

OUR FIGHTING MEN



Our first letter from Berchtesgaden, formerly the palatial hang-out of Adolf Schickelgruber in Germany, comes from Al Manner, a private first class with the 326th Airborne Med. Co., of the 101st Airborne Division, (APO 472, New York).

"Folks:

"Just a few lines to give you my correct address. It is 326 Med. Airborne Co., not Air Base as I've been receiving my Scotch Plainsman. It's a swell paper. I hope they keep coming. I never was stationed at Kilmer. I worked there prior to receiving a "Greetings from the President" to report to the Army itself.

"As you probably notice by your APOs, there are a number of Scotch Plainsmen in APO 472, or the 101st Airborne Division. I've met two of them, - Joe DiProspero, my brothers schoolmate, and Harry Ochse whom I met in Holland.

"It's been 21 months since I've seen Joe but I keep looking for "A" Co. of the 506th and "G" Co. of the 501st for Joe and Harry. I guess I'll see them when the Division moves into a more consolidated position. As always,, Al Manner."

(We've corrected your address Al and also your brother's. Wish all the fellows and gals would keep us posted on address changes not only to ease the burden on the postal clerks and ourselves, but to insure receiving your Scotch Plainsman more promptly).

A post card from John Bangma Smith (Smitty), of Radley Road, gives his new station at Hammer Field, Fresno, Calif., with the 1022nd Air Service Squadron, and goes on to say:

"Friends:

"Just a card to say I flew over your homes several days ago. Could almost see the faces of folks in the streets. Hope to be home in a few months but I must sweat out a leave. Have had opportunities to work on B-29s and P-61s (Black Widow), - two troublesome ships for Hirohito & Co. Greetings to all. Smitty."

Sgt. Harry T. Miller sends a nice long letter from Czechoslovakia where he is stationed with an Armored Division.

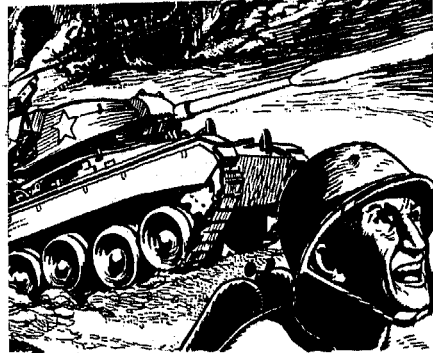
"Here I am again with a short page to let you know that I am still all right and healthy and fine. How long we will be in this shape no one knows. It's one of those situations where you sit and just sweat it out, wondering whether you'll go over to the GBI theater or stay here and be in the Army of Occupation - or maybe be

lucky enough to get home and call it all quits.

"We were pretty lucky in this one to all come out of it as we did. There were times when God was called upon to do a little extra saving on the part of some unfortunate GIs who had the misfortune to have certain parts of their bodies protruding over the edge of the dirt mounds. There were times when "Bad Check Charlie" (German night patrol to the civilians) would come over and circle our gun position for hours and then fly away to let his bomb load drop on some poor foot trooper. There was one time when the pilot dropped bombs on his own Krauts and even strafed them with machine gun fire. That night he saved us a lot of trouble.

"One time while we were firing, we had a large shell come into our battery position and land as a dud. The thing that makes this story very unusual is that in the center of our position was a new load of ammunition and about half of the battery handling the load. If that shell had gone off, it would have been curtains.

"We took part in the barrage that was laid across the Rhine and it was the largest mass of artillery ever to be put together for one big push. My M7 alone fired more rounds during



our engagements than any other M7 in the three artillery battalions in our division. We sure gave them hell when we had the chance and never will I be sorry for it.

We stand pat now with three Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts in our battery. Our combat command is in for the unit citation. In August we add another overseas stripe to our sleeve and right now I am wearing one hash-mark for my first three years in the service. I hope I never see another.

Right now we are resting in Svihov in Czechoslovakia and the people here think we're wonderful. The things that the Germans did in this area are unbelievable. Torture people, burn people, kill children and women wholesale. We saw the barracks where the Germans burned thousands of Russians and Czech people to death two hours before the Yanks got there.

So far, we have been in England, France, Limburg, Luxembourg, German Sudetenland, Holland and now Czechoslovakia. I hope it's a one-way ticket straight home."

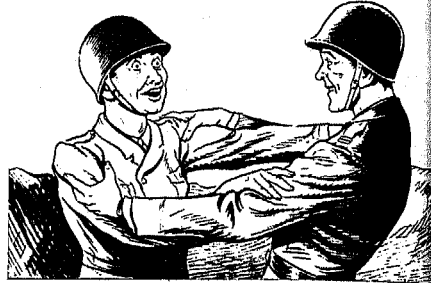
W.D. Smith, Fireman 1c, has been shifted from Shoemaker, Calif., to Somewhere in the Pacific. From his new location, ABRD-Co, Box 13, Navy

128, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., he V-mails:

"Dear Scotch Plainsman:

"I've been on the go quite a bit lately and the "one and only paper" hasn't had a chance to catch up with me as yet, I hope it does in a hurry. I look forward to it very much and when it doesn't arrive on time I feel a part of me is missing.

"I'm now Somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands but don't expect to be here too long.



I met Floyd McCormick and Robert Morrison in Shoemaker. They're here also and I met "Babe" Manners here too. Those are the only fellows from the hometown I have met since I've been in service with the exception of Quinton Smith who left about 12 or 14 years ago. Keep the paper coming. Dudley."

Pvt. Frank J. Jareski, (972609) has left Parris Island and is now in the Pacific area with Co. "F", 2d Bn, 8th Marines, 2nd Marine Div., c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif. He writes:

"Dear Staff:

"This is my second copy of your paper and I want to really praise it because of its interesting articles.

"I have wanted to write before this to thank you for your wonderful paper but as we have been on the go it has been impossible to do so. Now that you will have my new address I'll receive my paper much faster.

"I believe you will be interested to know I am in the same outfit with two of my buddies who come from our area. We went through boot camp together fourteen months ago. Their names are Stanley Phillips and Rick Salvadore, both of South Plainfield.

"Good bye now and success to your paper. Frank."

Young Dick Abbiate seems to be having a tough time with his mail at least as it concerns The Scotch Plainsman. It may be that he doesn't stay put long enough for now, under date of July 26th, he writes from a place which he identifies as (?). We wonder if the Chinese occupation currency which he enclosed is any tip-off. Anyway, here's his letter from (?).

"Thought you might like to hear from me again so you won't think I have forgotten you. Haven't received a paper since April. I know it is pretty hard to follow us around and it takes a little while for mail to get here but I sure do miss that swell paper you are getting out for

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