

2008

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**Reunion
Overview**

103d INF DIV WW II

**2008 REUNION - COVINGTON, KENTUCKY**

By All Accounts Our 2008 Reunion was a **GREAT** success. Much was accomplished and amazingly, for the first time in four years we had **NO** acrimony during our business meeting or Board of Directors Meeting. In fact, every action taken at both meetings was passed unanimously. Furthermore, after past-president Jim White proposed that President Rogers and the entire slate of officers remain as is for 2009, no one challenged that proposal. As your editor and president, I find it difficult (at least embarrassing) to report this news for fear that I may be considered prejudiced in the matter. In fact, I am very happy that the 103d Association can move **AHEAD**, on all the issues I presented in NFTCP #19 and at the 2008 Business Meeting without any disagreements as this insures early achievement of those goals: 1) Reprinting the "Trail of the Cactus" (the "Green Book" wartime history of the 103d) with a 16 page update supplement at a cost of \$49.50 plus \$7.95 shipping & handling charge to be available in the spring of 2009, 2) Museum & Library type repository for the 103d Inf Div of WW II veterans in Gainesville, TX pending at the Cooke County Museum and the North Texas State College, 3) The 103d Association has approved funding the placement of the "Trail of the Cactus" at 10 to 12 WW II museums or libraries, and if you have such an institution in your area, please advise for our consideration, and 4) Approval of our officer slate to fill the vacancies occurring during the period prior to our reunion.

Our reunion attendance dropped as we expected, however the intensity of our activities seemed to be unusually high and dynamic, and everyone seemed to enjoy the activities and events to the fullest. We had 201 in St Louis in 2007 and 102 in Covington this year. Surprisingly, we had about 15 cancellations at the last minute, testifying to just how fragile our age group happens to be as they all pertained to sudden changes in health problems. The Cincinnati area proved to be interesting, especially, the Air Force Museum at Dayton, about 40 miles north, the river boat trip up the Ohio River, and the historic tour of Cincinnati. Everybody had high phrase for the hotel, The Radisson, as the food was excellent all around, especially the breakfasts, and the staff did a great job serving all. It actually was the first reunion which I did not experience ONE complaint, including the seating assignments at the banquet, which are always troubling. I hope we are as fortunate next year with the hotel service.

The significant factor in triggering the officers to repeat next year, was the resignation of Harley Richardson. While John Poole was promptly named to replace Harley as vice-president, no one indicated a desire to step up and take over as president. Since I had agreed to continue as the NFTCP Editor, I believed the president's duties to be a natural extension of continuing as Editor. Also, the responsibility for the edit of the 16 page supplement to the "Trail of the Cactus" became an added duty which I believed to be crucial to the success of some of the programs we had initiated; therefore I am pleased to have been given these unanticipated responsibilities.

Following herewith are random items of the B/D and the Business Meeting of the 103d Association at the 2008 Reunion.

Continued from Page 1

As a result of the B/D action and Annual Business meeting vote, the following actions have been authorized by the 103d Association:

1. The 103d Association will annually support the laying of a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery on Veterans Day and thence replace the wreath on General McAuliffe's grave according to custom. Dick Ball (703-671-9017) is the coordinator for this event. In addition, a wreath will be placed at General Charles Haffner's grave on a date to be coordinated with the local VFW or American Legion, which ever agrees to cooperate with the Haffner family in this endeavor. Also, the 103d Association is willing to assist (financially and otherwise) the Haffner family at their discretion to add a suitable headstone on the General's grave to recognize that he was a WW II veteran & CG of the 103d Division. Frank Waldeck @ 847-234-3967 of Lake Forest, IL (Location of General Haffner's grave) will be the coordinator for this event.
2. The 103d Association will fund the printing of 100 copies of the "Trail of the Cactus" including a 16 page supplement for up-dates, for distribution to members who order same on a first-come basis and further with distribution to up to 20 WW II museums. The edit of the supplement is the responsibility of President Rogers with the approval of B/D. (See later statement as to preliminary draft of content)
3. The 103d Casualty Reports which have been electronically transcribed and printed in several contexts to be more readily researched (alphabetically-date-unit) will be made available also to WW II museums. These are available from Mel Wright(713-465-0814) See order form NFTCP #18,Pg11
4. The By-Laws of the 103d Association were revised to allow officers to succeed themselves, and serve **as voted by the membership** at the annual meeting.
5. It was announced and therefore accepted without discussion that henceforth the NFTCP will be sent first class mail to all dues-paying members and also to those who request the newsletter without paying dues.
6. The B/D noted that the B/D of The WW II Texas Memorial Fund has voted to dissolve as of December 31, 2008 since their prime mission has been accomplished, and permanent maintenance of the statue has been provided.
7. The 103d Association B/D appointed its own committee chaired by Mel Wright with John Poole, Jim White, and Chan Rogers to act on all matters relating to the Monument that may arise. There will be an annual wreath laying ceremony at the 103d Monument on Veterans Day organized and promoted by the VFW of Gainesville, TX. (Details to come later)
8. The 2009 reunion will be in Nashville, TN July 15 thru 18.

