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THE TWENTY-NINER

Vol. 61, No. 2
Summer 2017

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Exhibits open in Maryland & Virginia commemorating the 100th anniversary of US entry into the "Great War"

It was a dark, gray morning and the rain was falling in bucketfuls. I quickly ran out to the front walk and grabbed my morning *Baltimore Sun*.

When I opened the paper everything became brighter. There on the front page was a prominent article about the momentous occasion that we would mark on this day.

The date was April 6, 2017; the 100th anniversary of the US entry into World War I and the article featured

the grand opening of the new WW I exhibit at the Maryland Museum of Military History honoring the men and women of Maryland who served during this war.

The article quoted our own Joe Balkoski who indicated, "The army we know today – the Maryland we know today – was made in 1917." Congress established Camp Meade in May and Aberdeen Proving Ground in October.

The 29th Infantry Division was organized for

the first time that summer and would ultimately serve on the Western Front in 1918. They participated in the Meuse-Argonne offensive along with

"Baltimore's Own," the 313th Infantry Regiment that ultimately led to German capitulation.

The 29th Division suffered substantial casualties but achieved all of their objectives in three weeks – unheard of in this war of stalemate and stagnation.

Promptly at 1000, at the Fifth Regiment Armory

on the Parade Floor, the Maryland National Guard Honor Guard marched out presenting the colors as the Maryland Defense Force Band under the direction of Jari Villanueva played the national anthems of Great Britain, France, and the United States.

The official party led by MG Linda Singh, the Adjutant General of Maryland, and Lt. Governor Boyd Rutherford followed and provided brief re-

(Continued on page 15)



Joe Balkoski, right, historian of the 29th Division Association, and Executive Director of the Maryland Museum of Military History introduces the WWI Exhibit to Maryland Lt. Governor Boyd Rutherford.

Veteran voucher program will again be offered to our WWII veterans

After several decades, the Annual Convention and Reunion of the 29th Division Association will return to the Land of Pleasant Living. Headquarters will be at the Delta Hotels by Marriott Baltimore Hunt Valley, 245 Shaw Road, Hunt Valley, Maryland 21031. The annual reunion begins on Thursday, October 12 and runs through Sunday, October 15.

The National Executive Committee

unanimously approved at its June meeting that all World War II veterans receive a \$500.00 voucher to attend the convention/reunion.

The voucher is in the form of a check that may be used toward travel, hotel and banquet expenses. To apply for a voucher contact National Executive Officer William Mund at 443-529-4233 or e-mail him at duster197329@gmail.com.

All veterans are encouraged to attend and celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the 29th Division.

Check-in will begin on Thursday at 1400 hours or earlier if a room is available. If you're planning to arrive early, the Association's registration table and Hospitality Room will be open beginning at 1300.

The Hospitality Room will also be open

(Continued on page 11)

MESSAGE FROM:

National Commander – Robert E. Wisch

The highest honor of every National Commander of the 29th Division Association is to place the association's wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

On Saturday, June 10th, I had the privilege of that distinct honor. I asked World War II veteran Steve Melnikoff, C Company of the 175th Regiment, and LTC Charles Reinhold, of the 29th Division HQ at Fort Belvoir, to assist me.

These two men represented the greatest generation and the present generation of 29ers defending our freedom.

I am very thankful to the many members of the 29th Division Association and their guests for joining me at the Arlington National Cemetery. Particularly, I would like to thank the Maryland Region for providing a bus and the Director of Arlington National Cemetery for allowing our bus direct access to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

After the wreath laying ceremony,



members and guests from Maryland and Virginia journeyed to Spates Community Center in Fort Myer and enjoyed a delicious plated dinner. I welcomed everyone and LTC Reinhold gave a report on the 29th Division Headquarters deployment.

My term as National Commander is rapidly approaching the end. I only have a few months left before I become a member of the elite club of past commanders. 2017 has been an extremely busy year and I've enjoyed every day as commander.

I have had the opportunity to visit every post in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania and made many new friends. The 29th Division Association is blessed to have the leadership and devotion of members in every post.

In January, I attended the deployment of the 29thCAB at Aberdeen Proving Grounds and in February I attended the funeral of PNC Jack Kutcher and met with the OIC of the 29th Division HQ, LTC Charles Reinhold at Fort Belvoir, VA to discuss plans for the 100th Anniversary of the 29th Division.

During March, I met with a British war bride of a 29er at the Fifth Regiment

Armory in Baltimore and hosted LTC Reinhold's first visit to the 29th Division Museum.

In April I was invited to the dedication of the World War I exhibit at the Fifth Regiment Armory where I had the honor to meet Mrs. Laura Costin Bodie, niece of PFC Henry Costin, who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor in World War I as a member of the 115th Regiment, 29th Division.

Also in April, I accompanied PNC Bob Recker and Post # 1-72 Commander, Houston Matney, during their presentation of donations to the Fisher House and the local USO.

I attended Memorial Day services at the Loudon Park National Cemetery and the Fifth Regiment Armory. Also in May I accompanied members of Post # 1-72 during the presentation of a proclamation from the Baltimore County Executive honoring the 100th Anniversary of the 29th Division.

Our NEC III meeting in June was held at the Pikesville Armory in Baltimore and was very well attended. Among other important issues, a Grant Committee was approved with National Finance Officer, Brian Becker, as Chairman. Also, POW/MIA, a five year old sheepdog, received approval as the official "29th Division Association's Therapeutic Dog."

Finally, please circle October 12-15 on your calendar and make reservations to attend the Convention and Reunion of the 29th Division Association at the Hunt Valley Inn in Hunt Valley, MD as we celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the 29th Division. If you can't stay for three nights, please attend the Blue and Gray Ball and reserve a room for Saturday night.

God Bless America and "29 Let's Go!"

*Robert E. Wisch
National Commander*

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Donations to the *Twenty-Niner*

We extend our heartfelt thanks to our membership for their generosity in contributing to the *Twenty-Niner* for this Summer issue. From March 1, 2017, through July 1, 2017, these donations totaled \$754.00. Note our cut-off time. If your contributions did not reach our National Executive Director by July 1, 2017 then it will not be listed until the next issue. **Donation checks must be made payable to the 29th Division Association.**

Adler, Eric, Post 94, Son, Wappinger Falls, NY

Borosky, Bernard, Post 94, Associate, Muscle Shoals, AL

In memory of Walter Zelosko, A/115

Cresap's Rifles, Post 78 - Frederick, MD

In memory of Jesse Brashears, Jr., A/115

In memory of Leslie Tucker, A/115

In memory of Roy W. Witmer, A/115

In memory of David R. Hoffman, Son

Dreyer, Louis A., Post 29, HHC/115, Concord, CA

Golding, Gordon, Post 94, Son, Paris, France

Guluzzi, Michael, Brother, Charlotte, NC

In memory of his brother Salvatore Guluzzi

Krauss, Michael, Post 1-72, Son, Goldsboro, NC

In memory of his father, PNC Sam Krauss

Linthicum, George E., Post 1-72, C/175, Lutherville, MD

In memory of PNC Jack Kutcher

Martin, Archer, Post 110, HHB/110FA, Penn Yan, NY

Schildt, John W., Post 78, A/115, Sharpsburg, MD

In memory of PNC Jack Kutcher

Sparks, Gary, Post 94,

White, William, Post 110, A&C/110FA, Upperco, MD

French Legion of Honor Recipients

The Editorial Staff of the *Twenty-Niner* and the entire membership of the 29th Division Association congratulate the following veterans who have been awarded the French Legion of Honor. We commend the government of the Republic of France for their noble effort to honor these United States veterans for the courage and sacrifice that these veterans displayed during these most perilous years in the history of mankind.

Cogan, Eugene

B/115 Infantry

Avilla, Indiana

Post 2

Lippincott, Don H.

A/175th Infantry

Houston, Texas

Post 1-72

Lombino, Angelo

K/175th Infantry

Sarasota, Florida

Post 2

Steimel, Joseph H.

K/175 Infantry

North Port, Florida

Post 2

Convention Hotel Reservations

Delta by Marriott

Baltimore Hunt Valley

For reservations call: **888-236-2427**

BE SURE TO REFERENCE: *THE 29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION ROOM BLOCK*

CUT-OFF DATE FOR GETTING THE DISCOUNTED ROOM RATE IS SEPTEMBER 12, 2017.

See page 30 for more Hotel information.

TAPS

The following list shows names of known 29ers and their ladies or family members who died and their deaths reported from March 1, 2017 through June 30, 2017. We are indeed saddened and mourn their passing. We extend our deepest sympathy and love to their families and loved ones. We pray that they and all of our earlier deceased 29ers and ladies may rest in peace. Amen.

LAST ROLL CALL

Baber, James A., III, 29th ID(L), Richmond, VA, 4/29/17
 Bricker, Robert M., Post 2, HQ/227FA, Venice, FL, 6/6/17
 Burgesser, Harold L., Post 729, 729MT, Smithsburg, MD, 3/24/17
 Cardi, Alphonse R., Post 93, HQ/115, Cranston, RI, 3/6/15
 Giese, Charles N., Post 1-72, HQ/104MED, Seattle, WA, 2/2/17
 Groff, Henry A. Jr., Post 78, A/115, Frederick, MD, 4/21/17
 Grossman, Norman, F., Post 93, L/116, Hingham, MA, 3/21/27
 Heinlein, John J., Post 1-72, B/175, Bel Air, MD, 3/16/17
 Hoffman, David R., Post 78, Son, Harrisburg, PA, 3/7/17
 McAllister, Francis A., Post 1-72, D/115, Bel Air, MD, 4/12/17
 Moon, Raymond E., Post 29, F/115, Winter Park, FL, 5/8/17
 Spencer, Larry W., Post 48, A/110FA, Westminster, MD, 3/9/17
 Talbott, Frank J. Jr., Post 1-72, D/175, Nottingham, MD, 3/14/17
 Tucker, Leslie G., Post 78, A/115, Walkersville, MD, 3/23/17
 Vernillo, Michael T., Post 29, HHB/227FA, Pittsburgh, PA, 3/12/17
 Whitaker, Allan B. Jr., G/116, 1/17/17
 Witmer, Roy W., Post 78, A/115, Frederick, MD, 4/5/17

LADIES

Cayce, MaryLou, Wife, Stewartstown, PA, 5/24/17

Please Note:

This is the last *Twenty-Niner* before the convention. Please make note of all

The convention information on pages 30, 38 and 39.

Also read the convention article beginning on page 1. This article describes the events and activities that are planned for this year's convention.

Please join us in October for the 100th anniversary of the formation of the 29th Division.

LEST WE FORGET

It was decided long ago, that as long as two 29ers survive, we shall remember and honor our comrades and ladies who have passed to the great beyond.

You have just read a list of 17 comrades and 1 lady who have died and whose deaths were reported to us since our last publication. This includes 2 comrades who were not members of our association but were members of our 29th family. This is how it should be.

We ask survivors, friends, Post and Regional Officers to forward information, as complete as possible, on the deceased to the National Executive Director, so that we can include them in the next issue of "The Twenty-Niner" and in the National Reunion Memorial Service. This will only be possible with your help.

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Attention!

Post Adjutants & Finance Officers

New member information should be forwarded to National Headquarters as soon as possible. Some posts send the information weeks and in some cases months later.

This results in the new member not receiving the latest issues of the *Chin Strap* and *Twenty-Niner* to which they are entitled. Email this information to Will Mund at duster197329@gmail.com or by telephone to 443-529-4233. To delay their addition to the mailing lists is a disservice to our new member.

Email addresses are an important tool in lowering the cost of sending the *Chin Strap*. We will now be mailing over 900 of them. With the increasing prices of printing, envelopes and postage, the costs will continue to rise. We are now emailing the *Chin Strap* to around 800 members. We feel we can increase that number and ask all posts to canvas their members for email addresses.

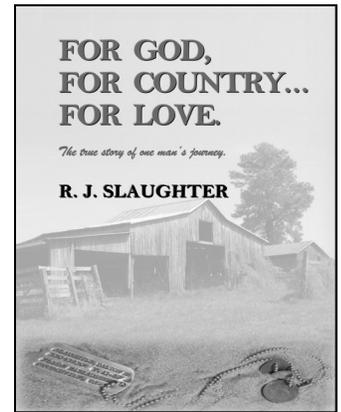
If any member gets a printed copy and would like to get it electronically, email Executive Director Will Mund at duster197329@gmail.com and you will get it quicker and help us reduce costs.

Remember: Do not delay sending in new member information.

Thank you for your cooperation.

We have the pleasure in enclosing a third extract from Robbie Slaughter's book, *For God, For Country ... For Love*, available from the 29th Division Association – all proceeds to the association.

Suffering 111 casualties from their 193 men landing on D-Day, B Company, (116th Rgt) is finally placed in reserve on the 9th June - however being in reserve didn't turn out quite as expected.



For God, For Country ... For Love

Chapter 37 Amongst the Hedgerows

In Reserve, 9th June.

Dalton lay in his foxhole watching a thin layer of cloud slide under a waning moon. The dew was heavy, it covered the rye grass, the clover and the cow parsley which grew along the edge of the hedgerow, it covered the hawthorn and what was left of the May blossom and it covered Dalton's raincoat. He had drawn it up when the enemy had stopped shelling the woods just over to the right of them, but exposed parts of clothing, missed in the darkness of the night, were wet with dew and the underside of the raincoat was damp from his own body. Looking upward, Dalton's view of the sky was restricted by the hedgerow and the bank of soil on which it was planted. The soil bank rose some four feet above the lip of his foxhole and then the dense trunks and stems of the hawthorn grew upward from there. So simple the needs of a plant; light to change the carbon dioxide freely absorbed from the air and water from the earth to produce the glucose it needed for sustenance. If a stem were broken, one would grow to replace it and if a hole was punched through it, the gap would close in time.

Like the British, the French farmers had used hedgerows for hundreds of years to enclose their fields. But in Normandy the hedge was planted on narrow steep sided banks of earth and stone. A resourceful approach, the technique required only the free earth beneath their feet and the hedgerow whips to plant into it. The fields were sometimes less than an acre in area and irregular in shape; the appearance from above being one of a patchwork quilt. Small fields enclosed on all sides by high hedgerow banks, interrupted only by the occasional gate, to allow movement between one field and another or to and from a track.

The hedgerow and its embankment offered the soldiers some protection against incoming fire and the foxholes were dug to run

parallel to it and as close as possible. The soil removed to dig the hole was placed on the other three sides to further impede the shell fragments - the shrapnel. Dalton's foxhole was generally that bit deeper than most; he had shifted soil to gain a livelihood and now he shifted it to keep his life.

The moonlight glanced across the top of a large crowned oak, past the loose soil around Dalton's foxhole and across the toes of his boots as if to peer at him; its face familiar in unfamiliar surroundings. Sleep was hard to come by, what with the mortar attacks on their position late evening and then a serious fire fight some distance to the south which lasted for perhaps an hour. Later, a German machine gun opened up way off to B Company's right flank and then sometime around 3a.m. mortars fell into the nearby woods. After the shelling came the screaming and yelling, followed by the sound of jeeps charging round picking up wounded men and rushing them off for treatment - soldiers on wood and canvas stretchers, strapped to bonnets, who needed to be patched up, limbs removed and faces covered. Being in division reserve was not as Dalton had expected.

In the move to their current position at St. Germain du Pert, B Company had headed down roads, along tracks and crossed fields harassed by small pockets of resistance and sometimes just individual snipers. Arriving at

the village, the regiment had moved into the surrounding countryside. B Company had marched down a road barely wide enough for a truck before turning onto an even narrower farm track. Like the road, the track was bordered by hedgerows. Some two hundred yards down, a gate to the right allowed the company to enter the field in which Dalton now lay. The whole company occupied a line of hedgerow some 300 yards long in an east westerly direction. They had dug into the northern side, its right hand side as looking from the track, with the expectation and hope that the enemy would be to the south of it.

The moon sunk further and the arms of the oak, moving in the light breeze, created dark and changing shapes across its sur-



Dalton Slaughter at age 23

face. The tree acted as a marker for the point where the hedgerow met the track, perhaps it had once grown from it and been allowed to reach its current majestic size, enduring the decades and then the centuries. Ted stood in its shadow, occasionally touching his breast pocket in silent ritual as if to tell his parents and sweetheart that he was still thinking of them. Dalton was confident that the big man would not fall asleep on his two hour watch.

Dalton turned onto his side and reflected on a day that had altogether been very different. After hugging the coast for almost three days they were now heading into the 'hedgerow country' of Normandy - the 'bocage'. The company had dug in for the night and for the first time, were expecting to stop one more. Several promotions had been made and what was even more different was that the company had more men in the evening than in the morning. With all that had happened in the day, together with the night time engagements, sleep came slowly for Acting Squad Leader, Sergeant Slaughter.

What troubled Dalton most was the self doubt, of not being up to the job; that he wasn't a Staff Sergeant Holmes. Dalton considered himself too impulsive to lead men, an NCO had said as much and that's why he hadn't been promoted earlier. The staff sergeants had initially been the older men from the original National Guard units and Dalton felt too young by comparison.

A rifle platoon was divided into three squads of roughly twelve men; normally the squad leader would be a staff sergeant and his assistant a sergeant. However, with just 80 or so survivors and even less of the '42 contingent who had arrived on the Queen Mary, it had been recommended that Pfc's assume squad leader responsibilities on the rank of sergeant. If Slaughter lasted long enough, he might eventually be promoted to the rightful rank of Staff Sergeant. However, official 'Regimental' confirmation of his promotion might in itself take ten days, 'a hell of a long time' under the circumstances. Dalton thought of his mother; of how proud she would be of him, of how proud she had always been of him, even of the little things. Of when he had tied his own boot laces for the first time or found the best fruit in the vegetable garden and presented it to her. Dalton needed his momma now; he was cold and damp, he was further from home than he had ever been in his dreams, he hadn't seen his family for almost two years and his confidence was at an all time low. What would they say to him now? His sister Myrtle would tell him how it was, and that was for sure.

Gradually, from deep down, Dalton drew out of himself that which he already knew but didn't want to accept. For many of the men he had trusted and revered were dead and others had suffered terrible injuries, yet he was very much alive. Dalton knew that he must now lead as they had led him. He was far from being too young, why he was twenty-four years old, not nineteen like many of today's replacement men. He had received several times their training and they had no battle experience. He had much to offer. Lying there under the moonlight Dalton finally convinced himself that he could do the job. Ted had been made his assistant squad leader, also on a sergeant's rank and would be a 'tower of strength' in

every meaning of the word. Dalton finally slipped off to sleep and left his troubled surroundings behind him. In the morning he would have his first taste of leadership, to lead his squad on patrol.

The night of the 9th was the first in enemy territory for the replacement men and they were soon introduced to life in the battle field. Men such as Richmond Bell placed in Slaughter's squad in 3rd Platoon, John Andryka and his buddy Leonard Appleby in 1st Platoon and Ted Broeckling in 2nd Platoon with Charlie Conner and Bob Sales. Lieutenant Taylor thought it a good first day's experience for Broeckling to deal with the bodies of two Germans killed when B Company first occupied the area. Broeckling and another new man were told to drag the corpses to a shed in the yard of a farmhouse just behind where B Company was positioned. They buried them in the dirt floor as instructed, camouflaging the hole with hay and straw and after finishing, Ted wondered if the bodies would ever be found.

Another replacement man lying in his foxhole during the late evening mortar attack had a shell land right in the hole with him. It didn't explode; the fins simply cut his legs as the shell embedded itself in the soil. Leonard Appleby however, lost his life in that first engagement with the enemy. One of Dalton's new men asked him, "What's it like out here?" when he arrived early evening.

