

RECORD

Pvt. John C. Twitchell

A.S.N. 31403897

Rcn. Co 636<sup>th</sup> T.D. Bn.

APO #758 Co PM N.Y., N.Y.

#403

88 So. Willard St.

Burlington, Vermont

Pfc  
Cpt  
S/Sgt  
#13

### Yearly Calendar

1945	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.	1945	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
JAN	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	28	29	30	31					22	23	24	25	26	27	28
					1	2	3		29	30	31				
FEB	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	AUG	1	2	3	4			
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	25	26	27	28					19	20	21	22	23	24	25
					1	2	3		26	27	28	29	30	31	
MAR	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
									29	30					
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	29	30							28	29	30	31			
MAY		1	2	3	4	5	6	NOV	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		25	26	27	28	29	30	
	27	28	29	30	31										
JUN					1	2		DEC	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
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Hqdt's Co. Pfc  
774 Tank Bn.

APO 403

Med. Det. Cpl

774 Tank Bn

~~APO 403~~

" 9

E.Q. 126

Radio Apt. 119

Mech Apt. 117

Bond: 1939-'45 - \$310.00

Building & Loan - 454.72

\$964.72

October

22 June '45

This book arrived last night  
by mail from Dad.

Just a few statistics to date

Inducted into the army 19 July

'44

Basic training (T.D. gunnery) No.  
Camp Hood Texas 2 Aug. '44 - 2 Dec.

Adv. Spec. Training No Camp Hood  
Jan. 2, '45 - Feb 26.

Port of Replacement - Ft. Meade, Md.

Port of Embarkation - Camp Shanks, NY.

Embarked for Europe 22 Mar. '45

Landed at Le Havre, France, April 2

1<sup>st</sup> Repl. Depot - Verriers, Belgium

2<sup>nd</sup> " " Worms, Germany

" " Augsburg, "

Joined 2<sup>nd</sup> Plat. Recon. Co. 636 TD's,

May 13.

C.O. Lt. Col. Wilbur

1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Sills

Plat Leader, 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Draker

" Sergeant Carlson

The 636<sup>th</sup> was attached to the 36<sup>th</sup> Div. when I joined the outfit. Made from the Texas Nat. Guard, the outfit has fought through such places as Salerno Landing, Anzio, Cassino, Southern France, Germany, and ended up in Austria on V-E Day.

A week or so ago, we were attached to the 90<sup>th</sup> Div; a shift from the 7<sup>th</sup> Army to the 3<sup>d</sup>. Old "Blood and Guts" (Your blood and his guts) Patton being the C.G.

Okimawa fell today after over two months of fierce fighting. Lt. Gen. Buckner, C.G. of 10<sup>th</sup> Army was killed in action and was replaced by Gen. Stilwell, formerly head of the army ground forces -

Dave Conner (1<sup>st</sup> Marine Div.) and Dick Foss (6<sup>th</sup> Marine Div.) were both on Okimawa.

27 June '45

The 636<sup>th</sup> T.D. Bn. is now in Category F, Army of Occupation. The 611<sup>th</sup> T.D.'s moved out, heading for the states enroute to the Pacific. We have taken over their posts, and this lays quite a lot of guard duty on us.

I have fooled around with the idea of volunteering for the Pacific today. All my friends are there or heading that way, and I sort of feel out of things. Even most of the guys in this outfit are old combat men. I sort of have a guilty conscience, reason or no.

I don't believe I'll remain for the duration in the ETO, as my luck can't hold forever. If, however, I'm still around next spring, I think I'll volunteer.

I have to learn the hard way, don't I?

28 June, '45

The old school gang has certainly split up since our graduation.

Dan Carroll is in the K-12 at Dartmouth; Fred Allen is in K-12 at Alma, Michigan; and Johnny Gallup was in Georgia at OCS, the last I heard.

Jack Sherwin is in San Diego to join the 7<sup>th</sup> Fleet. (submarines) Bill Dingerson is at, or on his way to, Pearl Harbor on the aircraft carrier, "Antietam." Dick Foss and Dave Conner were with the marines on Okinawa; and here I am in Bavaria.

The war certainly has split us up, but there will be a day of reunion. The tales we can exchange, and the times we'll have doing it, will be something to look forward to, "après la guerre."

Bob must have hit San Diego by now, and may even be ~~headed~~ headed for parts unknown in the Pacific.

- Lewis is due to leave Prien (near Salzburg) enroute to the states. The 20<sup>th</sup> Arm'd is Pacific bound.

I go on guard again tonight - 24 hours on, 24 off.

I've been fooling around with seeps lately, driving and maintenance. I like it rather well, even the latter.

I spent a whole morning fixing a couple of flats and am now learning the mysteries of filters, oil levels, etc.

4 July, 1945

Fourth of July, Independence Day - no fire crackers, picnic - no nothing. This is one day I will never forget, as a kid. It was one of the best holidays of the year.

I am now in Bobingen, Germany. It is a town, 13 Km. due south of Augsburg. Phil Becker and I were the adv. party for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, for the battalion is supposed to move here tomorrow. The other companies have brought their adv. parties back to Kirchheim, so I guess the transfer has fallen through.

Phil Becker is one of the nicest guys I've run into in the army. In spite of three years in the army, he has retained his high sense of morals, and his clean

living and speech are something to attract one on first acquaintance. He is definitely not a sissy in any sense of the word; for that matter he is a darn good athlete.

I think his friendship will do me a lot of good, for it is hard not to slip with ~~his~~ ~~so~~ such a lack of morals around as you find in the army.

Phil is 22, a corporal, and he has been in the army three years this month - 27 months overseas.

He volunteered when he was nineteen and joined the 630<sup>th</sup> before it went to Africa. He itched then to go overseas and see action. He's had his fill now.

His most frequent exclamation is, "Son of buck!" It reminded me of Bob's, "Son of bear!"

6 July, 1945

Yesterday we returned to Kirchheim at noon. Rumor had it that the 103<sup>d</sup> Div. was to move into Bobingen instead, and that we would be transferred to this Div.

Anyway, at four o'clock yesterday Recon sailed back to Bobingen to take over a synthetic silk factory by a surprise.

All the people working there were registered and the buildings were searched for official papers. It seems that the Military Government is taking it over, and now we are guarding it against sabotage.

There is a lot of brass around, and the plant is to go into operation tomorrow.

The board fence around

the factory area is riddled with grenade shrapnel and bullet holes. The nazis must have had a little trouble with the slave laborers here.

I received a letter from Miss Reynolds last night. Her mother died last month (May), six months after her sister. She seemed very hard hit, and it was a very sad letter.

I also heard from Johnny Gallup. He is in a hospital at Ft. Benning, Ga. with misplaced something or other. He will be there for six weeks and, therefore, will miss going to West Point on the 5<sup>th</sup> of July. It's pretty tough on him I bet. By the way, he got his injury in a football game.

7 July, 1945

An order came down yesterday that all men with 85 points or over will be transferred to the 10<sup>th</sup> Arm'd Div. I believe that this outfit is in Category #4, eligible for discharge.

This number includes about 50% of the outfit. The rest of us, according to rumor, are due to move to a port within ten days to two weeks "C'est la guerre!"

For a change, I was just getting to know the guys well; now we "parti".

I only hope we go to the Pacific via the U.S.

Bob called home from San Pedro, Calif. He will be there a week. (This was in June)

By the way, we are now attached to the 103<sup>d</sup> Inf. Div. - still the 3<sup>d</sup> Army.

8 July, 1945

The 103<sup>d</sup> Inf. Div. relieved us on the Bobingen guard (Farbenindustrie). We have been relieved of guard except one post in Kirchheim, as the 103<sup>d</sup> moved into the surrounding area.