HEADS UP

2009 REUNION *IN* NASHVILLE, TN

JULY 15 – 18, 2009

HOLIDAY INN

Nashville – Opryland/Airport

(Note: Wait for NFTCP #21 for registration details)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

As announced on page 2, the 103d Association is reprinting the “Trail of the Cactus” (aka: “The Green Book – History of the 103d”) and will be available in the spring of 2009 with a 16 page supplement.

The supplement will include a number of items to update the historical accomplishments of the 103d in combat and the Association in recent years, such as the construction of the Monument and the publishing of the electronically sorted casualty reports; as well as combat stories by individual Cactus veterans and the inclusion of individual histories with “then & now” pictures as appeared in the original “Green Book”.

As the editor of NFTCP and your president, I have been given responsibility for the edit of the 16 page supplement. Therefore, I need your contributions and assistance as follows:

1. Do you have a combat story that has already been published or is ready to go.
2. Are you interested in preparing your biography with “then & now” pictures as appeared in the original “Green Book”? (You have a previous edition of the book – but, were not included therein.)
3. Do you have previously printed newspaper stories, or, otherwise printed stories of your wartime experiences.
4. Do you have any suggestions as to what might be included to contribute to the historical performance of the 103d Infantry Division in WW II. That is what this supplement is ALL about.
5. If you have questions call or email me at 508-533-0422; chanrogers@comcast.net.
6. Those that desire to order copies; please call or email our Secretary/Treasurer Gloria McLeod at 713-772-1492; gmacl@swbell.net. You donot have to send money up front; we will mail the finished book to you and upon receipt please mail your check. We plan two more issues of the NFTCP (#21 & #22) prior to our next reunion in July of 2009; and these will keep you posted as to our reprint progress.
7. Please advise if you have libraries or WW II museums in your area that you want to sponsor or propose that copies of our publications be sent. These will be reviewed on each case basis, so please provide supporting evidence to justify our donation to your proposed recipient.

NOTICE

THREE UPCOMING VETERANS DAY (Nov 11 & 12) 2008 EVENTS

1. Gainesville, TX – Wreath Laying @103d WW II Monument – Nov 11 @ 10:00 am
Sponsored by VFW - Call Mel Wright 713-465-0814/Rabbit Wilson 972-233-1426 for more info
2. Washington, D.C. – Wreath Laying @ Arlington Cemetery - Nov 12 @ 10:15 am
Meet at Day’s Inn 2201 Arlington Blvd, Arlington 8:45 am -for overnight reservations-703-525-0301
Lunch at Ft Myer O Club after - (Call Dick Ball 703-671-9017 or Mike Toohig 703-442-3865)
3. North of Chicago – Wreath Laying @ General Haffner’s Grave in Lake Forest, IL
Call Frank Waldeck 847-234-3967 or Chan Rogers 508-533-0422
This event has been programmed for Nov 11, however no other details are now available.