"A walk in the park," Dalton replied with a grin, remembering some of the comments on the Empire Javelin the evening before the invasion. But then gave a long list of do's and don'ts to the worried soldier, barely nineteen years old. "Remember your training ... keep your head down ... always keep your helmet on, day or night ... watch what the experienced guys do and don't ever move out of the darker shadows at night. We'll talk some more tomorrow," Dalton said realising that the replacement man was becoming overwhelmed.

Next morning Dalton came across his body, shot in the side of the head by a sniper. He had gone for a nature call and had crept onto the track to find somewhere more private. The 'older hands' wouldn't move an inch for such a trivial matter. A momentary clearing of cloud cover, the glint of the moon, a moving patch of lighter grey, a minor reflection from spectacles or a helmet; such small changes could reveal a man to a sniper at night.

The new men were at a distinct disadvantage and their turnover rate was already proving to be much higher. Of the replacement men allocated to B Company on the 9th, there was one in particular who Dalton thought would survive and that was Richmond Bell. Bell had soon heard the mortar shells that evening and was in his foxhole a good half a second before the others had even reacted. Bell not only had quick reactions, he was clever and had made it his business to know about tactics and armoury. On arriving he immediately volunteered to be platoon tank grenadier. Some thought him stupid because this meant having to carry a grenade launcher and a couple of anti-tank grenades and not least, to be the one who had to stand and fire at a tank. But Bell knew something they didn't. The grenade launcher attached to the

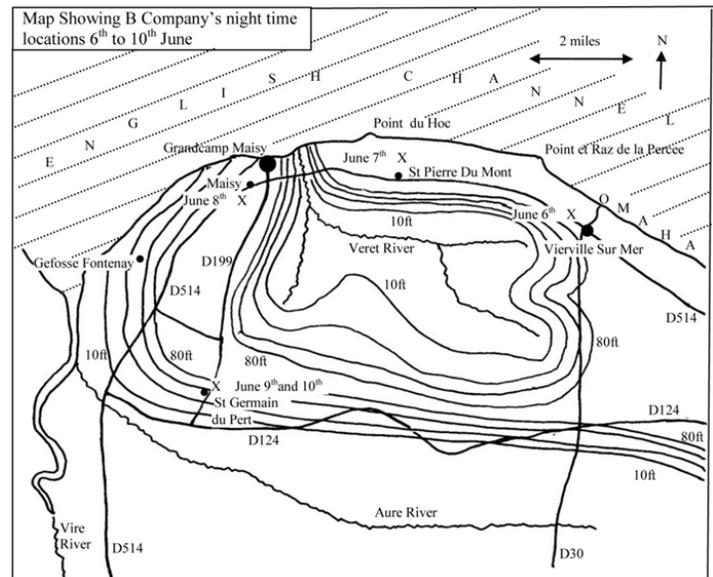
end of an M1 rifle, rather like a bayonet and Bell left it attached all the time. The Germans used a smokeless powder which made it difficult to detect where they were, but the US rifles issued a small puff of smoke which gave the Germans a distinct advantage in locating them. When Bell fired his rifle however, no smoke was released, for a grenade launcher prevented it.

Chapter 38 First Patrol

In Reserve, 10th June.

Dalton peered along the farm track, checking in both directions before stepping out from the protection of the hedgerow. Ted brought up the rear and the six men, in two rows of three, moved cautiously southward over the grass patches and rutted muddy surface. The whole squad would have attracted too much attention; Dalton had picked out half his men, a mix of replacements and old hands. He would have taken Marshmallow but he was complaining of a bad ankle. The track ran level for a hundred and fifty yards or so before rising for the next hundred. The hedgerow embankments on either side of the track gave the impression of a 'sunken road'. The bank, the unwieldy hedgerow and the larger trees growing out of it, made the men feel as though the vegetation was closing in; squeezing the two columns of soldiers closer together. In places the branches of trees growing on one side arched over and met the branches from the other; creating a broken tunnel where the breaks allowed light to crash in and dazzle the men with surges of green and its multiple shades. The thicker branches scraped and snaked past each other as though conspiring to trap the strangers now entering their domain. The wind had dropped and try as they might, unwanted noises emanated - noises magnified by the tension they all felt. Who was more nervous, the new squad leader or the replacement men? Dalton led on the right, on his left walked Greg, one of the 'old hands' who always left his chin strap undone. Told so many times whilst training to fix it, yet unclipped it again as soon as he wasn't being watched and had gotten into trouble almost as often as Drummer. If he ran fast it sometimes fell off, when he dived for cover it always fell off, but when he had sex, he claimed he 'strapped it on tight'. The young, tense faced replacement men kept looking everywhere, whilst the old hands on the right watched only the right and trusted the others to watch the other flank. Ted checked behind and followed, checked and followed. The air was even cooler in the cover of the foliage. The ancient gnarled oaks and thorns shadowing the track provided dense cover. Generations of farmers had passed them by, toiling their way up the incline, to work in the fields, to check their cattle and make a life worth living. The combined ages of the passing strangers could not match their years, not even their combined ages at death, for the roots of the trees ran deep and safe.

Ted was dropping further behind as he became ever more worried about having passed the enemy and being raked by machine gun from the rear. He also checked above him in the trees, for he knew that snipers were good at concealing themselves



within the branches. Ted wasn't going to let his buddy down. If the squad was caught by surprise, he didn't want it to come from his lack of vigilance.

Richmond Bell heard the enemy mortar before anyone. Then almost simultaneously, a bullet struck Greg. The 7.92mm round hit his helmet a couple of inches above the rim, tearing a piece of steel from it and throwing the helmet backward off his head. Had the chin strap been done up then Greg may not have lived to tell the tale, for the momentum of such a projectile can fatally jar a man's neck. Bell was already in the ditch as others stood aghast at Greg's luck, then remembering the metallic cough of the enemy mortar being fired, finally reacted to the threat. Greg grabbed his helmet and not for the last time, threw it accurately onto his sweaty crown as he dived into the ditch with the others. Ted had turned again to check their rear just as the bullet struck Greg; when he looked back everyone was either gone or heading for cover, leaving him isolated several yards from the rest. By the time he made his move it was too late, the 81mm shell landed at his feet.

Slaughter shouted at the men to move into the field for the enemy had precise measure of their position. The guys pushed through the thorny mass, tearing and scratching, then raced towards the German position. Dalton's contorted face portrayed the anger and fear which gripped him and transmitted itself through every sinew. It made his legs drive powerfully up the incline and his finger pull rhythmically and callously on the trigger of his M1. Each pull releasing a precious round from the limited magazine until he came upon the hedgerow which likely separated him from the hateful enemy. Taking a fragmentation grenade, he threw the lethal package with such force at the German position that its explosion might have been muffled by the soil into which it imbedded. However, in the next field they found nothing - nothing but the signs of a mortar team's imprint in the soil.

The team had likely cut and run after the first shell and bullet had been fired, to relocate and cause further difficulties at their choosing. From their position, the Germans had had a clear line of sight down the track. As Slaughter's squad had walked up the rise and the first helmet had come into view, the German mortar

crew had fired and the sniper had pulled the trigger. The sniper had picked the helmet to his right, perhaps it appeared first; perhaps he just had a better view of it.

After a thorough check of the surrounding area, Dalton led his four men back down the track, retreating quickly and with less caution over what they felt was familiar ground. The raw soldiers were going to have to learn hedgerow combat the hard way. Dalton stopped at Ted's side and moved his remaining arm so that his bloodied hand lay over the pictures in his breast pocket; then striding away, pushed his dumb struck replacement men before him.

That evening, Sorrow was appointed Sergeant and became Slaughter's new assistant squad leader.

Chapter 39 Crossing the River Elle

Night of the 10th to the 13th June.

The evening of the 10th proved calm, the enemy skulking somewhere and diminishing in number. The sky cleared sufficiently to present a setting sun, the orange disc sliding slowly from the sky. Dalton sat leaning against the hedgerow embankment eating some bland rations. Ted's foxhole was now empty, his personal belongings removed. Alone with his thoughts, Dalton placed the food in his mouth without the stomach for it. He and Ted always sorted rations out together and he tried to think of better days, but Sergeant Sorrow slowly approached to interrupt his thoughts. "Men are organised for guard duties. Are we definitely stopping here another night?" he asked.

Dalton knew why Sorrow had posed the question. Moved from another platoon, he didn't want to dig another foxhole and was hoping to use Ted's.

"Yea and maybe again tomorrow night," Dalton replied, leaving Sorrow in the air about the foxhole. Then with only the hint of a grin which only a close buddy might have detected said, "Unlucky to sleep in a dead man's hole," and raised his eyebrows as if to say, do you wanna chance it.

By the time Sorrow had dug a new hole the sun was gone, the sky becoming a dirty grey spreading upward from the horizon, clouds from the Atlantic again. Apart from the ting and thud of Sorrow's spade hitting stones and roots as he inched his way into the earth, a magpie sat amongst the ribbed and bent arms of the oak; its rattle like call seemingly mocking the sweaty toil below.

The night was thankfully quiet. A few mortars were aimed their way but it was a half-hearted effort; the night patrol was on them mighty quick and shot one of the mortar team as he was running into the shadows. In the morning Sorrow waited for Dalton to get some rations together, whilst Clayton did his usual and brought over some coffee. "Here Sorrow," Clayton gestured, "you can have Ted's," he said grinning at Dalton. Clayton passed on the news that the 115th were rumoured to have hit big trouble. And the 116th were likely being moved south in support.

When the 116th went into reserve on the 9th, the other two regiments of the 29th Division, the 115th and the 175th had taken up the advance. The 115th crossed the Aure Valley on the 9th and their 2nd Battalion broke off and pushed almost to Le Carrefour des Vignes aux Gendres, where at about 1a.m. they started

moving into the fields on either side of the road. But within minutes of their arrival, a large German force came down the same road behind them. The ensuing fire fight was what Dalton had heard that night and with over 130 casualties it had decimated the battalion.

Worse, the regiment was then moved to the banks of the River Elle east of the town of Ste Marguerite d'Elle ready for an advance across the river. They were on the move as Clayton told the story, his morning wake-up call burning between his fingers. The enemy defence was predicted to be strong and Canham's 116th were to march three miles south to Castilly, so that they were close by in case they were needed to support the 115th. All the guys, not least Sorrow, were sorry that their three day 'rest' had been shortened. They were just getting a hold on the area, starting to know the tracks and the enemy's habits and favoured spots. But orders were orders and Dalton with his squad including Marshmallow freshly back from seeing a medic, joined the lines of men snaking their way further into hedgerow country.

Following a narrow road, the D124, which ran along a contour of the valley side, they could see the dark wooded area of Castilly to the south. Like the 115th, they too had to cross the Aure Valley, passing through the marsh land and the areas strategically flooded by the enemy in preparation for the invasion. The flooding had caused the death of many paratroopers in the early hours of D-Day and made the convoy's push southward more difficult. The convoy was restricted to the narrow and infrequent crossing points which made them vulnerable to attack and the men were as edgy as hell. The D113 was the only option to a several mile detour, but it stretched 1,500 yards across the flat marshland with no protection on either side for its duration.

Despite replacements, a still severely depleted B Company made the move, though the number of officers had increased; Leo van De Vort had been assigned from Headquarters Company and together with Taylor and Varadian made a grand total of three B Company Officers. Completing the three miles without major incident and in the relative safety of dusk, the 116th reached Castilly and dug their new foxholes in the surrounding fields as the dark of the 11th closed in.

On the morning of the 11th, the 115th had crossed the River Elle as planned in an attempt to capture St. Claire sur l'Elle and the high ground near Couvains. But the Elle marked the beginning of a new phase in the Normandy Campaign. Seven miles south of the river lay St. Lo, an important strategic town at the heart of the enemy's east-west communication and supply lines. The Germans had cleverly withdrawn from the coast in a way which limited their losses and maximized the disruption to the Allied forces. At the Elle however, they were determined to stall the advance and prevent the fall of St. Lo. On the south bank they set up a formidable defensive line which created the first proper front line of the campaign.

By late afternoon of the 12th June, the 115th had suffered so many casualties that they had no option but to withdraw. Consequently that same afternoon the 116th were called down from Castilly to wait on the northern slopes of the valley. Then, late that evening, when the last of the 115th had limped back over the River, the 116th were ordered to commence a second offensive.

Like Dalton, Clayton had been promoted to Sergeant and act-

ing squad leader, whilst Allbritton had moved to Staff Sergeant from his rank of Corporal. The corporal in each squad acted as the BAR man with responsibility for carrying and firing the Browning automatic rifle. At 13 pounds and 48 inches in length, the rifle was cumbersome and a private would be allocated to carry the heavy ammo. Allbritton assumed responsibility for the third squad whilst a Pfc, promoted to Corporal took over the BAR. It was therefore left to Slaughter, Clayton and Allbritton to lead their squads across the Elle. Dalton's buddy Bob Sales in 2nd Platoon could also be heard motivating his squad, in this, the first real offensive action for the replacement men.

In the twilight and in the shadow of the trees, the waters of the River Elle looked dark and foreboding; its surface smooth and unbroken as it engulfed the limbs wading through it. The liquid filled boots, soaked socks and uniforms, it chilled their spirits and sent shivers of anticipation through their bones. To B Company's right, downstream and around a slight bend in the river, lay the single track stone bridge. With dense vegetation on both banks together with the taller willows and alders, the low bridge was concealed from view. A road ran to the ancient structure and after crossing it curved slightly upstream towards B Company, before curving back towards the right as it climbed the incline on the far side of the valley. At the top of the incline, some 300 yards or so from the bridge, the road was bordered by farm buildings and by fields and hedgerows to the left; it was towards these fields that B Company were now heading.

The dark reflections in the water at the far bank created an ominous mirroring, for it made the water there as unwelcoming as the vegetation beyond. In the open water, the leading men felt and were very exposed. The plant growth on the opposite bank was thick and concealing in the diminishing light. To the frantically searching eye, every thicker stem became a gun barrel, paler patches became a face and thicker sections of exposed tree trunk, looked like torsos. The myriad of angles, grey shades and shapes of plants crossing and intermingling, played tricks on the frightened soldiers, mere pawns of war, whom death encircled.

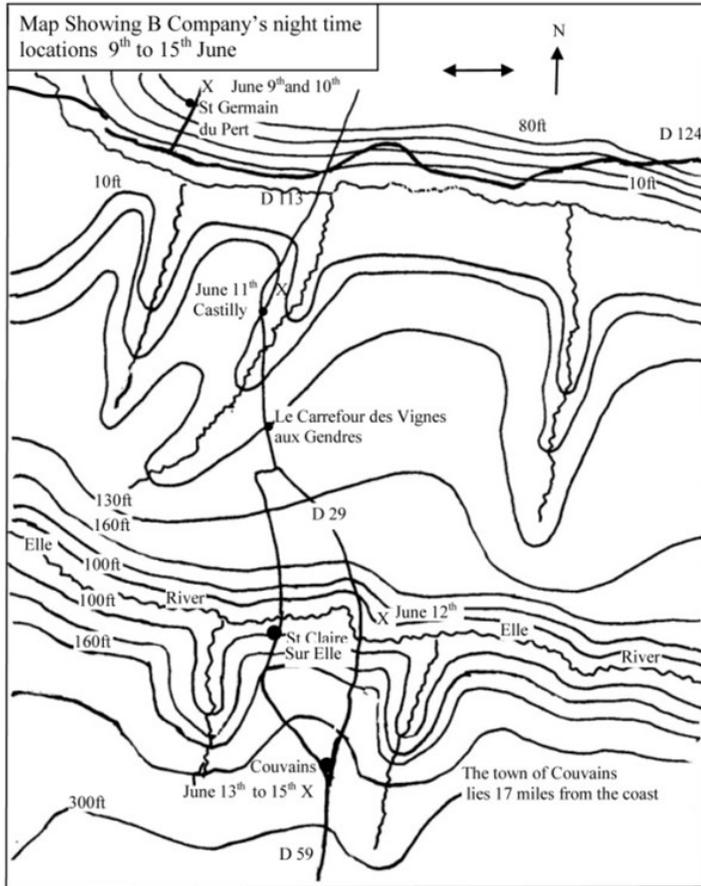
The far bank, perhaps no more than eighteen inches above the water, chased off flat before running more and more steeply to finally climb at 20 degrees towards the cultivated land, maybe 30 yards beyond. When Slaughter stepped from the stream into the vegetation of the bank, the light level dropped to that of a candle.

Dalton placed one hand round the cracked purplish brown bark of an alder and started to pull himself up the slope. The branches with their sticky purple shoots and orange red intrusions seemed to sweep upward to allow him to pass; then as he started up the slope, the vegetation closed in again, the shrubs and saplings thorny and clinging. Dalton bent low and pushed through a wall of foliage, of twigs and branches and entered a chamber-like enclosure. There, in the gloom, he stumbled across a soldier prostrate on the dark ground. He was lying on his back, eyes open, the large dark pupils pointing straight at Dalton. There was movement around as the squad moved past, but in this envelope of branches, two

worlds had come together to be isolated as one. The impulse to raise his weapon faded, for the man was clearly close to life's end. From the disturbance to the undergrowth, it was apparent that there had been a lot of thrashing around, the pain had likely been traumatic, but now he just stared pitifully into Dalton's face. The man's belly had been ripped open and his small intestine had unravelled across his hips and thighs, blood mixed with mud, mixed with guts, mixed with bits of leaves and twigs. His entire front was muddy as though with arms alone, he had tried to drag himself towards the top of the slope. So soiled was his uniform that it could barely be identified as German. The man whispered something and raised his bloodied dirty hand towards Dalton. Dalton quickly checked about him, no one else around, and no weapons, not even the man's helmet. He made to search for some morphine but it was too late, within seconds of Dalton crouching down, the young man had taken his last breath. The pain contorted face could have belonged to a GI, for Dalton considered that in death, as in life, he looked and was no different; 'just someone's son fighting on a different side'.

Dalton reached the top of the steep slope and the hedgerow which bordered the agricultural land; one or two stragglers finally joining him. Beyond the hedge, the land continued to rise gently for some 200 yards, interspersed with hedgerows. The undulating, furrowed surface was covered in an animal cropped, dark green rye grass. But the forms which lay there were not cattle.

D Company opened up on the next hedgerow with 81mm mortars and M2 Browning machine gun fire. The heavy weapons platoons did the same on the flanks of each company, at the corners of the line of departure. Then as the mortars ceased and the order was given to go, Dalton and the other squad leaders stood up and ran. Legs pumping, hearts racing, the squads followed their sergeants across the furrows firing from the hip, whilst the flanking machine guns fired for a time over their heads. The squad corporals fired their BARs as best they could. But at 550 rounds per minute, they soon used up the 20 round magazine. Dalton's squad reached the first hedgerow, lobbed grenades over and reloaded whilst catching their breath; sweat from exertion and fear dripping from their brows. Machine guns were set up again on the flanks and the riflemen made for the second then the third hedgerow. Coming upon each four foot soil bank with the mounted hedge, they dared not think who or what might lie over the other side. Before a grenade might land between their feet or a bullet pass through their flesh, they made sure their dosage of steel arrived first, a grenade over or bullets fired through and down onto the next field. The number-one and number-two gunners of D Company machine gun teams moved the 85-pound M2 each time, sometimes burning flesh on the hot barrel. Shrapnel punctured the water jacket of the M2 on the left flank. Designed to keep the barrel cool, the gun was inoperable without it, but still the infantry units ran for the fourth hedgerow, now encountering enemy mortar and machine gun fire. Slaughter's feet mysteriously found their own way across the ruts and clods, ridges and mounds in the field to bring him to the fifth hedgerow. Looking round for his



squad, most had made it but Marshmallow lay dead in the field, a burst of machine gun fire had drilled a large hole through his torso. Noise, screams, friendly fire, enemy fire, explosions close and far, shrapnel, bullets, orders and butchery - horrible just horrible.