Sgt. Krege was wounded in the leg yesterday, accidentally from a pistol. I have thought it darn foolishness; everyone, almost, has a pistol, and the new guys are always fooling around with them. Krege went thru two years of combat without a scratch, and now this.

I was made a Pfc. today. I've been in the army almost a year; I'm agettin' there.

viz \$4.00 extra on my base pay.

Two packages came today (May 22), one from home, and another from Rita.



11 July, 1945

Today all the fellows who are not eligible for fighting in the Pacific left today for the 10<sup>th</sup> Arm'd. There<sup>are</sup> eleven of us left, Schwindt being the only guy who saw action. It was hard parting for us, but new guys will be coming in tonight. "C'est la guerre!"

I bought a Mauser #32 from Schindt for \$10.00 and a dress sword from Toundras for \$4.00. Toundras also gave me a little french pistol, about a 38 caliber.

A package came last night from Yrono Turk. All the food I've been getting! I took all the food, I've been hoarding out last night, and we had sort of a farewell party

14 July, 1945

The company is slowly getting organized now. Today, a temporary "T.O." was made. I am now a machine-gunner on a jeep. The platoon sergeant is a 10<sup>th</sup> Arm'd guy by the name of Solley. Schwindt is section sergeant.

I received a letter from Art Daley last night. He is in 820<sup>th</sup> ID. Bn. He kicked around the Repl. Depots until June. Now the 820<sup>th</sup> is sending all low-point out, so I guess he'll be moving again.

I feel pretty rotten today intestinal grip. I'm not very sick actually, I just almost wish I were dead.

I forgot to mention - 1st Lt. Jacobson is our platoon leader. He is a good Joe - the best of the company officers, except Sill, I think.

15 July, 1945

Today I rested all day, being Sunday, and finally through off my fever; permanently, I hope.

Fraternization was lifted as far as speaking to adults on the streets and in public places. I guess it is a good thing, as it has been a complete farce since V-E Day. All it resulted in was G.I.'s being court-martialed for offences. This one-way proposition was "nicht goede," and fraternizing was prevalent anyway, everywhere. How can you enforce it?

There is an interesting point, I'd like to note. All of the foreign workers around here who live in former Russian territory, (Baltic States, Poland, etc) seem to prefer the Germans

to the Russians. From what they say, the Russians are terrorists to an extent way beyond the Germans. They worked quite hard on farms around here, but suffered little, if any, and seemed to have eaten well. The people in the cities probably didn't fare so well, however.

I heard from Dan, finally. It was a short letter and not much news. I received another package (cookies) from Rita.

There is a rumor floating around that we will move to Austria for training. It ain't true! I know it ain't true! I hope it ain't true! We can train in the states just as well.

16 July, 1945

Today we started training again, only this time it isn't so much of a farce.

The colonel talked to us this morning and gave us the current lowdown.

We are headed for the Pacific ultimately. It is not known whether we will go via the states or not. We are to move to Austria (near Salzburg) for eight weeks of training starting August 1st. About the first of October, we are due to ship somewhere. Exactly where, remains to be seen.

According to the paper, a lot of important documents were found in the "Farbenindustrie" plants one of which we took over in Bobingen. The cartel was one of the great powers behind the German might.

20 July, 1945

There has been no outstanding developments lately. Training goes on during most of the day - drill, map reading, weapons, maintenance, etc. It is rather dull to say the least.

Riche Evans is home, and also Gordon Manson. The 20<sup>th</sup> Armd is at Le Havre, so I guess Lewis will be home soon.

I received a letter from Mom, tonight dated the 12<sup>th</sup>. She seemed pretty excited about my seeing her family in Ireland I sure would like to, but I guess the chances are practically nil. I doubt I ever get as far as England even.

The old 6364 guys are split up in the 90<sup>th</sup> Cav. Ren. They don't like it particularly, according to Phil Becker, who dropped me a line

21 July, 1945

This morning we were routed out of bed at 4:30 to screen the town for signs of black market, radios, etc. I don't know what is up yet, but new guard posts have been added, and roving patrols are in operation.

24 July, 1945

According to the "Stars and Stripes", about 80,000 Krauts were arrested as a result of surprise raids of the 21<sup>st</sup>. Among them were many former Nazis and S.S. Men. C Company discovered a concealed Luger in a house<sup>in</sup> their area.

We are now attached to the 6<sup>th</sup> Army group - no particular division.

25 July, 1945

What do you know? We got the afternoon off to see a Special Service show - Hal McIntyre and his band.

The music was swell, the band was good, and ice cold beer was served?? Practically the whole battalion turned out in spite of the sweltering heat. The stage was out in the battalion parade grounds.

I received a letter from Mrs. Carroll last night. Her folks came from a little Bavarian "dorf" of Hohstadt.

I guess it isn't in this vicinity, as I am quite familiar with every hick burg around here - I think.

28 July, 1945

Tomorrow evening we move to Austria after about two months in Kirchheim. The change appeals to me, but this town is nothing to complain about. It is a small clean farming community.

We live in a nice house that of Herr Scheider, assistant "boogie master" here. Schwindt and I share the only room on the third floor. It is out of the way, and consequently very easy to keep clean. I hope this new deal is as good

Stalin, Churchill and Truman have been meeting in Berlin during the last week. - no news so far. Churchill resigned as Prime Minister as the Socialists swept the English elections.

There is much speculation as to whether Russia will

enter into the war against Japan. I, for one, see a lot of reasons why she might not - first and foremost is that she has a tremendous job rebuilding the ruins of her European war. I also believe she can get most of what she wants in the peace without getting into the actual conflict.

The U.S. planes are bombing the heck out of the Japanese homelands, and the fleet is pounding shipping and coastal cities. Peace rumors are rampant, and many have high hopes of an early end. I haven't. Pessimistic cuss, ain't I.

Flash! Rumor! Someone said the colonel said we'd be in the states by October first.

July 30, 1945

Last night we left Kirchheim at 2000 hours; traveled north to the autobahn, which leads from somewhere near Stuttgart right down to Salzburg. We detoured thru Augsburg and went on to Munich. On the road (> KM NW. of Munich, I noted a turn-off to Dachau, the site of one of the most notorious concentration camps in Germany. I would have sort of liked to have a chance to look over the place

Munich, itself, was one of the most eerie sights I've ever witnessed. We passed thru at 0100 hours, right down the streets in the heart of the city. Block after block was merely piles of rubble and here in there bare skeletons of houses - a wall here, a

chimney there, etc - you could look through a window of what once was a building, and see waste and destruction for a couple of blocks down without your view being impeded. The sight and its reaction to me was an ~~un~~workly ~~(what)~~ ghostlike may be the word. The sky was clear with the half moon's light helping in the weird scene

We are now bivouacked by the autobahn in a spruce wood, 5 miles south of the city

Tonight we will take off for the last leg of our journey

31 July, 1945

Well, we arrived last night in the town of Inzell. It's situated in a small valley in Southeastern Germany, right in the Austrian Alps. It is really beautiful with the mountains rising sharply on all sides. I guess you know, I'm going to do a little mountain climbing on my days off.

I noted passing a side road leading ~~about~~ to Prien, where Lewie was stationed. (It is about 25 miles from here.) Lewie is now in the states part of the 20<sup>th</sup> Arm'd advanced party.

Bertesgaden is about 22 miles from here and Salzburg is about the same distance to the southeast.

This town is beautifully located for sightseeing tours.

I hope the outfit can take advantage of it. I sure would like to see some of the places around here.

Headquarters, 1<sup>st</sup> + 3<sup>d</sup> platoons are living in a hotel while the 2<sup>nd</sup> + 4<sup>th</sup> are in a schoolhouse. Two rooms for our platoon - no running water, so we wash in a horse-trough out in the street - quite a letdown from our comparative luxury in Kirchheim.