TWO CACTUSMEN'S DAUGHTERS SEARCH FOR FATHERS' BUDDIES

Two daughters of two Castusmen buddies are searching for any fellow Cactusmen who served with them in the 3rd platoon of Co G 411th Infantry Regiment. This very unusual situation began with two men from Chicago, who did not know each other, were assigned to G/411 at Camp Claiborne in 1943. They developed a close friendship, including a double date with future family on a visit home on joint furloughs in Chicago. This friendship continued as foxhole buddies in combat until the attack on Climbach December 15, 1944 when one of them became mortally wounded during an artillery barrage and died in the arms of the other. Sgt Dennis S. Zaboth, who was killed at Climbach, had a wife and an infant daughter, whereas James Cunnally, his Chicago buddy, was devastated by the death of his friend, had no involvements, and believed a great injustice had been done in that he had not been killed instead of his married friend. Cunnally survived the war without personal injury, however, he did have to remain in Germany into 1946 where, after the war, he was assigned to assist in the return of prisoners of the Germans to their homeland. Jim Cunnally sent Lorraine Zaboth a letter describing the situation leading to her husband's death and advising that he would like to visit her upon his return to Chicago.

Jim did visit Lorraine right after returning home and again at the final burial of Sgt Zaboth when his body was returned in 1948, which daughter, Diane remembers. Later in 1949, Jim married Lorraine and they had 3 children: a daughter, Patricia, and two sons, Dennis and Michael. In essence, James became an unofficial casualty of WW II through his depression and not outwardly showing any optimism in life's daily activities. Fast forward forty years to Lorraine succumbing to lymphoma in 1989, and James passing away eight months later of lung cancer and Parkinson's in early 1990. The family believes he gave up after losing the woman who sustained him for forty years even though she believed that somehow she was bad luck for the men she loved. Now the children of Dennis and James would like some closure for their family life by finding others who witnessed and experienced what their fathers had experienced.

Amazingly we have 40 veterans on our master living roster of Co G/411th Regt veterans and while I have canvassed a number of these, I have not been able to find any who were in the 3rd platoon of G Company, that knew Dennis or James or any related incidents involving either of the two Cactusmen: Sgt Dennis S. Zaboth and Pfc James J. Cunnally.



Foxhole Buddies-3rd Platoon G/411th Inf/103rd Division. (l-r) Sgt Dennis S. Zaboth, KIA 12/15/44 and James J. Cunnally, died 2/24/90

Fortunately, the two daughters, Diane (Zaboth) Helland (815-784-4865) and Patricia (Cunnally) Lofthouse (847-698-9731) attended our reunion in Covington, KY in July and their spirits were greatly buoyed up by the experience of meeting fellow veterans of their fathers and sharing their experiences. They are planning to attend our next reunion in Nashville to continue their quest for persons who may have known their dads. ■

NOTICE

IF YOU KNEW EITHER

DENNIS OR JIM

PLEASE CONTACT

PAT OR DIANE DIRECT

OR DIANE BY MAIL @

Diane Helland
907 Westwood Circle
Genoa, IL 60135
email: dhelland43@yahoo.com



(Left-right) Michael Cunnally, Patricia (Cunnally) Lofthouse, Dennis Cunnally, & Diane (Zaboth) Helland; All Children Of Loraine Zaboth Cunnally (Photo - 2/2003)



The Zaboth/Cunnally Grandchildren:
(Back row l-r) Amy Lofthouse, Mark Helland & Lisa Helland
(Front Row l-r) Melissa Helland, James J. Cunnally, Alyson Lofthouse, Lorraine Zaboth Cunnally, Andrew Lofthouse & James Cunnally (Dennis's son). Photo Taken 12/1988

2008 REUNION



James Mulligan, Shirley Mulligan, Helen Shuttleworth, J.D. Shuttleworth. This picture was made in the Banquet Dinner



Cincinnati and the Bengal's Stadium from Kentucky



Arthur Currin, Shirley & Charles Forgy, Ed Mundhenk



Right to Left: Wally Morgan, Janet Morgan, Patricia Wollam, Robert Wolllam, Bob Lurie, Betsy Lurie, across from Diane Helland. Made on riverboat.



2008 Reunion Welcome Dinner



Chan Rogers w/John Poole as 50/50 winner



Luke & LaVonne Martin, Virginia & James Marritt, Baxter Fite, Jr.



Hotel Radisson – Covington, KY



Michael & Barbara Toohig, Dick Ball, Mareen & Bruce Hughes, Al Eucare

2008 REUNION



2008 Reunion Dinner @ Hofbrauhaus



Bob Hahn, Patricia Wollam, Robert Wollam, Mike Toohig, Barbara Toohig, Dick Ball, Bea Passmore. This picture was made in Kellys.