There was a pause, the enemy seemed to be pulling back, perhaps regrouping; perhaps preparing to counter-attack. Men dug in and the machine guns again put in place. Incoming diminished, men regained their breath. Richmond Bell with his smokeless rifle was called over by one of the company lieutenants. Lieutenants in the regiment had become even scarcer after D-Day. There had been some replacements but they were becoming an endangered species again. They were the first pick of the snipers and for a skilled 88 crew, a challenging target. Bell, a youngster of eighteen years and with no dependants, was 'promoted' to scout and sent over the hedge and out into the open field; ostensibly to check out the situation and terrain, but really to draw fire so that the company would know where the enemy was. Bell walked to the next hedgerow, peered over, then as the men moved up, off he was sent to the next one. Bell scaled eleven hedgerows before Lieutenant Taylor picked another man to be scout. Bell returned to Dalton a relieved man. As the new scout reached the twelfth hedgerow he was shot.

Laying down artillery and machine gun fire, the twelfth hedgerow was cleared and B Company dug in to reassess their next move; they had covered less than two miles of terrain.

Whilst one man dug, the other guarded against counter

attack. Slaughter shifted soil in record time, checked his diminished squad and advised the men to grab some food before new orders were given. Clayton and Allbritton had also made it, so too had Sergeant Sorrow, though Bell was dumbfounded as to how; 'Sorrow talked slow and moved even slower, with a southern drawl to beat all drawls'. Slaughter had finished eating and Clayton was on his fourth cigarette before Sorrow finished his shallow foxhole.

The advance had made relatively good progress but unbeknown to the men, 1st Battalion had been ordered to bypass St. Claire and push a further mile south to take the town of Couvains. Shortly after digging in it rained for over an hour, the men were soaked and puddles formed in the foxholes. Men groaned and cursed; protecting their weapons from the wet, they pulled their raincoats around them, some watching for the counter attack, others trying to get some rest. When an 88 mm gun opened up, they wanted the rain back. The first shell filled their hearts with fear and sent everyone diving into foxholes - their own, someone else's, it didn't matter. One soldier landed on top of his buddy and was killed by the shell's concussion, saving his friend in the process. More shells screamed in, loud horrific screeching, throbbing pulsing manifestations of brutal power. The men pulled themselves flat, tightly pressing against the earth, willing themselves into it, bent tense fingers, arms over their heads, chests tight, hardly able to breathe - and prayed. The 88 field gun unleashed a lethal 88 mm diameter shell with a muzzle velocity up to 3,700 feet per second, almost 1,000 feet per second faster than the muzzle velocity of the M1 rifle. Ignoring air resistance, it could cover 1,300 yards in a second and at 1,000 yards, was reaching B Company in just over that.

The speed of the shell caused such a horrendous pressure wave that the noise was sufficient to stupefy the uninitiated, but the replacement men were not alone in being petrified. Dalton pushed his face down into the wet and mud, his deep foxhole seemingly as shallow as the ruts over which he had run that day. Having such a high velocity, the 88 shell was fired at a low angle, its parabolic trajectory negligible. Thus many shells came bursting through the hedgerow roots, rather than over them - the metal pieces of the antipersonnel shell bursting out at terrifying speed at every conceivable angle. The sharp, hot shrapnel embedded itself in anything and everything that happened to be in its way and thudded into the earth around the foxholes. Some shards penetrated through the ground to the tensioned bodies of the men cowering in their holes, whilst other men were hit merely by sliced off hedgerow cuttings or bits and blood of others. The screams of wounded soldiers broke the quiet between the volleys. Then when the German gun was finally silenced, the medics would do what they could. Red, the red headed medic of B Company was good at his job, but save a man shredded by an 88 shell he could not. One of Clayton's men had half his foot cut off, boot and all. He quietened after the morphine, and as Bob Sales would have said, 'half a foot is small price to pay for a warm bed with clean sheets and a pretty nurse to look after you'.

The shelling had finished but the enemy were active; ex-

change of fire was continuing on other sections of the line. Bolt action and automatic rifle fire, then an MG42 could be heard some way off to the right, its characteristic sound like that of ripping linoleum, now so familiar. To a man, they all feared a counter attack and strained to identify source, direction and movement of the sounds which reached them. There were vehicles on the move, but the engine noise drifted and petered out into the distance, telling them that the general trend seemed to be away from their position. Even the MG42 then fell quiet; perhaps the crew were at this moment attaching another 250 round belt, or perhaps collecting up the ammunition boxes, hoisting the 22 pound gun onto a shoulder and withdrawing to a predetermined vantage point. The delay indicated the latter. The vehicle movements, shouting and the firing of light arms diminished and the fine drizzle again turned into a heavy, noisy downpour. Peering through the hedgerow roots and the heavy rain, the men became soaked to the skin. Feet were covered in mud, movements became slow and squelching. Perhaps a couple of hours later, the rain finally eased and stopped, to be replaced by an ominous

quiet. No sound of the enemy, just of large droplets forming, running and falling from the large, broad leaves to cause plop, splat a tat splat noises on the leaves and helmets below.

With the temporary peace came the inevitable - the order to advance on Couvains. One more mile to go.

The author, Robbie Slaughter was born and raised in London. After studying Physics and Computer Science at Aston University, he taught physics at schools in the Midlands, becoming Assistant Head Teacher and gaining a Masters Degree in Education along the way.

In 2000, he left teaching to run his own business and later began research for his book—a journey which has taken him across England, into the Normandy countryside of France and over to the eastern states of the USA.

Robbie is married to Lorna and they have three sons. Their eldest son is in the British Army.

To be continued in the Autumn/Winter 2017 edition

99th Convention & Annual Reunion of the 29th Division Association to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the 29th Division

(Continued from page 1)

in the evening. Activity information and announcements will be on a display board near the registration table in the lobby.

On Friday, a bus will take members and guests to the Fifth Regiment Armory, home of the 29th Division Museum. A feature attraction at the museum is the new World War I exhibit.

National Historian of the 29th Division Association and curator of the museum, Joe Balkoski will conduct the tour. Following the visit to the Fifth Regiment Armory, members and guests will board the bus and be taken to Baltimore's Harbor Place for sightseeing, shopping and lunch on your own. Some of the suggested sights to see are the USF Constellation, WW II submarine USS Torsk, Phillips Seafood, Hard Rock Café and if the line isn't too long, the National Aquarium. The Hospitality Room will be open upon your return. Dinner will be served in one of the Hunt Valley Inn's banquet rooms. Directly after dinner, National Historian, Joe Balkoski, will speak on the history of the 29th Division. The Hospitality Room will be open until 2300.

The 29th Division Association's Annual Business Meeting and the election of officers for 2018 will take place on Saturday.

PNC Ginsburg will conduct a Post Commander's Workshop following the meeting. The Hunt Valley Inn will have a shuttle bus available for those not attending the meeting for shopping and lunch at nearby Hunt Valley Town Center.

Saturday night will be the night to remember. Following a plated dinner, including champagne toasts in the Maryland Room of the Hunt Valley Inn, there will be a Calvados salute to our World War II veterans followed by the Blue and Gray Ball. Invited guests for the evening are present and former commanders of the 29th Division and the Adjutant Generals of Maryland and Virginia.

The last Blue and Gray Ball of the 29th Division was held in the Fifth Regiment Armory in 1959, the 15th Anniversary of D-Day, when Kitty Kallen was crowned Miss Blue and Gray and sang the song she recorded with the Harry James Band, "It's Been a Long, Long Time."

The twenty piece orchestra, "Ain't Misbehaving" will entertain everyone at the ball with dancing music of Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey and Harry James. Vocalist, Brenda Blackwell, will revive Kitty Kallen's favorite song of returning GIs' from WW II. There will be an open bar for the first hour of the ball.

The 29th Division Association's Memorial Service will take place on Sunday morning followed by a short National Executive Committee Meeting for 2018 National Officers.

The Hunt Valley Inn is about 10 miles north of Baltimore, located on Shawan Road in Hunt Valley, MD just east of Route 83 at Exit 20. For members flying into the Baltimore-Washington Airport (BWI) proceed to the International Terminal on the lower level and exit Door 19 to the Light Rail tracks. Take the train marked "Hunt Valley."

Members traveling by train should depart at the BWI Station and take the free shuttle bus to the airport. It leaves approximately every 10 minutes. One way cost of the light rail is \$1.80 or \$0.80 for seniors. The ride takes about forty-five minutes. Call the Hunt Valley Inn upon arrival at Hunt Valley and a shuttle bus will take you to the Inn.

A \$109.00 rate per night (plus additional state and occupancy taxes) has been established which includes breakfast. Registration forms and additional information can be found on Page 39. If a member is unavailable to stay for the entire reunion, a reservation for one or two nights can be made.

Heroin Epidemic—A social problem for centuries

Heroin has been a social problem for centuries. Its popularity runs in cycles and is related to the misuse of other drugs. This winter and spring we have witnessed frequent news stories concerning the current heroin epidemic in this country and the misuse of prescription and nonprescription medications. I would like to comment on the current epidemic and offer a few suggestions on how we can do our part in response to this crisis.

Let's first consider the magnitude of the problem. In 2015, there were **15,000 heroin overdose deaths in the United States and it is projected that this may double in 2017. In Harford County, Maryland alone there were 41 deaths in the first six months of this year.** It is likely we have all had a family member, neighbor, or coworker who has been affected in some way.

The typical overdose is an employed white male in the age range from 20 to 40, but children in middle school to senior citizens fall prey to this menace. This is not what we suspect when we just hear the total number of deaths. My church is involved in addressing this problem and we have had members of the Harford County Task Force and speakers from a Narcotic Rescue Mission to assist with the church's planned education and outreach efforts.

The first step is to educate ourselves, our families, churches and the organizations of which we are members. Our local county health departments are a good place to start as they can provide speakers, advise us on our efforts, and provide resources and literature.

The health department can also provide training on the use of naloxone (Narcan). Narcan is a safe drug that can reverse an opioid overdose. It became available in Maryland without prescription as of June 1, 2017. Opioids such as heroin, OxyContin, Percocet, Vicodin, Lortab, Dilaudid, morphine, fentanyl, and methadone respond. The Maryland Overdose Response Program (ORP) offers in-person training on this drug that is available to those at risk for an opioid overdose and to those likely to witness and respond to an overdose emergency. **Please consider this training.**



*By the National Surgeon
Dr. Howard H. Bond MD, FS
Post #85*

The following are additional points to consider:

1. If your child's behavior, friends, school performance, sleep or eating patterns, or habits change, ask questions.
2. Many teenagers either use or share other drugs they stole from their parents' or grandparents' medicine cabinet.
3. When a user is unable to obtain drugs from home or from a physician, heroin is cheap and readily available at school and on the street.
4. If opioids are prescribed, ask your physician to only write a three to seven day prescription.
5. If a larger number of narcotics are prescribed ask the pharmacist to dispense a smaller number at a time.
6. Discard unused narcotics when you have recovered.
7. In the opioid naïve patient (a patient on less than 60mg of oral morphine per day for 1 week or its equivalent) a single dose of some stronger opioids pills and patches can lead to an overdose. Your physician considers this when he writes a prescription, the teenager raiding your medicine cabinet has no clue, and the street dealer could care less if his client dies.
8. Street drugs are not pure and may be cut with cheaper substances that may be 100 times more deadly and addicting than heroin. Because of this, first responders, police officers, and police dogs are at risk of overdose through accidental skin contact when they respond to the scene.

Annual Wreath laying - Tomb of the Unknowns - 10 June 2017



Photo at left: National Commander Robert Wisch assisted by WWII 29th Division veteran Steve Melnikoff lay the wreath at Arlington on 10 June 2017. Right photo: Attendees gather for the annual group photo after the wreath laying ceremony.

CSM Tom Thompson:

Personal experiences during Operation Iraqi Freedom

In 2005, CSM Thompson deployed to Iraq as a Platoon Sergeant in Bravo Company of the 115th Infantry which was attached to the 118th Field Artillery Battalion to provide light infantry support to the 2nd BN/70th Armor Regiment of the First Armored Division.

Their mission put them right in the middle of the action near Sunni cities, such as Fallujah, and Shia militia. Based in Taji (about 10 miles north of Baghdad) their initial mission was to secure the "rocket box" from which the insurgents fired mortars and rockets on US and Iraqi government forces. To avoid being killed or captured, the insurgents put a block of ice in the mortar tubes that would melt long after they were gone and allow the round to drop and fire. To counter this tactic, Bravo Company proactively infiltrated the area setting up ambushes and running patrols.

Close to Taji and the "rocket box" was Sabaa Al Bour, known as a "black town" because it was controlled by insurgents and avoided by the US military, in particular the elite 10th Mountain Division.

Ordered to take over the town, Bravo Company acted aggressively with two of their three platoons driving into the center of town at midnight, capturing the police station and city hall. Keeping the Iraqi policemen to the police station side of the complex.

They immediately set up machine guns on the roof and began fortifying the building, which they named "the Alamo" reflecting their current dilemma. However, they set out proactively to secure the town with one platoon manning the fort, one running patrols and one in reserve to provide a quick reaction force. Each platoon was out 4 days at the fort or on patrol and one and a half days back as the reserve. They co-opted some of the police to help, as they could be trusted.

The town was broken into 3 sectors: Sunni, Wahhabi, and Shia. The Wahhabis were the most radical but the Sunnis were involved in most of the conflicts. Bravo Company ran joint patrols with the police and then with an Iraqi regular army platoon that worked very effectively to reduce the fear within the population. It was important to be seen as a force helping rather than harming the civilian population. Bravo Company treated the citizens with respect and nurtured good relationships. As an example, women would walk up to them and provide very good information about the insurgents.

Bravo Company also developed good relationships with the mosques. In particular, CSM Thompson developed a personal relationship with one imam who provided him much information about the local bad guys and higher-level information that would be of interest to other agencies. Consequently, CSM Thompson

alerted Military Intelligence (MI) about the imam. Where CSM Thompson had been very discrete and stealthy meeting in person with the imam, MI drove up to the mosque in the middle of the day and handed a cell phone to the imam; he was dead 3 weeks later.

One of Bravo Company's major achievements during this deployment occurred while CSM Thompson's platoon was on patrol when they spotted a cement factory that just "smelled bad." When CSM Thompson called into company HQ, they decided to send out the entire company for support. As they entered the factory, they noted that the rooms were very messy. However, when they went further into the building they discovered very neatly kept barracks-type rooms that aroused their suspicions.

Working through their interpreters (validated by one of CSM Thompson's men who spoke Arabic), they discovered that these men appeared to be Syrian soldiers. It turned out that this was an IED factory and that it appeared that Syrian soldiers were operating out of it.

Bravo Company was also deployed as "mini-blockers" to intercept bad guys as they approached Baghdad, who, upon seeing the checkpoints, detoured to other roads. In one incident a car approached their checkpoint and realizing the situation, immediately put the vehicle into reverse and sped backward into a fence. Four insurgents jumped from the vehicle firing their weapons and a six hour firefight ensued that included the entire platoon as well as fighters from the local populous. The "mini-block" proved to be successful due to the aggressiveness of the platoon.

CSM Thompson continued to utilize his amazing skills for relationship building. This time it was with his fellow men in arms. He noted that they ate very well on this deployment with 4 meals served per day. But most importantly he and his Squad Leaders made a point of going to midnight chow because that was when the Apache pilots ate. He got to know them so well, and they in turn to know him, that when he went on patrol, he would announce that his unit known as Warrior 27 was out to alert the pilots. In this way he assured that air support would be provided as quickly as possible for his unit.

Elements of the 101st AB Division finally relieved Bravo Company of its duties in Sabaa Al Bour and took over. Having been in Iraq since the beginning of the Operation they essentially ignored the approach that CSM Thompson and his company had applied so successfully there. They knew better and felt that Bravo Company was being "too nice." Two months later, the 101st left the town after suffering a large number of casualties and Sabaa Al Bour turned "black" again.



(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

Bravo Company was transferred to Anbar Province, which is to the west of Baghdad and borders on Syria, Jordan and Saudi Arabia and contains such towns as Ramadi, Hit and Haditha on the road to the Syrian border where ISIS is currently operating. Their mission was to protect the supply convoys that were being hit by insurgents.

The Marines were responsible for security in this area.

Currently, the approach was to drive as fast as possible out and in to avoid being hit. Bravo Company took a different approach: they drove slowly to catch the IED planters.

A security element was the lead group and would depart ahead of the rest of the company. An additional element was at the end of the convoy providing rear security and the rest of the vehicles were interspersed throughout the convoy. In this way there were three elements that could maneuver throughout the route and could clear out the area without delaying the convoy, avoiding the accordion effect that would bring vehicles to a stop making them much more vulnerable.

Of the vehicles in the rear, one team always guarded the rear and the others could be used for missions to engage the IED implanters by hitting quickly and hard. Bravo Company lost none of their vehicles during this mission. This approach was so successful that it was quickly adopted across the entire country as a SOP.

This was the last mission for Bravo Company before departing for the States. During their service in very violent areas they suffered 0 killed and 18 wounded in a company composed of 134 men.

They were home for only 11 months when they deployed again. This time they would be Bravo Company of the 175th Regiment. CSM Thompson was very proud of the fact that the company went back totally intact with a number of the men extending their service.

This time they were in the northern part of the country operating in the area of Mosul providing base security. Their areas of operation extended all of the way from Erbil to the Turkish border. Their mission again was convoy security. Once again, Bravo Company came up with innovative ways to secure the convoys. Using their previous experience they tried to "think like the enemy" and developed another method of locating IEDs. Once located, EOD would be notified and the IEDs would be cleared and destroyed. By acting aggressively Bravo Company had an 84% "find rate" versus the next highest of 58%. This approach was also adopted as a SOP.

Since they were operating in the Kurdish part of the country, CSM Thompson had an opportunity to see the Kurds in action. He found them to be very helpful and noted that when they crossed into Erbil it was like passing from night to day – it was clean and their forces were very alert.

Article by Frank Armiger, Post 110

Private Henry G. Costin – H Company, 115th Infantry, 29th Division

Henry Gilbert Costin, the son of Henry J. Costin and Lizzie Costin, was born in Baltimore on June 15, 1898. Henry and his two brothers and one sister were raised at 636 Elbow Lane near the present Fifth Regiment Armory.

On his graduation from Baltimore City College in 1915 Henry Costin joined the firm of J.R. Dunn Mercantile Agencies. A year later, on June 17, 1916 he enlisted in the Fifth Regiment Infantry, Maryland National Guard and was assigned to Company H.

Two days after his enlistment, the Fifth Regiment was mobilized into federal service for training at a camp near Laurel and on July 5th the Regiment left for Eagle Pass, Texas near the Mexican Border where he served for seven months.

The following year, Henry Costin married the daughter of Captain G.C. Johnson of the U.S. Coast Guard. The wedding took place on August 13, 1917 and four days later Private Costin and Company H with Brigadier General Charles D. Gaither and his staff departed for Anniston, Alabama to help in the construction of Camp McClellan.

On September 15th, the 29th Division was reorganized and each regiment was increased from 2,000 members to 3,700. To form the larger unit the three Maryland regiments, the First, Fourth and Fifth, were merged under the designation of the 115th Infantry Regiment.