I read in the "S+S" a couple days ago that a B-25 bomber crashed into the 51<sup>st</sup> story of the Empire State building in a fog. There were casualties, and I'm wondering if Bessie was in her office. Gosh! I hope she wasn't hurt or anything. It's hard to wait a couple of weeks to hear.

2 August, 1945

Right quick I got a chance to go to Berchtesgaden today.

Twenty of us went in a truck along a fine paved highway through the mountains to the town.

The scenery along the way was, in itself, one of the highlights of the trip. Majestic mountains rising almost perpendicularly on all sides, we ~~would~~ made our way along their sides. On one side we had the ~~the~~ sharply rising slope of the mountain and on our other hand was a gorge a couple a hundred feet straight down.

The towns were typical Alpine hamlets. There were many lodges, and nearly all the houses were of ~~typical~~ that quaint architecture which I've seen so much of in pictures of this region. Also there ~~is~~ is the Bavarian mountain costume seen everywhere.

In finis, the country and people around here are all they've cracked up to be - as picturesque as I have ever seen or expect to see.

Berchtesgaden was a fairly good-sized village, and Hitler's "retreat" was a couple of miles outside, above the main part of town.

His house and those around (Goering's etc.) were



utter shambles - the result of a very heavy precision bombing which took place during the last days of the war. All that was left ~~to~~ were ~~the~~ rubble or hollow shells of buildings.

There were a few distinguished visitors there. Chief among them was Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and his party. He gave us a little added in our visit.

The day wasn't so good for enjoying the view (It rained on our return.) A flag-raising ceremony prevented us from climbing to a near-by peak named "Eagle's Nest." I guess there will be other chances to go mountain-climbing.

3 August, 1945

I spent a good part of today breaking in on some mountain climbing. Emery and I took off early this morning for the mountain nearest town. It was no more than 3000 feet high, but it was a very steep and fairly treacherous climb. Many portions were sheer cliff, and in order to reach the summit, we had to shinny up 20 feet of cable. We carved our initials in the cross, along side of those from all over Europe.

We made a relatively speedy descent, sliding down on our keisters.

The view was well worth our efforts, and just the joy of being in the mountains again made the trip a success to me.

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August 7, 1945

There isn't much excitement these days. Training started yesterday. It is quite dull - the only enjoyable part being the motor-marches. The country is pretty and there isn't much work involved.

This deal here isn't half bad now. We are washing out of our helmets still, but there is hot water now. People will do our laundry for a bar of soap. You can get a darn good haircut for a couple of cigarettes.

We have a nice recreation hall in the hotel with a couple of ping pong tables. We

<sup>hangar</sup>  
eat in the dining room. We don't even have to wash our Mess gear as there are plates and women wash them.

Both Bill and Bob were in Pearl Harbor last month. Joe (Mom's brother) is at the house.

Lewie is in the state

Aug. 12, 1945

It really looks as though the end of the war will come any day now.

My radio is working, and we are listening to the hourly news broadcasts with eager expectation.

This turn of events came upon us so suddenly, it is hard to realize that the whole mess may be over soon.

On the sixth of August, a new "atomic" bomb was dropped on the Japanese town of Hiroshima (pop 300,000). The city was, to all practical purposes, wiped out.

What a bomb!!

It has been a deep allied secret for years. The source of blast is the

heat and energy obtained from smashing atoms—uranium being the basic ingredient.

The power of the bomb is tremendous—equal to 20,000 tons of TNT, or the combined loads of 2000 superforts. The guess is that the bomb weighs about 200-400 pounds.

August 9<sup>th</sup>, Russia declared war and invaded Manchuria and Korea, advancing over a hundred miles in two days.

Another bomb (atomic) was dropped, on Nagasaki this time. Superforts (400) bombed a half-a-dozen other cities. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Fleet shelled coast installations, also sending 2000 carrier-based planes over the islands. A group

of Mustangs (20) also came over from Okinawa. Some day!

The psychological effect on the Japanese must have been terrific.

August 10<sup>th</sup>, the Japanese offered to surrender under the Potsdam terms, if the Emperor remains ruler. This means surrendering all lands conquered outside of home islands; changing war ~~to~~ industries to peaceful purposes, submitting to occupational forces of allies.

August 11<sup>th</sup>, the four great powers, U.S., Britain, Russian, and China, sent an answer agreeing, if the Emperor takes orders from the Allies.

Now we are waiting

Potsdam Conference  
This bears mention.

Discussions:

Russia entering the war against Japan. (Anglo)

International control of waterways (Danube, Dardanelles, Rhine, Kiel Canal, etc) by leading powers and countries directly concerned.)

Reparations - Russia + Poland receiving half. These are to be obtained from each nation's zone of occupation.

Leaders - Truman, Stalin, Churchill (replaced by successor Atlee, as a result of English elections going socialist.)

Reiteration of terms in case of Japanese surrender.

15 August '45

At six o'clock this morning, some early-bird turned on the radio, and news came over that the Japs had officially agreed to surrender under our terms.

Someone remarked, that now we wouldn't have to sweat it out by the radio anymore; then we turned over and went to sleep.

Guys are talking quietly about it and speculating about getting out. Most of the predictions are pretty pessimistic for G.I.'s - year-and-a-half or two years. Personally, I expect to be darn near the last.

People got pretty excited

over in the states, I guess. Funny, G.I.'s don't seem to get excited about such things. V-E Day was much the same. Very few guys whooped or hollered, just discussion of points and possible discharge. Americans don't seem to go in for this military deal.

I received a letter from Jack last night. He is in a submarine repair deal and has been to a lot of the islands in the Pacific - (Caroline, Marshall, Hawaii, & Phillipine)

Art Daley volunteered for Pacific service, and he was transferred to the 35th Inf. Now he is in a ~~staging~~ staging area, awaiting shipment to the states.

August 21, 1945

Well, the war is just about over, excepting the final formalities.

A Japanese peace party is now in Manila, arranging for the final surrender - discussing the occupation of the Japanese homeland and occupied territories, and also the disarmament of their troops. Members of the royal family are flying to all parts of their remaining empire to inform their scattered forces of the surrender. Many troops in partially occupied or bypassed islands have been out of communication with Japan for months or even years.

(Bougainville, New Guinea, Guen. Philippines, etc.)

General Douglas

MacArthur has been named supreme commander of the allied forces in the Pacific, and is expected to sign the final surrender in Japan, within ten days.

Demobilization is the chief topic of discussion here. The army plans to release 5-5 $\frac{1}{2}$  million men during the next 12 to 18 months. I have absolutely no idea when I shall get out, but doubt it will be within the next year (I had 23 pts. up to Aug. 8)

"Intensive pre-combat training" has stopped, and now we have four hours of drill in the morning and compulsory athletics in the afternoon. Life is easy.

I received a letter from Bob last night. (Aug. 9) He was at sea, and had passed Guam, so I guess he is headed for Okinawa. Perhaps he will participate in the occupational landing on Japan.

I also heard from Bill. He must be out beyond Guam too, and is fairly happy. Willy is now a yeoman <sup>3/c</sup>, correspond to an army sergeant. Good man, Willy!

Dan is pretty disgusted with the V-12 - not that I blame him, but right now he is wrapped up in a new love affair - this time it's Marilyn Martin. Nice!

Lewie is home on his 30 day leave. I wonder if he is Pacific-bound, still.

Aug. 27, 1945

The formal peace terms are to be signed this coming Sunday, if there are no more postponements. There were a few tornadoes in Japan the other day, which messed the landing field, etc. a bit. I think our original landings are due on the 31<sup>st</sup>.

