday 1945.

About two years ago Sgt. Tamarato, who was on the same patrol but not captured, sent me a letter he received through the 102nd Division Assoc. concerning a German officer who wanted to get in contact with anyone who was on this patrol on October 31st as he would like to correspond with him.

The German has written to me and I have returned a letter. He has sent aerial pictures of the area near Bergan and many details. He was in charge of laying the mine field we were caught in. He is very apologetic for the senseless war and wishes to keep contact.

It blows my mind how this could happen after 50 years. I thought you may be interested.

Ozark Membership Procedures

by Rip Emerich

To eliminate any cause for panic or confusion, the following is a recap of our current policies and procedures:

When a member mails his annual dues check to treasurer Ralph Baringer, he records and deposits it and passes your remittance card over to secretary Jim McGinnis. Jim records that your dues have been paid, and alphabetizes the remittance cards before sending them on to me, the Systems Manager. The computer service has already recorded the 2,000 entries Jim sent the third week of February. There are more to be recorded that he hand-delivered at the Crossing the Roer Party that weekend.

If your '94 dues were not recorded in Hershey by the time the mailing labels for this issue were printed, then this copy of your Notes is stamped "Last Issue - Current Years Dues Not Paid." That's a signal to either get your check in the mail, or find the date your check was sent in. If that date was after mid-February your dues record probably hasn't made it from Ohio to Indiana to Pennsylvania and into the computer. In case you sent your check in much earlier, and it still isn't recorded, contact Ralph Baringer or Big John at your earliest convenience.

We have been experiencing difficulty with either delay or failure to notify us of any changes, especially in addresses. The return of bulk mail for invalid addresses is costly and causes considerable problems in relocating the person. Please remember to promptly report any changes - and have someone posted to advise us in case you might become incapacitated.

In the event of the death of any Ozark we want to record the date of death and the hometown. This information is invaluable for any genealogy or historical purposes. It should be noted that the widow of a Life Member is automatically, and sole, heir to her husband's membership, unless she lets us know she does not want to continue to receive the Notes.

In the event of a regular member's demise, his widow or any other immediate family member, is

entitled to apply for Associate membership by continuing to pay annual dues. Associate members have the same privileges as regular members, except the right to vote is limited to widows only.

Newly located Ozarks are entitled to some free mailings of the Notes to help them decide if they wish to become active members. They will be billed for dues in November, following their location. In order to remain on the mailing list they will have to pay either regular dues (currently \$10 per year) or become at Life Member at \$102.

If the individual fails to apply for active membership, he will remain on the roster as an inactive member, receiving only special communications authorized by the Executive Committee or at a general business meeting. Should a new-found pay his dues in mid-year, he will, when copies are available, be mailed all back issues of the Notes for that calendar year.

It is our hope that this review of procedures will help members understand our current system for maintaining the Ozark roster. Timely reporting of information, either directly or through your unit coordinator or regional chairman, is your part.

Since we still do things the Army way, we ask your patience with your high priced help should they have an occasional SNAFU

White Elephant Sale

We will be having a White Elephant table at the Denver reunion. As in the past, donated items are sold to aid the Scholarship Fund. Small items, such as jewelry, take up little space in your luggage and are always popular.

Last year we were also proud to have several beautifully crafted items which could be raffled off. These items, mostly handmade by Ozarks, were outstanding.

White elephant donations, raffled items and the profits from selling Ozark goodies all go toward the Scholarship Fund, which we are proud to support. See what you can bring which will add to its coffers, please.

Historically Speaking

by John Emerich

My last two columns have mentioned The Battle of Normandy Foundation, but each of them has left both my readers and me with unanswered questions.

My attempts to find answers to those questions has brought me several packets of information, including a copy of a "Report of the Independent Review Committee of The Battle of Normandy Foundation." This report was mailed by James J. McDevitt, Col. US Army retired. The Independent Review Committee members were William A. McKenzie, Chairman - a former Chairman of the Board of Regents of Texas A & M, Judge H.F. Gierke of the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, Edward M. Fjordbak - president of the Communities Foundation of Texas, and General John W. Vessey - former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The committee was "charged with the responsibility of investigating certain derogatory allegations and innuendoes contained in a series of articles published by The Washington Times during the period of June 29, 1993 through September 5, 1993, and thereafter to make a report to the Board (of the Foundation)."

"It was apparent to the Committee that the writer of the articles had available to him financial information, factual or otherwise, relating to the Foundation and its activities from Steven E. Goune, the former Chief Financial Officer and Assistant Treasurer of the Foundation. Accordingly, to assist in its investigation the Committee employed Price Waterhouse, an internationally recognized firm of Certified Public Accountants."

The completed report contains no summary section, and no seal or signature from Price Waterhouse which might verify their findings. However, the report takes a full page to list the types of records of the Foundation which were examined, concluding that "In effect, the entire business and financial records of the Foundation were made available to the Committee in carrying out its charge."

The committee's investigation showed co-

mingling of funds, personnel and leased space between the Foundation and the GIM Corp, a company owned or controlled by Foundation Director Anthony C. Stout, in the early years of the Foundation's history. The Committee did decide that Stout was underpaid interest in the amount of \$428, on a loan he had made to the Foundation through his company.

The Committee report concluded with twenty five recommendations, including some painfully obvious ones, such as "The Foundation should require two actual signatures on every Foundation check written, so that, in addition to the Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer, checks should be countersigned by another officer of the Foundation." and "No checks of the Foundation should be countersigned with the use of a printed or stamped signature." (An organization with a \$4.7 million budget, mainly from charitable donations, needs to be told these things!)

The individual recommendations culminated in the recommendation that "In the Board of Directors' discretion, Anthony C. Stout should be elected Chairman of the Board of Directors, or chairman of the Foundation's Executive Committee and a full-time chief executive should be employed as President of the Foundation to carry out the aim, projects and programs of the Foundation."

"The Committee believes and accordingly submits to the Board of Directors that the author of the articles published (in The Washington Times) either relied on faulty sources or reached unsubstantiated conclusions based on either faulty research or the lack of appropriate research."

"Based on an in-depth investigation and on all available evidence, the Committee believes that a campaign to discredit the Foundation and Stout in particular originated from a former employee in the hope that it would conceal or camouflage unauthorized financial misconduct. The Washington Times reporter appears to have accepted assertions and allegations without requiring third-party confirmation which the Committee was unable to find from any source."

This historian rests his case without either endorsing or condemning the Battle of Normandy Foundation.