Gloria McLeod, John Poole, & Jim White



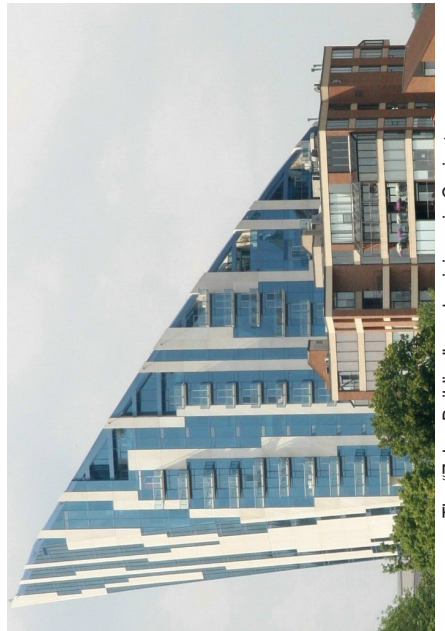
Wright Brothers @ US Air Force Museum



Board Mtg w/John Poole, Chan Rogers, & Gloria McLeod at head



Gus Nordin, Jeff Ham, Lois Ham, Helen Shuttleworth, J. D. Shuttleworth, Robert Pugh, Estelle Pugh. This picture was made in the Hospitality Room.



The "Zebra Building" condominiums in Covington



Cincinnati Historic Railroad Station



Betty Leslie, Elizabeth Jane Messe, Dick Ball, Robert Leslie. This picture was made in the Lobby.

A CACTUSMAN'S WARTIME EXPERIENCES

by Fred Kent , Co G 411th Regt

WELCOME TO THE 103d!

ASTP was being phased out and many of us had orders to join the 103rd Infantry Division at Camp Howze, Texas. The thought of leaving our college dormitory and going to the absolute boonies of Texas hit our morale pretty hard. Word trickled down that the core troops already there were real tough from places like Chicago, Hamtramck, and Brooklyn. Furthermore they had survived Camp Claibourne so that made them tough and trained.

There were barely enough cots to go around but the old timers cold me to take "that one", a choice bunk at the end of the row. I threw my duffle bag down, took my boots off and laid down for a short rest and to feel sorry for myself. My respite was brief.

He was over six feet tall. His arms were crossed against his chest. His face and sergeant's stripes glared down at me. Our end of the barrack fell silent. He stood so close to the bunk that I had to scoot up to swing my feet around. I stood on bare feet. "Who're you?", he asked. "I'm Fred Kent. Who are you?", I replied. He answered that he was Sergeant Rudolph Trapp and that I was in his bunk. I stated that I thought I'd better look for another bunk. He said no I would not, he would, and he did.

Over the weeks I watched him closely. He worked hard to blend the "old men" in with the "new men" and he succeeded. He was looked up to by all of us. He was a leader and a hero.

On our first day in combat, far in front, leading his squad, Sgt. Trapp was killed instantly by a German sniper's bullet.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Beginning of the "Allied Winter Offensive", La Bolle, France

At 0840 friendly artillery started a twenty minute barrage on the enemy to our front. We moved forward after this preparation at 0900 and just got to the edge of the woods when enemy 88mm artillery and machine gun fire literally sprayed the entire woods. Most of the 88s exploded in the trees but the machine gun tracers were about waist high. I lay prone behind a tree about six inches in diameter. Tracers were ricocheting from my tree. An 88 round struck my tree about 15 feet above me. Shrapnel hit me in the left thigh. The tree top fell by my side.

Our medics were overwhelmed by the number of wounded. Finally, there was a pause in the enemy fire and two medics dressed my wound and carried me about a hundred feet to a fox hole. A few minutes later the medics literally dumped a second wounded man in on top of me. He had a sucking chest wound and it was difficult for him to breathe. We were wedged together on our sides. I was able to pull his shirts up and put my hand over the hole in his chest. He coughed a lot but eventually began to breathe more easily. He was Sgt. Fuhr.

We were to stay wedged in that small hole all the rest of that day and all that night.

At some point he became convinced that he would not survive. He made me swear that I would take his wedding band and return it to his wife and tell her all that had happened. I reassured him as well as I could but I wasn't so damn sure he would survive.