Company H and the rest of the second battalion, under the command of Major Frank A. Hancock sailed from New York harbor aboard the George Washington on June 15th, 1918 and arrived in the Brest harbor on June 27th.

On September 17th, following frequent night raids by small parties of the 115th, the Germans retaliated with a gas bombardment. Private Henry Costin and sixty of his company were caught in the attack while holding a part of the Alsace front and Costin, forgetting his own danger, administered first aid to his comrades before he fell semi-conscious. He was sent back to a field hospital and later awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Army. Private Costin returned to the trenches on October 6, just as the 115th was going into action above Verdun.

On the night of October 7th, the 115th Regiment under the command of Colonel Milton A. Reckord, crossed the Meuse River in a surprise attack against the Germans.

At 0900 on the 8th, the second battalion leaped over the first battalion toward its objective near Bois de Consevoye. The fighting became very severe and Company H, on the left of the battalion was slowed down by a number of machine gun nests.

Realizing that it would be suicide for the company to advance before the machine guns in their front had been silenced, Second Lieutenant Patrick Regan volunteered to take an automatic rifle team to silence the guns. Regan asked for volunteers from his platoon and Private Henry Costin was the first to volunteer followed by the entire platoon.

Advancing with his team under a terrific fire of enemy machine guns and trench mortars, Private Costin continued toward the enemy after all his companions become casualties and he had been severely wounded. He operated his rifle until he collapsed.

(Continued on page 36)

(Continued from page 1)

marks to the gathering along with David Craig, Executive Director of the Maryland WW I Commission. In particular, MG Singh cited LTG Steve Blum (ret.) for his vision and leadership of the Maryland Military Historical Society in realizing the museum improvements and the new exhibits. She wished that he could have been there to share in the grand opening.

After the remarks, the Maryland Defense Force Band struck up a rousing medley of two very familiar World War I songs as arranged by Jari Villanueva: "Pack Up Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile" and "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

The songs were a real hit and brought to mind the sight of those doughboys boarding ships to head across the Atlantic to join the Great War as part of the Allied Expeditionary Force. As the band played, I glanced over and standing behind them (almost in the wings) was Joe Balkoski. I was thinking how pleased and happy he must be today and how much credit he deserves for this very special day for the MDMHS Museum.

Following the musical interlude, MG Singh, Lt. Governor Rutherford, and David Craig cut the ceremonial ribbon and the World War I Exhibit, "Over There," was officially open to the public.

To close the ceremony, Jari Villanueva, one of the foremost buglers in the country, stepped forward and played Britain's "The Last Post," France's "Aux Mortes," and America's "Taps."

As the final note faded, all were deep in thought about those doughboys and the many other GIs that never returned from serving their country.

As visitors streamed into the museum displays, Kerry McIntyre and I headed to the "War of 1812" and the "Cold War and Beyond" rooms respectively to act as docents for those viewing the exhibits.

Although the World War I exhibit was the primary focus today, the entire museum had been refurbished, providing a complete history of the service of Marylanders to their country tracing all the way back to the Revolutionary War. It was refreshing to see visitors, both young and old, spend time viewing the exhibits in our rooms.

At around 1130, we gathered in the Reckord Lounge for a presentation by our own Bob Mullauer on the US entry into



World War I. Bob also presented on Pearl Harbor this past December as we marked the 75th Anniversary of the US entry into World War II. As was the case then, Bob's presentation outlined the major events and factors that forced the US to join the Allies and oppose the Axis powers led by Germany.

At the center of events was Woodrow Wilson, 28th President of the United States, and the first southerner to be elected President since the Civil War. Wilson was an academic who earned a Ph. D. and had written a book about American government in which he argued that there was no need for a Secretary of State. The President should conduct foreign affairs and he viewed himself as the ultimate broker of peace for the world.

Wilson, who was of British ancestry, felt that "England is fighting our fight," but he knew that American sentiment meant that the US must remain "neutral" as the war raged in Europe. However, as the Germans violated the neutrality of Belgium by invading France through that country and the effective British propaganda machine reached the US, the "Hun" was being vilified.

William Jennings Bryan who had failed to be elected President more than once served as Wilson's Secretary of State and was the only true neutral member of Wilson's cabinet. When Morgan Bank wanted

to loan money to the Allies, he argued that the money is contraband and loaning it would be a violation of our neutrality. Wilson initially agreed. However, as events proceeded Wilson changed his mind and Bryan ultimately resigned. Over the course of the war, the US loaned \$2.3B to the Allies and a mere \$27M to the Germans.

Technology would now come into play and gravely affect the US position of "neutrality." The German U-Boats were wreaking havoc on the high seas. Unlike surface vessels that could commandeer freighters and supply ships to remove their cargo, the U-Boat only had a single deck gun and the British were now concealing guns on freighters and passenger ships. Consequently, the Germans resorted to using torpedoes to sink their victims with great loss of life and many American dead among them.

On 7 May 1915, the RMS *Lusitania* was travelling along the Irish coast heading for Liverpool, its destination port when a single torpedo fired from a German U-Boat struck it. Almost 1,200 souls were lost out of 1,800 on board as the ship sank within 18 minutes. Among the dead were 128 Americans creating great outrage in the US. It must be pointed out, however, that the *Lusitania* was carrying munitions in addition to passengers.

Later in 1915 the Germans sank the *Araucario* and in 1916 the *Sussex*. Each time the Germans promised that it would not happen again. They would not sink any more passenger liners. However, in late 1916, Erich Ludendorff and Paul von Hindenburg came to power in Germany. They called for unrestricted submarine warfare and set up a blockade around England and France. Three more incidents occurred in February and March of 1917 moving the US closer to entry into the war.

Wilson had now been elected to his second term in November of 1916 with the motto "He kept us out of war," but that was becoming increasingly more difficult.

Bob indicated that there were four factors that finally led to a US declaration of war:

1. The sinking of US merchant vessels including the *Illinois* and the *Vigilancia* without warning and with great loss of American lives and property.
2. Public opinion had turned against Germany after the British intercepted the Zimmerman telegram that promised Mexico the states of Texas and

Arizona in return for their joining the Axis along with Japan.

3. The Russian Revolution had initially installed a democracy in place of the Tsar gaining more support from the US Jewish community to join the Allied side.
4. Woodrow Wilson could only broker peace if the Allies won.

Thus, on 2 April 1917, Wilson delivered his War Message to a joint session of Congress. This was without doubt his finest speech – “The world must be made safe for democracy.”

On 4 April, the Congress passed a Declaration of War by a wide bipartisan majority and on 6 April, the US officially entered World War I changing the nation forever.

Many thanks to Bob Mullauer for once again sharing the history that marked a seminal moment for the United States, and the National Guard.

Article by Frank Armiger, Post 110

Exhibit opens in Richmond

RICHMOND, VA — A new exhibit highlighting the Virginia National Guard's service in World War I officially opened May 22, 2017, at the Virginia War Memorial in Richmond, Virginia. For the National Guard, WWI was significant because it was the first time volunteer state militia units were federalized under U.S. Army structure and deployed overseas for combat operations.

The exhibit was a joint project between Virginia War Memorial and the Virginia National Guard. Virginia War Memorial Curator Jesse Smith, Virginia National Guard Command Historian Al Barnes and Virginia National Guard Curator Sarah Campbell collaborated to determine what historical artifacts would best tell the Virginia National Guard's story in World War I.

The exhibit features period uniforms worn by 1st Lieutenant Charles F. Krause and 1st Class Private Harvey Lee Hendrickson of the 116th Infantry Regiment, 29th Infantry Division and Corporal George Selden Richardson of the 104th Ammunition Train, 29th Division as well as the M1903 Springfield and M1917 rifles and a French M1915 Chauchat machinegun.

Virginia citizens, veterans and leaders joined Virginia National Guard Soldiers for a commemoration ceremony marking the U.S. entry into World War I April 6, 2017, at



A new exhibit highlighting the Virginia National Guard's service in World War I officially opened May 22, 2017, at the Virginia War Memorial in Richmond, Virginia. (U.S. National Guard photo by Cotton Puryear)

the Virginia War Memorial Carillon in Richmond, Virginia. The event, hosted by the Virginia World War I and World War II Commemoration Commission included remarks by Virginia Governor Terry McAuliffe, Maj. Gen. Timothy P. Williams, the Adjutant General of Virginia, Virginia Deputy Secretary of Veterans and Defense Affairs Jaime Areizaga-Soto, and a keynote address by Dr. Lynn Rainville, Research Professor in the Humanities at Sweet Briar College. Delegate Kirk Cox, chairman of the Commission, served as the master of ceremony.

“The National Guard played a major role in the war and its units were organized into divisions by state, and those divisions made up 40 percent of the combat strength of the American Expeditionary Forces,” Williams explained at the ceremony. “Three of the first five U.S. Army divisions to deploy to France in WWI were from the National Guard.”

Many of the Virginia National Guard's units will celebrate the 100th anniversary of their official formation this year, to include the 29th Infantry Division and the 116th Infantry Regiment, both among the organizations formed as the United States prepared to enter WWI.

“Those units are still in active service today with the dual mission of defending the homeland and providing combat re-

serve troops to help fight our nation's wars,” Williams told the crowd.

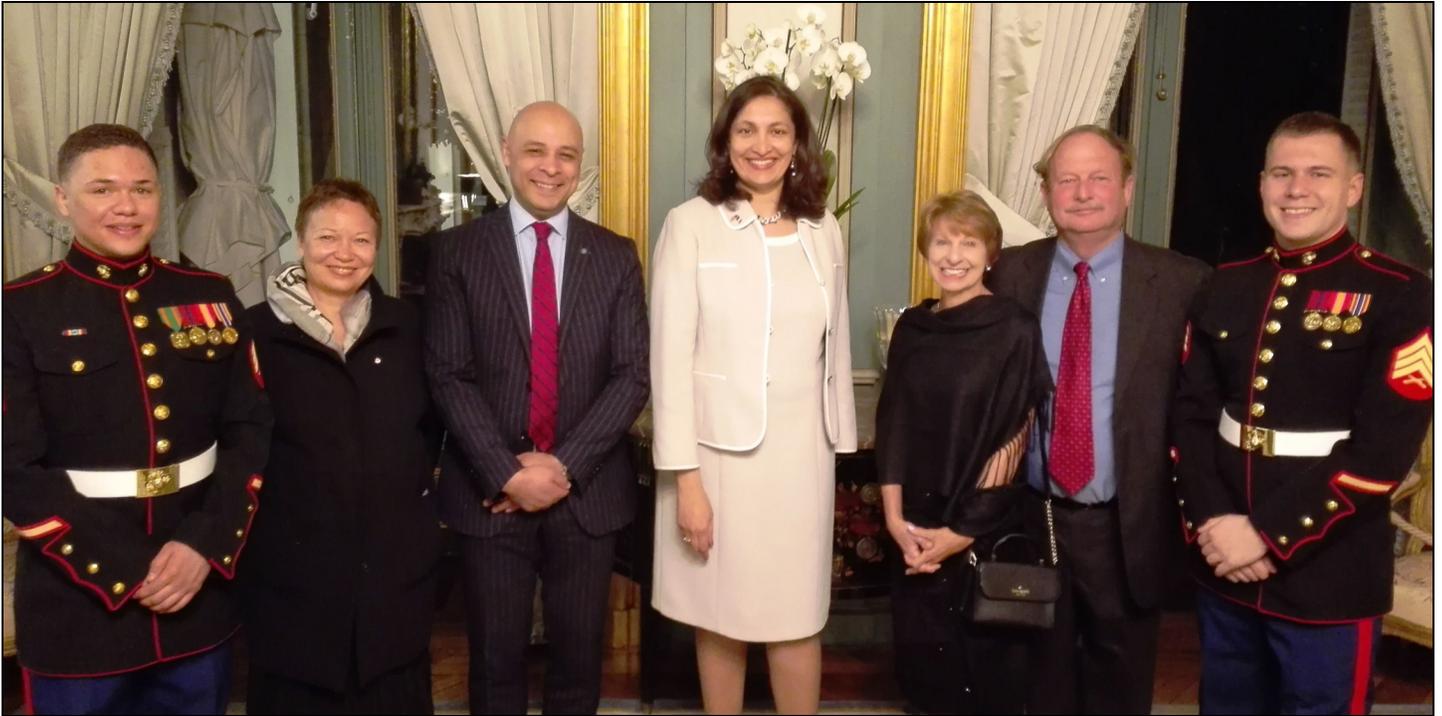
At the time, the 29th was comprised of National Guard units from Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, Washington DC and Delaware. The inclusion of units that fought for both the North and South during the Civil War inspired the nickname of the “Blue and Gray” division.

The 116th Infantry Regiment, which served in the 58th Infantry Brigade of the 29th Infantry Division during WWI, earned its motto of “Ever Forward” for their reputation of never having given ground in battle. From the 116th came the Virginia National Guard's first Medal of Honor recipient, Sgt. Earle Gregory, for service at the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, where he remarked “I will get them,” before advancing ahead of the infantry and capturing a machinegun nest, a mountain howitzer and 19 enemy soldiers.

“Guard Soldiers served with courage, honor and distinction and that tradition continues today as the Virginia Guard has mobilized nearly 15,000 Soldiers and Airmen for federal active duty since Sept. 11th to support the global war,” Williams said. “We owe a huge debt of gratitude for the men and women who served in WWI and the families and communities who supported them.”

Article by Mr. Cotton Puryear and SFC Terra C. Gatti, VAARNG

Post 78 member visits Paris for the 100th Anniversary



(Left to right) Sergeant Travis Penn; Mrs. Radianina Peccoud, US Cultural Affairs Office; Andre Rakoto; Mrs. Uzra Zeya, Charge d'Affaires; Elaine Pitts; Ron Pitts and Sergeant Phillip DuRussel. The two US Marines are Embassy Guards.

Ronald Pitts and wife Elaine of Knoxville, MD, of Post 78 recently returned from a trip to France where they visited a friend, Andre Rakoto and his family in Paris. Andre is the Director of Services for the Veterans and War Victims Office in the Paris area.

While there, Ron and Elaine received an invitation to attend a ceremony and reception commemorating the 100th anniversary of the entry of the United States into World War I.

This observance, held on April 6, 2017, was conducted at the residence of the Ambassador to France, and was attended by a large number of French high ranking military officers and civilian authorities.

In addition there were several ministers, including Jean-Yves Le Drain, the French Minister of Defense who was also one of the guest speakers. Also in attendance were official representatives from the United States and leaders of the American community in Paris.

Ron and Elaine had received an invitation because of Ron's relationship to the military through 30 plus years of military service, both active duty and as a member of the Maryland Army National Guard. Also, his current and past participation in the 29th Division Association and membership in the organization of the 40 and 8. Ron is a past post commander and current chaplain of Cresap's Rifles Post 78 of the 29th Division Association in Frederick. Andre is also a member of the post.

Mrs. Uzra S. Zeya, the Charge d'Affaires of the American Embassy led the evening's affair speaking in French with a charming accent. Mrs. Zeya is the number two person at the embassy that is currently without an ambassador. The US Government has not yet chosen the US representative for France to

be confirmed by Congress, and this process may not be over before this summer.

Ron and Elaine left Maryland on the fourth of April and returned on the 18th. While there, they toured Paris seeing all the sights one would want to see, but not as much since they had been to Paris two times previously.

As with previous tours, a visit to the cemeteries brought to light the personal sacrifices of families due to war. They also traveled to the French coast, specifically the Vendee region where Andre's maternal great-grandfather and grandfather lived. Andre's grandparents bought an apartment in the city of Saint Jean de Monts overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in 1965.

The region is a microcosm of centuries of history where traditional homes with thatched roofs can be found next to a modern residence.

The region continues to be famous for its forests, ham cured with special spices and liquor, fresh seafood (fruits of the sea) and all types of food items featuring the sea salt harvested in the marshes fed by the sea during each high tide. The coastline boasts numerous port towns where fishing boats and pleasure yachts share the same dock. They toured a castle which played a part in the French Revolution.

There is so much culture, history and cuisine oozing from every aspect of France that it would be impossible to not be in awe, but their most vivid memories are of the conversations and friendships arising around the table filled with food, wine, beer and people who share the same desires for their families which we do on this side of the Atlantic.

Article by PNC John Wilcox, Post 78

The Far Shore, a poem by Jennifer Murch

My name is Jennifer (Jenny) Murch and I live in Shrewsbury, Shropshire in the West of England close to the Welsh Border. I am recently retired and currently undertaking postgraduate research into the Americans in the Southwest of England during WWII.

My interest in the Second World War started in my early childhood. I would avidly read my brothers' war books and comics which featured heroic deeds and characters; far removed from the reality of what combat for the common foot soldier was really like.

In 1962 my father took me to see 'The Longest Day'; a film that was to shape a whole lifetime of interest and fascination in the subject. From that moment on I was hooked on all things relating to the Second World War; socially, militarily and in historical context.

It wasn't until 1988 when, as a mature student while attending university in Plymouth, that my ambitions to study this period in some detail came to fruition. I also studied Film History of the 1930's and 1940's - a valuable insight into Anglo-American relations and propaganda as promulgated by all sides.

My undergraduate thesis also included Anglo-American relations in WWII; a case study of 'Exercise Tiger', and the evacuation of a large area of Southwest England to facilitate battle training for US troops prior to the D-Day Landings. It was a labour of love. By that time I had also started to accumulate a large collection of research material and video on D-Day and 'Operation Bolero' (the build-up of men and equipment for 'Overlord'.)

Raising a family meant that I had little time, money or resources for more in-depth study for several years, but my research collection continued to grow.

Many local (Westcountry) people and veterans in the USA assisted me in my thesis research and I am deeply indebted to them all. Amongst the US vets was someone who would become a very great friend: Mr Donald A. McCarthy of Rhode Island. Don is a veteran of 'Omaha Beach' on D-Day and a member of the 116th regiment, 29th Infantry Division. We still keep in touch to this day.

I visited the Normandy beaches and landing grounds a few years back with my middle son, Tom (also a historian). It was as a result of the emotional impact of my first visit to northern France that I decided to write a poem - this was entitled 'Bloody Omaha'. I then followed it up with this poem: 'The Far Shore', which I humbly submit to your fine publication. I am also researching a book: 'Ripples Across the Pond', a fictional account of 'Exercise Tiger'.

Jenny Murch, Shrewsbury, June, 2017

The Far Shore

*When I think of the grey and then of the blue
These are the colours that remind me of you
A fine young man so strong of heart
Who once set sail for a foreign port
A strange, small land so distant and new
Funny money, warm beer and girls far and few
Tramping the moors and cursing the cold
Making new friends, hearing tales of old
The odd furlo to the city for fun
Then thinking of home so many deeds still undone
Training, more training until true and sure
Now ready to fight on some far shore
Then came the day you knew would surely come
One final pack and clean of your gun
No exercise this, things are for real
Goodbye Jean, farewell Lucille
Embarkation is here - is this really it?
One last letter home while checking your kit
Over the Channel, sky gunmetal grey
Alone with your thoughts; time now to pray
Daybreak arrives with hells deafening sound
Your first glimpse of land for which you are bound
Ships guns roar - shells scream overhead
You pity the foe - they all must be dead
Down the ship's netting tangled and cold
You remember your training and do as you're told
LCA lurches, "I'm gonna drown that's for sure!"
So many sea miles to the far shore
Your young face ashen, seasick and grey
And you prayed to your God on that fateful day
"Please let me be strong, fearless and true
Just give me one chance that I may pull through
This day of days I promise you now
To the girl of my dreams I make this one vow
Should I survive I pledge you my dear
I'll treasure our love, for that have no fear."
The barrage now lifts; onshore guns open fire
Bullets spatter the ramp; situation most dire
Hunkering down, seasick and soaked
Comrades surround you but nobody spoke
Pitching and yawing your craft ploughs on
The Beach is in site; shelter there's none
"Where is the cover they promised would be there?
Who were they kidding? Do they really care?"
The ramp finally falls; men stumble and spin
Weighed down by their kit and soaked to the skin
If there's a hell this is it; just keep your head low
Then a rallying call...*

29 Let's Go!!!

Two large commemorations held at the National D-Day Memorial



Over a dozen D-Day veterans attended the June 6 ceremony in Bedford, including Chuck Neighbor who served with Co. E, 116th Infantry Regiment of the 29th Division. He is seen in this photo standing in the center next to the Memorial wreath.