**The following are address changes received in Hershey.
This four-page unit can be lifted out and kept for future reference.**

102-Sig.	Weiland Akerman Jr.	4413 St. Annex Way	Rockford, IL 61114
406-A	Robert Alarie	95 Pleasant View Ave.	Smithfield, RI 02917
406-HQ 2	Frank Alfiero	PO Box 15635	Surfside Beach, SC 29587
327 Eng-C	Roy H. Almond	1530 White Water Rd.	New Braunfels, TX 78132-3279
405-A/T	Frank Alexander	500 E. Main St.	Circleville, OH 43113-1846
406-HQ	Ralph Anderson	2265 N. Lema Dr.	Mesa, AZ 85215-2619
327Med.B	David C. Askar	PO Box 433	North Adams, MA 01247-0433
927 FA-B	Chester Baranowski	117 Fairway	Weirton, WV 26062
406 A/T	Donald F. Barr	15720 330th St., RR 4	Mason City, IA 50401
327 Med-B	Cletus Baurichter	3209 Woodbine Dr.	Columbia, MO 65203-0976
407 A/T	Joseph T. Begley	2284 Philippine Drive	Clearwater, FL 34623
405-G	Julius R. Benik	3965 Hina Drive	Sarasota, FL 34241
406-L	Raymond Bertie	43 Astor Rd.	Babbitt, MN 55706
407-G	Al Bires, Jr.	2203 Holkham Place	Sun City Center, FL 33573-7343
406-A/T	John Brandenberg	102 Stonewall Estates	Richmond, KY 40475
405-G	William Breth	5019 N. High St. Lot 112	Columbus, OH 43214-7500
407-I	Dr. Robert Brockman	1669 Fairburn Ave.	Los Angeles, CA 90024-6059
405-M	Dewey Broome	117 Moree Rd.	Columbia, MS 39429-9419
406-I	Hershel Burk	3405 Northwest 67th St.	Oklahoma City, OK 73116
405-E	Lloyd Brown	3055 3rd Ave.	Marion, ID 52302-3924
405-G	Edward Burr	7331 E. Griswold Rd.	Scottsdale, AZ 85258-2731
406-F	Gordon Campbell	1631 Bellview Ave #208	Seattle, WA 98122
405 CN	Elmer L. Clark	4441 Stack Blvd.	Melbourne, FL 32901
406-F	Marvin Coleman	411 37th Ave.	Can ton, OH 44709
406-L	Lewis Collier	1150 W. Lincoln St.	Danville, IN 46122-1516
406-I	William J. Cotter	2819 E. Dublin Granville Rd, 807-A	Columbus, OH 43231-4055
405-Hq-3	Robert Craig	112 Gansevoort St.	Bath, NY 14810-1306
407-Serv.	Donald R. Creasbaum	520 A Ross Ave.	Warsaw, IN 46580
405-E	James A. Cronin	130 Southern Hills Dr.	New Bern, NC 28562-2947
405-G	John Cusenza	4207 Devonshire Rd.	Detroit, MI 48224-3635
3405	Mrs. Eric Feldt	6382 McCormick Lake Rd.	Chisholm, MN 55719-8524
405-D	Lewis Ford	RR 4, Box 283	Lexington, VA 24450-9053
407-E	Albert Gilpin, II	1971 Searl Ct.	East Lansing, MI 48823-3886
406	Robert Gwaltney	R1, Box 375	Fort Branch, IN 47648-9729
802 Ord.	Wesley Hart	100 Paris Ct.	Naples, FL 33962-7125
405	Erwin F. Hoffman	16 South Weber	Aberdeen, SD 57104-4843
405-D	Stanley Huffman	HC 47, Box 29	Whitman, NE 69366
407-K	Ralph L. Hughes	Wood Run Pl, 2359 Gavinley Way	Columbus, OH 43220-2353
380 FA-C	Robert C. Jackson	6328 Peasedale Ave., S.	Edina, MN 55424
405-Med.	Stanley Kauffman	1863 Suffolk Rd.	Columbus, OH 43221-3830
405-L	Harry Keehn	443 W. US Highway 6	Valparaiso, IN 46383-7936
407-L	Elwood C. Kelsey	1162 Arivat Ave.	Casa Grande, AZ 85222
406-G	Albert Kishler, Jr. DDS	236 E. Main St.	McConnelsville OH 43756-1128
405-I	Kenneth Kolkebeck	505 Pamlico River Dr.	Washington, NC 27889
407-HQ	Bernard Koten c/o Fender	77 Park Ave.	New York, NY 10016-2556
405-HQ	John J. Kraft	215 Bellemeade Dr.	Eads, TN 38028
406-HQ	Max Krents	5508 Surrey St.	Chevy Chase, MD 20815-5524
405-I	Harold Lehman	154 Scott Dr. W.	Orangeville, PA 17859-9674
405-A	Herman Leshler c/o Hoffmaster	6 N. Callowhill St.	Topton, PA 19562-1703
406-H	Arthur Lindner	702 SW 89th Ave.	Plantation, FL 33324-3736
406-HQ	Frank T. Lizak	111 Bordon St., Apt. 319	Fall River, MA 02721
407-D	George E. Lohr	6565 S & 1645 E.	Salt Lake City, UT 84121
406-HQ1	Norman Loveday	1433 State Route 39 NW	Dover, OH 44622
406-HQ2	Alfred Maccarone	425 Meshanticut Val. Pkwy.	Cranston, RI 02920
327 Med-D	Joseph Madrid Sr.	416 Lomaland Dr.	El Paso, TX 79907
381 FA-B	Judson Manning	6 Hamlett Dr. Apt. 13	Nashua, NH 03062-4650
406-A/T	Joseph V. Markus	4531 S.W. 15th Pl.	Cape Coral, FL 33914-6314

New Addresses (Cont.)

405-CN Louis S. Martuscelli
 407-L Sam McNeilly
 405-K Francis Mead
 927 FA William W. Mellen
 406-HQ Joseph Menard
 327 Eng.C Luther Miller
 407-A Harold L. Mills
 406-H Edward Monahan
 405-I Robert Mooney
 405-CN Virgil Mooney
 405-H Don Moore
 405-H H. Morris
 407-I James Moynihan
 405-M H. Morris
 406-H Leon F. Murray
 405-B Orion Nunn
 407-B George O'Dell
 406 -M Archie Oeser
 405-I Robert Olson
 405-I David Parshall
 381 FA-S James Phillips
 327 Eng-C Walte Posigian
 406-M Coker Priddy
 405-HQ George M. Roper Jr.
 407-HQ-3 Raymond Roth c/o Fernan
 927 FA Cecil R. Russell
 407-F William J. Ryan
 327 Eng-A Ben Saunders
 102-HQ Robert Schaeffer
 407-F Walter Schwert
 405-G Fred Seip
 405 HQ-1 William A. Shank
 406-E Murray Shapiro
 405-I William Shell
 380 FA-C William Shuey c/o Mandell
 406-G Charles R. Simpson
 405-HQ 2 William Smart
 407-E Frank Smith Sr.
 406-E Burton G. Spissak
 405-I Paul Stanzak
 407-F Joseph P. Stamey
 327 Med. George Stevens
 407-F Donald Stewart
 405-G John Strandell
 102 HQ Paul M. Strayer (Dr.)
 406-M Lloyd Strong
 405-G James Stuart
 327-FA Toivo A. Suomela
 405-Med Fred C. Sutton
 379 FA-C Duane A. Taylor
 406-D William W. Temple
 405-B Roy Thurman
 379 FA-C Mrs. Joseph Testerman
 407- Ser. Joe C. Tiffany
 379 FA-B Joseph Tirico
 406-L William E. Tremper
 407-Med. Alex Varga