We were finally taken out of the hole and moved to an aid station a little over twenty-five hours after being wounded. There were many dead and wounded around the aid station. The Germans had shelled the aid station during the night of November 16. The Battalion Surgeon, who had worked feverishly attending to those wounded, was among the dead.

We were both evacuated to field hospitals for surgery and we both survived. I returned to G Co. in two months and remained with them through the rest of the war. Sgt Fuhr now lives in New Mexico. I hope he still has his wedding band.

15 March 1945----- SPRING OFFENSIVE

After wintering over in Schillersdorf we started the Spring Offensive at first light on 15 March, 1945, in tactical march toward Mulhausen. By daylight we were tiptoeing through a mine field, walking in a narrow path of footprints made by those who had successfully passed through before us. At its edge we saw a pale G.I. lying on a litter covered by a blanket. His severed leg lay on top of the blanket.

Next came grazing machine gun fire about two feet above the ground. I got false security by hiding behind a cow turd! Sgt. Brenner called for mortar fire to silence the machine gun. We ran to the cover of a gentle terrace to set up our mortar. As we laid the tube we were hit by a barrage of enemy mortar rounds right on target. Miraculously no one was hit. We immediately went "out of action" and the mortar barrage was not repeated. It was obvious that the Germans had spent the winter well. They had planned excellent grazing fields of fire, had zeroed their mortars and had excellent

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(Continued from Previous page)

observation posts.

The machine gun was silenced by a flanking move and we continued. The mortar section was stopped in the open at the edge of the woods. Ed Karkut and I found a huge log on the down side of the terrace. We snuggled close to the log for cover. Sporadic enemy artillery rounds began to fall to our left on the far side of the log. We felt protected.

Then one of those terrible accidents of war happened. Friendly artillery came in on us. It was not sporadic. It was awesome! We saw at once why the Germans had started the rumor that U.S. artillery was "belt fed". There were no longer puffs of smoke. There was a large cloud of smoke. We could even feel the heat of so many explosions so close together in time and space! During the barrage I would pull Ed on top of me and then he would somehow get underneath with me wrestling to get back on the bottom. . After a few minutes of wrestling we stopped and both of us began to laugh. The mind acts in strange ways when it is truly stressed. And our minds were truly stressed.

In the course of one day we had traversed a mine field and come under relentless, grazing machine gun fire, a mortar barrage and an awesome artillery barrage. We were glad to see the day come to an end and spent the night in an abandoned German machine gun position.

THE SIEGFRIED LINE

On 18 March, 1945, the 411th crossed the German border near Bobenthal and was to assault the fortifications of the Siegfried the following morning.

To our front was a strip logjam laced with booby traps and concertina wire. Behind the logjam on a steep hillside were the massive concrete fortifications of the Siegfried.

Our first assault was preceded by extensive

artillery and fighter-bomber preparation. We walked cautiously along the upper layer of logs like tight-rope walkers. Initially we received only sporadic sniper fire. When our artillery cover stopped we received heavy machine gun fire. I dived through the logs for the ground but became entangled in the concertina wire in mid air like a spider in a web. After a frantic struggle I reached the ground between the logs. Then came mortar fire. It was well zeroed, marching fire up the strip of logs at about thirty foot intervals. A quick estimate indicated that my spot would receive a round. My worst fears were confirmed by the hiss of the incoming shell. I closed my eyes, held my breath and went stiff. I was peppered with dirt, chips, bark and debris but I was alive. I raised my head and opened my eyes. A half buried, 120 mm mortar round was no more than 18 inches from my head. It was a dud!

The sun was warm. I was overwhelmed by a strange fatigue. I went to sleep. When I awakened the Company was withdrawing and I crawled out with them.

Our second assault at 1600 hours that afternoon was no more successful and we withdrew to the relative safety of the holes on "our hill".

Word soon came down that we would make a third assault the next morning! I immediately went to Captain Schultz, our Company Commander, to deliver a dissenting personal opinion. After a short discussion he convinced me that I need not discuss it any further with him and that I did not, as I had suggested, need to discuss it with General Eisenhower! All I needed to do was to move out smartly with the Company in the morning and I did.

