I am continuously amazed at the persistence and ingenuity of our members in locating former comrades, and getting them in the fold. I get many letters and notes indicating that fact. Just recently I received a letter from an old friend that found me. So it works both ways. However you look at it, the lesson is, keep searching.

The Reunion plans are fairly well established. All the committees are in place. Detailed plans will be published in the Spring Trailblazer, so that everyone will be able to pre-register and avoid the rush around the registration table. This will be a priority this time, the pre-registration. Al Thomas and Norm Johnson are working out the plans, and it should be much easier this time. If you have any questions or suggestions, there is still time for them.

I hope you have sent in your thoughts on the History Book project. The last count indicated quite a majority in favor of the plan, though many still thought we should charge something for the book. You should be sure you have your vote counted.

We sent our distinguished delegation to Germany again this summer. Floyd Freeman again organized the tour, and our Association was well represented at the reception in Forbach by our Vice-President East Ed Cloonan. Thanks to both of them for the representation. Irene and I were not able to go this time, but we certainly have it in mind for the future. It is a trip that really awakens the memories. Sad for those we left behind. Happy for those with whom we are associated now.

All of the officers take this opportunity to extend to the members, and to the wives and families of our absent members and comrades, our best wishes for 1988. We are looking forward to the new year and the Reunion with anticipation.
There is no way—other than your personal contacts with wartime buddies—that those of the American Legion, VFW, etc., between the Association and its members.

Scores—yes, hundreds—even existed. I would have joined at once!

Making that first contact has been the hardest task of the Association since its founding. Scores—yes, hundreds—of men have written: "Gee! I wish I had known 20 years ago that this Association existed. I would have joined at once!

That's why it bothers the devil out of me when my wife—who's the circulation manager of this journal—gets a notification from the Post Office that it couldn't deliver the magazine. We may have lost touch forever with some Trailblazer.

Often the notation is "Insufficient Address"—although that address has delivered the magazine for years and years. Or "Unknown at This Address" or "Moved: Left No Forwarding Address." When that happens we're blitzed. What in the world can we do?

You'd be surprised how often we send first-class letters and ask "Are you still there, Joe?"

If you are moving to a new address, please let us know immediately!

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"Blazers' Biggest...."

The heaviest weapon of the 70th Division was this 155 mm gun of Divarty. This is the 1st Section of Battery B, 725th Field Artillery Battalion. That's Cpl. James Lynch checking out the emplacement.

Although artillerymen wore the red braid of their service on their caps, they were an integral part of the blue-braided Infantry Division. Massive as the weapons were, they were mobile enough to move right along with the foot soldiers and lay down the barrages that opened a ground attack.

In that frightful month of January, 1945, Task Force Herren had to rely on strangers for artillery support. When Divarty joined the regiments and the Division was re-united in February, the practiced cooperation with old, familiar teammates greatly enhanced the Trailblazers' effectiveness. (This photo—and all others except as noted—are by Chester Garstki.)

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"Seems Like Old Times"

By Edmund C. Arnold

This magazine is usually the only link between the Association and its members. There is no way—other than your personal contacts with wartime buddies—that 70th men can be found.

National veterans magazines such as those of the American Legion, VFW, etc., will print only paid notices—and they are rather expensive. And most of the men we want to reach probably don't receive those magazines anyway.

If you don't get your magazine within a month after mailing date, let me know. (My address is at the foot of page 2 and my phone is (804) 329-5295.)

Mailing dates: December 23, 1987, and—in '88—March 31, June 29 and (depending on the Nashville Reunion activities) October 1. In most instances we'll mail well before these deadlines. But they'll clue you if your "Trailblazer" fails to arrive within a month.

The magazine and The Book have to be sandwiched in between my consulting trips. Although I 'retired' from the campus three years ago, my consulting just expanded to fill up the time. In April, for instance, I'll be going up to Anchorage, Alaska and that will mean I have to get the Spring issue into the mail before I leave. The schedule for the issue you're reading right now was complicated by a trip to California and a family gathering in Kiawa Island, South Carolina, right after Christmas.

I've gotten a couple complaints about the covers on this magazine. One was the bayonet drill in which one GI wore a captured German uniform. The other was the simulated house-to-house combat practice at Leonard Wood.

One complaint was that we should not show the potential brutality of war by using that bayonet photo. We shouldn't pick off the scabs of old wounds. That stumps me, it truly does. War is brutal and if we are to record it we can't sugarcoat it. Bayonet fighting is about as brutal as you can get. But we did train for it—and a few of us owe our lives to that training.

I, too, believe in forgetting past animosities. I believe the reconciliation between the 70th and the 6th Mountain Division is a noble act. But we should never forget that once we were enemies; that once our major goal was to kill anyone in the hostile uniform.

None of us—American or German—voted to have a war. None of us engaged in the political preludes to conflict. Most of us, in fact, were drafted—even though quite willingly. We were catapulted into combat by the force of events over which we had no control at all.

We must remember how our countries—on both sides of the Rhine—were brought into that terrible conflict. And we should keep alert that our grandsons are not manipulated into shooting to kill a fellow-man.

As to the house-to-house combat shot: Criticism has been made that this is a "phony picture" and that "it wasn't like that in France and Germany." It was not a phony picture; it was an absolutely accurate one.

Of course it was different in the ETO. No training exercise—hazardous as it may be—is ever the same as actual combat. But that doesn't alter the fact that we did undergo training and that a part of that training involved a mock German village. Are we just to ignore the time from June, 1943 at Adair and July 1944 at Leonard Wood because the real thing was so different?
ent from our training exercises? What do you think?

Speaking of pictures:
Our printer cannot use colored Polaroids. So please don’t send ’em to me.
And any 1940-vintage photos can’t be used if they have:
1. Any traces of brown color in them;
2. The least bit fuzzy in focus; or
3. Have faces smaller than the size of a dime.
I know how much these pictures are treasured by you. I know how much pleasure it would give you to see them in the magazine. So it makes me feel like an ogre when I have to tell you “Sorry, can’t use this.”
Please—just don’t send them to me!

The people of Stiring-Wendel in France have been awarded the Croix de Guerre. Some of our members have been in correspondence with the mayor of that city. There have been suggestions that Stiring-Wendel might confer honorary citizenship on the 70th Division for rescuing it from Nazi rule. Several other French cities so honored have shared that honor with their American liberators.

If we are awarded citizenship, all Trailblazers would be eligible for the Cross. Kevin Corrigan, I/274, is one of the correspondents. So is your editor, me.

Last time around, Claude Schiller (WA9FCM) sent out a call for Trailblazer ham radio operators. Thomas (Pat) Patterson, H/274, responds. His call letters are W5UKY, Claude, C/276, and Pat invite any other hams to give them a call and send in their names to “The Trailblazer.”

Bid farewell to Joseph Colucci, AT/275, who died last year. Jack Horan, D/275, sends us the belated news. Joe was awarded a Bronze Star and the Purple Heart during the January campaign in the Vosges. He was wounded by shrapnel. A little later, at Baerenthal, he was a tank gunner and destroyed six German tanks. He received another Bronze Star and another Purple Heart then. We have no explanation of how he got from anti-tank to tank. Anyone fill us in?