Over 1,700 people attended the Memorial Day event at the National D-Day Memorial.

Back-to-back commemorations are the rule at the National D-Day Memorial in late spring: Memorial Day and the anniversary of the allied landings in Normandy (June 6, 1944) are inevitably close together. It makes for a busy few days, but they are always fulfilling ones as thousands of visitors pause to remember and honor those who served.

The commemorations this past May/June brought two of the nation's most

prominent World War II veterans to Bedford, VA. For Memorial Day, Medal of Honor recipient Hershel "Woody" Williams spoke to a crowd of some 1700 people, and helped to dedicate Virginia's first Gold Star Families Memorial Monument on the Memorial grounds.

This stunning new monument pays tribute to the families of men and women who have died in uniform while serving their country. Williams has made

it his goal to place at least one of these in every state, and personally chose the National D-Day Memorial for Virginia's first.

It is a fitting location: Bedford lost more men per capita on D-Day than any other American hometown, and consequently had the highest per capita number of Gold Star families for that crucial battle.

(Continued on page 20)

Transfer of Authority (TOA)

CAMP BUEHRING, Kuwait— As the soft winds kick up some dust, the recent orange hued skies clear up just in time to usher in a new brigade, ready to take to the skies in Operation Spartan Shield, Operation Inherent Resolve and Operation Freedom's Sentinel.

COL Ryan Pace and CSM Thomas Mize of the 77th Combat Aviation Brigade transferred authority of the above named operations to incoming COL Mark Beckler and CSM Steven McKenna of the 29th CAB on April 23 in a ceremony at Camp Buehring, Kuwait.

The process of taking control of such a complex mission took over a year of preparation and training, culminating with over two weeks of left and right-seat training conducted by the 77th CAB. The 29th CAB is not new to such a unique position, however.

"Now as you begin a new and varied mission, as you are not new to working with the division headquarters, you are not new to this part of the world," said the Commander of the 29th Infantry Division MG Blake Ortner, "this is not your first rodeo over here in the Middle East."

The 29th CAB consists of Soldiers from both the National Guard and active Army as well as the U.S. Air Force. This total force of over 1500 personnel bring many air assets to the fight to include: AH-64 Apaches, CH-47 Chinooks, UH-60 Blackhawks, unmanned aerial systems and fixed-wing aircraft; as well as personnel to provide vital administrative and maintenance support.

The brigade will provide aviation assets throughout the U.S. Army Central area of operations, which will prove to be a challenge.

"You have met the challenges before and on some of the same helipads as before," said Ortner, "expect to be overstretched, challenged and under regular changes in this complex and currently evolving environment. I know you will succeed".

The outgoing 77th CAB cased their brigade's colors signifying an end to their mission in the region. The incoming 29th CAB unveiled their brigade's colors signaling the transference of responsibility.

"Good luck, God speed, God bless and win the day," said COL Ryan Pace, commander of the 77th CAB to the incoming 29th CAB.



COL Mark Beckler and CSM Steven McKenna unveiled the 29th Combat Aviation Brigade Colors during their Transfer of Authority Ceremony on April 23. The TOA signals the transference of responsibility for theater aviation operations from the outgoing 77th CAB at Camp Buehring, Kuwait.

"I have confidence in all of you as individuals and I am confident that we will come together as a team like the 77th did and we will show them our best," said the 29th CAB Commander COL Mark Beckler.

The ceremony closed with a benediction by the 29th CAB's Chaplain CPT Wayne Stinchcomb, who spoke of a story from the Bible in which God entrusted his people to Joshua, drawing a parallel to the same trust now placed in the leadership of the 29th CAB.

"As we say in the 29th, 'let's go' so Lord let's go with you," said Stinchcomb.

*Article and photo by SSG Isolda Reyes
29th Combat Aviation Brigade, Public Affairs*

Two large commemorations held at the National D-Day Memorial

(Continued from page 19)

On June 6th, Captain Jerry Yellin, an Army Air Force pilot who flew the final combat mission of World War II, was the keynote speaker at the commemoration. The 29th Division was well represented at the event, with Major General Timothy Williams, Adjutant General of Virginia, in attendance, the 29th Division Band performing, and an exhibit of wartime sketches by Ugo Giannini, an MP who landed with the 29th Division, 116th Regiment on Omaha Beach.

The Memorial's newest structure, a replica wartime Quonset Hut, was also dedicated. It will house the Memorial's new gift shop and additional restrooms for visitors. Over 1,200 people attended the June 6 commemoration event including over a dozen D-Day veterans from throughout the United States.

The National D-Day Memorial is now planning for the 2018 commemoration and the landmark 75th Anniversary of D-Day in 2019.

*Article by John Long, Director of Education,
National D-Day Memorial*

DRAWING D-DAY

An Artist's Journey Through War — Part Four

By Ugo Giannini

with Maxine Giannini

Chapter Eight

January 1945: Crossing the Roer River

In January, the weather was bitter cold. The men dug in and tried to stay warm. There were active small arms battles, a fire-fight in Julich, and continuous patrolling of the River. Old men of the Division wounded in Normandy and Brittany came back from the hospitals in January.... they came back strangers, looking around blankly at the new faces in their "old outfit" (29 Let's Go). The policy of General Eisenhower was to return men to battle, as many as three times, after being wounded. Many times these men were returned to different outfits, and this was a great morale problem. Both sides played the propaganda game, and sent over leaflets.

In "29 Let's Go", J. Ewing the author, quotes one of the German leaflets: "Who is going to launch out into the new battle? Statesmen, Politicians, Big Bankers, Munitions Manufacturers? No, NOT ONE! Just you the men of the 8th, 29th, 102nd and 104th Divisions, average young Americans with your lives ahead..." During the battle of the Bulge the leaflets read: "Or do you still think you could break through our lines and advance to Cologne? You came as far as the Roer River in three costly offensives. Now it is our turn! Our armored columns have broken through your lines on a sixty-odd mile front in the Eifel and have penetrated deeply in Belgium. Your future is dark. What are your hopes? Surrounded and fighting to the last, wounds and death await you. We can give you at least one last hope. This senseless hopeless battle—give it up!" On the American side, our propaganda leaflets enticed the Germans with menus of food fed to POWs. The Germans had lists of officers: 1st Lt. Maier (3rd Co. 69th Inf. Regt. "You are indeed a shining example to your men. It is one of your principles never to be seen up forward. Your favorite expression is, 'I'll shoot the hell out of you!'")

January 1945

I am lonely and uncertain; that you know I travel in loneliness, feeling my origin unhappily differs from others. They are blissful; they are happy. The past is not dead; I feel still the scorch of its flame within; the brine of its tears still burns, and new sorrows replenish the deepening streams. The past is what I am now, and I assume its ever changing forms, its old poverty, its old glory. My childhood tenanted an enchanted castle on a secret isle, and I ate abundantly of its rare sweetmeats, and my soul breathed in the perfumed opiate it offered my senses. I was lord and master



there, and I ordained the happiness I found not in physical being.

My home was a vast pretense; my laughter rang empty on my ears. My eyes beheld untold miseries, and each time I reached to touch them, I saw mud and the chains on my hands. And the world's battering ram crushed me with its poverty, its sickness, its ignorance, its blindness, its insanity, but with closed eyes and pain filling that darkness, I still saw my secret island with the great cliffs frowning at the sea and that great house massive with treasure.

I listened with open eyes and stunned soul—my mother and father while they destroyed my house. And so early, quite early I left with my brothers to be alone. I returned

one day from school and the house was empty of furnishings, quite empty. My mother was weeping, and my father was gone. I left school quite early to share the poverty. I got used to the cold there—that solid winter with frozen feet cutting trees, and I learned the use of the spade. I have not forgotten the hundred pennies in a dollar. Nor the hurt pride to receive the charity of food and fuel—for I was a Prince! Tho' I knew well how far my island lay, and daily it was gathering its indistinct outlines, and the sound of sea crashing against its shores echoed with diminishing faintness. The city caught me in its vulgar sounds and I spun with the wheel of progress and someone bound me to its flaying spokes and smashed me in the mud and blood of strange shores.

Progress hurtled its hell of sound and fury through cathedral and town, and left the dust of cities choking and blinding me. Religion caught the terrified soldiers and pounded their prayers into the pulp of mud and blood and ignorance and earth. I rolled with progress over the stains of what were my comrades. My soul lay impaled in the wheel of progress, and it was liberating and smashing and burning and rolling and reaping a thousand graves. Progress rolled thunderously forward, and the sharp steel of the rod cut into my flesh, and soon I knew, it would cut the steel from my wrists and I would be taking the road back. They are sleeping quietly with snow, pink snow covering the graves; and they feel no pain. But my wrists wear white grooves, visible only to them.

January 1, 1945

My Dearest,

I know you have not been receiving mail from me lately. But I have written many letters all of which I condemned as inappropriate to send. So my letters may neglect you, but I have not forgotten. There is no such thing as memory nor such hope as the future, without your image gracing both. The temptation is strong to write how I feel, yet I succeed in banishing the grotesque beauty of the past. And when I am done with a letter, I am relieved to think I need not send it. Of the present, I prefer to avoid discussing of our relationship—you and I are aware of its attitudes. There is indeed much to talk of but a tempest does not permit our voices to be heard above its fury.

You would do well to write I make the awful blunder of forgetting that I do not mail most letters. I write and so by return mail I expect answers to questions you never receive. I live more than ever in a strange world of my own fancy, and there are things too intimate, too illusory to write about. I have no other alternative! It does not become easier, this being away. The months and days grow longer in the time of my mind. I cannot grow used to this, as I cannot accustom myself to the idea that I cannot see you at will.

Many times I am grateful to you, for being there. To whom would I lean to if you were not there? Thanks for your Xmas pkg. It will last me quite a time: I wish I could share it with you.

Damn! Rene it is my turn to confess that I am not the better for being gone so long. I am ill with a desperate desire to return. It obsesses me completely so that I cannot think, or feel anything but rage. I've got my own ideas on what life is and I find that I am betraying my own convictions. In that respect only my conscience throbs. But it can only happen once unless I am a complete fool! Only a handful of people, people we never knew, have caused this war. I propose most determined resolutions; if only I could come home. I would never leave again on my life.

I love you. I haven't said how I love you. That's what you want to hear. If you understand that I do, then you will not mind my other thoughts. When will it be over? Night falls on the just and the unjust, and we have no power to direct it. I am tired, restless, utterly fed up with all! I shall never be the same and I am happy in this thought because I am free, tho' I am bound. I will talk to you someday, and your spirit will be freed because I think it is mine. Form your own conclusions on this, think what you like, but I am free from the snares. For I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of a God who would permit such infinite sufferings on his beasts! Surely I did not will it?
Goodnite, Love

My Dearest,

I'm writing this note, if for no other reason than to alleviate one day's disappointment. You can indicate on your calendar that on this day, I remembered you: Darling if I can't write every day you can be more than sure, I think of you hourly.

My job is to be with you as much as possible in as many ways as I can imagine. And if you suspend an entire evening's program—just to rush home and read a note well, you could be forgetting for awhile, but if you insist on poring over these miserly messages I can't do less than write. Will you send me a few copies of magazines every month? And anything you think I would enjoy reading. You discriminate. I sent a German Helmet home, have you seen it yet? Mom wrote and said it impresses her too much! Would you care for a skull? A ray, a hank of hair, a bone? Or perhaps a bottle of odor—not perfumes, but stink! I have all these and more at quite a reasonable price. Ha! Ha! What a guy! I will remind you again to send me something to read. I hope you are still purchasing what records and books you can. Pile 'em up! I hope you don't mind if you note that I have written this at various scattered days. The date doesn't mean a thing.

Goodnite and keep well

Love always

My Dearest,

Your message of Dec. 15–25 arrived today. I do not know where to begin an answer to these notes. The letter is crowded with mental and physical distress in proportion to the unhappy sufferings you endure. And it is so since a loving heart cannot be insensitive to the Hell the mind can conjure. I hate myself for this hour that I write because,

where before, I might have read your messages with wild pain now I look stupidly and vacantly at your utterances of grief and longing. The pressure of these many months has benumbed my senses; the knowledge that I am helpless to comfort you in your distress, or to come to your side now and before when you turn ill. To be crushed out of feeling the old sweet sadness, to be made a stranger to the idea of love, of life, of hope. It's a filthy rotten deceit the inhuman tempo has made me to think of myself and myself only—but only as an animal viewing constantly his instinct to live. Everything else is dream, illusory, fantastic. My life with you comes only as a haunting consciousness in spirit, another world. My writing is a great effort to appease this memory and I do not trust it to be real. I can think of you now only as a period of time detached from the past. I experience the unhealthy faculty of thinking upon you in the light of that lost life, that you were ill then, and that you suffered untold misery, I can believe and feel the punishment of response but now, there is little I can say that would not cast off a reflection of this existence here. Surely you can't urge me to respond in a normal way. And for this you must understand and forgive because when the nightmare wears off the opiate will vanish with it. Until that time it is best you remember me as the guy who loves you and will return to love you with more understanding, more reality and less dreams. How can I comfort you now? There is no way except for me to be home—the time for words is spending itself almost vainly. I feel damn silly even writing. I want to get home. You are ill, my mom is ill—what is the use of writing, of talking about it? Somebody started a big fire and we have to fight till it's out or we're out. This is the price we pay for ideologies, the garrulous chatter of demagogues, of old senile politicians. That's why we're killing and being killed to satisfy the smug vanities of men who want fame and glory, to revenge the hurt dignities of international names. To settle their private disputes by sacrificing young blood, young souls. National vendetta! I want to come home. My only quarrel with man is his shallow pride, his god damn conscience, his eager belief in another man's words his inclination to prostrate himself at the feet of the first character who says, "Let's fight for" and then a lot of empty, meaningless, high sounding ideals. I was not born with the idea of accepting anybody's idea of truth and standing by it til death—because to me there is no truth, absolutely none, except personal desire.

The wills of people bend like frail stalks knowing not their own power until it is too late. It is not reasonable to believe that there is anything sane behind the bloodshed, or after all this talk of post-war condition, the development in economics, science, the great strides in aeronautics, living conditions, housing, utilities, the great strides in medicine, the organizing of groups, more and more groups for training, for communities, for etc., etc. For this then is war created? For the movie industry to commercialize on it. For authors and men to write books, to exploit a man going through Hell and standing by, watching the final agony—so he can write about it and fill his pockets with 30 pieces of



Capturing prisoners, Alsdorf, Germany

silver. Everyone is partially to blame for this. They teach facts in school rather than wisdom. Institutions for the betterment of greed; art, noble art is trampled in the grime.

I don't want symbols or representations of freedom. I want Freedom of mind, body, and soul. And it cannot be found where the coils of civilization wrap around you. Why all the talk about freedom, ideals, religion, from stinking orators who know nothing about it except what was told them? Take all the newspapers with their human exploitation and filthy, rotten propaganda and burn them! I am here where I can see the full final shame of all this talk. This slow agony in mud is the result. The reliving of the "Passion" daily, the exhumation of martyrs. History rolls by thunderously, and I am caught in its spokes when all my life I looked at it aloof, separate from a lofty height, now I struggle with the rest yet somehow I am still gazing at it as from an impersonal height. And it gives me a peculiar strength, a confidence that does not shake with every turning of the wheel. And now you see I am unchanged. I have not given an inch from what you remember me to be....

January 14, 1945

Dear Walt!

Received your letter of Dec. 27. I thought it was nice of you to try and carry Christmas through. Regardless, I am well and hope you and Jo are also. Will you look out for Rene? I know she is not well. Maybe you can write and give me the details on this since I realize she has refrained from doing so to avoid causing me undue concern.

I'm glad to hear you are still plugging; your day will come but you make it to find it. I hope to be home this year perhaps. If it's O.K. with God! Ha! Ha! There isn't much to talk of I'm afraid. I still expect news of Harold—haven't heard from him in quite a while. However I expect things to be what they will. Say how about purchasing a bottle now and then of some scotch, etc. etc. It keeps one looking forward to warmer and merrier days. I have cultivated a slight thirst. Ahem! Nothing noticeable of course. Well I'll be back soon to laugh over tragic anecdotes and weep over humorous

ones. I'm anxious to return to see what it is we were fighting for, (I think I know). And when I return I'll tell you the secret of providence if it is good to me.

Thinking of you during this prolonged vacation.

January 17, 1945

Dear Walt,

Received your letter of Jan. 9. I hope long before this note arrives, you will have heard from Harold. The point is that some of the mail may have been sidetracked due to the current offensives, since I haven't heard from him either.

Whatever the case may be, it is absolutely pointless and in fact harmful to worry—anxiety in itself while quite natural is more often augmented if it becomes a morbid habit. Let's try to take things a bit more lightly since our very lives and reason to existence is, in the broad view, ridiculous. And what we put such store by in our futile existence is inevitably shattered by the indifferent universe.

Life is there, so we cling to it, human parasites, and we make much noise in so doing actually it is nothing to lose. In times of crises, if we can look at it from nature's ruthless attitude, and in its true perspective, namely that of insignificance, I think it is easier to bear. We must avoid our humanity to partake of the inhumanity of nature. This may be dangerous in so far as social convenience goes but it is expedient to mortal pain.

The knowledge that you at home will be able to bear sanely whatever news—is a source of relief and courage for me. Be kind. We have many miles to cover before this is over.

Araneo is in my own division, strange that you should be the first to inform me that he was wounded. I am quite up to date with the current news in U.S. I imagine you will be working in a defense plant soon. That's fine! I say this because I wish I were working in one instead of this—Don't let it be too late.

Rene writes but not too frequently. I'm afraid she has been ill for a long time. If only I could get home! I feel that I have no more business claiming her to wait for me. I've been gone so long and I may be gone long yet. And what if she waits in vain? You will take care of her for me.

Thank Joann for the books she sent. Really I have all I want—no need to send packages. These things have become of little necessity. Thanks for your thoughts anyway. Send my warmest affection to Mom and Pop. And tell them to be good.

Affectionately, Ugo

P.S. Write a bit more often if you can.

P.S. Again tell Mamma and Papa that I just finished their last Xmas package.

January 22, 1944

Dear Mom,

I was greatly surprised yesterday to catch a glimpse of a

most familiar face riding past in a jeep. The face echoed the same note of surprise. He jumped out of the jeep and ran forward with outstretched hand. I shook it roughly and happily, and the first words I remember saying were "you cause a big commotion inside of me but I can't place you. For God's sake who are you?" He called me by name and it worked out that he was Eugene Serino—remember Harold's pal? He hadn't changed a bit and I hadn't seen him for years. I only knew him slightly, but I felt like he was an old and welcome friend.

He came overseas four months ago. I dragged him into my suite of rooms, a stately German Hotel with a stove, a radio, and boasting an excellent example of American artillery (the walls caved in.) He looked around and said, "You don't do bad, do you?" All in all, he envied my winter hospice.