General De Gaulle visited Washington last week, but important results were not made known.

Not much news from here. I spend the afternoon playing on the company volley ball team. We are doing pretty well, having lost only one game. That one was to "B" company, and we were playing with only five men.



There isn't much news from home. Jane Ann Rutter's engagement to (Dr.) Bill Sisson, and that was quite a surprise to me. First, Jackie Sherwin getting engaged to Helen Way a couple of months ago, and now Jane Ann. By the time I get home again, everyone of the gang will be hitched and having kids. What a life!

Marriage is one thing farthest from my mind now. I enjoy my freedom, especially since I'm planning to go to college; maybe even into medicine.

I am going to sign up in a correspondence course - review of high school chemistry. I then plan to take college chemistry & repeat process for Physics.

Aug. 29, 1945

Yesterday Allied forces made the initial landings on the Japanese homeland. It took place Tokyo bay at a naval base. for the purpose of preparing for the main landings tomorrow.

Last night, three other guys and myself took off for Salzburg. It was my first visit, and I found it very interesting.

We went, hoping to gain admission to the opera which was being presented - no luck, so we contented ourselves with wandering around town.

Each year, in August, the world-famous Salzburg Music Festival is held in memory of Mozart, whose birthplace was in Salzburg.

The town, itself, is an old and fair small (40,000) place, with a history dating back to the time of the "Middle Ages" and even to the Romans. At the time of the Festival, people come from all over Europe, and even the world, to hear the concerts and see the old historical sights.

After being unable to get tickets for the opera we went to the Marionette Show (Salzburger Marionetten) which was quite a thing in itself. One act plays and operas were acted by puppets. It was a good show, and so was the singing.

I noted in the "sign-in book" at the Red Cross, one

guy from Burlington by the name of Millette I don't remember the name.

We spent the rest of the evening driving around town, trying to get lost, but we couldn't, so returned to Inzell (20 miles) at midnight.

We ran in to # a guy in Special Service in Salzburg, who said he could get us tickets if we could get in again - We're going to try to get in again Saturday.

So, I add Austria to the countries I've visited on my G.I. tour of Europe. It is like Bavaria - beautiful with its mountains and lakes. Nice country, Austria.

Sept 4, 1945

Sunday, Sept. 2, was the official day (V-J). General McArthur signed the Surrender Document on the Battleship "Missouri" in Tokyo Bay, and occupation of Japan is in full swing. The Japanese in the Philippines, Singapore, Hong Kong, etc. are also surrendering.

Our training in the morning has ceased now, and we have an hour of drill and three hours of education - mechanics, German, or photography. I haven't got around to any of the classes yet, but will probably take up German, until by correspondence course in Quantitative Analysis comes through.

I heard from Bill today. He hopes to be able to start school next fall. I doubt very

much that I'll be out in time to join him. That hurts, especially after writing and planning so much about going through together.

There are a lot of rumors floating around about our being in Cat. #4 (demobilization moving soon, going home, etc. Nothing definite though.

Points are being re-counted. I will have as up to V-J Day, and doubt I'll get out within the next twelve months.

Discharge score has been lowered to 80 and will be periodically lowered in the future. Also the age has been lowered from 38 to 35, in which men are eligible for discharge upon request

~~John~~

Sept. 8, 1945

Things are finally coming to a head, at last. Our C.O. Lt. Hicks is going home, and Lt. Jacobson is our C.O. In a week he and another officer leave for new posts, and that leaves two officers here.

We are leaving in about two weeks for somewhere. Next will be devoted to maintenance. Half-tracks and armored cars are to be turned in and jeeps later. The heavy vehicles will be sent to Nuremberg and the jeeps further on - maybe Rheims. I hope I get to go there, for I have a good chance as assistant driver.

Yesterday, about 25 of us got the Good Conduct

Medal. Ho! Ho! - "for exemplary behavior, efficiency, and fidelity in the military service. That's me. Now I've been promoted and awarded, so I'm ready for a discharge.

All signs point to men under 45 points being transferred out of here soon, for we are definitely in Category #4 (demobilized). Here I go again - new guys, new friends, new officers. What a life!

Sept 11, 1945

The signs pointed right - for once. All men with under 45 points are going to the 753<sup>d</sup> or the 191<sup>st</sup> tank battalions, and those between 45 and 65 points are going to the 801 TD's.

I am going to the 191<sup>st</sup> tanks which is in Bad Rinnenall - about 20 miles away.

I hope that it is slated for occupation, so I won't be moving again.

I hope we have good officers and non-coms - no chucks in other words.

I hope they stress education and no drill, for I would like to continue my correspondence courses  
I hope. I hope!

Sept. 12, 1945

From various reliable sources I've learned that the 191<sup>st</sup> Tanks is strictly no good - 8 hour training schedule, the billets are former German barracks, etc. Too bad! I feel sorry for the guys.

Our orders have been changed, and we are going to the 774 Tanks. There isn't much dope about this outfit, except that someone said it was in Nuremberg. Tomorrow I shall see.

Sept 13, 1945

We moved today to the 774 tanks, and all Recon. men were put in Headquarters Co. Don't ask me why. I was assigned to the Assault Platoon, which is, as far as I can make out, in name only. They have six tanks - 3 105 mm. & 3 76 mm.

The big deal here is the large number of ratings open - high ones too. The reason is that this is an occupation outfit - 45 pointers and under. I have had no training for a desk job, but I am going to start bucking to learn. If I'm going to be over here a couple of years, I had better try to make as good a deal out of it as possible. I feel queer in a

headquarters outfit, I must admit, and this is the first time I have even thought of bucking for anything. I'm sort of leery of it. I'll try anyway and see what happens.

The outfit is located in the city of Haag which is, I think, about 15 miles east of Munich. It seems like a nice town, but I'll be able to tell more after I see more of it.

It really is a great deal now - an enlisted man's club in town; a coke and beer bar in the building (Hdq.) The officers and non-coms are swell. There will be a constant turnover of men for a while. I hope the deal remains the same.

Move tomorrow —

Sept 15, 1945

Two days ago I went on sick-call to see if I could get a skin disease cleared up. The Doctor really gave me the works too - penecillon, internal and external. It is clearing up fast.

Captain Werlin, the Doc, asked me if I would like to be his driver, and I was transferred to the Meds last night. So - maybe I have a job for this occupation deal - a good one too - easy.

The reason I wrote "maybe" is that I told the Captain that I could drive, which I can, but I have not had too much experience.

If he is too particular, I might lose the job. Of course, my best wish is to

be fired and given a job as a medic. I think I could pick it up quite fast.

Anyway, today I started working, and am now in Munich. The Captain, who is Jewish, is spending to day and tomorrow here for the Tom Kipper.

It was a short (30 mile) drive, but rough, and the city driving is fairly wearing. However, if I keep this job, I'll become a pretty experienced driver, "too sweet".

I have all day tomorrow off, so I'll get a chance to see the town - another interesting page in "My Diary".

I heard from Bob today and he was still at Guam. They don't seem to know what to do with him and his ship.

Sept 18, 1945

Home again! We rode back last night - a little experience in night-driving. Oh! I'll learn.

There isn't much to tell about Munich. I drove around town most of the day, looking at its remains.

Munich is supposed to be about the most beautiful cities in Germany. From the ruins, I could imagine why. The trouble is, there isn't much left.

We drove around to the various companies today. They are spread out within a 10 mile radius. Tomorrow, we may go to Munich again.

No mail is getting through yet, so no news from home.

Sept 23, 1945

Life around here is much the same. I drove the Captain to Munich again yesterday - this time with his girl. They had sort of fallen for each other, and, under the circumstances, they thought it best to separate. Now she has gone home to Coblenz. Captain Werlin said it was the hardest thing he had done in his life, and he was pretty much in the dumps.