Norman Gauch, Sv/276, and Ed Apelgren, HQ/274, had a mini-mini-reunion in Atlanta, Georgia, in August. Each is in the fishing tackle manufacturing business, Norm in New York, Ed in Minnesota. Each had a display at the annual trade show of their industry. So they were on a working trip but still found time to swap a few war stories.
They had known each other as industrial colleagues for many years. But they didn’t know they had served in the same division. This estimable magazine brought them together.
The two are pleased as can be that the Nashville Reunion will be in October so they can attend. Previously the Reunion had always conflicted with their trade show.

An appreciated note comes from Louise Richardson, widow of Lt. Gen. James Richardson. He died early in 1987 and his obituary ran in the Fall issue of the magazine. Mrs. Richardson points out an error that we repeated from a San Francisco newspaper. The general commanded the 25th Division from 1960 through ’62.
He was G-3 for the Trailblazer during WW2.

It is little short of amazing how a man can drop out of memories and records. For the 70th History Book—which I have been laboring madly the past two months—I have been trying to find details about two of our Division commanders:
Gen. Allison Barnett and Gen. Peter Rodes. (Few of us remember that Rodes was CO while the Division moved from Adair to Wood in ’44.) The only records I can find ended in 1945. Both men are dead and, apparently, so are their widows. I’ve tried the obvious sources, the Army Historical Section, National Archives, newspaper files, etc. No soap. If anyone has any information about these two men after WW2, or can suggest sources, please let me know soon.


Twenty five people from I/274 assembled in Oshkosh, Wisconsin September 18–20, 1987 for a mini-reunion.
Recently located Clarence “Snuffy” Smith was delighted to renew old acquaintances he had not seen since 1945.

Help!
The post office has returned the last “Trailblazer” sent to the following men. If they’re in your area, will you try to track them down by phone and let us know the correct address? We hate to lose contact with any 70th man.
Edward Kimmel, O’Fallon, Illinois 62269;
Ovilo Lambert, Danielson, Connecticut 06239;
Eugene Volz, Holland, Pennsylvania 18966.

Special guests were Delyle and Irene Omholt.
Attending were: Vernon & Marie Bergstrom, Ron & Jane Garrett, Norm & Ann Grover, Ralph Larson, Ray Ludwig, Byron and Gwen McNeeley, Charlie and Jo Munie, Frank “Bud” and Wim Renning, Jake and Thelma Noll, Joe and Marie Wagner, Jack and Betty Walsh and Clarence Smith.
A ceremony in memory of Harold Schindler, a regular participant, who passed away July 29, was part of the program.

A few copies of Charlie Pence’s fine book, “Ordeal in the Vosges,” are available for $14, postage paid. This is the authoritative history of the 275th Regiment’s bloody January, 1945. They may be ordered from Charlie at 285 Fairway Lane, Carolina Trace, Sandford, North Carolina 27330. Include your check with your order. Eugene Peterson is co-author.

While preparing for a hunting trip, Cecil King, B/725 FA, died of a heart attack in October. He had celebrated his 80th birthday—making him one of the oldest Trailblazers—and his 60th wedding anniversary in June.
He had retired from Trans World Airlines in 1972 after 21 years service. Eugene Regan, a battery mate, relays the sad news.

After a colostomy and suffering osteoarthritis, Charles Link, B/275 is yet a happy man. He has discovered the Association after all these years! He joined the 70th at Leonard Wood and was a prisoner of war for five months in Saarbrucken. He and his wife Lillian live in Gillespie, Illinois.
It was a small "congregation." Just three men and a chaplain, celebrating a Communion service in an abandoned school near Forbach, France. But it made a tremendous impression on Lowell Campbell, HQ/882 FA. Perhaps that is why he later became an ordained Presbyterian minister and served in parishes in Alaska, Illinois and Colorado where he is now pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church in Littleton.

"I joined the 70th with the very first fillers at Camp Adair. As I grew up in Oregon, I was only 140 miles from home. "In our first combat engagement, we were setting up our surveying instruments on a hillside in France and immediately received an incoming shell. The shiny brass legs of our aiming circle provided an excellent target. We soon remedied that; the legs were covered with dirt."

It made me feel good to learn that the infantrymen were really concerned with our safety when we worked in the forward area. They wanted to be sure that we were properly dug in.

"When the Trailblazers were assigned to different units at the end of the war, I went to the 78th Division where my brother was Finance Officer. When I admitted being able to type, they made me a personnel sergeant. I stayed with the 903rd FA HQ Btty till coming home in the spring of '46."

He married Betty Fisher in Edgington, Illinois in 1951. They have three sons, two daughters and nine grandchildren.

Arnold Sherrick, H/274, was one of the air cadets who were transferred to the Trailblazers when their program was halted. After the war ended he worked for a year as a civilian in Information & Education in Germany. Back home he worked in several occupations, the last twenty years as a supervisor and bridge builder for the state of Ohio.

He married Ellie Schornsteiner in Hoechst, West Germany, in 1947. They have four sons and two daughters who gave them seven grandchildren. Arnold and Ellie live in Crooksville, Ohio.

Please tell me what to do:

When a member has been dropped for non-payment of dues and then "re-enlists," should he be listed as a "new member" in our quarterly report?

And should I run a list of those men who have dropped their membership? I am reluctant to do so; if they don’t want to continue their membership, that’s their business. On the other hand, there may be some men who have moved and so never received notice that dues were due. And it may be that an old buddy can persuade a man to renew his membership.

What do you think?

And as I ask for your opinion on that, might as well ask for another.

This column has been set in 10-point type. This is about 11 percent larger than what has been used in past issues. There are a few stories in this issue still in the old size. Now here’s the problem: If we use a larger type, obviously we can’t get as much material in our 16 pages. So what do we choose? A larger type for easier reading or old type and—in effect—about a page and a half more stories?

Floyd Buresh, Sv/275, "was one of the best truck drivers in the business," says

Milton Schacter of that company who sent word that Floyd died in August, 1986. His wife Frances had died in 1984. They lived in Rochester, Minnesota where their daughter, Barbara, is a nurse at Mayo Clinic.

Joseph Yeargain, also of Service, sent along the sad news, too.

Eugene Daern, A/270 Engineers, stood his last retreat on September 6, 1987. His wife Dottie, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, told the news. He was 69.

Among Trailblazer "youngsters:" is Frank Kimble, F/276. Born Feb. 10, 1926, he rates 24th on the list of youngest 'Blazers.

"I joined Fox Company as a replacement outside of Forbach early in 1945. We went through Forbach and headed for Saarbrucken. Just outside that city, while in a foxhole, I was wounded by shrapnel from a tree burst. I was taken back to Nancy, France, where I stayed till near the end of the war."