Our third assault the next morning was stopped at the edge of the logs by withering, enemy machine gun fire. We called for more artillery support and got it! A friendly white phosphorus spotter shell fell in our midst and showered us with flecks of burning phosphorus. Ed Karkut and I brushed the fire spewing flecks off of one another and neither of us was seriously

burned. The FAO screamed into his phone for a cease fire.

The next morning our regiment was relieved by the 410th Infantry Regiment who passed through us, crossed the logs and assaulted the fortifications on the hillside. They met no resistance!

THE RUSH TO INNSBRUCK

The 103rd was moving rapidly south toward Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass with the mission to link up with the 5th Army in Italy. Somewhere in vicinity of Oberammergau I was told to go to Corps to drive for a Colonel at Corps Headquarters. I'll never know why I was selected.

The Colonel told me that I had twenty-four hours to get him into Innsbruck. He didn't say why.

The convoy of bumper-to-bumper tanks, trucks, armored cars and jeeps was barely moving and literally clogged the road. We traveled for the most part on the shoulder of the road and slowly worked our way toward the head of the column. As we approached Mittenwald the convoy drew to a complete stop. We pressed on at a snail's pace.

In Mittenwald we were stopped by a roadblock of American M.P.s. The road south was not "cleared" and was not passable. The road was extensively cratered and the Germans had built several strong, mined, booby-trapped, heavily defended roadblocks. They were being cleared by our own artillery, tanks and the 614th Tank Destroyer Battalion but it was slow, tough going. The Colonel demanded to see the officer in charge. He returned, jumped into the jeep and said, "Let's go." I asked, "Where to?" He answered, "South, just like we've been going." We crept to what we both thought was the lead tank and pulled in behind it. Just above Zirl he became very impatient with the pace and ordered me to pass and continue toward Innsbruck at full speed. I did. Two Americans in a

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lone jeep racing along a deserted roadway in enemy territory! We would be the first jeep to enter Innsbruck.

As we entered Innsbruck we were met by thousands of people lining the road. Some were German soldiers with burp guns over their shoulders. We moved slowly forward as the crowd became thicker and the German soldiers more numerous. Some of the people threw flowers at us. I wondered what else they or the German soldiers might throw. Grenades?

We penetrated to the town square. The Colonel stood and intensely searched the crowd. Then it happened! A man bolted through the crowd directly toward us. I knew it would happen! Here he came! This was it! He leaped the last six feet and landed in the back of our jeep. He crouched as low as he could in the jeep and said, "Let's get the hell outa here!"

Instead of foe he was friend. We turned around and headed back the way we had come. Somewhere up the road near Zirl we met a more heavily armed friendly group and stopped. The man got out of the jeep, thanked us and joined a more secure reception party.

I later learned that this man was an OSS Captain who had parachuted into Innsbruck, organized a resistance and had been largely instrumental in declaring Innsbruck an "open city". He had radioed out that things were getting hot and that he couldn't hold out much longer.

The Colonel had successfully extracted his man and I had been a part of it. ■

Dr. Alfred H. Kent was born in Boone, NC and graduated from high school in Winter Park, FL and entered the army

from there right after graduation. He had basic training at Ft McClellan, AL and ASTP at Texas A & M. and assigned to the 103d in Mar of 44. and to G/411 in the weapons platoon. After the war he finished under grad and medical school at Duke University. Having joined the ROTC, he then entered active duty as a 1st LT for his internship and duty as a medical officer. He retired as a Colonel and established private practice as a surgeon in Auburn, AL in 1981, where he lives today now retired. Your Editor selected these stories as they epitomize the kind of experiences I want all veterans to contribute, they are well written, and Fred is an outstanding example of the veteran who went to war right out of high school or college, performed as a grunt in the infantry, and then returned to be an outstanding success in his civilian contributions.

GAINESVILLE ISSUING COMMERATIVE COIN

We are pleased that the Gainesville Medal of Honor Host City Program has selected the monument A CALL TO DUTY to go with their MEDAL of HONOR on this special issue medallion.