I have my correspondence course now in Quantitative Analysis. It is pretty rough, but I hope I can struggle through it.

I was caught typing my notes today, and am now being tried out for clerk here. It is a pretty nice deal, if I can learn the ropes. There is a rating in it, too, I guess - Cpl. Well, we'll see.



Sept 28, 1945

I am now the Medical Detachment clerk. It is a pretty nice job - reports are most of the work, and I am fairly well equipped for the job as far as aptitude is concerned. Anyway, it is indoors, which will be nice now that winter is coming on.

No mail has come through. I guess it will be delayed somewhat, since the 630<sup>th</sup> has moved toward a POF.

20-pointers are due to leave the ETO in October and co-printers in November. All EM over 45 by June - 2 out of 8 of the GP's that were in the army on V-E Day. I'm one of the 8 that stays, no doubt. I guess I can't kick. There isn't much comparison between next year and last, over here.

Oct. 7, 1945

Well, I've sort of let quite a little time pass, since I wrote last.

Nothing very important has happened lately though. Time passes quite fast, for the job I have now keeps me occupied a good part of the morning, and a couple hours in the afternoon too.

I keep a record of the hospital cases, make a daily report on men sent to the hospital. I send in a report on all men contacting V.D., and a weekly statistical, and sanitary reports.

At the end of the month, there are a couple extra sanitary, and statistical reports, plus a couple odds and ends, I can't think of right now. That's my job in a nutshell, without mentioning correspondence for the detachment.

It keeps me pretty busy, anyway; especially now when I'm just breaking in.

I am getting mail from Mom and Dad which is addressed here. No mail has been forwarded through the 636<sup>th</sup>.

Everything is fine at home. I hear Bob feels sort of low, now that he is sweating things out. Dad wrote him to plan to go to MIT after to brush up on his college studies. I think it is a darn good idea.

For the first time since I got in the army, I am thinking of my discharge as something to plan on. I think it will probably lead to disappointment, but I can't help myself. I see a chance

of my wildest dreams materializing, and, Bingo! It seems quite certain that Congress is going to pass a law to discharge men after two years service. This probably will go in effect in March. I am hoping against hope, that when July comes around and my two years are up, things will be running smoothly enough, so I can get out in time to start college next fall. I have always discouraged planning things so far in the future — I mean such definite plans — I know I'll ride for a fall. But, boy!, I'm hoping.

I went to Munich a couple of days ago — the guys, who were off duty and wanted a pass, got one. We saw a football game

between the 98<sup>th</sup> Gen. Hospital  
and the 304<sup>th</sup> Station Hospital.  
The 98<sup>th</sup> won, 13-7, and it was  
a great game, and alot of fun  
even if there wasn't any coca  
cola, peanuts, or hot dogs.

I went to Wasserburgh  
today for the first time. It  
is a nice old town, about a  
mile south of here. I bought  
some hand-woven Swiss handkerchiefs  
for a Christmas present for  
Mom. I have a nice sword for  
Dad; at least, I think he will  
like it, for it is a nice souvenir  
with swastikas on it. ~~Now~~ now  
all I've got to find is a  
box for them - the sword will  
be difficult. I also got some  
German Christmas cards on  
my shopping, and a souvenir  
ash tray. The latter has  
the Bavarian emblem on it,

and a figure of the "Child of  
Manich" hold two steins of beer.  
The kid was supposed to have  
settled where Manich is and sold  
beer. People came from all  
around to drink it, and so the  
city was founded. That's the  
dope I could make out from  
the German who sold it.

The Chicago "Cubs" and  
the Detroit "Tigers" are all  
tied up at three games  
apiece in the World's Series.  
There is a break tonight,  
and tomorrow the final and  
crucial battle for the  
championship will be decided.  
I've got a carton of  
"Chesterfields" on the "Cubs",  
so I'll sweat this out on top  
of occupation.  
What a life!

October 22, 1945

Gosh! How the days seem to fly by. I guess that is because I have been pretty busy. I have sort of neglected writing my memoirs ~~???~~ lately too. Well, there isn't much to say, any way.

I am catching on to my new job now, but it keeps me pretty busy still. I am going to mail Dad's Christmas present tomorrow. It is the sword I got when the "old" 636<sup>th</sup> broke up. I still have to find a suitable box for Mom's present. They are Swiss made, hand woven handkerchiefs - not much, but it is the thought. I hope they get home by Christmas.

Bob is still on Guam (that is in the middle of Sept.) He probably has moved on by now to China or Japan.

Bill wrote his first uncensored letter a while ago, and it certainly was interesting. He told of his travels and doings since he left the states. His ship must have had about three breakdowns, but managed to get in one raid on Wake Island, I believe.

By the way, the "Tigers" won the final game of the World's Series and I lost a carton of Chesterfields to Joe Lydon. (He is now on pass to Ireland)

I have practically quit the Quantitative Analysis. It is too deep & technical for me without a teacher. I am going to limit my ETO education to reading. Right now, I am going to start an orientation on the human anatomy. Here I go again!

October 30, 1945

I am some diary writer.  
Once a week is hard for me  
to remember to get around to  
noting my memoirs.

Last week my promotion  
for corporal was submitted.

The next day three men were  
transferred into the outfit -  
one S/Sgt, one T/4, and one Pfc.  
My promotion was cancelled  
because there are now two  
Medical NCO's in the detachment,  
and that fills the T/O.

The other non-com was  
a Sgt who was up for staff.  
Now both of our ratings are  
off. Capt. Werlin told the staff  
that he would be made T/3 and  
~~the~~ our ratings will then go  
through. Well, the guy doesn't  
want the T/3, so he applied  
for a transfer, and, in order  
to get it, requested to be demoted

to private. That really got me.  
He is going to division finance  
office. Of all the darn-fool  
things to do! I don't know  
whether to feel bad about it  
or not. He didn't want the T/3  
rank, as, "it wasn't enough  
work." My aching back!

Anyway, I guess I will  
get my rating sometime, even  
if I have lost most of my  
enthusiasm for it.

Last night I went  
to Munich to see a USO Show.  
It featured the "Rockettes",  
and it was really swell.

Today I went to  
Munich again, this time to  
"goof off." Technically, I went  
after springs for the  
ambulance. We got them  
alright, in a huge ordinance  
depot on the other side of

Munich, near Dachau. What piles of equipment were there! I wonder what they will do with it all.

My job sometimes gives me a pain in the neck. Officers especially, give me trouble. A prize example was a VP case.

Our executive officer, a major, went on a bender in Munich and contracted gonorrhoea. Well, seeing as I make out and handle all records, the captain and the major hauled me ~~as~~ aside and gave me the dope. I made the reports out, and the major took them to the Division Surgeon himself, and just now the captain took my record of him. I don't know how I will ever straighten out my records now, but I know damn-well I am not taking

any responsibility for the mess. Now I realize that it is not good to let out that the major has VP, but we always carry such cases as "confidential". Why all the trimmings in his case??

Mom wrote that Bob is now at Okinawa (Oct 12) and that he has been assigned to the Atlantic Fleet Reserve. He even has a chance to be home for Christmas. Gosh! I hope he makes it, for Mom and Dad's sake, especially.

I have sent the sword for Dad's Christmas present, and the Swiss handkerchiefs for Mom. I am going to send ~~Dad~~ Bob a bond, I think - come payday.

Oh, by the way, the Captain's girl came back. He

has certainly been in a good mood since

Capt. Voskamp is taking 500,000 units of penicillin for sinusitis - 40,000 every 3 hrs. I wonder how it will work out. He doesn't think it will cure it, but hopes it will do away with a lot of the accompanying infection.