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 60 Georgetown Rd.
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 5780 Fernley Dr. W-#130
 1000 Beckley Cir.
 6209 E. McKellips Rd.,#444
 653 Broadway SS4
 6202 Bigelow Commons
 13550 Summerwood Ct.
 3883 Turtle Creek Blvd.
 2707 Montezuma Drive
 5212B Magnolia Dr.
 2707 Montezuma Dr.
 5582 Duck Lake Rd.
 8650 Pipewell Ln.
 127 Kiwanis Apt. A1
 2527 Ciderwood
 1213 Ravenswood Ct.
 12165 Cape Breton Dr.
 121 N. Branding Iron
 21100 Osmus St. Apt. 5
 609 SW 15th St.
 6127 Crescent Falls
 PO Box 467
 1915 Friendly St.
 309 A Forsythia Dr.
 1050 E 500 S. Apt. 3
 3210 Governors Ct.
 937 Lake St.
 N Hampton Manor, 65 Newton Richboro Rd.
 3122 Elmhurst Dr.
 3555 S. Ocean Blvd. PH 15
 21 Silver St.
 124 Curtain St.
 11915 Brook Meadows Dr.
 7904 Bradford St.
 PO Box 4
 7708 Upton Court
 212 Daleview Ave.
 3478 Costner Dr.
 910 Elmira St.
 300 W. 8th St.
 5825 24th Street
 320 97th Lane N.E.
 1180 Hurricane Rd
 1248 "O" St. 852 NBC Center
 66 Bridgton Rd.
 4710 Longwood Ave.
 Rt. 7, Box 169-D
 5839 Genesis Lane # 607
 2230 Lake Park Dr. #178
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 823 Ross Ave.
 1615 Williamsbridge Rd. Apt.A2
 300 Elliott Ave, STe 250
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 Mesa, AZ 85215
 Stroud Ontario, CANADA L0L 2M0
 Enfield, CT 06082-3352
 Port Richey, FL 34667-6983
 Dallas, TX 75219
 Emporia, KS 66801-5868
 Lockport, NY 14094
 Emporia, KS 66081-5868
 Whitehall, MI 49461-9723
 Cincinnati, OH 45243
 Mason MI 48854
 Spring, TX 773-73-6516
 Shoreview, MN 55126-8607
 Stanwood, MI 49346
 Castroville, TX 78009
 Farmington Hills, MI 48336
 Moore, OK 73160
 San Antonio, TX 78239
 Ridgeway, PA 15853-0467
 Mt. Pleasant, TX 75455-3453
 Abingdon, MD 21009
 St. George, UT 84770-5561
 Duluth, GA 30136-357
 Jackson, MO 63764
 Richboro, PA 18954
 Springfield, IL 62704-5402
 Palm Beach, FL 33480-5745
 North Babylon, L.I. NY 11704
 Osceola Mills, PA 16666-1135
 Stafford, TX 77477
 Philadelphia, PA 19152-3310
 Neatt Bay, WA 98357
 New Port Ritchey, FL 34654
 Lehigh Acres, FL 33936
 Vale, NC 28168
 Sayre, PA 18840
 Trenton, MO 64683-2033
 Vero Beach, FL 32966
 Blaine, MN 55434-1376
 Hermansville, MS 39086-9801
 Lincoln, NE 68508-1424
 Westbrook, ME 04092-3601
 Cleveland, OH 44134
 Harrison AR 72601
 Frederick, MD 21701
 San Jucinto, CA 92583
 Lyndon, KS 66451-0436
 Wausau, WI 54403
 Bronx, NY 10461
 Seattle, WA 98119
 New Market, VA 22844

102 HQ Clay D. Van Horn
 406-M Clifford Vaughan
 405-HQ 3 Jack M. Vorhies
 405-CN Franklin Waters
 406-B Edward J. Weinstein
 407-F Douglas Wells
 406-M Henry H. Wells
 406-M Hugh West
 407-F Ken Westerbeck
 405-M Olan Wolfe
 407-F John Yates
 405-B William Worley
 927 FA-A Charles Zell
 407-A John Zelsky

1610 24th Rd.
 8417 Hwy 14
 4211 Waterbrook Way
 16678 Bringard Dr.
 301 Cambridge Rd., Apt. 203
 363 Duke of York Ct. NW
 264 Southern Circle
 1600 Westbrook Ave., Apt. 342
 3816 Maryknoll Dr.
 557 Villa
 RR 2, Box 350A
 125 Wampler Rd.
 3041 Community Drive
 148-10 259th St.

Lyons, KS 67554-8857
 Lake Arthur, LA 70549
 Greenwood, IN 46143-9310
 Detroit, MI 48205-1540
 Hollywood, FL 33024-1161
 Comstock Park, MI 49321-8786
 Gulfport, MS 39507
 Richmond, VA 23227-3317
 Dayton, OH 45429-4505
 Grand Junction CO 81504
 Garnett, KS 66032-9186
 Briston, YN 37620
 Reading, PA 19607-2014
 Rosedale, NY 11422

The following are Ozarks who have recently been found.
 The letter "N" at the right of their name indicates that. An "R" shows they've paid their 1994 dues. Let's congratulate the unit coordinators for the great job they're doing!

406-I	ALSPAUGH	JANES		4311 E. 55th STREET	TULSA	OK. 74135	()	N
406-I	BAILEY	GLENARD		101 FOOT STREET	LINDEN	NC. 28356	()	N
381 FA-SER	BARCLAY	EDGAR	MARIAN	4318 57th STREET	LUBBOCK	TX. 79413	(806) 792-9125	N
406-M	BARTLETT	WILLIAM		R. R. 1 P. O. BOX 465	GREENE	NY. 13778	()	N
406-CN	BENKAIN	ARTHUR		654 COSTA DEL MAR	SANTA BARBARA	CA. 93103	()	N
406-I	BERNARDO	SAMUEL		1206 SPANGLER STREET N.E.	CANTON	OH. 41714	()	N
406-HQ2	BOATRIGHT	WILLIAM		1002 S. CARTY STREET	SALEM	MO. 65560	(314) 729-3586	N
406-CN	BREBN	DONALD		4705 S.W. LORNE COURT	PALM CITY	FL. 34990	(407) 286-3961	N
406-HQ2	CARMBIA	ANTHONY		456 LEBE'S ISLAND ROAD	BRANFORD	CT. 06405	()	N
405-B	CHESSLO	CHESTER	LUCILLE	R.D. 1, BOX 11	DILLINER	PA. 15327	(412) 324-2341	N
406-HQ2	CLIPPER	MARK		250 NEMACOLIN ROAD	CARNICHAELS	PA. 15320	(412) 966-9153	I
406-M	COGGINS	WILLARD		ROUTE 66 BOX 222	CULLOWHEE	NC. 28723	(704) 743-3218	N
406-I	COLEMAN, D.D.S.	JAMES	EDITH	5336 BARDWELL AVENUE	RIVERSIDE	CA. 92506	(909) 684-8967	R
407-HQ	COTE	WILFRID	KRISTINE	704 S. FILBERT STREET	STOCKTON	CA. 95205-7127	(209) 466-1268	N
406-HQ3	CRAVEN	COLON		P. O. BOX 611	RAMSEUR	NC. 27316	(910) 824-2237	N
379 FA-B	CREECH	GLIDEVILLE		P. O. BOX 15891	BATON ROUGE	LA. 70895	()	N
406-HQ2	DAGER	RICHARD		1600 CARIBOU COURT	MARIETTA	GA. 30066	(404) 971-5975	N
406-HQ2	DAVIS	RABERN		1400 FM509 P. O. BOX Q 921	SAN BENITO	TX. 78586-9730	(210) 399-7876	N
927 FA-HQ	DE THOMAS	ARTHUR		RD #2, BOX 296 MORGANZA ROAD	CANONSBURG	PA. 15317	()	R
406-L	DEMPSEY	HERSCHELL		2828 MACKINTOSH ROAD	OXFORD	AL. 36203	(205) 831-0609	N
406-CN	DORF	WILLIAM		3038 HILL STREET	WILNETTE	IL. 60091	(208) 251-9038	N
102-QM	DOWNNEY	MRS. CHARLES EDITH		11211 KEMPS MILL ROAD	WILLIAMSPORT	MD. 21795	()	A W
406-CN	FISHER	MARVIN		BOAT LAUNCH RD. P.O. BOX 45	WILLSBORO	NY. 12996	(518) 963-8806	N
406-M	FLANEGAN	EDWARD		420 26th STREET	GREAT FALLS	MT. 50405	(406) 452-5497	N
406-HQ2	FULMER	HARRY		619 MC CREIGHT STREET	BASTROP	LA.	(318) 281-4470	N
406-HQ2	GAITHER	FERRY		512 HEDRICK DRIVE	STATESVILLE	NC. 28677	(704) 872-1222	N
327 ENG-C	GAWKOWSKI, SR.	WALTER		2307 BLISSFIELD CT.	MUSKEGON	MI. 49441	(616) 780-2278	N
406-HQ2	GIESEMANN	GEORGE		24736 - 389th STREET	LA MOTTE	IA. 52054	(319) 773-2427	N
379 FA-B	GLASSCOCK, JR.	LUTHER	RUBY	HC88 BOX 1-D	HARNED	KY. 40144	() 756-2082	R
406-I	GLOVER	ELWYN		1804 N. IRENE	STIOUX CITY	IA. 51105	(712) 255-2513	N
406-CN	HALPERN	PHILLIP		20808 ESTATES DRIVE	FLUSHING	NY. 11360	(718) 352-1923	N
NONE	HANNERSCHNITT USAR	COL WM(BILL)		2300 STERLING POINT DRIVE	CHESTERFIELD	MO. 63005	()	A C
327 MED-C	HELMUTH	LAWRENCE		THIRD AVE.E.#3 SPRING LAKE ES	BELTON	MO. 64012	()	N