But it was good to see him! We talked over some things and he told me he used to visit you. I'm glad! I gave him Harold's address also. He talked very highly of Ann, and I told him I regretted not being able to make her acquaintance a bit longer; before I left.

If you have any time, drop over to his home and tell his folks about it. Mr. Frank Serino, 194 Shepard Ave. Being very appreciative, I showed him a few battle sketches I had roughly made. I will write to Harold about this incident. Eugene tells me, Harold is a hard egg when it comes to letter writing. I believe it! Ha! Ha!

P.S. I did mention that Harold was quite lucky I didn't meet Ann before he did. I wonder why women attract me? My intentions are not particularly scrupulous, I might delicately add.

Well? How's "the Voice" these days and her adoring Patron Pop? Young as ever? Good! No sense getting old—it's not quite the fashion these days. I will write to Evelyn in another letter, meanwhile thank her for her two packages—gloves are fine, but peanuts get seasick en route. A few more months of winter and soon the sun will shine maybe brighter and warmer than ever before on this sad, crazy earth. Meanwhile, all my love to you and all the kids.

Affectionately, Ugo

P.S. I'm hard headed and I still love Rene, so it's wisest if you two accept the fact without the usual female non-sense.

P.S. Look Mom, I think she is ill; be a good nurse will you? Thanks....

January 25, 1945

My writing—past letters inclusive—hangs in midair, surrounded by nebulous unreality. My writing then, expresses nothing beyond pure passion, pure feelings; intellectual only in the gray pallor of its own instinctive morbidity. It is vague, because who can describe what feeling is?

I have moments—incommunicable transports of the wildest journeys of the imagination. And when I return to the sordid gray of reality I am uncertain which is which, and

then it is. I know how vast and brilliant is that other life which knows no language, no civilization, which enjoys the fulfillment of all desires. How we do talk! As if our actions did more but reflect the real desires. I have none of you, and you know not the secret of my arms. We have taken for granted the legacy of art—it is never understood. You have your beliefs, I have none; you have your illusions, I have but one, which is you. This I cling to with a silent acquiescence, a sense or feeling of need for ultimate survival. It is dangerous then for me to feel that you are a separate being holding separate ideas—this then is the strange, selfish, violent sentiment with which I seek to engulf you in an overwhelming love. For I know I am alone and you are the hand closest. It is fortunate for me I met you, and perhaps unfortunate for you. I cannot picture the normal life with its petty undertakings, its habits, its pleasures—I cannot accept its principals, its aims. I am a fever almost of impatience for the moment to end all moments. This then is my mind: Can you unravel this problem? You must! I will be a good pupil, but not a serious one.

January 31, 1945

I've been thinking about the past. The home, the folks, the way I lived. The practical and impractical existence. The situation now, with three brothers married and me left holding the so-called "bag." Things will be different because I am changed. When I look back at poverty it appalls me! The memory of early privations, early dissensions, dispossessed houses, debts, depressions, hand to mouth existence. I was never built to cope with grim reality—my life, to attain its cherished hopes, had to be dream, but that dream is shattered. Art is the leisure of wealth, and I have no wealth, but wealth I will have. And I mean to get it, in proportion to realize these desires. I cannot possibly live, as before, I cannot! I must think that someday there will be an even fiercer holocaust—I want refuge, security.

Chapter Nine

February 1945: Julich finally taken

There were two major factors holding the 29th Division in a defensive position at the Roer River. The first was the "Battle of the Bulge." Hitler's offensive began on December 16, 1944, which was to be a battle of immense proportion. The United States had 600,000 men in active combat; with 81,000 casualties including 15,000 captured and 19,000 killed. The Germans had 500,000 men, with 120,000 casualties and dead. (Going Places With The 29th)

The crossing of the Roer River was the second factor that held the 29th on the West Bank of the river. General Eisenhower's orders were to begin three massive thrusts toward the Rhine River. The Ninth Army and the 29th Division were to come from the northeast. (The Long Line of Splendor). The impending attack was designated "Operation Grenade." The Ninth Army and the 29th Division were to clear "all German forces from the area west of the Rhine, in order to seize the Rhine River crossings north of the industrial Ruhr." (29 Let's Go). The attack was sched-

uled to begin on February 10, 1945, but the Germans, before losing the last Roer dam, were able to inflict partial damage to one of the floodgates in such a manner that a less rushing but longer lasting flood was created. The Roer overflowed its banks; the current was dangerous and fast (29 Let's Go), and the attack was postponed. A new D-Day had to be scheduled, and the men had time to build up tension as they practiced river crossings. The 29th Division was divided into three regiments—the 115th, 175th and 116th—and each regiment was divided into three battalions. Sometimes one battalion would be assigned to an altogether different regiment as in Phase 111, where the third battalion of the 116th was attached to the 175th Regiment.

"The 29th had been sitting at the gates of Julich for three months. In that time the city had taken on a character tinged with mystery and foreboding." (29 Let's Go). Julich was an ancient city named by the Roman soldiers for the Emperor, Julius Caesar.

On February 23, 1945, the Ninth Army's push began across the Roer to Julich. The commanders of the 29th were promised the heaviest artillery support of the entire war. At 2:45 a.m. the guns of the 29th, reinforced by those of the XIX Corps and of the 83rd Division, began an unholy roar; in forty-five minutes they pounded more than ten thousand shells into German positions across the River.

February 3, 1945

My Own,

I have received your letter of Jan 3 in answer to mine of Dec 10. I forgot to number them. It's no use—I keep forgetting the previous no.—so we will discard this system. However, I wrote quite a few letters and I hope you receive them all in reasonable time. You must not mind if I forget the contents of mail I write previous to my latest letter. I don't mean to appear unstable, or confusing or contradictory. It is difficult for me to set in order my constant thinking of you. It is so vast, so overwhelming the place you tenant in my life; I cannot hope to define except during the miracle of calmer hours.

I have been fortunate to be able to say that I can still write you. My gratitude to the powers that be is immeasurable.

The emotions are physical when I write to you—my whole body trembles and how violent an ordeal you cannot know. Dear, sweet Rene, I am living to return to you. But I cannot write feeling this way, perhaps tomorrow, tomorrow.

Know this: there is no rest from thoughts of you waiting and I know I must return! I am able to pick up now after a few hours lapse, the continuation of this letter.

Your letter comes not unaccompanied with tenderness and completely I allow the gentleness of those sentiments to soothe over the bruise. I was born with this need and you were made to administer that overflow of love. I remember you with great kindness and you have not failed that memory. In your waiting—you have renounced all, the best of your years, for me. There will never be enough I can do for you but I feel I

have done nothing. I shall not rest until I have given you the best of what I am capable of.

I have carried you to England, France, and now you are here with me, inside me and if you are a burden to me then I press its pain deeper into my soul. It is all I know of life, and I cling to its nebulous softness and breathe deep of its fragrant nearness. There is nothing in any letter I would tell you, nothing I have ever said in this eternity of separation that contains meaning above or beyond my simple need of you, body and soul. In my hand tonight is the cool one of yours. And I crush back the reality again and again the tenderness of this dream.

I reread over and over your letter—it is all I have! All I have of you, my heart will burst with longing (how inadequate the words are) I love you little angel. I hope and believe you are feeling better than usual—this has been a greater strain upon you, who wait in anguish and uncertainty, my own hours are at least spaced to recognize certain times of trial and certain periods of comparative safety. Besides I'm quite used to it and there doesn't seem to be any exterior result to inner agitation. I might have imagined I wrote you before, in thanking you for your Christmas gift. In case I didn't write I'll thank you now, "Thanks darling."

I've figured out when I would be coming home under the rotation plan—in about seventeen years! Ha! One must have several decorations and one Purple Heart with cluster attached. Of course politics plays a lead. I only hope that I might be able to come home before entering any Pacific campaign. I'm only a number and those armchair strategists feel no qualms of conscience in playing checkers. I do expect home front action to prevent any such procedure.

In any event, we will not anticipate too much concern over what is not probable. But it is an uncomfortable thought and it comes often enough! When we are finished here I expect to be one of the comparatively early arrivals home. If not, I'm afraid I will have nothing more to say. But here's hoping for the best—things usually see me through—at least up to the present writing.

Give my special remembrance to your folks and the kids.

P.S. Unfortunately my hair is too short to comply with your sweet request—believe me. But here's one kiss to herald the thousands to come.

One embrace; a prophecy of tomorrow's spring and home.

Love always, Ugo
February 4, 1945

Your mention in your letter of Jan. 3, wondering, by my abstract speech if I possessed other loves, other faces, other influences of which I had kept secret from you; no there is no mystery but the inner one, no face beloved in that childhood but yours. You have been the one human upon which all my emotional needs as well as the physical ones have been well met.

That childhood was consumed not listlessly—it is not so far a past dream but I recall it as being a time lived in the absorption of its every vital moment. Our first years together remains as significant and as fresh as the last ones are now. They were immaculate as the first breath of passion must be. I shall never forget the thousand secret treasures of those young years. If I did not shout my exultation then I strove silently to embrace to its depths, to preserve what would be fleeting. They live forever, the happy treasures and you the greater part of them, and because of you they are rare lusters that shine even in the gray or the dark.

There is something, a secret which has been mine for many years of which I will tell you now and of which I will never again make mention of. I must communicate, through some means of expression, some creation, to you and to those kind people who travel a life consistent to the simple poetry of simple truths, communicate my response, which alone the joy of which overflows and becomes lost.

I've had every thought of writing to you this night and because I felt too deeply, too violently the passions of this relentless depression, I have avoided so doing, but I am drawn irresistibly to the solace of even your memory; how helpless I am in its presence, and how with wild abandonment I fling my soul at your feet. The daily conjured image of you is familiar, even more so than the real you, to my most despairing longing. It has heard my every tenderness uttered even tho' it be through closed lips. And so I write of what I dare not; violating your sweet faith and shaking it by my own unendurable weakness in the face of this endless trial. Rene, I'm tired of this consistent, unchanging, inexorable existence. I urge the weeks, the months forward, forward! but the new ones are the old ones and time continues in its own circle. We age but time remains frozen to its immutable orbit. To be separated from you is horrible, but to find in that separation also the double hell of being here. What manner of world is this? Surely it is mad! A vast asylum where frenzied minds prowl and stalk destruction to be destroyed. But they are clever, using special keys to lock the heavy chains one cannot move.

The sound of men expanding their ideas through violence; the hysterical dissonance of religion screaming its prayers through centuries; the furious thumping of a tribunal's hammer passing judgment and condemning the already condemned soul; the hollow soul-eating threat of exorcism from society if one does not accept the seeds of a dead generation, whose lingering pestilence of fear born thought, living beyond its projections, multiplies only to strangle the next generation. The sibilant, slithering tentacles of dead men's ideas and ideologies winding their coils about and crushing with a slow pressure the freeborn spirit of man. The melodramatic demagoguery whose vague kaleidoscope of eloquence asserts some bursting egoist and the unreasonable thud of peoples prostrating themselves to the ground at its feet. The eager clamor as it lifts

the dictator, this creator of vulgar noises to the highest pinnacle of idolatry. The forced march of mind and body through the mechanisms of civilization; the melancholy, leaden monotony of search for hope beyond this life; the gray procession of monkish images with furrowed brows and cadaverous cheeks, denying the instincts of flesh and sense to feel in life its death and by this, imagining they touch the real life.

The Lorelei blast of bugle, which plunges the young blood of nations into some fantastic dream of blood and valor and romance. Is the victory won? When the victor lies a stinking carcass, ugly, broken, yellow and clotted with dust and blood the sound of glory is empty.

The nervous irregular pulse of crowds, crowding itself from the earth. The scraping jangle of slaves' chains as they try to move their spirits fettered to the ancient rock of a decayed philosophy. The self-conscious wild-eyed disheveled oratory of anarchy shouting from its outcast height. I am become identical to the universe; my activities are those of observing and loving a child's tears and feeling that child's suffering to the extent of absorbing it completely—loving that pain out of existence.

My prayer to find a language that I might communicate to the beloved the immortality of love—love as the "I"—not the outer I who contends with Dark Tides of civilization, but the "I" who gazes at a raindrop on a bough or leaf and finds a tender joy in the simple beholding of it, in the knowing that it is beautiful because it is there.

It cannot win! I am mated to the green grass and the hurt wing of the bird; the sun is in me and the darkness will go! Shatter like a black mirror and sky open up before me I will fall into its blue bright lure. Soon my friends will say is it him? Then we never knew him and we cannot hope to now!

My love will frighten you, but I believe you will find that fear to be only a vague ignorance, a doubt. Soon it will vanish and your eyes will smile again, brighter than before.

When suffering and loneliness become incommunicable where are the words to use? And where is the heart that will listen? Is it not all a dull painful confusion? The world is of children who, incapable of reaching compromise over a question, seek decision in War and destruction.

February 14, 1945

Dear Mom (Mme. Butterfly),

I received your sweet letter of Jan. 29 today. Your expressions and sentiments left me deeply moved; though I would you had happier feelings, I am drawn irresistibly into that gulf of sorrow, and I share it with you. If we find relief in so talking of that loneliness then it is best we talk of it. I confess now that Harold's silence strikes an anxious note in me, but it will do no good to suffer a premeditated grief. Until you receive definite news, and when this occurs, it will

be either good, in between, or bad news. There's only one type of bad news and that you have learned long ago how best to accept it. The other in between news is not so cruel as you imagine it might be—one hopes and one does not lose faith in waiting. I know you are a good soldier and remember I am always with you and when the going gets a bit tough—just lean against me, will you?

How did you know I was there at the dinner table Christmas? And don't you hear me raising hell through the house during the day and night? Be a good and careful girl and when I come back we will both get a little wine where it does most good. O.K.? Hal Ha!

I'm glad you heard from your brother—don't worry, things are not as bad as newspapers paint them up to be. In fact very few people in this world really starve. (I haven't seen any and where haven't I been?)

I'll keep that address you sent of my cousin—who knows I might be able to locate him.

I had forty-eight hours in Bruxelles, Belgium, recently. It was my first leave in many months. I had a damn good time—knocked myself out in cabarets and hotels. I was sailing high most of the time. Ha! Ha! I had a particularly good time at Maxine's where I met a dancer named Mimi (as in La Boheme.) We spoke French. She danced and changed costumes twice (for me). The next day she came an hour before I left and took me walking through various shops. I think she was a good girl; I didn't have time to find out in detail. She was quite lovely and walking with me I felt suddenly very rich. She was romantic enough to purchase me a little souvenir which in return I offered a kiss.

Now I'm back in Germany and she is dancing at Maxine's in Belgium. I'm a bad boy! Ha! Do I bore you?

Send my regards to Ann and say that I miss her also. Give all my love to Eve & Dick and of course to the younger generation. And how is the (Drawing)?

Tell him to keep the moths from digging in defenses in my coat pockets.

Goodnite

Love always, Ugo

P.S. Keep my love life locked with discretion or fifty women will commit suicide.

February 15, 1945

Dear Walt,

Your most encouraging letter of Feb. 4, arrived today. I say encouraging because the sentiments you expressed concerning home and the news that you intend to return to East Orange are nice to my ears. I am happy when I think that every one home is happy. Yes, I know Harold has not written, but we must allow ourselves generous time. News will come; whatever its nature, let us not overdramatize our feelings. We were born to accept the knowledge of life and death, and we will not cringe before its inevitability.

I am keeping well and warm, and these months of winter are almost gone. Let us hope the coming months bring the sun and peace. Perhaps I should not say this since

the Army dissuades hope from a man. The greatest disease on this earth is the military disease. I have studied soldiers closely, and the ones who like this existence are mentally, morally, and spiritually deranged. And if one lives in close association with those afflicted, one becomes also incapacitated to feel or think. We are the prisoners of the bigwigs, but you at home control them. Generals pursue their careers at the expense of suckers like myself! I regret not having held the courage of my convictions. But it would have meant prison either way. I am not a fool and perhaps I am dangerous because of it. There is no peace in the thought of another life after this one, so I cling tenaciously to this illusion of one. The price of living within the circle of civilization is too great. The price is always freedom and ultimately death, or suicide. One must be an unknown, a phantom, anonymity, or one must have power to live—one must crush or be crushed, this is God's earth.

I do not hope to return home without first satisfying the ambitions of war lords who cast nostalgic eyes towards the "setting sun." When the country is in need its manhood is called, but when its manhood is in need, to whom can it call, or turn to for help? Be not surprised and remember when a man seeks his freedom he seeks it desperately, and he will find it! I am not a robot! Tho' for three years, or three eternities, I have worn its armor. It is becoming heavier on my tired soul, and it must breathe! Soon!

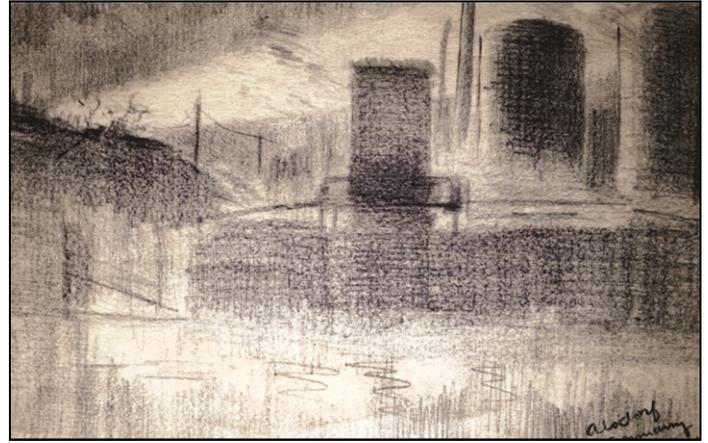
Play for me! Play for me so that I can breathe! When I return I shall go to an asylum to find rest and sanity amidst the neurotics. Ha! Ha!

Very well. Here's a gag, I'm having a swell time and I enjoy not seeing the prospect of returning. If only there was the remotest date, I could count the days, the hours! I think you had better keep this letter under your belt. After all isn't the truth always hidden? And you know it is difficult for me to write other than what I believe is truth. There is no end! Why does Rene wait? Because I tell her to? I love her, but she is only a ghost to love another ghost.

Please write soon. Goodnight
Affectionately, brother,
Ugo
February 22, 1945

My Dearest,

Thought I imagined what smelled of Spring (purely imagination I assure you) or maybe memory me walking. The last traces of winter underfoot, on the street and houses; the sudden street lamps, come to life. I breathe deeply a warm current (like Spring hope or premonitions of wild fragrances). I hurry to meet them (wherever you are they become manifest). I behold the house with its conventional awkwardness (I have loved it for the hours, years I spent there). The dying sun dies (the world prepares for evenings rest or tomorrow's struggle). But I am free, freer than the birds who have never been caged, and tonight I pause (just outside;



Alsldorf, Germany, 1945.

one foot resting on the stone step). This is her house, and here she waits. Spring pierces me now and I know I have arrived. "No she has not returned from work yet." Where can she be? I wait in the parlor, lighting a cigarette, and Winter, the unforgettable winter of war engulfs me, assaults me and crushes me to its bosom of ice and loneliness and fear. (My hands tremble at the temples and I stare off the shattering recollections.) A light step patters its way through a horrible booming, a sweet singing voice, a white winged thing circles above a battlefield, a vision of Spring shapes itself from the image of a desolate village, from the frame of wood and glass—you appear, you speak or sing. "You here? When did you come? Have you waited long?" No answer, only bright eyes meeting mine and then the answer, articulate with the muscular energy of arms, hands, body, and lips. Spring plays its delirium of soft, sweet smelling things about me—its caressing grasses cover me; its dews cool me of fever, draining my soul of ache. In its embrace I crush the grasses between my fingers (apple blossoms stain whitely the grass), and my fingers grasp and sink into their petals (till they bleed white sticky juices). "Yes, I have waited in this torture of waiting all day, for you. But you are come and I am come and the pain of the hour is gone, eternity is here, let us remain here." Rene—do you understand? I'm a mirror reflecting what I feel you must feel. Say that it is so.