I am curious to hear of the results, so I can tell Dad.

Not much other news.

Jacqui Sherwin and Helen Way's engagement was formally announced. Dan has quit going out with Marilyn Martin - "not my type". What a man!

November 15, 1945

Well, this time it took me two weeks to get around to recording, "My life in the ETO."

It's rough in the ETO.

It's rough all over these days.

I am finally a corporal, as of the 7<sup>th</sup> of November. At least, I probably will never pull KP or guard again. That is one good deal of an NCO. That is about all though, except for the pay increase.

There isn't much other news of my life. My ice skates came from home, and I am hoping to use them this winter. Three Christmas packages have come also: one from Mom and Dad, one from Janet, and one from the Soule's.

I also received one

from the city, which I opened without waiting until Christmas. It contained a pound of maple sugar, 2 cans of peanuts, a fruit cake, and a nice leather folder for my discharge papers and service records - Burlington really sent out a nice package this year.

I heard from Bill yesterday, after a lapse of almost a month. He was at Guam, but missed Bob. He said that he thought they would go to Tsin Tao in China from Guam. (I heard in the news last night that Chinese government troops landed there, and that the city was surrounded by Communist troops). Maybe he ~~is~~ is seeing a little excitement these days.

The big thing I was

glad to hear from Bill was that he had practically decided definitely to go into dentistry. That is all I had to hear. I guess I am going into Medicine. At least, I am going to take a stab at it - next fall, I hope.

I might mention Captain Voskamp has been transferred to the 71st Infantry. I'm sort of glad, even if he is a nice guy; it is just that Capt Werlin runs ~~that~~ the Detachment so darn well. It would be a heck of a mess with Capt Voskamp, as he is pretty irresponsible.

Out!



December 8 1945

It isn't quite a month since I wrote last, but it seems to be a longer interval since I wrote last. A lot happened since November 15, so I will try to catch up a little.

Captain Werlin was transferred about a week ago and we now have no medical officer. A new one is expected soon though, and we are sweating him out. I only hope he is just half as good as Capt. Werlin was. He was my ideal officer. You never could forget he was an officer, but you respected him for what he was - conscientious doctor, medical officer, and just plain officer, for he was continually looking after the welfare of the FM under him he was swell.

Larry Levine (CT/3) left the day before yesterday. He was a very nice guy, and I liked him very much. He was ~~very~~ nervous, but he knew his stuff; and he taught me a lot. He was always on my neck like Mom, if I had a pimple or a cold. It was a bother, but he was nice about it.

I heard from Alison Stead that Scotty Histon and Louie Tasetano were discharged. Gosh! They went into the Air Corps just before I went into the army, and they never left the states. Those Air Corps guys got a deal all the way through this war.

Six packages for Christmas have come - 3 from home, one from the Soules, one from Yvonne, from the Soules, and another from Janet.

I opened one from home to get the camera, which Dad said

was in it. That is the thing I wanted most over here.

Now I can take pictures of the things I see and the guys I meet.

Snow has come to Haag this week, and we have a foot of it now. We are supposed to move south fifty miles at the end of the month right into the mountains again. After we move, I hope to get a pair of skis from Special Service, and get a little skiing in. I already have my skates from home. The town which we are to go is Bad Aibling.

Mail hasn't come through too well lately. The last I heard from Bob, he had left ~~Germany~~ where <sup>he had</sup> gone when his ship brought relief supplies there after a

tornado messed up the place, and now I guess he is around Japan. Bill was heading for the China coast, Tsingtao, the last I heard, and he expected to hit the states by February. - lucky stuff!

As for me, I am plugging along here. I have heard that the Battalion is going home in June with all men who have been in the ETO for a year as of May 12<sup>th</sup>. I don't know how true it is or the source, but it is something to think about.

December 23, 1945

Two more days until  
Christmas - oh, joy!

A week ago today  
a new medical officer  
arrived. He was fairly young,  
just out of school. Well, anyway  
he left for the States yesterday.  
I am not too sorry though,  
as I didn't like him very  
much. He was sort of queer  
in his ways, and I didn't feel  
relaxed when around him;  
moreover, he had the horrible  
habit of hanging around the  
dispensary all day. No matter  
how much I like an officer,  
I couldn't stand having him  
around all the time. You are  
sort of obligated to be around  
and make polite conversation.

I did just that for  
the first few days, but  
then hung the obligations

and took off when there  
wasn't any work to be done.

This afternoon Ev Parker  
called up - just like home - He  
is in the 7<sup>th</sup> Arm'd Gp Hq near  
Rosenheim which is 30 miles  
south of here. He is a T/4 in  
the transportation section, and,  
from our brief conversation, I  
gather he has a good deal.

I am going to finagle  
a pass on Christmas day to go  
to Munich and meet Ev at the  
Red Cross. That will be something  
to celebrate the holiday.

The mail is coming  
pretty well lately. I have  
got a lot of letters from Mom  
and Dad and a few from Bob.  
Bob is now at Sasebo, Japan,  
the last I heard. Jack  
Shearer and Vic Economy  
are there - "old home week"

for him again. He seems pretty blue though and darned sick of kicking around - I know just how he feels

Our projected move is still being put off. It seems that we haven't got enough gas to move the Detachment down to Bad Aibling to say nothing of the "line companies"

Well, there isn't much more news, so I will close for now, before I fall asleep

27 December 1945

Christmas has come and gone, but it is one which I shall never forget, so I will write of it here to refresh my memory.

Christmas Eve was a quiet one. I went to the movies and afterwards I opened the Christmas packages which I saved for the occasion. As the other fellows had no package, mine served as our Christmas celebration. Of the things I hadn't already opened from Mom and Dad, there was a nice pair of slippers for wearing around the house, a little tree with little packages on it - a St. Christopher's Medal, razor blades, etc. - I also got soap, socks, and a pillow of spruce needles. Uncle Mart and Aunt Matey sent a card and fifteen bucks. The Smiths sent a box of peanuts, "brownies," a pipe for blowing bubbles, and a

little Santa Claus. Janet and Lewis and the kids sent a pack of cards with poker chips and a money belt (I couldn't use both), also a crossword puzzle book. I opened the Soule's package on Thanksgiving Day to get some food - maple syrup, plum pudding with sauce. It <sup>was</sup> fun opening the packages and the presents were swell. I'm a pretty lucky guy.

I went to Midnight Mass and Communion and then called it a day.

I got up in time for early chow (noon) and it was the best I have here - Turkey dressing, mashed potato, cranberry sauce, corn, fruit cake, cherry pie, and ice cream.

God bread; good meat;  
Good hord; let's eat.

Right after chow I took off with a 48-hour pass for Munich. The bumming was horrible as noone was on the road. It took me four hours, two rides, and a walk of seven miles to get there. On top of that, Everett wasn't at either Red Cross, and I spent the rest of the day and evening running back and forth between the two in case he should come in. He didn't.

After walking out to the Visitor Bureau, I got quartered at the transient billets; and, after a 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> mile hike out there, I retired for the night. No, I will never forget Christmas Day, 1945. I was never so lonely, tired, or homesick - never hope to be again.

The next morning I decided to go to Rosenheim, a town fifty miles to the south, where Ev was supposed to be.

I arrived there about noon, cold and wet, as it was sleeting out. Anyway, the 5<sup>th</sup> Armored Group was at Bad Aibling, a town 10 miles to the east. I hitched a ride out in the mail jeep and found Ev.

His outfit runs a discharge center for Kraut PW's and he is in the transportation. He has been there since June and a damn nice deal. They had quite a party Christmas, and he missed the bus.