405-G	HILL	CARROL	DORIL	P. O. BOX NO 119	MEADOW VALLEY	CA. 95965	(916) 283-2805	N
406-M	HOPE	EDDIE		138 PINE POINT DRIVE	LEXINGTON	SC. 29072	(803) 359-6297	N
405-C	HORN	NORMAN	VERNA	1030 WESTVIEW DRIVE	ROCHELLE	IL. 61068-1204	()	N
406-M	JACKSON	ALABAMA		7062 W. 200 S	MENTON	IN. 46539	()	N
927 FA-SER	JACKSON	BOBBIE	HELEN	61255 OMO ROAD	NEW HAVEN	MI. 48048	(810) 749-9642	N
379 FA-B	JASPER	C.	ROMONA	1007 SANDRA ROAD	MEMPHIS	TN. 38122-2417	(901) 323-7800	N
406-CN	JOHNSTON	LLOYD		11289 EAST LAW ROAD	NORTH EAST	PA. 16428	(814) 725-5779	N
406-CN	KAPPES	JOHN		3735 ELNORA AVENUE	BALTIMORE	MD. 21213	(410) 485-3391	N
406-HQ3	LAMB	ERNEST		1349 OAKLAND AVENUE	ASHBORO	NC. 27203	()	N
407-B	LEHMIER	ROBERT		400 WEST COURTOIS	ST. LOUIS	MO. 63111	()	N
379 FA-B	LOFLAND	JOSEPH		ROUTE 1 BOX 231	EARLORO	OK. 74840	(405) 273-8753	N
406-I	MARCUN	JOE			ALPHA	KY. 42603	(606) 348-9052	N
406-B	MC CARTY	TEDFORD(TED)		1205 PONCA STREET	ENID	OK. 73701	(405) 234-4067	N
406-HQ1	MC KEENAN	RUDOLPH	VEREL	459 O'NEAL ROAD	LONDON	KY. 40741-9628	(606) 878-1352	R
406-F	MILLER	GORDON		483 POMONA COURT	LIVERMORE	CA. 94550-3443	()	R
405-B	NICHOLSON	WILLIAM		R.R. #4, BOX 7210	ST. CLAIRSVILLE	OH. 43950	(614) 695-1693	R
406-L	OBERST	LEO	JEAN	P. O. BOX 597	EDMORE	MI. 48829-0597	(517) 427-0597	R
406-M	PATTON	GALE		32859 SEAGATE DRIVE #208	RANCHO PALOS-VERDE	CA. 90271	(310) 541-1021	N
102-QM	PIERCE	MILLARD		14916 PLATTSBURG ROAD	KEARNEY	MO. 64060	(816) 628-6778	R
406-H	RBECE	HAROLD		602 16th STREET	HAWARDEN	IA. 51023	(712) 552-2582	N
102-QM	REED	MERLE		5753 LOGANWOOD ROAD	COLUMBUS	OH. 43229	(612) 847-3981	I
406-K	REGAN	JOHN	NATALIE	2023 270th STREET	CALAMUS	IA. 52729	(319) 847-2356	N
102-QM	REIS	LEONARD		53817 HIGHWAY 69	WEST CLIFFE	CO. 81252	()	N
379 FA-C	RUEHLE	DONALD	FRANCES	3152 LA VISTA ROAD	DECATUR	GA. 30033-1436	(404) 636-8242	R
405-HQ	SCHLATTER	GLENN		901 N. LINCOLN	MOUNT PLEASANT	IA. 52641	(319) 385-2862	N
406-M	SCIMENS	NICHEAL		601 ELMWOOD DRIVE	DAVIS	CA. 95616	(916) 756-7234	N
379 FA-B	SCIORTINO	PHILIP		120 SAND STREET	DUNMORE	PA. 18510	()	I
406-M	SCOTT	ARNOLD		P. O. BOX 366-6 FAIR STREET	HOULTON	ME. 04730	()	N
406-M	SCOTT	KARL	ERNESTINE	17 12th STREET	BERLIN	NH. 03570	(603) 752-5569	R
406-M	SEAMAN	BURTON		21 BIRCH HILL ROAD	GREAT NECK	NY. 11020	()	N
379 FA-B	SEIDENSTRICKER	ROY	OVALEE	2855 MISSOURI	ST. LOUIS	MO. 63118	(314) 773-8279	R
407-HQ1	SEYDEL	EARL		748 DEARBORN	IOWA CITY	IA. 52240	(319) 338-2697	N
407-C	SHARER	WILLIAM		514 BRENTWOOD ROAD	MARSHALLTOWN	IA. 50158	()	N
406-M	SHELLEY	CHARLES		212 DEANNE DRIVE	LAKEWOOD	NJ. 08701	()	N
407-A	SIMON	ALVIN		14459 E. REDCLIFF DRIVE	AURORA	CO. 80015	(303) 693-8755	N
405-B	SLENNER	WILLIAM	BETTY	1808 E. DEEP RUN ROAD	MANCHESTER	MD. 21102	(410) 239-7632	R
379 FA-B	SMITH	RAYMOND	LENA	P. O. BOX 211	BOWMANSTOWN	PA. 18030	(215) 377-1322	N
406-HQ2	SMOLINSKI	JOHN		133 LOOPLEY STREET	LUDLOW	MA. 01056	()	N
406-HQ3	SPECTOR	SOLOMON		154 CENTURA	CERRY HILL	NJ. 08003	()	N
407-A	STEGEMANN	HAROLD	AGNES	725 PINE SHOE TRACTOR PIKE	SARASOTA	FL. 33581	(813) 924-9643	N
406-HQ2	STRATTON	DONALD		315 S. JEFFERSON STREET	COLVILLE	WA. 99114	(509) 684-4241	N
406-HQ2	VANDERPOOL	JOSEPH		1307 LOSSON ROAD	CHEEK TOWAGA	NY. 14227	(716) 668-5235	N
405-K	VARGA	STEVE	THERESA	14924 LAPPIN STREET	DETROIT	MI. 48205	(313) 527-9375	R
380 FA-SER	WADE	OLLIS		ROUTE #8 BOX 956	JASPER	AL. 35501	()	N
406-HQ2	WELCH	JIMMIE		1103 W. CAROLINA STREET	PALESTINE	TX. 75001	(903) 729-1094	N
405-H	WHETSTINE	DALE			WELLMAN	IA. 52536	(319) 646-2958	N
407-E	WILLIAMS	ELBERT		ROUTE 7, BOX 105	ROGERS	AR. 72756	()	N
379 FA-C	WILLIAMS	LAWRENCE	ISABELLE	HC-33 BOX 13	HARRISON	AK. 72601	(501) 420-3485	N
405-B	WINTERS	ALBERT	MARTHA	246 LIBERTY LANE	KIRKWOOD	PA. 17536	(717) 529-2916	N
406-HQ2	WOLF	BERNARD		P. O. BOX 21	GRAINFIELD	KS. 67737	(913) 673-4895	N
406-HQ2	ZASTERA	JOSEPH		607 13th AVENUE	TWO HARBORS	MN. 55616	(218) 834-3333	N
327 MED-B	ZATKOWSKI	MICHAEL		421 17th STREET WEST	BABYLON	NY. 11704	(516) 957-0634	N
406-I	ZIMMERMAN	ROBERT	DARLENE	1814 DIAMOND STREET	ANDERSON	CA. 96007	()	N