Frank lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

Treasurer’s Report
Alvin Thomas

Winter, 1988
The costly patrol

"This is an order," said Lt. Bussy Holmes.
"Come into my fox hole, one at a time. Try and warm up a little (from a tiny Coleman stove) and write a letter home." Later he passed the stove from one fox hole to another to give a little comfort to the 2nd Platoon, Co. C, 275th. It was at Angelsburg on January 6, 1945. They had climbed up from Philippsbourg on a dark and freezing night and arrived early in the morning.

Bill Rorabaugh recalls a costly patrol. T/Sgt Sig Rusley was killed at Hill 364 just a few yards from where Sgt. Tom Higley was wounded and evacuated. Rusley was awarded a posthumous Silver Star. Highley remembers: "We had only frozen K rations which we carried in our pockets for five days. I often wondered where our mess was."

Here's Rorabaugh's recollection:

It was about the 5th (correct) of 6th of January 1945, that the scattered remnants of Co. C regrouped at the end of Philippsbourg (toward Neiderbronn) and moved from there up into the high mountains to the Angelsburg area. It was bitterly cold, icy winds and deep snow, and we had only the clothes on our backs. I had my BAR, a full belt of magazines for it, my trenching tool, and a large hunting knife, much like a Bowie knife, which my father had had made for me. (I still have it.) I believe that we had a few 10-in-1 rations but no water as I remember melting snow in Joe Sueltenfuss' canteen cup (mine had a hole in it from either a bullet or shrapnel).

We had no contact with the enemy since leaving Philippsbourg and after reaching the high ground in Angelsburg area we dug in. (My squad was lucky! We just moved into some very good 2-man oversize foxholes.) We set up defensive positions. Joe and I shared one and had the BAR set up, well camouflaged with underbrush and branches. Once we were dug in and inactive the bitter cold got to us and it was pure misery—nothing to do but let your teeth chatter, shiver and shake.

We had no contact with the enemy and only a general idea of where they were; so it was necessary to send out a lot of patrols to try to determine their movements and locate their positions. Sig Rusley led a number of these patrols and had little trouble getting volunteers as it was a way to get warmed up somewhat rather than freezing in your holes. On one occasion he approached Joe and me and I volunteered as he wanted a BAR to go along for some firepower. Since we were spread out so thin, it is the estimate by Major D. C. Spence, 275th historian, that the 1st Bn, 275th had no more than 80 to 90 riflemen left in action at Angelsburg. It was the policy to have one man in each foxhole at all times so Sueltenfuss was left behind over his objections.

Odd how you remember little things of no significance—I recall taking the bi-pod off the BAR and handing it to Joe as I was leaving. He was a bow-legged little Texan who never said anything that didn't start with "yu-all" and he said, "Yu-all come back pow—Yu hear?"

(Joe died just a few years ago.)

It was a 6-man patrol with T/Sgt. Rusley in the lead, armed with a carbine, four men armed with M1-s, and myself with the BAR. (Sig was one of the few men I ever knew who was actually very, very accurate with a carbine.) We traveled quite some distance through mostly wooded terrain, taking advantage of all the cover we could find, and staying just below the crest of the hills. We saw and heard nothing—no sign of the enemy—and subsequently turned back, having traversed a large loop in our search.

It was shortly after turning back that we sighted some Germans below us on the same slope some 70 to 80 yards away. They were just coming out of the woods into a clearing and following around the contour of the hill—eight men all together in single file, moving slowly through the snow with about 4 to 5 feet between them. They wore the long overcoats and those duck-held field caps and carried those cylin­dric canisters slung on them, they were on a march rather than a patrol. They were black silhouettes against the snow. We had dropped down into the snow when we first sighted them and now Rusley was passing the word down the line that we should open fire when he fired and work from the ends to the middle of the column. We all took up kneeling positions and when Rusley's carbine cracked we all opened up with rapid fire—I was firing the BAR in bursts of 3 and 4 until the magazine was empty.

It was over in a matter of seconds and we moved out on the double and kept going, expect­ing possible fire from the woods below us but all was quiet. We returned to our positions and reported to the company CP. Rusley was elated, but I had mixed emotions, even though we had evaded some scores for those we had left behind in Philippsbourg. As near as I can remember that patrol was between the 7th and 10th January 1945.

The hills were cold and Angelsburg was dark

Life list zooms

And still the list lengthens... Life Members now number 264. Seventeen new Lifers have been enrolled in the past quarter.

While regular membership dues were set at $10 last year, the Life Membership fee remains the same, $100. There are advantages to all concerned. The Lifer needn't remember to keep his dues up to date. The secretary-treasurer needs to do no bookkeeping. The Association benefits from the interest on such dues.

The newest Life Members, as of November 10, 1987, are:

Thomas A. Barthelemy, Dayton, Ohio; Robert E. Buhl, New Kensington, Pennsylvania; Paul R. Conwill, Nettleton, Mississippi; Harold I. Hicks, Houston, Texas; Calvin L. Jones, Portland, Oregon; James A. Kearley, Nashville, Tennessee; Robert Markland, Holiday, Florida; James D. Meador, Lee's Summit, Missouri; Robert L. Miller, Bloomington, California; Robert W. Miller, Freeport, Illinois; Robert L. Mingle, Portland, Oregon; Chester L. Morgan, Hamilton, Ohio; Henry T. Murphy, Yorktown, Texas; John L. Simonetti, Brunswick, Ohio; John E. Sims, Donaldsonville, Georgia; Donald A. Tousignant, Lakeland, Florida and F. Gerrit Veldman, Lansing, Michigan.

If you are a Life Member and your name has not been announced in the "Trailblazer," please notify the editor at once.

★

The 70th Division had more than one set of twins, despite what the "Trailblazer" magazine said some time ago. To prove it, we even have a set that has just become Association members.

They are Charles and Dean Miller, both of H/274 and both of Uhrichsville, Ohio.

★

"Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated." That's what Mark Twain said and that's what George Hoger says.

George, a C/275 veteran, was erroneously reported deceased in a recent issue of this magazine. He's not only alive, he's the new mayor of Bull Shoals, Arkansas.
POWs ... after four decades, memories still pain

His report of his experience as a prisoner of war comes in laconic sentences from Maurice Rainville, B/275. "On the approach to the town of Philippusburg and the forested Falkenberg Mountains. After taking the heights, our lines were extended at night and lost contact with other units. At night Jerry infiltrated. Daylight: we tried to regroup; heavy casualties. Finally we dig in on a hillside for about five days. Ordered to surrender. Captain in bad shape and many wounded. None of us in shape to fight."

"After our capture, Jerry marched us to their rear area; joined by many others from different outfits. We rode in 40-and-8s and then walked to Stalag IVB."

"There we're given dogtags and divided into smaller groups to go to different camps. Again by 4/8 and on foot to Stalag IVB. There assigned to slave labor at Plauen, a city near Czech border. We worked for civilians who came in every day and signed up for as many of us as they needed that day. Sometimes these guys were very rough."

"About the end of March the Allies started fire-bombing and systematically levelled the city. The Russians once came and blew up our 'hotel' and strafed us."