Write to me—anything—only write, please. It means so much. I know it's difficult now and increasingly so—but it would help—so much more than words can say.
Love always,
Your own Ugo

February 23, 1945

Darling,

I am asking you to marry me. Which means I expect an immediate answer. I cannot tell you of plans until I know if you will accept. You see, I've been thinking of all the things to do, but I feel uncertain unless I know your answer. I al-

low so many dreams to come—and they are such happy dreams of the future—they are of us two, together. It will be fun meeting the obstacles and surmounting them. Let me know of what you think. (Please say yes.)

February 24, 1945

Dearest,

A word about the mail, which arrives at a furious pace—approx. one letter a week. How can people be so damned unimaginative! I seem to thrive on loneliness, it's always included in the menu. This must be a nightmare.

What happened to everybody—are they really nothing but memories? Nothing has been an able substitute since I left—to fill the infinite gap at my side. The months are becoming years, years!!! And I kept telling myself long ago that tomorrow, tomorrow I'll be on my way. And here months later I'm still here, as if all this time never really happened; so I'll talk to myself and think the same things over and again and again—yesterday, today, tomorrow!

February 25, 1945

Rene,

Your letter of Jan. 8 arrived today—today I wish now I had not lived to see this letter. You will read about this day and the momentous ones previous and after this day. The news will tell you where I am, how I live, but not why I live. As long as I live and have breath I will tell you “I am destined to die loving you.” I am of the dirt now—it covers me with its scales—and I too, I myself live it, with the soil. I am before you (as you willed it, on my knees begging you to understand) and to think. I will give you time to think—no not to think, but to feel me! But your answer will not come to lift me from my waiting agony.

“You are aching to say goodbye to me.” You have said goodbye—it is done—I will say it when I die—you shall never hear it.

I had forgotten, for a while the plaster casts. Do not send them home. Destroy them with the letters. I request you not to leave to anyone those things (which are me).

You are free of me, completely, irrevocably, forever. I have lost you—but you belong to me—you are mine with every breath my soul takes—and with every breath, a greater pain brings me nearer—nearer to peace.
Goodnite, Goodnite Ugo

February 25, 1945

I'm going to tell you what you will never forget for the

remainder of your days. You have punctured and drowned to its final end the total of your love, of your faith and of your inner spirit—in this; a letter only today arrived, dated Jan. 8–9.

Beside me, is the first letter I wrote in answer to this perverse letter, only today received. Only today! I read it through and with each reading of it the gray reality of what you are grew more distinct. Again I reread to seek a desperate negation of the impressions you had created—but I read in vain, the reality stared, stark and deliberate, and my heart (which you have crushed) rose out of its drippings of grief and froze into an anger such as, if I were there then and—even now; I swear, I should strike you fully across the face—and allowing the release of long pent ambitions, proceed to discover those frail semblances of men—who have lodged their filth and narrow souls between me—and what I have ever loved. The “bourgeois” lovers who have proposed to you—since I went away (and am I to believe without first engaging you in the preliminary preludes of sex?)? If I return, I return too late. I will be sober with suffering but if I were there now. Where would your “bourgeois” be? Is there not enough of blood on my hands that I could not then find true justification in the seeking of more personal blood?

It is too late to retract the venom you have spilled upon me. I am ill with the oppression of nine months' battle. I am ill with shock and shattered nerves. The memory of escapes, the sounds and smells, the sights, the too often remembered eternities of Hell. Even now, I would tell you nothing, even now when it does no longer concern you. Where I am, under what conditions I write. You don't know, nor ever will. I must go now, and tomorrow I will write if I return.

I am back but to what? Why? When there is no beginning, no end to what I should do, say or think. I am in a hole—writing by candlelight—or the sky shattering into intermittent light—or perhaps in the chill cellar of a ghost town. I have done well (so I thought) not writing to hurt you, telling you of love when all about is death. But it is too late now. Mark the day well—it has been great news for you people. Great news.

Before I continue—let me suggest that I mean to write without thought of composition, or order. Just read and let it sink in.

Do you wish me to quote you? No just search yourself—you will remember what you have written to me. You are selfish! Narrow-souled, a pretence to womanhood who is incapable of loving. You are sensitive—yes, to feeling pain but not sensitive to simplicity, nor beauty of spirit, nor avowed love.

**Be sure to check out our
new and improved website at:
www.29thdivisionassociation.com**

99th Annual Reunion & Convention Hotel Information



HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Delta by Marriott Baltimore Hunt Valley

245 Shawan Road

Hunt Valley, MD 21031

For reservations call 888-236-2427. Hotel phone number is: 410-785-7000

The group room rate is \$109 plus tax (14%) per night for one guest. No charge for additional guest. Breakfast is included in the room rate each morning. Reservations must be guaranteed with a credit card for one night. Check in time is 3 PM and check out time is 11 AM.

BE SURE TO REFERENCE THE 29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION ROOM BLOCK

**MAKE YOUR HOTEL RESERVATIONS EARLY. WE ONLY HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF ROOMS
CANCELLATION MAY BE MADE UP TO 3PM THE DAY PRIOR TO ARRIVAL WITHOUT CHARGES**

**CUT-OFF DATE FOR GETTING THE DISCOUNTED
ROOM RATE IS SEPTEMBER 12, 2017.**



Sunken Roads: Seventy Years After D-Day

By Charlotte Juergens

"They rebuilt the alley a little bit." Don takes my arm and we walk together. Two stone walls line the path, each topped by a verdant stubble of vines and moss. Don suffers from Parkinson's Disease, and his legs tremble with each step. He leans heavily on my arm. "We get up here, ok? And we came in the other way. Around the back, ok? And we're here... right here. And this was a dirt road then, but you know, the wall is still the same."

"How long did it take you to get down here?" asks Don's son Jim.

"From the beach, it took me probably a good two and a half, three hours, Jim," says Don. "We landed at 6:30, and it was close to noon time by the time we got up in here."

"This is where you were eventually sent back to the beach?"

"Right." Don's blue side cap slouches back against his neck. It sports the blue and gray 29th Division patch, an assortment of military pins, and the words '29th Division Association' stitched in yellow. Don emphatically points at the stone wall. "This is where it started from. I got hit later on, down on the beach. But, you know..." He shrugs. "We made it to here. This was the mission. Right here. Ok?" He touches his cane to the ground. "I just had to get back here. Now I feel it. We made the circle, Jim."

That was in Vierville, Normandy, one day before the seventieth anniversary of D-Day. I had been Don's traveling companion for the past week, touring through places he'd known as a young soldier and shooting a documentary film about the experience. I was twenty years old. When Don was my age, he'd trained for the D-Day invasion in Cornwall, crossed the channel to Omaha Beach, and fought to liberate French towns from German occupation. Although he was still haunted by memories of horrific carnage, Don felt compelled to return to Normandy, to "make the circle," and I was honored to accompany him.



D-Day veteran Donald McCarthy revisits Omaha Beach on the 70th Anniversary. Don is a Boston native who joined the 29th Infantry Division in England in early 1944 as a member of the 116th Infantry's 1st Battalion. His landing craft capsized on D-Day, and later on he was wounded on Omaha Beach. He worked for Bell Telephone for more than three decades after the war, and currently lives in Rhode Island.



D-Day veteran Arden Earll with current "29er" at an Omaha Beach ceremony on the 70th Anniversary. Arden is a Pennsylvania native who landed on Omaha Beach in the first minutes of the D-Day invasion as a member of Company H, 116th Infantry, 29th Division. He holds two Purple Hearts for war wounds. After the war he settled in Erie, Pennsylvania, and worked for the U.S. Postal Service.

A serendipitous series of events led me to Don. As the daughter of two filmmakers, I aspired to make a documentary of my own. I became increasingly intrigued by the story of my great grandfather, Sgt. Parker (Pat) Davie Hanna Jr., a Stars and Stripes correspondent who likely attached himself to the 29th Infantry Division for D-Day. In 1990, my mother conducted an extended interview with him, during which he opened up about his war memories for the first time. Pat died the next year, aggravated by old wounds from WWII. Although I never met Pat, I grew up listening to his voice. The tapes from my mother's interview fascinated me. I devised a plan to retrace Pat's route for WWII and applied for funding through my university. These were my intentions, as I worded them on the application:

I intend to carry out an eight-week independent project retracing my great-grandfather's WWII route through England, France and Germany and conducting interviews with locals who fought or lived through the war. I will document my travels by filming them and keeping written notes and will refer to these as I assemble my thoughts and experiences from the summer into a substantial essay exploring the concepts of intergenerational connectivity and war. Additionally, I hope to use my film footage to create a verité-style documentary film about my travels.

The university granted me a third of the sum I had asked for. I decided to be scrappy and make it work. I requested Pat's documents from the National Archives, including the Distinguished Service Cross he'd received for heroism outside of St. Lô. I researched St. Lô and learned about the Chappelle de la Madeleine, a memorial to the American 29th and 35th Divisions. I contacted the memorial's curators, Michael Yannaghas and Jean Mignon, who informed me that a group of D-Day veterans from the 29th Division was planning a pilgrimage to Normandy for the 70th Anniversary.

The idea of interviewing these 29er veterans seemed too good to be true. If anyone could give me an insight into Pat's world, it would be them. I reached out to Fran Sherr-Davino, of the 29th Division Associa-

(Continued on page 32)



Suzanne (Suzette) Gandon, a friend of Don McCarthy and D-Day survivor. Suzette grew up near the commune of Juaye-Mondaye in Calvados, Normandy, where she experienced D-Day as a young girl. Suzette's grandfather served in the French Army during WWI, her father was a prisoner-of-war during WWII, and her late husband fought in Algiers. Suzette remains in Juaye-Mondaye, where she lives in a restored thirteenth-century farmhouse near her childhood home.

(Continued from page 31)

tion, who politely informed me that the veterans would have a very tight schedule and that the chances of interviewing them were slim. I continued to check with her regularly, in hopes that the situation might change. Then one day, it did. Fran explained that a veteran named Don McCarthy needed a chaperone from England to France. If I accompanied him and facilitated the logistics of his travels, I could join the whole group of 29ers on a tour through the towns they liberated. I didn't really know what I was getting into, but I was ready to take a leap.

Don and I spent four days in Cornwall, where the 29ers trained for the Normandy invasion. We visited Truro, Trebah, Tavistock, Ivybridge, Exeter, and Poole and attended several ceremonies in honor of the D-Day anniversary. My most precious memories of Cornwall are of sitting with Don in the car, listening to him talk for hours about his memories of D-Day and feelings about returning to these locations. I had the camera on constantly (I filmed for about ten hours a day), and the footage from that time still moves me to tears. Hearing Don talk was like listening to my grandpa Pat, except I could ask questions and see him register how much I cared.

Don and I joined with the rest of the congregation in St. Lô. The group consisted of eight D-Day veterans in addition to Don: Harold (Hal) Baumgarten, Arden Earll, Robert Lowry, Steven (Steve) Melnikoff, Morley Piper, Donald Robertson, Joseph Steimel, and John Trzaskos. The group also included some 29er veterans who fought in other wars, the veterans' families, a few current 29ers assigned to escort the D-Day veterans, and some long-term friends of the 29th, including the

inimitable Division Historian, Joe Balkoski. We spent ten days together, and our itinerary was packed. Each morning, we assembled for an early breakfast at the hotel, boarded two large tour buses, and drove out to attend a profusion of ceremonies.

Each village liberated by the 29th wanted to organize its own tribute to the veterans, and so we attended over 20 such events at locations including St. Laurent Sur Mer, Vierville Sur Mer, La Cambe, St. Clair, Isigny, St. Croix, St. James, Vire, Grandcamp, Omaha Beach, Utah Beach, Canisy, Falaise, and St. Lô. This was an extraordinary experience. The French people turned out en masse for these events, and even the small children were anxious to demonstrate their respect for the veterans and interest in their stories. Like in Cornwall, we logged many hours on the road in Normandy, and I used this time to interview the veterans. I became particularly close with Arden Earll and Hal Baumgarten, who have become two major characters in my documentary. I had a miniature tripod that I could attach to bus headrests, and the footage from those interviews is some of the most powerful material in the film.

My fascination with the history of D-Day expanded beyond military narratives to include the stories of D-Day's civilian survivors. After the veterans returned to the United States, I remained in Normandy to capture that perspective. A close friend of Don's named Suzette Gandon welcomed me into her home. Suzette had experienced the



Photo courtesy of the Hanna family

A highly decorated soldier during WWII and the Korean War, Sgt. Parker Davie Hanna Jr. received the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star with V device, Purple Heart with oak leaf cluster, Combat Infantry and Airborne badges, and several foreign decorations.

invasion as a young girl, living with her mother and sisters in a trench because her house wasn't safe. I spent my days recording her memories of D-Day and exploring the sunken roads and WWII foxholes that dot the countryside. The shores, pastures, and towns of Normandy remain imbued with D-Day's legacy. A month after I had arrived with Don, I packed up my gear and said goodbye to France. I was exhilarated; I had stories to tell.

Over three years have passed since our pilgrimage in 2014, and during that time, I've committed myself to the task of finishing my documentary. Now titled *Sunken Roads: Seventy Years After D-Day*, this film preserves the voices and memories of heroes from America's Greatest Generation. The 70th Anniversary of D-Day was an internationally-celebrated occasion, covered by journalists from all over the world. *Sunken Roads* documents that event from a very different perspective, offering a more intimate, personal view of the veterans' experiences. Since 2014, we've lost four members of our Normandy Group: Hal Baumgarten, Donald "Ducky" Robertson, Bob Lowry, and Bill O'Shea (Don McCarthy's cousin). *Sunken Roads* is dedicated to them, and to my grandpa Pat.

Before I met Don, Hal, Arden, and Suzette, I wanted to pursue a career that had nothing to do with film. Now, I want to be a filmmaker and historian, devoting my life to the task of preserving stories like theirs and communicating them to future generations. Our journey to Normandy changed the trajectory of my future, and I hope *Sunken Roads* will allow others to be profoundly impacted by this history as well. Soon, there will be a generation of children who will never know WWII veterans. It is my dream that *Sunken Roads* will allow them to get to know these men, just as the process of making it allowed me to get to know my grandpa Pat.

I am thrilled to be working on *Sunken Roads* with my two favorite filmmakers— producer Lydia Robertson and editor Mark Juergens—who also happen to be my mom and dad. So far, we've financed post-production through crowd funding. I launched a Kickstarter campaign last year, which succeeded in raising \$35,000. Kickstarter is an online platform, where people can donate to finance independent creative projects. As film budgets go, \$35,000 is a modest amount, but we've made it last. The Kickstarter money allowed us to finish editing the film and to hire two incredible composers to create an original score for *Sunken Roads*. We now have a beautiful 95-minute cut of the full film.

Several steps remain before *Sunken Roads* will be ready to share with the world. Another \$40,000 will be necessary to finish the film. \$30,000 of this would cover the costs of professional color correction and sound mixing. These two steps are crucial and would transform *Sunken Roads* into a truly polished piece, meriting the consideration of top-notch international and domestic festivals and distributors, including Sundance, Cannes, Toronto, the History Channel, PBS, BBC, and HBO. The remaining \$10,000 would pay for rights to archival photographs, which will vividly bring the experience of the 29ers alive to audiences unfamiliar with their history. We intend to work with an international array of archives to secure the most vivid and impactful images available. I hope to raise this \$40,000 through a combination of grants and individual donations.

If you happen to be in a position to contribute to the film, I would be honored to have your support. Even more importantly, I would love to hear any ideas you might have about how to move forward with this next fundraising effort. Recently, I attended the Post 93 Luncheon in Lowell, MA, and the members at that meeting helped me brainstorm fundraising strategies. I was amazed by their creativity and thoughtfulness, and I am so excited to hear ideas from all of you.

I am honored to be a part of the 29th Division Association. This community has helped to make me who I am. To the veterans who graced me with their stories and friendship: I will be thankful to you for the rest of my life. 29, Let's Go!



Photo by Ken Yanagisawa

**Charlotte Juergens is the director of
*Sunken Roads: Seventy Years After D-Day***

Charlotte Juergens graduated from Yale University in 2016 with a BA in History with honors. Her fascination with history and nonfiction storytelling have led to the appearance of her work in publications such as the West Point Historical Review, Newsweek Magazine Online, and the blogs of the Connecticut State Library U.S. Embassy in New Zealand. She will begin her graduate studies in history at the University of Chicago in Fall, 2017.

All photos by Charlotte Juergens unless otherwise noted.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL POSTS

All posts are requested to submit one of two documents to the National Finance Officer at the end of the tax year.

One document being a statement that the post's "normal revenue stream" is less than **\$50,000** a year; or, a copy of a current financial statement that shows the "current revenue stream", signed by proper post authority.

Failure to provide either of the documents will result in the requirement that the Post must file their own **IRS Return 990-N**.

The National Finance Officer will not file the return for any Post failing to document their capability to file the return.

If any Post has a "normal revenue stream in excess of **\$50,000** per year" they will be required to file **IRS Form 990 EZ**.

The National Finance Officer has filed all **IRS 990** documents for all posts this year.

Minutes

of the NEC III Meeting
held on 22 June 2017 at the
Pikesville Military Reservation, Pikesville, MD

National Commander Robert Wisch called the National Executive Committee (NEC III) Meeting to order at 0930 hours. Commander Wisch led the attendees in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, followed by the opening prayer that was offered by Chaplain Schildt. The group then recited the 29th Division Association Preamble.

Commander Wisch began by welcoming all to the NEC. Commander Wisch then asked for the roll call by Adjutant Valerie Hawkins. It was noted that a quorum was present.

The Minutes of the previous meeting (NEC III, 26 January 2017) had been published and were distributed in the Spring 2017 edition of the *Twenty-Niner*. As there were no corrections or amendments, these minutes were approved as published.

Officer's Report

National Commander – Since NEC I Commander Wisch has visited every 29th Division Association Post in Maryland as well as Posts #5 and #64 in Virginia and #729 in Pennsylvania. In January the commander attended the deployment of the 29th CAB at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, MD. He has attended several funerals and other events as well. On 10 June the National Commander had the distinct honor of placing the 29th Division Association's wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery. Joining him was World War II veteran, Steve Melnikoff, and LTC Charles Reinhold of the 29th Division. As a member of the Governor of Maryland's World War I Centennial Commission, the commander has attended monthly meetings and continuously reminds the commission of the importance to honor the 29th Division for their World War I service to the state and to the nation.

National Senior Vice Commander – Grant Hayden deferred his report until later in the meeting.

National Junior Vice Commander – Vacant.

Southern Region National Vice Commander – David Leighton reported on the activities and events that he has attended over the past several months.

Maryland Region National Vice Commander – Houston Matney reported that Robert Jones of Post 88 has been elected as the new MD Region Commander. He recognized the participation of Post 48 and Post 78 at the Memorial Day Remembrance ceremony at the Gerstell Academy in Finksburg/Westminster where over 9,000 American flags were displayed to honor all the deceased veterans of Maryland in all the wars.

At Large Region National Vice Commander – Edward Tolzman had no report.

National Executive Director – William Mund said he continues to keep busy with all the various mundane duties in which he is responsible for. He also coordinates the registrations for the annual wreath laying event and the NEC meetings (II & III) that occur in January and June. He is also heavily involved with the registrations for the convention and the collection and accounting of funds for the annual Souvenir Program Book. He also typographically composes and paginates that publication for printing and

distribution at the convention. Mund said he has been handling all aspects of the Souvenir Program Book since 2011.