Ozark Memories



Co. B - 407 th Basketball team

This photo was submitted by Henry W. Burdette, of Freeville, SC who identified the players.
Front Row: sitting (l. to r.) Dean Infante, Anthony Leikauskas and Edward McGrane
Back Row: sitting Henry Fronezak, 1st Lieut. John Owens, James H. Hitt
Standing Back Row: Freeman G. Freels, Henry W. Burdette, John N. Allar and John Mitchell

Accompanying the photo was a copy of a newspaper article which said: Company "B" Upsets Service 23-21." The article went on to say "On February 16, at the Sports Arena, Co. "B" squeezed out a 23 to 21 win over Service Co. Without a doubt, this game, which went into overtime, was one of the hottest played in the league.

At half time Co. "B" was leading 13 to 12.

In the final seconds of regulation time, Co. "B" was leading 21 to 20, when a foul was called on

them. Ashmore sunk the foul shot for Service Co. to knot it up at 21 to 21.

An overtime period of five minutes was called and the game went along to the last ten seconds tied up. Mitchell of the winners, broke away fast and dropped in the winning basket to end the hectic fracas, 23 to 21.

In other games of the night, Co. "F" defeated Co. "G", Hq. and Hq. Co. trounced Co. "C", and Co. "A" lead by Good, easily defeated Co. "D". Lt. Fiers' "D" team was handicapped by players on furlough.

Heerlen, Holland September, 1994

by reporter, Jo Reijnders

A special commission of the city of Heerlen is planning and preparing the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Heerlen. The commission consists of the Tourist Information Board, Heerlen businessmen, Fred Peters of Heerlen, and the press-contact person whom many Ozarks know since he regularly attends Ozark reunions - Jo Reijnders. The provisional program includes the following:

Exhibitions

There will be two exhibitions about the liberation of Heerlen and nearby Hoensbroek (nowadays a part of the city of Heerlen.) The liberation of Heerlen will be shown in the Thermenmuseum (2 blocks from the new Grand Hotel). That's the museum about the Roman history of Heerlen, which many Ozarks saw in 1989 when Ozark memorabilia was on display there. The museum also contains an original Roman bath house (2000 years old) found on this spot during WWII. This museum will show the liberation of Heerlen and also many of the artifacts that you Ozarks presented to Heerlen.

The other exposition is about the liberation of Hoensbroek, a few miles from Heerlen. The exhibition will take place in the medieval Hoensbroek Castle. This is the same castle where Ozarks and men of the 30th Division had a big reception with the burgermaster (mayor) of Heerlen.

Between the two exhibitions an original GMC US Army truck will provide transportation for visitors. Both exhibitions will be bi-lingual, in Dutch and English, and start in August. They will last until October 15, 1994

Heerlen Rest Center

We've found a folder that was handed to the forces in 1944, when Heerlen was the official Ninth U.S. Army Rest Center. The folder shows all the buildings and places where you stayed, or where special shops were, or where special events took place.

Heerlen will try to put special big sign on the outside of all of these buildings, so that you can find

all of the places where you might have visited in 1944/1945. You may remember some of these names. The former Grand Hotel (was 102nd headquarters), the G.I. Round Up Beer Garden (The manager is still alive, and is taking part in the organization of the 1994 celebration!), Sugar Bowl Ice Cream Bar, The Windmill (with PX, dance pavilion, etc.) (a very huge glass building next to the old church), the barber shop opposite the former Grand Hotel, and - last but not least - the places where you stayed during the night: school buildings renamed with names like "Miami Hotel," "Los Angeles Hotel", "Houston Hotel" or "Heerlen - Biltmore", etc.

Alas, the famous showers and bath houses in the coal mines are not there anymore. As you might know, the coal mines are all closed.

September 17, 1994

The big day of the liberation of Heerlen is September 17. This year it is a Saturday, so most Dutch people have a day off. About noon there will be an official part of the festivities. From the Theaterplaza there will be a walk in silence to the memorial-chapel at Akerstreet. From there you would return in the big 'liberation parade' from the memorial to the city hall. Thousands of people will line the streets, and the band will play well known music.

At City Hall there will be an official reception with the mayor, Mr. Sjef Pleumeekers. After the official part you will have an opportunity to visit the exhibits, or return to your hotel, or visit the city-center (Heerlen Rest Center!!)

The evening plans are not finalized yet but they will probably include a dinner and dance evening with 1944 music.

September 18, 1994

On this Sunday there will be a big parade of old horse wagon, carriages, etc. on the streets of Heerlen. It will be well worth seeing.

The city-board is planning this big celebration to celebrate the liberation and to have a big party between liberators and Dutch citizens, In addition, the city-board aims to let people think about actual problems like discrimination, etc.

Please don't forget that your taking part in official events is possible only if you or your group have given each individual's name to the City of Heerlen in advance. That address is:

**City of Heerlen
Mr. Fred Peters
Postbus 1
NL-6400 AA Heerlen
Netherlands**

Everyone is welcome, but because of the organization of such an event, the city needs to know who and how many people will take part in the events.

.....

Group Tours to Heerlen

There are two group tours available to those who are not planning to travel to Heerlen on their own. At last count each group had somewhere over 50 persons signed up to go. If you are still debating about going to these "Freedom Celebration" ceremonies, don't wait any longer. Contact one or both of the travel services listed here and

join the Ozarks who continue to be amazed and thrilled by the gratitude and hospitality of these Dutch people.

**Custom Travel Service, Inc.
Lawyers Building
9800 Watson Rd., Suite 2
Crestwood, MO 63126
1-800-280-0222
Ask for Bob Enkelmann
405th-H Co.**

**Galaxy Tours
P.O. Box 234
Wayne, PA 19087
1-800-523-7287**

If you are going with one of these groups, they will take care of notifying the City of Heerlen. If you are traveling on your own, do send your letter off to Mr. Fred Peters as soon as you know your travel plans. You wouldn't want to miss any of the festivities, as outlined by Jo Reijnders.

.....