"About the first week of April they marched us out into the countryside. The guards were completely panicked. A couple of us slipped away from the guards and hid in a farm barn. Within days we were spotted by elements of the division with an acorn patch. I think the 82nd. After they picked us up they took us to a field aid station, then flew us to Reims and then to Nancy to the General Hospital where I was about 1½ months before they sent me to LeHavre and then home."

Maurice was with ATS in California after joining the Army in November, 1942. He came to the 70th the next June at Adair. His wife is the former Simone Meunier of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and they have two daughters, a son and seven grandkids. Maurice was a machinist in civilian life.

In 30 days that he was a POW, Everette Davis, C/275, lost 35 pounds.

It was on February 22, 1945. "I was in a forward position with a bazooka. There was tremendous gunfire between the American and German forces. Suddenly it was quiet. Ev thought he could make it back to his company, really only a few yards away. But he realized that he had been hit and was now surrounded by Germans.

He passed out three times from loss of blood while being questioned."

"I thought they were going to kill me and get it over with then and there," he recalls. The German officer who questioned me knew more about what was going on (on the American side) than I did. I didn’t know anything. I was just a soldier doing my job."

"After questioning I was finally given medical attention. I had to walk about a quarter mile to an aid station." His thigh was ripped open from front to back and "I could feel the blood from the wound sloshing around in my boot." I was surprised to be given medical aid. The doctors did everything they could for us. They didn’t have penicillin or pain medicine and they had to use toilet paper for bandages.

"We were given a bowl of potato-peel soup once a day and a cup of black coffee."

Word was spreading that the Americans were approaching the area. The Germans had no way of moving POWs across the Rhine so they abandoned them. The first US troops didn’t see the POWs who were in a basement in a building in the center of the town. But some prisoners who could still walk, crawled out and flagged the second wave.

Everette lives with his wife Marjorie in Enfield, North Carolina.

Roy Benda, D/275, had bad POW aftermath: "I've been a Legion member for 40 years and always scanned through the various organizations who were having a homecoming, but I never ran across the 70th. Apparently I must have missed them because Ed Cloonan said that was where he got in touch with the Association."

"After the war, I had a lot of nightmares, which no doubt everybody did. I handled my problem by trying to forget and avoid talking about it."

"After 42 years, this part of my mind is pretty blank and I hardly remember anything with much accuracy. Since I've been getting letters from Lee Miller, Dick Brown, Ed Cloonan and Alvin Thomas. I have tried to recall the past."

"I tried to write Lee some of the things I remembered when I was taken prisoner. I couldn't finish it. I had to quit and go fishing just to get it out of my mind."

"I retired in 1979 and this was the hardest adjustment I ever had to make. The first year I was lost completely even though I had hobbies like woodworking, hunting and fishing. I climbed the walls for a year but then I began to enjoy my leisure and have since.

"I'm planning on a trip to Colorado within a month and this will be the first time I've done any flying since my heart attack."

Winter, 1988
C/274

By ANDY MARTINEZ


He had been stationed at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutians, when the Japs bombed that installation. He was no newcomer to being on the receiving end of enemy unpleasantness.

Sgt. Ruthven, a tall and stalwart man from Arkansas, had one shoulder that listed to starboard. He claimed that when he was a small boy, his father had made him jump from a high barn roof to prove that he was not afraid, and as a result had one shoulder lower than the other to show being on the receiving end of enemy from Arkansas, had one shoulder that he was not afraid, and as a result had he was a small boy, his father had made ambling motion, somewhat resembling for it. We never did find out whether he was spoofing us.

Being tall (6'2") he walked with an ambling motion, somewhat resembling that of a moose. We promptly nicknamed him "Moose." A good natured person who talked with a soft drawl, Moose had a keen sense of humor that kept us howling with laughter.

Once we entered combat, Sgt. Ruthven proved himself a good man to have around. Raised in the backwoods country of Arkansas, the rifle was like a part of him. Hunting game or Germans was all the same to him. He would say, tongue in his cheek: "Them deer back home never did shoot back." He was always calm and never did get excited. He seemed unaffected, or at least always gave that impression, even when the going was rough.

A good leader, he took on the dangerous missions himself. He never asked any man to do anything he wouldn't do himself. He preferred to sleep on top of the ground instead of in his foxhole which he claimed gave him claustrophobia. We secretly think that no foxhole was long enough for him to stretch out in.

At Phillipsbourg, Moose used to play a game of cat-and-mouse with a German mortar crew. Every morning just before sunrise, he would brew himself a canteen cup of coffee over a small primitive stove, alongside his foxhole. Even though the flame from the stove was very small, the German observer could see it in the predawn darkness and would lay in a few rounds, to keep in practice and to let us know that they were there. It was always a source of amusement to the rest of our platoon, to see the Moose hopping in and out of his foxhole in between mortar rounds, tending to his coffee and all the while directing a steady barrage of choice words, concerning the ancestry of the enemy, in all directions.

During the mopping up at Stiring-Wendel, while directing some of the platoon members in the flushing out of the enemy, from cellars and houses, Moose was wounded in the face by a shot coming from one of the cellars. He retained presence of mind tolob a grenade down the cellar where the shot had come from. Erase those German soldiers from the records! Even under these trying circumstances he never lost his sense of humor. With a big bandage covering one eye and half of his face, he turned to a buddy of his and said: "Even with one eye you still look uglier than me."

Sgt. Ruthven recovered in time to make the push with us into the fortifications of the Siegfried Line, outside Saarbrucken, and was one of the first men from the 274th into that bastion of the enemy, leading a patrol on to high ground overlooking that city on the 20th of March, 1945.

Of such men as Moose Ruthven, were composed the forces that brought the enemy to their knees, in Europe and the rest of the world, and will continue to do so in the future. Bless them all.

Eastern Blazers had mini-reunion

"Our mini-reunion in Worcester, Massachusetts, July 24 and 25 was a success, as it was two years ago. It turned out to be the hottest weekend we have had all summer. Most everyone arrived on Friday afternoon and the hospitality room was in full swing from then on," reports Edward Cloonan, D/275 and Association Vice-President East.

"We had a prime-rib dinner on Saturday evening and then adjourned to the hospitality room for a little more socializing.

"It was a very congenial group and all are looking forward to November." The 55 members and wives who attended are:

Hugh and Carolyn Andrews, HQ/70; Frank and Adeline Balzano, B/275; George and Ortha Barton, HQ, 2nd Bn./275; Francis Bergin, F/274; and Cliff and Louise Brown, F/274; Richard Brown, D/275; Paul and Doris Buehler, L/275; Nathan and Alice Calk, 1st Bn./275; Fred and Audrey Cassidy, G/274; Ed and Jean Sands, F/274; Stan and Shirley Smith, F/274; Hy and Vivian Schorr, H/274; Otto and Barbara Weigand, L/276; Al and Thelma Veronelli, G/275; Will and Sylvia Wight, L/276, and Ed Zimpfer, F/276.