PRICES (shipping & handling is included in price)

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HONOR ROLL



103d INF DIV ASSN of WW II
(Deceased reported after NFTCP issue No 18)

Abernathy, James L.	382 FA Bty C
Apfel, George A.	928 FA Bty B
Beimdiek, George S.	103 FA Hq Bty
Bisch, Leo A.	409 Co K
Born, Sheridan A.	409 Co G
Bottenfield, Robert J.	411 Co A
Bradley, Ernest F.	410 AT Co
Bragg, S. W.	409 Hq Co 3Bn
Brenner, Bernard J.	103 MP
Brooks, James W	103 Sig Co
Brown, Lloyd James.	409 Hq Co 3Bn
Brown, Merle D.	Unknown
Cederagren, Russell L.	411 Co D
Clefisch, DVM, Glen G.	409 Co D
Clevenger, Wilbur H.	103 Sig Co
Cookingham, Franklin J.	410 Co I
Crook, John	410 Co M
Crowell, Harlen O.	409 Co F
Davis , Roy L	409 Hq Co 2Bn
Doell, Richard	411 Co F
Duffy, Woodrow W.	384 FA Bty C
Dunn, Wilfred J.	411 Hq 2nd Bn
Durand, Charles D.	328 Med Co C
Emelander, Don D.	411 Co B
Evans, Pierce	103 Sig Co
Fairchild, John S.	411 Co D
Franks, Alvah G.	410 Co C
Greiner, Arthur S.	384 FA Bty B
Herr, Jacob C.	328 Eng Co C
Hess, Edwin G.	Unknown
Hinz Clifford L.	409 Co F
Holmes, James R.	409 Hq Co 2Bn
Hufford, Paul H	103 Sig Co
Johnson, Kenneth T.	409 Hq Co 3Bn
Keeseey, Charles "Bob"	409 Co H
Knox, Eugene S.	103 MP
Kraft, Frank P.	103 Sig Co
LaMoureaux, Chester L.	103 Hq Co
Lokken, Perry G.	410 Co M
Luedtke, Merlin	411 Sv Co

Mallonee II, Richard C.	383 FA Bty B
McNellis, Daniel J.	103 Sig Co
Miles, Louis J.	409 Co D
Miller, Paul R.	382 FA Bty B
Nestor Jr, Edward J.	410 Co I
Novak, Edward F.	411 AT Co
Overn, Lawrence H.	411 Co I
Parks, Ronald G.	409 Co M
Payne, Charles A.	410 Co K
Pohlman, William R.	409 Co G
Pool Jr., Ernest H.	411 AT Co
Pringle, George O.	411 Co C
Raschke, Harvey L.	103 Sig Co
Reilly, Frank E.	411 Co I
Rumsey Jr., William E.	411 Co I
Short, Harold	Unknown
Siglin, Leo	411 Co D
Smith, Donald S	103 Rec
Smith, Morris J.	411 Co M
Stellner, Douglas H.	411 Co A
Taylor, George B.	410 Co K
Tuller, Jesse R.	410 Co A
Vormehr, John A.	411 Co A
Weisheit , Carl H.	411 Co K
Woodruff, Russell R.	411 Co M
Zaborski, Arthur	411 Co B



OUR FLAG IS AT HALF STAFF IN THEIR HONOR

*(Flag photo courtesy of our deceased comrade Pierce Evans)
His website PAPAS WEB remains as a legacy*

Report known deaths to your Secretary Treasurer
Gloria McLeod
7618 Twin Hills Dr
Houston, TX 77071
gmacl@swbell.net
for recording into our Historical Records

MORE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST GENERATION ON THE WAY TO WAR



These Cactusmen are all from 2nd Platoon Company L 410th Infantry Regiment at Jack Dempsey's Night Club in New York City in late September, 1944 as the 103d staged at Camp Shanks on the way to France. They are (l to r) Sam H. Wheeler of Miami, FL, Edmond A. Tenbarga of Evansville, IN, Edsel V. Colvin of Gold Beach, OR, James A. Rushing of Oxford, MS, and Don Johnston of Ohio; all PFC's in the same platoon who had been in ASTP prior to assignment to the 103d. All survived the war and with L/410 at the end in Austria; however, Rushing & Wheeler were wounded and Colvin was injured requiring short hospital stays. Both Rushing and Wheeler were in basic training at Ft. McClellan and ASTP at Texas A & M with Chan Rogers. Today, Colvin is still living in Gold Beach, and Tenbarga is living in Cullman, AL; Colvin is a member of the 103d Association and sent this picture to Rogers by email after NFTCP #19. Ed Tenbarga is now a new member of 103d Assoc.

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