It has come to our attention that some Ozarks did not received a membership renewal form. If you did not, please use this form and mail your check (\$10 - Regular, \$102 for Life) with the form to Treasurer, Ralph Baringer, Rt. 7, 966 Standley Rd., Defiance, OH 43512

Information Form for Unit: _____ - _____ 102nd Infantry
(Ozark Code) (Unit designation)

Unit Coordinator (if known) _____ living deceased _____ Date of death _____

Ozarks Name _____ living deceased ____/____/____
(First name) (initial) (Last Name)

Ozark's Member # (If known) _____ Phone Number _____
 living deceased

Spouse's first name (if applicable) _____ living deceased

Street Number or P.O. Box _____
Post Office _____ State _____ Zip+4 _____

Comments (New address, new find, etc.) _____

Source of information _____
(your name & unit; where you got info.)

Send form, if used for new finds or changes, to Unit Coordinator. Unit Coordinators send form to Assist. Division Coordinator. If neither are known, send to John Emerich, Computer Services Liaison, 308 East Derry Road, Hershey, PA 17033

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Dear Mr. Emerich:

By way of introduction, I met you last summer in Grand Rapids. My father, Harold E. Carsey, served in the 405th Service Company with Gene Newman. My sisters and I are now Associate Members of the 102nd Infantry Division.

The purpose of my letter today is to let you know of my availability to assist Veterans who may have a desire to create an account of their specific War stories but who may not have the ability to physically accomplish it themselves.

I have a 486DX33 computer and a Hewlett Packard 550C Color Printer. I have typed and edited manuscripts for a literary agent and do medical transcription at present. I can type from handwritten notes or from cassette tapes. I also have a fax machine.

In this Commemorative year, there seems to be a large amount of interest in World War II. In fact, our local newspaper, the Fort-Myers News-Press, is highlighting Veterans stories each week. Perhaps other locales are also generating interest in this same manner.

Possibly you personally know of men who would like to take advantage of my service, which would be done at a very reasonable cost per page plus the mailing charges involved for the completed manuscript to be returned. Or perhaps there would be a means by which I could contact Regional Chairmen and let them know.

Please advise your thoughts on this. Thank you.

Julia Moore , 382 Apex Street
North Fort Myers, FL 33903
813-995-8875

Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club, Inc.

There is a little known quality-of-life benefit that has been around for our Servicemen, Servicewomen, and Veterans for 74 years, yet very few know about it.

Tucked away in the caverns of midtown Manhattan, it is the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club serving all branches of the Service. It is a small hotel, 29 rooms, with a private club atmosphere and a restricted clientele . . . our military personnel, past and present. It's on Lexington Avenue between 36th and 37th Streets, in the historic Murray Hill section.

The SS&A is a not-for-profit, tax ID# 13-1628214. Our problem is getting the word out. Hopefully you will help us do that by telling people about the SS&A. It is open to retirees, Service Academy and ROTC students, all former active personnel and dependents 12 and over.

The cost is \$30 a night per person weekends and holidays. There are special rates on weekdays and for two or more guests, and for extended stays. Call toll-free, 1-800-678-8443, for reservations or Fax 212-683-4374

We are here to serve.

Harry J. Mott, III
Brig. Gen., AUS (Ret)
Executive Director

Dear Big John:

Recently Lyle McClure of 407-L Company died after a long battle with cancer. There are a number of former L Company men that life in the Milwaukee area and attended his funeral. The service was non-sectarian and right out of the American Legion manual of ceremonies. As Past-Commander of the post in Geneva, IL I was privileged to give Lyle's eulogy.

To make a long story short, Lyle was cremated and his ashes are in a vault in a mausoleum. I recently received the 1994 Legion catalogue and it

now features a bronze Legion medallion for a vault which is about 2 1/2 inches in diameter.

Well, the guys want to also put an Ozark emblem on the vault face and I thought of the Ozark pendant that is 1 7/8" in diameter. When we awarded a plaque to Paul Wible in thanks for all he had done for L Company I sent one of those pendants which was mounted on the plaque and it was perfect.

This business of cremation and placing of ashes in a vault is becoming more regular in use, which is why for the first time the Legion catalogue featured the smaller type marker in it's 1994 catalogue. The Ozark pendant is the right size, too.

John Wilson K & L Companies
627 Forest View Drive
Geneva, IL 60134

(John asked for, and received, an Ozark pendant from the new supply purchased by Jim McGinnis for the reunions. If anyone else is interested, the cost is \$10 plus postage.)

Allied Invasion Tape

We have Jim Harris to thank for the gift of a VCR tape of the 9th Army and the Allied Invasion. We'll bring this along to the Denver Reunion for "show and tell."



Dear John:

I enlisted in the Army Nov. 17, 1942 and a short time later arrived at Camp Maxey and was assigned to the 406-A. Zeno Ponder was our cadre platoon sgt., Lt. Lawson our platoon leader and Capt. Iverson our company commander, replaced after awhile by 1st Lieut. Costa. I attained the rank of cpl. in short order, rifle squad leader and was asked to form a light machine gun squad. I chose four men who had been Boy Scouts and we were the best in our regiment.

In May of 1943 I was given permission to test for a transfer to the Air Corps. I passed, and shortly before the Division left for the Sabine River area for

maneuvers, I left for the Air Corps.

I graduated from navigation school and was commissioned in October 1944. After further B-17 and group training our newly formed replacement crew arrived in England Feb. 1, 1945 and joined the 486th Bomb Group 8th Air Force. We were shot down April 17, 1945 on our way to bomb Dresden. All 9 crew members bailed out, all were captured, none were injured but were roughed up by civilians.

I joined the 102nd OZARKS as a Life Member and have been reading of the heroics and exploits of my former Division in the OZARK Notes. What a proud record of achievement. I must remark that my infantry training was a most valuable asset in the Air Corps and later as a POW.

I am 70 and retired and head an all-volunteer group dedicated to building the National POW Memorial Museum. The museum will honor all Americans held as POWs in all of our nations conflicts. Those OZARKS that were POWs might be interested in this project and you have my permission to publish the information in the OZARK Notes.

Carl Runge
1020 Wordsworth DR.,
Roswell, GA 30075

Carl has sent along an article from the "Atlanta Constitution" which says that 80,000 Americans have been held prisoner on foreign soil since the beginning of World War II.

"It is to remember our POWs that the National Park Service and The Friends of Andersonville, a volunteer group, are working to build a world-class museum at Andersonville, designated by an act of Congress in 1970 "to provide an understanding of the overall prisoner-of-war story ... to interpret the role of the prisoner-of-war camps in history, to commemorate the sacrifice of Americans who lost their lives in such camps and to preserve the monuments located within the site."

"This memorial is located at Andersonville, where 12,912 headstones standing shoulder-to-shoulder mark the graves of Americans who died in this POW camp in the Civil War. The graves are a reminder of the tragedy and disgrace shared by

mated 26,000 Confederates and 30,000 Union troops died in each other's camps.

"On these historic and hallowed grounds, now serenely beautiful, an often forgotten group of Americans will be remembered for their dedicated and silent service to our country.

"The new museum — a joint national, state and private project — will be the primary educational source for telling the POW story throughout our history and a memorial that all American can view with reverence."

For more information about the memorial you may write to Fred Boyles, Superintendent, National Park Service, Andersonville National Historic Site, Andersonville, GA 31711 or phone 912-924-0343. Contributions may be sent to: POW Memorial, Andersonville National Historic Site, Andersonville, GA 31711.



Luther C. Miller, 327 Eng-C, is in a long term care facility in York, PA according to his daughter, Shirley Starner, of Venice, FL. Luther could receive notes from former buddies at 1770 Bailey Rd., York, PA 17404.



Howard Knox had a phone call from **Robert Jackson, 380-FA-C**, and he said he was listed in "Taps" of the last Ozark Notes but he's not dead.