Making book

Anyway you look at it it's still a gamble

Hy Schorr, H/274, tells us that the publication of the book "Operation Northwind" has been snarled in financial troubles. The original publisher declared bankruptcy. Reorganization is in the works. If it succeeds, Stein & Day will put out the book. If not, Crown Publishing may do so. Meanwhile the paperback edition in England is scheduled for November.

And speaking of books: As the author of

70th Division Assn TRAILBLAZER

Play Taps for the Moose, Malcolm Ruthven succumbed to meningitis September 11. It was the second attack of the dread disease. He had overcome it in 1984 but this time was sick only two days before death.

An active and Life Member, he and his wife Gennie attended every Reunion and made a Return to Europe pilgrimage. A retired driver, he was a nationally recognized rifle shooter since 1937. He was a certified rifle, pistol and black-powder instructor.

He leaves his wife, Geneva, five daughters, 10 grandchildren and a great-grandchild. He was 66 and lived in North Little Rock, Arkansas.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES....
This pontoon bridge, thrown across the swollen Luckiamute River by Company B, 270th Engineers, was a successful demonstration that the men had mastered a basic skill in basic training.

This test was one in a series that the Fourth Army administered to the Division as its basic training phase ended.

Results were a telling indicator of the superior training that Trailblazers had received. There were 122 excellent ratings, 569, satisfactory and only 39 unsatisfactory. Lt. Gen. William Simpson, CO of the Fourth Army personally viewed the tests.

two dozen of 'em, I can tell you the publishing business is an incorporated mad-house. Latest example: That wonderful book "The Men of Company K." This is truly one of the great accounts of the Infantry in World War II. The initial paperback run was 90,000 copies and some 75,000 have been sold.

So now the geniuses at Bantam Book have decided to destroy the remainder.

Paul Gartenmann, B/275, who runs a book store in Upper Virginia surmises: "I suppose they want the shelf space for a new book by Jane Fonda." At any rate, if you want one, look—fast—on the racks in your neighborhood drugstore.

The hardback edition is still available, at $18.95. Paul has some—and a few paperbacks. Order from him at Barcroft Books, 6349-A Columbia Pike, Bailey's Crossroad, Virginia 22041.

THE WAR IS Lundy, hung across the railroad depot as William Lundy, 70 Recon, got off the train in Paris for an R&R leave. Just as memorable but far from happy is his recollection of the death camp at Dachau. He got there a few days after its liberation and saw many victims who were far beyond medical help.

Bill was a member of the National Guard—in the cavalry—and was put in the Army early in '41. He was sent to Oregon where he met Ruth Bell. They corresponded as close as any son could be and we have six beautiful granddaughters." he says.

Bill was an engineer for several telephone companies for 25 years. The Lunds live in Pasadena, California.

Once a sergeant, always a...

Well, not quite for Elbert Williams. H/276. He wound up as a Chief Warrant Officer and put in 28 years with the Army.

He was top-kick for H when the Division was activated and remembers the basic trainees coming in. Among them was DeLyle Omholt, our president. The ol' sarge is having a bit of illness but he hopes to be "back on track" again so he can attend the '88 Reunion.

As the Allies closed in from the south during the Battle of the Bulge, John Batko, B/884 and H/275, recorded his most memorable moment in the service. A far sadder memory is that of a corporal in his outfit—who, ironically, never smoked, drank or cussed—was killed by a booby trap in a German wine cellar.

He also remembers quite happily, being aboard the USS Mariposa on the high seas when word came of the Japanese surrender. John's wife Geraldine died in 1983. He has three stepchildren and three grandkids.

The inquiry in the last issue about "Crash" Campbell stirred a few recollections of Arthur J. Smith, HQ Co./70. "There were a lot of stories about 'Crash.' One day he took a jeep and went to the front line to 'liberate' some stuff from some houses. He was shot through the leg and put in for the Purple Heart. But someone got the idea of court-martialing him because he had no orders to go to the front. I never heard how it came out. Maybe someone does. It would be interesting to hear."

A union journeyman electrician, he went into the wholesale electrical business for himself in 1953. Today, age 72, he still keeps his hand in the business. He says he likes to "dabble in politics," not as a candidate but as a fund-raiser and in getting out the vote.

He has a son, two daughters and five grandchildren. He lives in Humston, Texas.

"Would you believe it? The little black book that I carried all through my time with the 70th went through the washing machine?"

That's the lament of Charles Langridge, G/274. But there are a lot of things you don't need a book to remember—and Charlie has many of those. He sailed on the Liberty Ship, James Whitcomb Riley, and went to Oran, North Africa. Then on to Naples and Leghorn, finally arriving at Marseilles and joining the 70th "some time before Forbach."

"As we got off the truck, a Sgt. Blair, checked us off and warned us, 'This is no dry run!' I was assigned to a machine gun crew as an ammo man. I was with the first bunch to cross the Saar River and with the occupation forces at Rudisheim. I transferred to the 3rd Division and returned to the states in '46."

Continued on next page
That's how John Krukowski, HQ/274, felt when he landed at Marseille. But he did come home, married Leona, had two daughters and three grandchildren.

He was an auto and truck mechanic for Dana Corp. in Toledo, Ohio.

NO!
We will not say that Edward Englert, HQ/274, has the most grandchildren among Trailblazers. We will go so far as to say, though, that he sure has a houseful when the family comes home to Owensville, Missouri. There are two daughters, five sons and 18—count 'em—grandkids.

Ed joined the Army well before Pearl Harbor, was in the Engineers with the 91st Division and then came as cadre to the 70th. His civilian occupation is "director of claims," an intriguing but not very specific title.

The Distinguished Service Cross.
That's one of the very highest honors an American soldier can win. And that's the medal worn by one of our newer members, Raymond Adams, F/274.

He's too modest to say anything more on his Archives form. But we're twisting his arm for details.

He joined the Army in 1942 and served in the Air Force and the 2nd Armored Division. He came to the 70th at Adair. He is a rancher and owned a rifle range. Living with his wife Betty in San Angelo, Texas, they have two sons, a daughter and 6 granddaughters.

Breaking up an old gang is never fun, as the songwriter tells us. For James Doyle, L/276, breaking up the Division at the end of the war was his unhappiest recollection.

(The 70th sent its low-point men mostly to the 3rd Division and their high-pointers came home under the Trailblazer flag.) Jim was first sergeant of L. He came home to the Bronx, New York, rejoining his wife Mae whom he had married in 1939. They have two daughters and two grand-children. Jim is a meat cutter.

Medic! Medic!

Ed Lazar, 570 Signal, wants to locate the Medics who helped him on the night of March 19, 1945. "We were a radio team driving in blackout that night between Forbach and Saarbrucken in a weapons carrier. We hit two land mines that killed two fellows in the front seat. The Medics helped me back to an aid station, then to England and the United States. I sure would like to hear from any of the men who tended to me."

Joining the 70th at Leonard Wood, Charles Miller was assigned to H/274. He stayed in Europe until March, 1946.