Membership – Executive Director Mund mentioned several posts that have been having issues in submitting their dues to National Headquarters in a timely manner. He said that Post 116 in Staunton, VA., is showing improvement with the help of BG (Ret) Ted Shuey. Mund said he has been assured by Post Commander Sean Malloy of Post 2 in Florida that they will also make some improvement in the dues collection process this year. Mund maintains the National database which is of paramount importance in the mailing out of the monthly *Chin Strap* and the triannual *Twenty-Niner*.

Finance & Budget – J. Brian Becker reported on the financial status of the association. He advised that the Bequest from PNC George Cook was received and deposited. The donations that were approved at the past convention in October were distributed to the Maryland Military Historical Society Inc., in Baltimore, MD; the 116th Infantry Regimental Foundation in Staunton, VA; and the D-Day Memorial in Bedford, VA. Comrade Becker announced that he will be stepping down as Finance Officer and that Robert "Bob" Jones of Post 88 will be nominated to be elected to that position at the convention in October.

Chaplain – Reverend John Schildt made some comments about his involvement with the Antietam battlefield. He also mentioned the fact that the people who were children during WWII are now passing away and that we must make sure that the sacrifices of our veterans during WWII are not forgotten.

Service – Walter Carter was not in attendance and no report was rendered.

Surgeon – Dr. Howard Bond said he would provide a column for the next issue of the *Twenty-Niner*.

Welfare – National Welfare Officer Rauschenberg was not in attendance and no report was rendered.

Historian – Joe Balkoski was not in attendance and no report was rendered.

Sergeant at Arms – Randall Beamer had no report.

Property Officer – Franklin Shilow said that the convention this past October was the most successful that he has experienced. He hopes to be just as successful this coming October.

Parliamentarian – Thomas Insley had no report.

Judge Advocate – Reported that no legal issues have arisen during his tenure.

Committee Reports

2017 National Convention – Commander Wisch said that the convention will be in Hunt Valley, MD on 12-15 October 2017. A military ball after the banquet is planned for Saturday evening with a 20-piece orchestra. Commander Wisch asked for a motion that the \$500.00 Voucher program again be offered to our WWII veterans. PNC King made a motion to support this program. This motion was seconded by Bond and passed.

2018 National Convention – Senior Vice Commander Hayden said that the convention will be in Roanoke, VA on 11-14 October

2018. He also mentioned several activities/trips that he is planning for this convention.

Futures Committee – PNC Ginsburg talked about the website which is also used as a recruiting tool. He said the Facebook page has 300 followers.

Communications Committee – PNC Ginsburg said that the DVD is being finalized. This DVD will contain personal accounts of WWII veteran Steve Melnikoff; SGM Tom Thompson of the GWOT; and comments from Ted Shuey.

Nominating Committee – Executive Director Will Mund read a list of members who will be nominated for the election of officers to occur at the convention in October.

Special Reports

Normandy Allies – Executive Director Mund read a report sent to him by Walter Carter of Normandy Allies covering events that have already or will occur this year. Walter wrote that a teacher selected to receive our grant, was unable to attend the trip this year. That teacher will attend the trip in 2018.

The Twenty-Niner Newsletter – Editor William Mund briefed on some of the articles that will be published in the Summer 2017 *Twenty-Niner*.

Old Business

Wreath Laying Ceremony – at Arlington National Cemetery and the luncheon following at Spates Community Center occurred on Saturday, 10 June 2017. WWII Veteran Steve Melnikoff and LTC Reinhold of 29th Division Headquarters assisted Commander Wisch in laying the wreath. There was some difficulty at the luncheon with the seating set up at Spates Community Center.

Sunflower, Alabama Initiative – The effort underway to honor the then unidentified slain soldier pictured in the March 1945 edition of Life magazine during World War II is ongoing. Henry Slade Harrell of Sunflower, AL, was in the 29th Division, a member of C/175. The tentative plan is for a plaque in memory of this soldier to be placed somewhere in his hometown of Sunflower.

Normandy Trip – The Commander said he is disappointed that only a small percentage of our membership has shown interest in the Normandy trip. This trip is being coordinated by BG (Ret) Ted Shuey of Post 64.

Weinberg Center Update – Mr. Jim Bonner updated everyone on the status of the renovation of the Weinberg Center at Camp Fretterd, MD. The renovations have been delayed. We may be able to have the January 2018 NEC II meeting there.

Oriole Game on 16 July, 2017 – The Commander spoke about the Oriole game he has coordinated to occur on Sunday, 16 July, 2017. The Orioles will host the Chicago Cubs. This event will be part of the Military Appreciation program.

Monument Rededication – PNC Ginsburg spoke about possibly rededicating the 29th Division monument in front of the Fifth Regiment Armory for the 100th anniversary of the formation of the 29th Division.

New Business

POW/MIA – PNC King introduced Steve Roragen and licensed therapy mascot POW/MIA of Post 64. POW/MIA is a registered Sheltie service/therapy dog. PNC King made a motion seconded by SRVC Hayden for POW/MIA to be designated the official 29th Division Association National Therapy Dog. This motion was passed.

NJVC Vacancy – Executive Director Mund made a motion to elect Southern Region Commander David Leighton as National Junior Vice Commander. This office became vacant when Frank Rauschenberg resigned as National Senior Vice Commander. Motion was seconded by PNC King and passed.

Grants Committee – Commander Wisch made a motion to establish a Grants Committee. This committee will be to study and approve/disapprove all grants requested from the 29th Division Association. This motion was seconded by PNC King and passed. Brian Becker is to be the chairman of this committee. Other members are: JRVCA David Leighton, PNC Robert Recker, Robert Jones and PNC David Ginsburg.

Bequest Acknowledgement Correspondence – Executive Director Mund read correspondence from the D-Day Memorial, 116th IRF and the Maryland Military Historical Society, Inc., thanking us for the donations they received from us through the bequest of PNC George Cook.

2019 Trip to France – Executive Director Mund read email correspondence that he received from Fran Sherr-Davino concerning her plans on conducting a trip to France in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of D-Day. She will be requesting \$1,500.00 at the convention for flowers to be presented at various ceremonies.

Deaths, Sick & Distressed

Chuck Neighbor of Post 64 is back at his apartment at Brandon Oaks after being in rehab. PNC Bob Moscati remains at Frederick Villa in Catonsville. His family has purchased a handicapped accessible van which can be used by his family and his 29th Association family to get around in.

Good of the Association

Commander Wisch implored all posts to support the Souvenir Program Book by placing a full page ad in the book.

PNC Ginsburg recommended that the NEC create several At-Large NEC positions so that long-serving and hard working officers who have never reached PNC status can remain members of the NEC.

PNC Wilcox reminded everyone about the 29th Division Monument in the "Walk of Honor" just outside of Fort Benning, GA.

Closing

With no further business, Commander Wisch began the closing ceremonies. A closing prayer was offered by Chaplain Schildt along with a final salute to the colors. Commander Wisch announced that the Annual Business meeting is scheduled for **Saturday, 14 October 2017**, at the Delta by Marriott Baltimore Hunt Valley hotel. NEC I will occur following the Memorial Service on **Sunday 15 October 2017**.

Meeting was adjourned at 1223 hours.

Respectfully submitted,

*WILLIAM S. MUND, JR.
National Executive Director*

**NEC Members please note:
These minutes are not distributed individually.
This is your copy.**

Remembering one, John J. O'Neil, and honoring all

On June 6th, 2017, the 73rd anniversary of the Normandy Landings, Normandy Allies began the day at the Wall of Remembrance in Saint Jean de Savigny. A plaque was dedicated in honor of John O'Neil, 29th Division, 116th/A Company, who was killed in action on D-Day.

Those who honored John O'Neil wrote: "John could best be described as a quiet and humble man, and because of those characteristics this plaque memorializes not only John O'Neil, but it serves to honor and remember every single serviceman and woman who sacrificed their lives on foreign soil to help

preserve humanity and stop the oppressive regime of the Axis forces."

Denis Lesage, accompanied by Colleen Green and Sarah Green, led the unveiling. Pete Combee read the commentary as all paused to remember this soldier, and thereby to honor all. We are grateful to Denis Lesage and all the members of the Wall of Remembrance Society for creating and maintaining this Wall of Remembrance in Saint Jean de Savigny.

Under the team leadership of Peter Combee and Mary Stubler, the Normandy Allies May/June 2017 program began in



From left to right: Colleen Green, Sarah Green, Denis Lesage and Pete Combee.

England reviewing the preparations for the Landings. After crossing the Channel via Brittany Ferries, the group visited the Landing Beaches, the British and Canadian areas, Sainte-Mere-Eglise, Saint-Lô, and Colombières.

They took time to honor our soldiers buried at the Normandy and Brittany Cemeteries. One participant summed up the 13 days: "The most significant part of this experience was seeing the actual scale of the operation. The most meaningful were the visits to multiple cemeteries while in Normandy."

We invite you to join future programs—contact Marsha Smith at normandyallies@verizon.net

Meanwhile, wherever you are at this moment, we invite you to pause a moment and remember those who gave of themselves that others might be free.

Private Henry G. Costin – H Company, 115th Infantry, 29th Division

(Continued from page 14)

His act resulted in the capture of about one hundred prisoners and several machine guns. All volunteers were killed except Lieutenant Regan who was able to dash into the middle of the Germans demanding surrender.

For one of the bravest deeds of the entire engagement, Second Lieutenant Patrick Regan and Private Henry G. Costin were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor

Medal of Honor Citation

Rank and organization: Private, U.S. Army, Company H, 115th Infantry, 29th Division. Place and date: Near Bois-de-

Consenvoye, France, 8 October 1918. Entered service at: Baltimore, MD. Birth: Baltimore, MD. G.O. No.: 34 W.D., 1919

Citation:

When the advance of his platoon had been held up by machinegun fire and a request was made for an automatic rifle team to charge the nest, Pvt. Costin was the first to volunteer. Advancing with his team, under terrific fire of enemy artillery, machineguns and trench mortars, he continued after all his comrades had become casualties and he himself had been seriously wounded. He operated his rifle until he collapsed. His act resulted in the capture of about 100 prisoners and several machineguns. He succumbed from the effects of his wounds shortly after the accomplishment of his heroic deed.

29th Division Association Supplies Available

<u>ITEM</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>POSTAGE & HANDLING</u>	<u>MAILED</u>
Book—Ever Forward 116th Inf. History (soft cover)	\$17.90	\$5.75	\$23.65
Book—29 Let's Go—29th Division History	\$29.00	FREE	\$29.00
Book—Beyond the Beachhead (Joseph Balkoski)	\$19.90	\$5.75	\$25.65
Book—115th Infantry in WWII	\$25.00	\$5.75	\$30.75
Book—Omaha Beach and Beyond (The Long March of Sgt. Slaughter)	\$25.00	\$5.75	\$30.75
Book—From Beachhead to Brittany (Joseph Balkoski)	\$28.00	\$5.75	\$33.75
Book—From Brittany to the Reich (Joseph Balkoski)	\$27.00	\$5.75	\$32.75
Book—Our Tortured Souls (Joseph Balkoski)	\$27.00	\$5.75	\$32.75
Book—The Last Roll Call (Joseph Balkoski)	\$25.00	\$5.75	\$30.75
Book—Fields of War, Battle of Normandy (Robert Mueller)	\$19.95	\$5.75	\$25.70
Book—Drawing D-Day (Ugo & Maxine Giannini) (soft cover)	\$43.00	\$5.95	\$48.95
Book—For God, For Country ...For Love. (R.J. Slaughter)	\$20.00	\$5.75	\$25.75
29th Division Association Note Pads (5 1/2 x 8 1/2)	\$1.00	\$1.30	\$2.30
29th Division Association Note Pads (4 1/4 x 5 1/2)	\$1.35	\$0.70	\$2.05
Crest—115th Infantry Regiment	\$5.50	\$1.10	\$6.60
Crest—116th Infantry Regiment	\$5.50	\$1.10	\$6.60
Crest—175th Infantry Regiment	\$5.50	\$1.10	\$6.60
Decal (specify inside or outside)	\$0.50	\$0.50	\$1.00
Labels, gummed w/29th logo (sheet of 50)	\$1.00	\$0.50	\$1.50
Clear Plastic key ring w/29th Association logo	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$2.50
Lapel pin	\$3.95	\$1.10	\$5.05
Lapel pin, past post commander	\$5.00	\$1.10	\$6.10
Ladies pendant	\$6.00	\$1.10	\$7.10
Medallion (for plaques)	\$6.00	\$1.10	\$7.10
Plaque, wood 29th Division Association Logo	\$10.00	\$1.75	\$11.75
Plaque, wood replica of Omaha Beach Memorial	\$10.00	\$1.75	\$11.75
29th Division Association pocket patch	\$6.00	\$1.10	\$7.10
Pocket patch holder	\$3.00	\$1.10	\$4.10
Shoulder patch, 29th ID	\$3.50	\$0.50	\$4.00
Jacket, coach, navy with logo in S, M, L, XL, 2XL	\$28.00	\$5.75	\$33.75
Golf Shirt, embroidered 100% cotton pullover (royal blue, white, gray—L, XL, 2XL)	\$23.00	\$5.75	\$28.75
29th Division Official Association Necktie	\$20.00	\$2.00	\$22.00
29th Association Dress Hat (state size)	\$38.00	\$5.75	\$43.75
Hat, Baseball w/29th logo (embroidered)	\$15.00	\$2.60	\$17.60
Hat, Baseball w/29th logo (embroidered/Summer mesh)	\$12.00	\$2.60	\$14.60
29th Division Cemetery flags on wooden staff 12" X 19"	\$5.00	\$3.00	\$8.00

Checks should be made payable to the 29th Division Association & mailed with orders to:

**National Property Officer, 29th Division Association, 403 Caledonia Avenue
Baltimore, MD 21227- 4707, Phone — 410-242-1820**

You can now buy 29th merchandise using a credit card, debit card, or "PayPal".

*Just go to the new updated website at www.29thdivisionassociation.com and click on
"Merchandise" and it will walk you through how to order merchandise using electronic payment.*

Souvenir Program Book Ads

You are authorized to insert copy to occupy a space of _____ page for which we agree to pay the rate indicated.

Full Page	\$100	Quarter Page	\$40
Half Page	\$70	Eighth Page	\$25

IMPORTANT: The deadline for ads and boosters is **September 1, 2017**. Make up your ad copy, attach to this form with your check payable to the **29th Division Association** & mail to

William S. Mund, Jr.
 441 Chalfonte Drive
 Baltimore, MD 21228-4017
 443-529-4233
duster197329@gmail.com

IMPORTANT: "Camera Ready" copy is needed. Please make sure your ads are complete and legible. Thank You.

Patrons

During the 99th year of our 29th Division Association, your name and the names of all your family should appear in the Souvenir Program Book. The cost per name is \$2.00. Please print each name legibly.

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip: _____

Tel. #: _____

Email: _____

This coupon, with your check, made out as indicated above, should also be received no later than **September 1, 2017**. Mail to William S. Mund, Jr. at the address above.

Legion of Honor Recipients

In recognition of the French government's noble effort to award the Legion of Honor to veterans who participated in the liberation of France during the Second World War, the editorial staff of the *Twenty-Niner* wishes to publish the names of those recipients in the upcoming issues.

29th Division veterans who have received this award must submit the following information to the address listed below:

Name:
 Unit served in:
 Current address
 (City and State):
 Post number:
 Date award was received:

William S. Mund, Jr.
 441 Chalfonte Drive
 Baltimore, MD 21228
edit-pub29er@hotmail.com

Note: If you've already submitted your name and it has been published, please do not submit it again.

99TH ANNUAL CONVENTION OCTOBER 12 – 15, 2017 ADVANCE REGISTRATION FORM

Please print and make your reservation early.

Name: _____ Unit: _____ Post: _____

Name: _____ Unit: _____ Post: _____

Enclose separate sheet for more names. Please select your entrees for the dinners.

EACH PERSON MUST PAY THE REGISTRATION CHARGE!

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Telephone: _____ Email: _____

Registration Charge (Non-refundable) No. @ _____ \$25.00 \$ _____

Friday Evening Buffet (Open Seating) No. @ _____ \$35.00 \$ _____

Saturday Evening Banquet (Assigned Seating) No. @ _____ \$35.00 \$ _____

Choice of:

Roast Beef _____

Chicken _____

Friday Trip — 29th Division Museum at the Fifth Regiment Armory and lunch is "On Your Own" at Harbor Place. No. @ _____ \$25.00 \$ _____

TOTAL: _____

Make checks payable to 29th Division Association and mail to:

William Mund, 441 Chalfonte Drive, Baltimore, MD 21228-4017

The cost of meals and trips cancelled prior to the cut-off date will be refunded. Due to contractual agreements with providers and caterers, cancellations made after the cut-off date will be non-refundable.

Any questions, contact Will Mund at (443) 529-4233 or Email at duster197329@gmail.com

CUT-OFF DATE FOR REGISTRATIONS IS SEPTEMBER 25, 2017

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Delta by Marriott Baltimore Hunt Valley

For reservations call: **888-236-2427**

BE SURE TO REFERENCE: *THE 29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION ROOM BLOCK*

CUT-OFF DATE FOR GETTING THE DISCOUNTED ROOM RATE IS SEPTEMBER 12, 2017.

See page 30 for more Hotel information.

29th Division Association
P.O. Box 47634
Windsor Mill, MD 21244-0634

Nonprofit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 1262
Baltimore, MD

Address Service Requested

Association Membership

Applications and payments can be completed online or mailed to our National Headquarters address below. If you do not choose a post, one will be assigned for you based on your current or former unit or your home address. Dues vary from post to post but a check for \$12.00 made payable to the 29th Division Association will suffice. You may also make application and pay dues at our National web site: www.29thdivisionassociation.com.

National Headquarters
29th Division Association
P.O. Box 47634
Windsor Mill, MD 21244-0634

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| MD Post 1-72 | Baltimore, MD |
| FL Post 2 | Sarasota, FL |
| VA Post 5 | Norfolk, VA |
| MD Post 48 | Westminster, MD |
| MD Post 58 | Dundalk, MD |
| VA Post 64 | Roanoke, VA |
| MD Post 78 | Frederick, MD |
| MD Post 85 | Northeastern MD |
| MD Post 88 | Eastern Shore, DE & MD |
| NE Post 93 | New England |
| MD Post 94 | Silver Spring, MD |
| MD Post 110 | Pikesville, MD |
| VA Post 116 | Staunton, VA |
| PA Post 175 | Pennsylvania |
| MD Post 729 | Waynesboro, PA |

You Can Help Our Association Grow

Support your Post and the Association. Be on the alert for prospective new members and tell them about our Association. Give prospects an application and encourage them to enroll.



"29 Let's Go!"

Application for Membership in
29TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION, INC.

Please Print

Applicant _____

E-mail Address (if available) _____

Street Address _____

City/State/Zip+4 _____

I was a member of ____ Company ____ Battery ____ Regiment

29th Division WWII _____ NG _____ 29th Inf Div _____

*GWOT _____ Children/Grandchildren _____

Phone Number _____

I hereby apply for membership in the 29th Division Association, Inc.
and herewith transmit \$ _____ as annual membership dues

In _____ Post No. _____
which includes the National dues and one year subscription to the
official publication of the 29th Division Association, Inc. "The
Twenty-Niner." which is published three times per year.

*GLOBAL WAR ON TERRORISM

Applicant's Signature _____