The mix-up might be that he lost his wife in the last year.

"I told him that you boys were the ones that would fix things back like they were." (We like this kind of good news. Welcome back, Robert!)

Jim McGinnis had a phone call from Mrs. **Wm. J. Seman, 102 QM**, of Saginaw, MI who reported that notice of her husband's death (Vol. 46, #2) is greatly exaggerated. He is alive and in a nursing home. Another goof we are happy to correct.



Scholarship Applications

To be eligible for a scholarship, the applicant's father or grandfather must have been an active member of the 102nd Infantry Division during the period from August 1942 – March 1946 and must be a dues-paying member of the Association. If deceased, he must have been a dues-paying member at the time of his death.

Five references are requested. If less than three of those named answer our letter of request, the application will not be considered. The applicant should contact proposed references prior to submitting their names to determine that they will reply.

Applications (available from General William Douglas) must be filled out completely, with all questions answered. More pages may be added if your information requires them. Include a recent (no more than 6-month old) photograph and a transcript of your latest grades.

The applicant must submit a statement, in his/her own handwriting — 50 words or less — stating why he/she would like a 102d Infantry Division Association Scholarship.

Individuals who receive scholarship awards are not eligible for further consideration. Those not accepted on initial application may be reconsidered until he/she enters the junior year of college. To be reconsidered, the applicant must write a letter to the chairman of the scholarship committee indicating a desire to keep his/her application active. Attached to that letter should be a copy of transcripts of subjects and grades, and information regarding current school and community activities.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATION:

Applications must be postmarked no later than May 20 of the year submitted. Applications postmarked after that date will not be considered. Get application form from — and return to — Gen. Wm. R. Douglas, Scholarship Chmn, 1821 Shackleford Rd., Nashville, TN 37215

CROSSING THE ROER PARTY

On Tuesday, February 22, 1994 the troops started to arrive at the Day's Inn in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. By Thursday, over 100 people were there and 147 enjoyed the Saturday night banquet.

That dinner was an all-you-can-eat buffet with three entrees, and everyone seemed to enjoy the meal. Dinner was started off by Bob Duffy, who gave a great invocation. After dinner Howard Knox answered questions about the Denver Reunion and then General Reed gave a **very** lively speech on an array of subjects. As always, he was terrific.

Bart and I would like to invite everyone to attend the party next year. The dates will be February 21 through Feb. 26, 1995.

You'll come, you hear! Again, I would like to stress that this is not a Division Association sponsored event. It's just a bunch of good people getting together.

I would like to have copies of pictures taken at this year's parts, so we can make some posters for display.

Thank you.

George Hagerly

8420 Hegerman St. Phila, PA 19136

Rosters

Rather than raise the dues to cover the thousands of dollars needed to print and mail a roster to everyone on the Ozark membership list, we are offering one to those who really want one by

enclosing this coupon.

We will print in July only those we've received orders for. Your roster, ordered by July 1, will be mailed so you will receive it before the Reunion.

ROSTER ORDER FORM

The 1994 OZARK ROSTER contains the names and addresses of our over 3,000 paid members and the names and addresses (as we know them) of all other living Ozarks. To receive your copy, complete this coupon and send with your check for \$5 made out to the 102nd Inf. Div. Assoc. BEFORE JULY 1.

Name _____

Ozark Member Number (from your label) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Mail to: John Emerich, Computer Service Liaison
308 East Derry Road, Hershey, PA 17033

Only a limited number of rosters will be printed. To be sure of getting one, ORDER NOW.



Name	Hometown	Unit	Date of death
Agnew, Herman L.	Seminole, TX	406-M	9/4/84
Anderson, Harvey C.	Beaver Dam, WI	407-Serv.	12/4/93
Avery, Oliver A.	Brattleboro, VT	405-CN	1991
Bagel, John	Cincinnati, OH	405-Serv.	9/17/93
Ball, William P.	Shellsburg, PA	407-Serv.	8/15/89
Barone, Al	Tuxedo Park, NY	381 FA-C	11/24/93
Bauer, Delvin W.	Jefferson, IA	407-K	1/30/94
Berkley, Thomas J.	Avoca, IA	327 Eng-A	1/21/94
Blau, Ken	Hallendale, FL	406 HQ-3	6/14/93
Booth, Oakie	Auxier, KY	102 QM	Unk.
Bracey, Smith W.	Williamsville, IL	406-M	1/6/93
Bremer, Franklin D.	Staplehurst, NE	406 HQ-1	3/12/87
Burinskas, Andrew	Stuart, FL	927 FA-C	8/19/93
Cardwell, Francis L.	Baltimore, MD	327 Med-B	Unk.
Carnine, Gail H.	Charleston, OR	406-G	2/14/94
Carrier, Roland H.	Biddleford, ME	406-M	9/19/90
Celina, Joseph J.	Evansville, IN	407 A/T	9/21/93
Champagne, Ernest C.	New Haven, CT	405 HQ I&R	1/11/94
Ciesinski, Chester	Minneapolis, MN	327 Med-A	10/20/81
Clark, Raymond H.	Loveland, CO	327 Med-A	4/10/82
Clifford, Gaulene	Temple, TX	407 HQ	10/30/93
Coleman, Paul A.	Rosedale, MA	406 HQ-1	Unk
Cook, Ernest J.	Des Moines, IA	405-C	1/30/94
Cook, Francis	Sullivan, IL	327 Med-D	12/21/93
Diaz, Jose S.	Ft. Madison, IA	405-K	12/27/93
Dlugo, Robert T.	Bridgeport, CT	406-CN	1990
Dietrich, Charles R.	Lutlow, KY	406-I	9/90
Doerfler, Regis B.	Blawnox, PA	407-C	1/1/94
Drayton, Allen	Foxboro, MA	407-M	1/10/94
Dreibrodt, Roy	Geronimo, TX	405-G	12/30/93
Dymniosky, Stephen	Newark, NJ	405-B	4/8/82
Eberl, George E.	Kersey, PA	102 QM	Unk
Ellard, George F.	Everett, MA	406 HQ-2	7/12/82
Elliott, Howard T.	Ft. Meyers, FL - Collona, MI	405-G	12/6/93
Escamilla, Francisco Jr.	Sinton, TX	406-H	2/19/81
Fagg, Alva	Terre Haute, IN	405-E	4/26/93
Ferris, Deeb D.	N. Vasselboro, ME	405-B	9/23/80
Fuller, William	Pineville, LA	407-I	12/4/93
Fulton, Henry E.	Freeport, NY	405-H	1/2/92
Gibson, Herbert C.	Denver, CO	406-I	1/28/85
Gillespie, Harry D.	Denver, CO	407-Serv.	2/23/92
Godwin, Irwin W. Jr.	Des Moines, IA	406-C	9/13/70
Goodwin, Francis	Warsaw, VA	406-A	1947
Hall, Robert S.	N. Andover, MA	407-D	Unk
Handwerk, Stanley O.	Slaington, PA	406 HQ-3	5/28/93
Haynes, Junious T.	Hardinsburg, KY	406HQ-1	7/29/93
Heap, Jack V.	Ottumwa, IA	405-M	12/20/93
Jacoby, Henry	Windsor, CO	405 A/T	1984

me with his pistol, and the fractured German poured forth, as the wounded POW nodded in agreement. After the medics rushed down the hill, rolled the wounded prisoner onto the stretcher and hurried into Frelenberg, I hurried over to another abandoned out-building to check it for possible German patrols and then relieve myself, thanking the Good Lord that our mission had been successful.