A clay worker for 29 years in the ceramics center of Ohio, he was also a die maker for 12 years. He married Anna Rozenep and they have a son and three grandchildren.

Another Ohio ceramic worker is Dean Miller, H/274, of Uhrichsville. He worked 24 years in a tile plant, 15 of them in the machine shop. (That Buckeye clay is great material for everything from pipes to fine pottery and chinaware.)

A son, a daughter and three grandkids are the pride of Dean and his wife Roberta.

Retirement is great!" So says Laurel Ziemer, 570 Signal, after 35 1/2 years with Continental Can Co. in Milwaukee. He's just moved to Shawano, Wisconsin, which, he says, "is great country."

He was with the 70th from Adair to Weilberg-am-Lahn, Germany. "I didn't have enough points to come home so I was assigned to the Riviera Recreational Area in Nice, France." (Technically known as hardship duty!) After seven months there he was sent home (poor guy!)

Btty C, 725 FA sends us one of our newest members. Maine Deweise of Chester, Pennsylvania. He joined the 70th three months before it moved from Camp Adair. After leaving the Army in '46, he served six years in the Reserves. A master electrician, specializing in air conditioning, he has just celebrated his 54th wedding anniversary. He and his wife Marie have a son and four grandkids. He has held many executive positions with organizations such as the Steel Workers, Retired Persons and Senior Citizens.

A common observation of older soldiers is that made by Clark (Jocko) Gilbert, HQ/275. "At the age of 27 1/2, I found it hard to take orders from some of the inexperienced egomaniacs."

His military career is a hectic one. He started out in the 22nd Special Services Company at San Luis Obispo, California in 1943. Then was transferred to Fort Lewis, Washington, then on to Fort Devens, Massachusetts. With the 360th Military Police Battalion, he handled German POWs.

"One night six of us got drunk in Providence, Rhode Island, and decided we wanted to wear the blue braid of the Infantry on our caps. Next morning, well hung over, we volunteered for combat."

"Within 15 minutes we were at Fort Leonard Wood, in the 70th!"

"When the artillery blew the church steeple off in Phillipsburg, I volunteered right back to the MPs but was refused." After the war ended and he was transferred to the 3rd Division, he did get back in the MPs in Dijon, France.

Continued on next page
Let's hear it for the COOKS!

And now let's hear it for the usually unsung guys who made Army life a mite more comfortable: THE COOKS!

Eugene (Moose) Musso, 3rd Bn HQ/275, who came to the Blazers with the 91st cadre, makes some good points. "I believe we had the best damn kitchen crew in the 70th. Overseas our men were fed two hot meals a day, no matter where the hell they were. And we did our own KP!!"

"There were several occasions when we had to lay down our serving tools and grab our rifles. There isn't much written in your history about the 75th but believe me we were there."

"We left Boston on the USS United States in early December, 1944 and landed in Marseilles, France. We bivouacked in the mud outside the city for a couple days. Then we were loaded in 6x6s and headed up the Rhone River in convoy. We were in St. Etienne, Lyon, Dijon, Strasbourg, Nancy, Metz and Bitche. We had a hill of a time there. Snow everywhere and we stuck out like sore thumbs in our OD uniforms. The Krauts wore white and it was hard to see them."

"There was another town in the Saar area where civilians from a high building were calling in Kraut artillery on us. We lost quite a few vehicles and our field kitchen was wiped out before the signalmen were put out of commission with some rifle grenades."

"After Spicheren, Saarbrucken and Zweibrucken, we got into Koblenz sometime. We liberated a warehouseful of champagne and had a ball. My buddy S/Sgt Ray Christiansen (now deceased) and I climbed up the framework to the very top. Boy! What a view! We could see most of the town and where the Moselle River flowed into the Rhine."

"From there we wound up in Frankfurt. I don't know if the 275th gets credit for liberating Frankfurt, but the 3rd Bn liberated a winery. What a sight! Dogfaces running down the street with helmets, duncemugs and anything that would hold wine. Best wine I ever drank!"

"Shortly after the 275th was pulled off the line and ordered to clean up Frankfurt of any German troops and make it safe so Eisenhower could set up the SHAEF command there. The regiment was held in reserve to protect the supreme Allied headquarters; We were in the town of Hofheim am Taunus."

"Shortly after VE Day I was sent to the States (and then on to Japan. I suppose.) I was at Camp Lucky Strike (on the English Channel) when the A-bomb went off at Hiroshima. Next day I was aboard a Victory ship for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Where I had a real steak... with fresh lettuce!

I was flown out to California and given a 30-day furlough from Camp Beale near Sacramento. This was extended 15 days because the 7th US Fleet had landed in San Francisco and was given top priority for transportation. I was sent to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, then back to Beale where I was finally discharged in January, 1946."

"Conversion to the Catholic faith at Marseilles, France" is his most memorable experience in the military. So says Guy Beane, HQ/274. He joined the Trailblazers at Adair and was discharged in April '46. Seven months later he married Mary Runge with whom he has a daughter, three sons, 11 grandchildren and a great-grandson.

"In statistical quality control for the CIA on another project.

He married his teenage sweetheart, Hilda Franks from their home town of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, in 1942 in Duncan, Oklahoma. Now retired, they love back-packing and white-water rafting in Alaska but live in Indian Lake Estates, Florida. They have two daughters and three grandchildren.

Several officers and men served in the African and Middle East theaters. He also served in two occupation forces, Germany and Japan.

He was one of only 10 students of all ranks who were accepted to the Russian Language School and that started his career in Intelligence after a year of most concentrated study. He recalls happily when he was doing a project for the CIA in Washington as an intelligence analyst while his wife was working for the CIA on another project.

Another cadet who was transferred back to the Infantry is Harold Hicks, K/274. He was taken as a POW in the Phillipsburg battle and held in Stalag XII-B. He was freed in May, almost five months later.

As a civilian he was general manager of Gulf Oil Corp. for 29 years and vice-president of Texas Medical Center for two years. He's now retired in Houston. He and his wife Patricia have four daughters and a son who is a West Point graduate in the class of '74. They also have seven grandchildren.

It takes an extra page to list all the units Andrew Tomko, B/884 FA, has served in. Let's see if we can count 'em up:

Start with June 11, 1941 and go to July, 1962. Field Artillery Cadre 'Training Center; Officers Candidate School; Army Air Force Ground Training School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Russian Language School, Presidio of Monterey, California; Military Intelligence General Headquarters; Counter-Intelligence General Headquarters; Military Intelligence Group, Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Military Intelligence, 7th Army HQ, Germany; U.S. Army Support Group (CIA) Washington, D.C.; Army G-2, USACRAPPAC (And don't ask us what that stands for.)

He joined the 70th at Adair in May, 1944, but also had service in the African and Middle East theaters. He also served in two Occupation forces, Germany and Japan.

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In statistical quality control for the Formica Corporation, for which he worked 40 years, he has been active in many professional associations. He lives in Highland Heights, Kentucky.
They volunteered!