Well, it was worth all the trouble to see

him again, I guess, We talked the rest of the day and evening, and I bunked there for the night.

The next morning I arranged to get the ambulance from Schliersee and rode in style back to Naag.

Then I had a 24 hour rest to recuperate from my vacation. Rough!!

It was a surprise and a nice one to find Ev in Bad Aibling, as we are due to move down there in a couple of weeks; that is, if we get gas. Ev and I will be able to sweat out the occupation together and renew old times.

January  
10 ~~December~~, 1946

Feeling pretty low today, as a result of the demobilization news. First, some tid bits from the Navy. Bill is a Yokhama on Japan; that is, he was on the 10<sup>th</sup> of December. Most of his letter was concerned with our future plans. Pre-Med for us and all the fun we can pack in between our studies. I doubt I will ever marvel at the similarity of our plans when we are so far apart. We practically take the words out of each others mouth when we write. Bill and the "Antsetam" will not be returning to the States next month as planned. They are due to go to the Mariana Islands soon for further "operations. Bill, consequently,

is feeling pretty low.

I also heard from Jack Sherwin who is still at a sub base on Luzon in the Philippines. He is a machinist-mate/3C now and checks the sewage system from 11 PM to 5 AM. He says it is quite a racket.

Before I forget, I got my "Dread" last night. Gosh! It was good to read it again. It sort of helps to ~~relieve~~ relive the days at BHS again.

The redeployment (now termed, "reduction") program has hit the news during the last few days. I will try to record the reports here, and maybe someday I'll be able to figure them out.

There were 616,000 GIs in the ETO on January 1st. On July 1st there are to be

300,000. Instead of ships being the key factor in going home, it is now "military necessity" and replacements. 50,000 men will be shipped each month. What got me was yesterday it was said that 50-54 pointers and 3 1/2-year-men won't be going home until April instead of this month, as previously announced. The plan to discharge two-year men in March is off, and gosh-knows when I'll make it

There is an old saying by guys in the Pacific -  
"Golden Gate by '48".

I coined one for us low-pointers in the ETO:  
Statue of Liberty by 1950  
Cheerful cuss, ain't I?

21 January, 1946

There are quite a few various odds and ends which are worth recording, so I will take a few minutes off now.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> we finally moved. We are now located in PWE #26 which is about two miles south west of Bad Ribling. Ev Parrier is in the same building, as I am now, by the way. It is a huge affair, and we in the post dispensary are in one wing, while the 10<sup>th</sup> Arm'd Group are in another. I see Ev every other day or so, and we have a lot of fun together. There are two battalions in the camp (not counting 500 Polish troops) and both dispensaries are in the same building. A Captain Miller of an FA Bn in Bad Ribling



handles all three outfits  
six-calls. The FA Bn is  
due to go home soon, and he  
is expected to go into here  
soon. Right now, I don't think  
much of him or the transfer,  
but will hold my thoughts  
until later.

There has been a revision  
of the redeployment plans due  
to the many demonstrations  
in protest of the recent slow-  
down. ~~50~~ pointers, 2-year men  
will be on their way home  
by April 30. 2-year men will  
be on their way by June 30.  
If this plan is realized, I'll  
be eligible for discharge  
July 19. Then all I will  
have to worry about is  
making it back to the  
states in time to start  
school next fall.

14 February 1946

There isn't too much to  
write about, but I did  
want to note that I  
applied for a compassionate  
furlough to Ireland about  
two weeks ago. It went  
through channels and  
returned yesterday, approved -  
ten days plus traveling time  
I am supposed to leave  
in a couple of days, so I  
am quite busy, breaking in  
a clem - "Shorty" Hutchinson

19 February 1946 Paris, France

Well, I left alright. Yesterday, I came into Munich and reported at the Third Army Leave Center. I stayed there <sup>that</sup> last night; and, at 0625 hours today, we left Munich on the Paris Leave train. At last, I was on my way.

The train made pretty good time, and we went through Augsburg, Stuttgart (1300 hours), and ate a good fish-dinner at Karlsruhe at 1400. We ate a horrible meat at the Saarbrook transient mess at 2200, and then I went to sleep.

There wasn't much worth noting along the way. It was raining, and I ~~took~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> take any good pictures, although I did try a couple at Karlsruhe of me in front a big destination sign. I doubt that they come out. Anyway, I woke up this

morning, and we were in the outskirts of Paris. We arrived at the station at 1000 hours.

I reported at the RTO in the station, and found that I could, for 1500 francs (415.00) pay my way to London, and save about ~~three~~ three days. Naturally, I did this.

I then went to the Finance Office to exchange ~~fifty~~ fifty bucks for francs and get my PX rations.

Then I found a billet at a transient hotel, and then took off to see the Notre Dame Cathedral. I did want to see that, in case I didn't get a chance on the way back from Ireland.

By the way, I saw the Arch of Triumph on my way to the Finance Office. It

wasn't much, but you hear so much about it, I am glad I saw it.

The cathedral was really some - huge and with very intricate pieces of workmanship in evidence. I have seen more beautiful cathedrals, but this was awesome in immensity. I am sorry I didn't have time to see it thoroughly, but it was getting and I was hungry.

After supper I went to the show at the Folies Bergere, which I had heard so much about. It was a good show, and I liked it alot. The girls wore less clothes, but the show as a whole was much less obscene than the burlesque in the States.

I might mention the prostitutes, of which the city is noted for. They approach ~~at~~ you along the street, and try

to force themselves on you at every bar. A GI can't have a quiet beer here - not that the stuff is any good here anyway.

One girl sat down with me and I bought her a drink just to hear her talk; what a line.

She was very blunt about her approach, and soon got off to her life story. She had a good German man during the occupation, and she liked alot of them. They and the English were very correct and polite. The American? Well, they were just like children. They were big liars and used horrible language with women. At this point, she let out a string of every oath I ever hope to hear, as an illustration.

Well, she wasted her time on me, for I took shortly after that, with an excuse that I was going to London at midnight.

20 February, 1946      Funcher, England

Well, the next morning, I took off at 0630 hours for Dieppe. The train moved right along, and I woke up at 1100 and found we were already at our destination.

We hung around Dieppe an hour or so, before sailing. It was raining and blowing out, and I, again, had tough luck, as far as picture-taking was concerned.

There was much evidence of the bombings and the big commando raid there, and I tried to take some picture inspite of insufficient light.

We finally sailed, and the channel was as rough as the gods could make. Our little ship did every thing, but back-flips. (My stomach did those!).

Nearly everyone was hanging over the rail; and, after two hours of putting it off, by

sheer will power, I joined the rest and heaved for five minutes straight. Then, I staggered down into the hold and went to sleep. Boy, was I thankful that I didn't join the Navy. My stomach must have tied itself into every knot imaginable.

Finally, the trip was over, and we landed at New Haven; and after swiftly going thru the customs, took for London on the train.

We arrived here at 1800 last night; and, boy, was I glad to hit the sack!

Today I kicked, window-shopping this morning, and I saw the Tower of London this P.M. It was banged up during the "blitz,"

and the crown jewels weren't there - which was a disappointment. Anyway, it was very interesting, and just stunk of historical significance. All the blood shed there could drown an ocean.

Later I ran into a bum - a Scotsman, and we walked around and looked at the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and No 10 Downing St. Didn't go in any of them; but, if I get up in time tomorrow, I think I will go down and see the changing of the Palace Guard. It ought to be something.

Also tomorrow, I think I will report to the RTO and see about going on to Ireland. Can't hang around here too long, without getting caught.

Oh! I might mention seeing George Bernard Shaw's, "Anthony"

and Cleopatra" tonight. It was very good and the acting was superb, with Claude Rains & Vivian Leigh starring.