At this moment other disconcerting sounds reached my ears and the terror returned. Had we run into one of those rumored Kraut patrols hunting for Americans to capture? The sound of metal against metal rang through the night. Were we back at the Las Vegas strip again?

Radar had neglected to inform me that another squad he had commandeered was frantically working to dig the jeep from the mud. It seemed like hours later that the group of us were able to lift the jeep from the mud and turn it around, to be pushed silently (I thought) back into Frelenberg. Not on your life! To climax this adventure, Radar vaulted into the driver's seat, gunned the motor, and raced back into Frelenberg, sending a message to Adolph's best still located in Geilenkirchen that there was no combat soldier like an OZARK. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

From that day forward I realized that anyone who purports to have been a front line combat infantryman and swears that he was never truly terrified is a FLIPPIN DAMN LIAR!!

Epilogue

On my 1979 return trip to Germany after WWII with fellow members of the OZARK Infantry Association, we retraced our route through the heartland of Europe from Heerlen, Holland through Checkpoint Alpha to Tangermunde on the Elbe. We made an historic stop in Frelenberg and Geilenkirchen. We were entertained by a Count, a former officer of the Wehrmacht in his rebuilt chateau. There, after coffee and Damson plum torte, we were briefed in the living room of the chateau by a former German Major who had fought against us in that area. Suffice to say that his briefing of that time differed radically from the battles in the area documented by Ken Ford in his book: "The Assault on Germany, The Battle for Geilenkirchen."

The chateau, by the way, was the site of my

introduction to combat by the late Owen "Radar" Carroll, who finished his career in the military as a Lieut. Colonel. Radar and I were reunited at the 405th Reunion in Reno, where I recounted this story to him and took credit for his later ascent to Lt. Col. Radar, of course, had forgotten the entire incident. R.I.P., Radar. You were the only person on earth who could have testified that "The White Tornado" was once so terrified that he couldn't speak, and now had forgotten the entire incident.



Ozark officer captured 10/31/44, now hears from German officer

by 2nd Lt. Marvin Danielson, HQ-407-A

Something has happened in the past two years I would like to tell you about. I was captured by the Germans October 31, 1944 near Bergan, Germany while on a combat patrol. I was hit and could not get back to our Division lines. I was picked up at daylight by German soldiers. We had been pinned down by heavy small-arms fire in a German mine-field. Several were killed, some wounded, and a few got back to our lines.

I then went through the process of being interrogated, etc., and finally wound up in Oflag 64 near Szwejn, Poland. On January 22, 1945 Oflag 64 was overrun by the Russians. Those of us who could not walk were left behind in Odessa on the Black Sea. From there we went by a British ship to Cairo, Egypt, to a U.S. Army General Hospital. I wound up back in the U.S. on Easter Sunday 1945.

About two years ago Sgt. Tamarato, who was on the same patrol but not captured, sent me a letter he received through the 102nd Division Assoc. concerning a German officer who wanted to get in contact with anyone who was on this patrol on October 31st as he would like to correspond with him.

The German has written to me and I have returned a letter. He has sent aerial pictures of the area near Bergan and many details. He was in charge of laying the mine field we were caught in. He is very apologetic for the senseless war and wishes to keep contact.

It blows my mind how this could happen after 50 years. I thought you may be interested.

Johnson, Alvin	Minneapolis, MN	407 CN	8/12/93
Joy, Arnold C.	Wilton, ME	406 HQ-2	6/21/93
Kiebusch, Gordon F.	Buffalo, NY	406-I	1970s
Killinger, Ervesco	Raytown, MO	927 FA-A	3/12/93
Kusch, Donald	Williamsburg, MI	405-Med.	12/10/93
Lane, Charles F.	Ironton, OH	406 HQ-2	6/3/87
LaPointe, John D.	Portland, ME	927 FA-Serv.	1987
Laux, Larry	Mt. Morris, MI	406-C Med.	12/93
Leach, Walter G.	S. Dayton, NY	102 Recon.	10/9/84
Lee, John A.	Centerville, IA	406-L	11/24/93
Lewter, Claude	Ardmore, AL	407-M & K	12/4/93
Lifer, John W.	Clinton, MS	407-D	1993
McClure, Lyle	Brookfield, WI	407-L	1993
McCracken, Furney E.	Conway, SC	406-I	1960s
Miller, Milton, R	Dover, NH	407 Serv.	1980
Moody, Willis	Muncie, IN	405-G	10/9/93
Moore, Lewis W.	Maquokete, IA	407 HQ-3	12/19/93
Munn, William C.	Pulaski, PA	380 FA-A	11/23/93
Naylor, Albert Jr.	Fordyce, AR	407-Serv.	Unk.
Oliver, John W.	Scituate, MA	927 FA-A	1/13/94
Peters, Billy	Olympia, WA	407-D	7/13/93
Phinney, Alton	Milbridge, ME	407 Med	1993
Popejoy, Norris A.	Inkster, MI	407-D	Unk
Radatz, Clifford R.	Port Huron, MI	397 FA-HQ	1/16/94
Raney, Edward W.	Holland, KY	102 QM	Unk.
Rex, Charles E.	Frankfort, NY	102-QM	1984
Smith, John J.	Visalia, CA	407-I	4/90
Summers, Harley	Alvord, TX	380 FA-B	11/18/93
Szmergalski, Raymond	Orland Park, IL	406 HQ-2	2/7/90
Tuggle, John C.	Roopville, GA	406-I	1970s
Tumbleson, Walter	Mt. Arab, OH	406 HQ-1	9/93
Weaver, Travis	Grapevine, TX	407-G	12/2/93
Westgate, Paul D.	Niles, MI	379 FA-B	5/22/93
Whetstine, Dale A.	Wellman, IA	405-H	2/24/94
White, Harold E.	Ft. Worth, TX	407-HQ	10/31/93
Winder, Ernest H.	Meadowview, VA	407-L	1986
Wolk, Joseph	N. Huntingdon, PA	406	12/17/78
Yost, Cyril	Fostoria, OH	407-G	7/21/93
Zager, Frank	Farrell, PA	407-B	9/25/93

Hubertuscross Meeting

We had a call from Dick Fenstermacher telling us that the date given in the last Notes for the Hubertus Cross meeting was **wrong**. (We had reported it as October 10.) Dick called Klaus Marcus in Germany to verify it, and we now have a letter from Konrad Kreiten, saying **Oct. 7 to 9**.

Friday Oct. 7 German veterans will act as guides on a bus tour leaving Linnich and touring the Hurtgen Forest. Upon return, there is an evening of round table talks at the brewery in Welz.

Saturday, Oct. 8 the program begins with a reception at the church of St. Martinus in Linnich, moves to the Welz brewery for lunch, continues by visiting both the American cemetery at Margraten and the German War Cemetery at Linnich and you end the day with a social gathering in the city Hall of Linnich.

Sunday, October 9 - there is a Field Mass at 11:00 at the Hubertuscross Monument on the road from Linnich to Lindern. If you had planned to attend, we're sorry for shaking up your itinerary. If you think you can attend, do try. It will be a warm and moving occasion.



102nd Infantry Division Association
"The Ozarks"

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OZARK CHORUS TAPE MADE

Jim McGinnis has a tape made of records cut by the Ozark Chorus some 50 years ago. The records were the find of Les Polk (379 FA-HQ) who was jeep driver to the captain of the chorus.

Of course, old record scratches come thru in places, but it is surprising how much of the 45-minute tape is really good. There were some great voices in that Ozark Chorus. Does anyone remember names, or have photos of chorus members? Were there programs? Tell us what you remember.