Lee Miller, D/275, thinks the old 29th Cavalry deserves a little recognition of their infantry volunteers. Lee headed a group of 39 and I had 15. Contingents of 29th men also went to the 42nd and 63rd Divisions.

Gen. Herren (then Col.) issued our travel orders. His arrival at Adair immediately after ours was coincidental, I think! But interesting.

The 29th Cavalry was a creature of The Cavalry School. With the closing of OCS, and a winding-down of school activity, we were going to miss the boat as a unit. Hence, the “defections”. I “nominate” Lee Miller, a H.M.G. squad leader, as spokesman for the 29th troopers. Lee was a mechanic in the 29th, being an M8 armored car expert.

Of my contingent of volunteers, Francis Bergin, Raymond Hahn and 1 are members of the 70th Assn. Lee may know of more, including Earl Koontz, F/275, in his group.

Basement or loft?

In the Fall Trailblazer—you ask “Were you a prisoner in the basement of the church at Wingen?” My answer: yes and no. I was a prisoner with about fifty to sixty others in the church—but was not aware of any basement. Most of us huddled in the rear under a balcony or loft so as to provide, in effect, two roofs over us. The day before we were rescued the mortar and artillery fire was intense; in fact the church sustained a number of direct hits. One shell came through a window and exploded near the altar wounding me slightly. The next day we knew our guys were getting close because the artillery fire ceased and the rifle and machine gun fire grew in intensity. Some of the prisoners would from time to time yell “No grenades—GI’s in here” and others would yell “Shut up—the Germans are still out there.” A very tense and nervous time.

William H. Birnie
A & P Platoon
HQ, 1st Bn/275

Seals for sale

Orville Ellis recently acquired and sent me 3,000 Trailblazer seals. We will be selling them for 15¢ each.

Alvin Thomas, secretary-treasurer
203 So. Major Street
Eureka, Illinois 61530

Who remembers George?

I have just recently begun to try to find details of any brother’s death in France on January 4, 1945, while fighting with Company C of the 275th Regiment.

He was Pfc George Mead. The family assumed, in light of the date of his death, that he was in the Battle of the Belgian Bulge. However, through our Congressman we learned that three regiments were shipped out before the 70th Division—which landed in France on January 18. So George was with that advance group, Task Force Herren.

The Center of Military History in Washington, D.C. has suggested that I write you. If any of your readers served with George and is willing to engage in correspondence with me it would be greatly appreciated.

Lorraine Mead
27 Bridge Street
Gardnerville, New York 10923

I’m the Tower observer

Last week I received a call from Harold Vickory, an Association member in nearby Walnut Creek, who wanted to confirm the fact that I was a former Trailblazer and further, whether I was the mortar observer referred to in your latest issue.

After reading the article, Harold, on a hunch, looked in the telephone book and lo! and behold, there was an Albert Crum listed. A call determined that it was my namesake son who, upon questioning, thought I might be the man in question. My son furnished the proper phone number and as a result I learned about the association and the article from Harold.

Needless to say, I was dumbfounded! I was unaware of the Association and delighted to hear the news. I’ve often wondered what became of Hilman Knapp, Steve Liptak and the others mentioned in your article. I plan on writing to them soon hoping, perhaps, to arrange a rendezvous of sorts.

I am enclosing my check for a life membership.

Oh yes, I am the mortar observer—an experience I’ll never forget.

Al Crum
M/276

After the Portland Reunion, Lee visited the museum at the Cavalry School and found that the 29th Cav. was listed among the regiments, but that’s all! We infantry volunteers escaped an indecent burial.

James H. Pendleton
HQ 3rd Bn/275

Did you know Dad?

My father, Charles E. Fuquay, C/725 FA, served with the 70th in World War II. My wife and I do genealogical research and thought that maybe some of his old comrades might still be active in your organization.

I do research at the Washington National Records Center (National Archives) on the 725th and also plan to look up old pictures at the main building of the Archives on the 70th. My father is deceased but I know he would appreciate any help that you could provide on his service. Please do write.

Steven Fuquay
5729 Wooden Hawk Lane
Burke, Virginia 22015

Reading “Ordeal in the Vosges,” that fine book by Charlie Pence and Gene Peterson, brought back a lot of memories for Merrill Holliday, M/275.

“I was supply sergeant for M Company and spent about a week in and out of the company CP in the south side of Phillipsburg. I had the unhappy job of identifying Lt. Zahora’s body. He had been shot through the temple.

“After things had quieted down a bit there, a lookout in an upstairs room alerted us to ‘a column of Germans marching north on the Phillipsburg road.’ They had no weapons. They had been cut off from their outfit so they just threw away their guns and looked for a way to surrender.”

“There was a lieutenant and about 70 enlisted men. The lieutenant was so scared he was trembling from head to foot. Our CO, Capt. Oliver, ordered me to assemble five or six other GIs and to march the Germans back to Battalion.

“Our company clerk, Clyde Wooley, had the great idea of having an M Company reunion. This time it was in St. Louis in June. We had about 16 men present, twice as many as we started out with. Now we’re looking forward to Nashville.”
New Members

BEANE, Guy W. (Mary)
23 Linet Avenue
Highland Heights, KY 41076
HQ/274

BENBEN, Stanley P.
112 Starling Drive
Medina, NY 14103
H/274

CAMPBELL, H./274
Charleston Heights, SC 29405
D/275

CORLEY, H./274
Houston, TX 77025
2506 Primrose Avenue
Charleston Heights, SC 29405
D/275

DEVINE, Maine D. (Marie)
1140 Meadow Lane
Chester, PA 19013
C/725 FA

DOYLE, 242 Graff Avenue
Bronx, NY 10465
E/276

EUCHER, Charles W. (Lorene)
2306 Long Meadow Lane
Muscatine, IA 52761
BN HQ/275

GILBERT, Clark J.
3901 O'Meara, Apt. 233
Houston, TX 77025
1 BN HQ/275

HALPIN, Edward J.
P.O. Box 71
Charlotte C. House, VA 23923
L/276

HICKS, Harold L. (Patricia)
11522 Hilcroft
Houston, TX 77035
K/274

LE CROY, Jewel (Jimmie Sue)
825 Hill Top Lane
Toccoa, GA 30577
D/275

LETZ, Edward L. (Betty)
Rt. 1, C.E. Box 6
Sweetwater, TX 79556

LINCOLN, Burton K. (Barbara)
5750 E. Nassau Place
Englewood, CO 80111
U/276

LINK, Chris D. Jr. (Viola)
500 E. Wilson Street
Gillespie, IL 62033
B/275

MCGREGOR, Charles A. (Vera)
454 Pala Avenue
Sunnyvale, CA 94086
E/276

MCDONALD, Andrew J. (Ema)
112 Tam-O-Shanter Drive
Columbia, SC 29016
E/276

MILLER, Charles E. (Anna)
88050 Plum Run Road
Uhrichsville, OH 44683
H/274

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Huntington, WV 25705
H/274

MURPHY, Henry T. (Vera)
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Yorktown, TX 78164
D/275