22 February, 1946

Still in London, and haven't reported to the Leave Center yet.

I took off for Buckingham Palace this morning, but there wasn't any changing of the guard. I ran into a Cockney who appointed himself my guide; and we went all over town, looking at the sights. I ended up at the wax-works, and they really something to see - all the famous people of today and of history were there, and the wax dummies were so realistic, it nearly took my breath away.

Tomorrow, I am going to report in; change my money; go to the PX; and, finally, arrange a phone-call home. It only costs a pound (£) a minute, and I will only have to wait a few hours.

By the way, I found out this is Washington's Birthday - a holiday

24 February, 1946

Yesterday I finally got around to reporting in. Moore said anything about being late, so I didn't bring the matter. I got 2 weeks PX rations, my money changed, and got my papers to go to Ireland.

I was given a 4 day extension on my furlough to allow for traveling - time

Tomorrow morning at 0850 hours I take off for Dublin.

Yesterday I placed a call through to Mom and Dad, and came through this noon. I could hear them as clear as if they were in the same room. Gosh, it was good to hear their voices again! - after almost a year since I called last

from New York before coming over.

I guess nothing much was said of importance, and I think I talked too much, but Mom got a word in edgewise, and Dad got a couple words in. I hope to call again in Ireland, and then I'll let them do all the talking.

It lasted for four minutes, and it was the fastest four-minutes of my life. If I did this often, I would be an old man before I knew it.

The call costed 1 £ (84) a minute, but it was well-worth it, and I hope I get another chance in Ireland; especially so that Eddie, and whoever else is around, can talk to Mom too.

2 March 1946 Ballyhanna, Ireland

Well, I certainly let the time slide by without recording it. There has been a lot happening too.

On Monday, the 25<sup>th</sup>, I took off for Dublin. The train left London at 0815 hours, and it was about a four-hour ride across England to Holyhead, on the west coast. - very uneventful.

The trip across the Irish sea was also uneventful. The sea was very calm, and I passed the time of day with this some Irish boys in the RAF, who were going home on furlough.

While going through the customs in Dublin, someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I were Twitchell. I turned round, said, "yes", and

he said: "Well I'm Kenny"; and there was Eddy. I recognized him right off. Mae was waiting in the train; and, at last, I was meeting my Irish relations. They were swell.

We talked about my trip, I guess, going into town; and then went to Eddie's house. There I met Nellie, Eddie's wife, (I wasn't sure before, if he had one). She was very nice too, and there was a hot home-cooked meal ready and waiting for me. What a meal - bacon, eggs, sausages, and milk. (I quickly learned that there were no shortages of dairy products over here).

Well, I'm getting sort of tired.

Eddie has two kids - my 1<sup>st</sup> cousins, Noel (age 6) + Adrian (6 mos)



I didn't see much of Adrian, but Noel was tearing all over the place. He was just learning to talk a bit.

The next day I spent looking around town with Eddie or Mac. Dublin is a very nice town compared with most its size - clean, not so smelly, and, of course, undamaged by bombs. The stores are full, and there are very few shortages.

I stayed home that night - by the way, Nellie served me breakfast in bed that morning. I'm being pampered by every one here.

The next night I went to an Irish play at the old Abbey Theater. The name was "Mungo's Mansion," and it was by a new

author, I never heard of. The play was about tenement life in Galway, but wasn't exceptionally good.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> I came down here with Mae, and now I am at my final destination, Mom's home. Paddy and Sally were at the station to meet us, and we walked up to Foxhills, which is about 1/2 mile out of town.

Grandma was waiting at the door, and, at last, I had come all the way.

Well, I'll save more description of life here for later.

I guess everyone was glad to see me, and I was glad to see them.

Ah! I'm tired.

- x Lawrence A. Levine  
9 Gaston St.  
Roxbury, Mass. (Boston)
- x Joseph B. Illuminati  
4164 No ~~Pros~~ Franklin St  
Philadelphia, Pa.
- John M. Anderson  
District Council of Carpenters  
San Diego, California

William E. Diehl  
1935 Whitehall St.  
Allentown, Penna

- x George M. Meier  
1062 Ringwood Ave  
Haskell, New Jersey

Joseph P. Lyden  
3426 Monroe St.  
Bellaire, Ohio

William V. Mc. Sweeney  
304 Oak Ave.  
Red Wood City, California

Carelton C. Emery  
"The Cove" River Ave }  
Gardner, Maine }  
1163 5<sup>th</sup> Lakeview Drive  
Winter Park, Florida

Jerome Redisch  
169 Ave. C (10<sup>th</sup> St) East side  
New York, NY

Paul B. Morofsky  
234 East 178<sup>th</sup> St.  
New York, St.

Harold K. Solley  
 Glen Burnie P.O.  
 Solley, Md.

Clifford Daves  
 5635 S.E. Flavel  
 Portland, Oregon

Philip C. Becker (T-5)  
 5707 Euclid 541/2 Garfield St.  
 Kansas City, Mo.

Ed Carlson (S. Sgt.)  
 1630 Penn. Ave Apt. 3  
 Denver, Colo.

Albert Kregge Kregge (Cpl.)  
 Columbia, So. Dakota  
 (near Aberdine)

Carl Lipps (Cpl.)  
 Cook Nebraska

Elmer Holst (T-5)  
 Wayne, Nebraska

Walter Schenefeld (Doc) T-5  
 Dallas, So. Dakota (Route 3)

Harry A. Lang  
 Alexandria (Hebron), Nebr.

Marvin Stewart ("Chubby")  
Severy, Kansas

Ralph Carlino  
Church St.  
Pine Meadow, Conn.

Tony Kano ("Baby")  
815 Bartlett St.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

x Edward J. Schwindt  
1921 Harmon St.  
Rt 1 Ridgewood 27, N.Y.

Manue) Toundras (sgt.)  
576 Merchant St.  
Ambridge, Pa.

Arthur Daley 31403882  
Co. C <sup>612</sup> ~~820~~ T.D. Bn.  
APO. 403 C/O P.M. N.Y.C.

Winooski, Vermont

Ens. Robert M. Twitchell  
L.S.M. 492  
C/o P.M., San Francisco

William R. Dingerson  $5\frac{1}{2}$  &  $\frac{3}{4}$   
Division A  
USS Antietam CV-36  
C/o P.M., San Francisco

Daniel T. Carroll A/S  
~~Navy V-12 Unit~~  
004 408 N. Mass.  
Dartmouth College  
Hanover, N. H.

Frederic W. Allen A/S  
~~Navy V-12 Unit~~  
~~Alma College~~  
Alma, Michigan

Col. Lewis H. Ham 016848  
~~Hdq. Div. Artillery 20<sup>th</sup> Arm'd Div.~~  
APT 444 C/o P.M., N.Y.C.

- "The Green Years" - A.J. Cronin  
 "The Citadel" " " "  
 ("The Stars Look Down") "  
 ✓ "Disputed Passage" - Lloyd <sup>Douglas</sup> ~~Robert~~  
 "The Rebellion of Leo McGuire" -  
 Clyde Brion Davis  
 "Kidnapped" - Robert Louis Stevenson  
 "Feather Merchants" - Max Schulman  
 "UP Front" - Bill Mauldin  
 "Rebecca" - Daphne du Maurier  
 "Guerrilla" - Lord Dunsany  
 "The Robe" - Lloyd C Douglas  
 Above Suspicion Helen MacInnes  
 The Unconquerable " "  
 Green Dolphin Street - ~~Hervey Allen~~  
 Rain In The Doorway - Thorne <sup>Smith</sup> ~~White~~  
 Bedford Village - Hervey Allen  
 The Enchanted Pool - Thorne Smith