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L/274

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Box 107
Verona, ND 58490
L/275

SHINEFLEW, Clyde E. (Donna)
Box 142
Rock Port, MO 64482
A/883 FA

SMITH, Clarence C. (Evelyn)
Rt. 1, Box 657
Phil Campbell, AL 35581
L/274

SMITH, Harold J. (Eva)
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Iron Mountain, MI 49801
A/883 FA

STURGILL, Franklin (Wadie)
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Chilhowie, VA 24319
L/276

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Medic 1 BN/274

UPTON, Jesse A. (Kathryn)
3555 Maxton Road
Dayton, OH 45414
I/276

WACHER, Ralph D.
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Richmond, VA 23228
L/274

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Canyon View Park
Prescott, AZ 86301

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413 Giovanni Drive
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6844 Dogwood Ct.
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309 NW 79th Street
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P.O. Box 408, Walker Road
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810 King Albert St.
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FLANI, Paul
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Tacona, WA 98048

FRANKLIN, Anthony
311 NW 6th Street
Renton, WA 98055

FROHLICH, Frank
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Lake Geneva, Fl 32660

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HERRON, Chester
2813 Sanders Drive
Garland, TX 75042

HINES, William
2008 Bedford Pl.
Bossier City, LA 71111

JACOBSON, Oswald
514 28th Street, S.W.
Rochester, MN 55902

KINDRED, Howard
R.D. 8585M
East Stroudsbury, PA 18301

KINSLER, Harry
5226 E. 82nd St., Rm. 142
Indianapolis, IN 46250

KLOSNER, Leonard
Box 141, 1602 Clark Avenue
Creightan, NE 68729

COLLENSBAUM, Wilbert
P.O. Box 515
New Port Richey, Fl 34656

LINSTEN, Roy
204 Palm Harbor Dr.
Harbor Isles
Venice, FL 34287

LYMAN, Clisbee
Box 122, 435 S 200 W #63-2
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O'CONNAGHAN, Frank
77 Shirrup Lane
Thornton, PA 19373

MULLER, Daniel
Grange Road
Round Top, NY 12473

MOSS, Mrs. William
P.O. Box 514
Glenpool, OK 74033

NEEL, Robert
550 W. Miner Street
Yreka, CA 96097

OSIAS, Harold
8005 SW 107 Ave., #116
Miami, FL 33137

PARRISH, Keith
901 Lorkwood Dr., N.E.
Cullman, AL 35055

PRESSGROVE, T. L.
243 Timbermill Dr.
Madison, MS 39110

RAINVILLE, Maurice
244 Orangewood Lakes
New Port Richey, Fl 34653
Happy ... Unhappy ... experience recalled

ASTP From cap and gown to helmet and field jacket

By Henry Norton
HQ 1st Bn/274 and Gale Ready
Medic/274

It was in the spring of 1943 that our army life took a distinct turn for the better. No longer, it seemed, would we have to slog about in mud. The Army was sending us back to college, apparently in the hope that the mental acuity presumably indicated by high AGCT scores could do the Army some good even if we were slow at stripping down M-1s and sometimes awkward in close-order drill.

The War Department had high hopes for the Army Specialized Training Program, and so did we. We traded barracks life for the relative comfort of hastily converted women's dormitories at the University of Idaho in Moscow. While we were adjusting to life without urinals, some coeds were disguising the urinals in former men's dorms with potted geraniums. Situation normal, all you-know-what.

But for 212 universities and colleges, ASTP was a welcome means of keeping faculties busy while the draft decimated the faculties of their normal, all you-know-what. After having first been assigned to bone up on psychology, in which he had minored in college, when that course was dropped, he became, briefly, a Spanish student, but the Army—apparently with considerable insight—saw a greater need for Russian linguists, although Henry, who nevertheless found the course informative and also kept in practice as a writer for the ASTU 3926 yearbook and its page in the campus newspaper, did not really become one.

Gale, on the other hand, later saw a considerable amount of service as an interpreter after both of us had ended up in Germany with the 274th—Gale (who had been best man at Henry's wedding shortly before the 70th left Ft. Leonard Wood) in the regimental medics, Henry in 1 BnHqCo and eventually in the Infantry. We might have been more disappointed had we known that one of the original hopes for ASTP was that it might produce a pool of brainpower ready for assignment to OCS. As it was, Gale remained a sergeant, Henry a Pfc. Presumably the IQ average within the Army's enlisted ranks remained a little higher than it might have otherwise.

Anyway, it was fun while ASTP lasted and we hope Idaho's coeds and Moscow civilians missed us, even if our marching songs were a bit raunchier than they should have been.

Wished what other ASTU alumni within the 70th remember about it.

ASTP's archival record Army's Center of Military History in Washington is somewhat meager—but the program must have produced some rich memories for those who graduated with its big Class of '44.

Editor's note: All ASTP graduates who were transferred into the 70th Division are urged to report to Henry Norton, 1359 N. Broadway, Wichita, Kansas 57214, or to the editor.
Members approve History Book

"The Book" has been okayed and work is well under way!

"The Book" is the history of the 70th Division which will be given to each member in good standing when it is published in late 1988. It is being written and illustrated by Edmund Arnold and Chester Garstki, editors of "The Trailblazer" magazine as far back as 1943.

Balloting has been running about 96 percent in favor of the project. Votes will be accepted until January 1 but the margin is now so great that all concerned have begun the project in high gear.

The only opposition has been mild. Not a single man is against the book; a few, though, believe that some charge ought to be made. Details will be announced in the next issue on how new and re-instated members will be able to order extra copies at cost.

That cost cannot be determined until the work is well under way. It may even be possible that members will be asked to pay for the postage to deliver the book. That possibility is very slim, however.

Members were asked in the last issue of the magazine to send in reminiscences of their Trailblazer experience, both in training and in combat. These should be typewritten, double-spaced, if at all possible.

It can't be guaranteed that every one of these submissions can be squeezed into the book. But any that don't get into the book will be published in the magazine.

Such material should be sent immediately to Arnold.

K/274 holds Michigan reunion

"Any history of the war that I could write would only cover about 30 yards around my foxhole." So writes Bill Coleman K/274. He thinks that most infantrymen would agree. That's why he's looking forward to the 70th History Book which will give him "the big picture." Or at least a bigger one.

Bill and his K buddies had their sixth reunion in Lansing, Michigan, an old home town of mine. "It cost me two of my 'Trailblazer' magazines," he writes. "I gave them to two new men of Company K." We replaced those copies for Bill, of course.

If you want to show an old buddy just what the Association is doing, there's no better way than to send him a copy or two of the magazine. Matter of fact, it's our greatest recruiting tool. Just send your buddy's name and address to Al Thomas, sec-trez, address at foot of page 2. Al will be happy to mail a sample copy. If any other K men who are not members of the Association would like a look at the magazine, please do send in their names. That K reunion had 67 people at their big banquet. One of its members, John Whelan, died just before that event.