



# BLUE RIDGE

THE SERVICE MAGAZINE

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PHOTO BY GARY MYERS

*Bob Burrows, Walt Spangler, Clarence Brockman, Paul Mercer, Bob Harmon, Virgil Myers – 2010 trip to the 65th anniversary of the liberation of Buchenwald (Weimar, Germany)*

## Footsteps From the Past Reunite Once Again

### A Daughter's Perspective—Buchenwald 2010

by Barbara B. Brockman

AFTER I FINISHED READING MY “Combat Infantry Hat” article in the December 2009 *Blue Ridge*, I turned to the next page and my eyes dropped to the next article when I caught a glimpse of the word “Buchenwald.” My mind began wandering about what my Dad had told me just 18 months earlier about his Buchenwald experience. And there it was, an invitation from Professor Dr. Volkhard Knigge to the 80th Infantry Division WWII Veterans to attend the 65th Anniversary of the Liberation of Buchenwald, April 9-14, 2010.

Dad was at the doctor's so I had to wait several hours before he arrived home to show him the article,. His first response was “Bull @\$%! I don't believe it!” Then I said to him, “That's ok, I am still going to email him to get more information.” It took a couple of emails, but in my second email to Philip, I added a brief summary of Dad's part in the liberation of Buchenwald. In minutes, I received a reply; he was thrilled to read what I had written about Dad and his buddies. Then he told me of the plans and what the committee was paying for. Once again I had to wait to tell my Dad this news and once again his reply was “Bull @\$%!”

I guess he felt that this group of Germans would have no reason to spend all that money to bring GI's and survivors to Germany. He thought it was an Internet scam. I kept communicating with Philip but Dad was not budging. Then, the last week of January, I walked through the front door to, “Barb, do you have a passport? Bob Burrows called and this trip is no hoax. You email that man in Germany and tell him, we are coming!” Thank you Bob Borrows for doing something I had been trying to do for a month. By January 31st we had confirmed roundtrip seats on US Airways and then the preparations began, one suitcase, one carryon and one hand-bag...no more...no less...no fuss...no muss!

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Eightieth Division Veterans Association

**BLUE RIDGE  
The Service Magazine**

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Division Veterans Association.

*(Incorporated as a not-for-profit organization in the State of Pennsylvania).*

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## Editor's Notes

**By Andy Adkins**

WOW—THERE SEEMS TO BE a lot going on this time of the year, what with school letting out, planning for vacations; life is just generally busy. I am really looking forward to this year's reunion in Arlington. I know PNC Max Schmidt has been putting a lot of time and energy into making this another great reunion. This will be my first full reunion as the association's National Secretary and I hope I can live up to the standards that Bob Murrell set for the last 17+ years. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone and meeting some of our new members.

We've got some great stories in this month's *Blue Ridge*. As you may have heard, a group of six 80th Division WWII veterans made the trip to Weimar, Germany to take part in the 65th anniversary of the celebration of the liberation of Buchenwald. From all accounts, it sounds like even though the weather was unseasonably cold, the celebration was a tremendous success. I know the veterans were truly thankful for the invitation by the organizers of the celebration—the Foundation of the Buchenwald and Mittelbau Dora Memorial Sites. You can read about it in two articles: one by Barbara Brockman, who accompanied her father, Clarence Brockman and the other by Virgil Myers, who was accompanied by his son, Gary.

As Commander Stewart and PNC Schmidt mention in their columns, you should have your registration forms for the 2010 Reunion this coming August. Don't wait too long to fill out and send it to Max. This will be a great reunion and we want to make sure you don't miss it. Safe travels to everyone during the summer—see you in Arlington at the 91st reunion of the 80th Division Veterans Association.

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## Contributions

The last date I have entered a name is June 1, 2010

### Life Membership

Christen, James (Family, G-317)  
Shaw, Brian (Family, WWI, 305th Field Signal Bn)

### Donations

Yost, Leroy, B-305 Med

### New Members

Frederick, Jared T. (Family, 317)  
Kelleher, Edward H. (80th TASS)  
Lewandowski, Connie (Family, 313 FA Bn)  
Marx, Capt Henry E. (Family, 315 FA Bn)  
McVicker, Albert C. (Family, WWI, 320)  
Skaggs, Wilcie J. (E-319)  
Stutts, Paul (Family, 1st Bn Hq Co-317)  
Weems, LuAnn (Family, K-317)



## A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER

WITH WINTER GONE AND SPRING passing into summer, the 91st reunion is right on the horizon. PNC Max Schmidt and his committee are putting together another memorable event. I will leave the details to Max's column but I would like to remind all the reservation forms are in your hands and the sooner they are sent in, the better planning the committee will be able to make.

Congratulations to the six Veterans who traveled to Germany to be recognized at the 65th anniversary of the liberation of Buchenwald POW camp. I understand they were well cared for by the Mittelbau Dora Memorial Foundation Sponsors. All reports indicate their presence made the memorial ceremony indeed very special. We have sent a letter of gratitude to the Foundation for their efforts and support in honoring our Veterans.

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### FOOTSTEPS... continued from page 1

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Dad decided he wanted to take several small gifts for the people on the committee along with business cards to hand out to everyone he saw. I went to my favorite online print shop & ordered him pens, packets of post-it notes and 250 business cards all with his personal and 80th information printed on each item, but my ordering didn't stop there.

Next came the email to Pittsburgh's mayor, Luke Ravenstahl. After a few emails back and forth, a beautiful letter and coffee table book titled, "Pittsburgh-Smart City," arrived for the Lord Mayor of Weimar. So far so good, but the list got bigger. An American flag was ordered through Congressman Tim Murphy's office. Dad wanted to present it to the President of the International Committee Buchenwald-Dora. It had been flown over the US Capitol on March 5, 2010 and we received it a few days later.

The same day the flag arrived, Dad received a letter from The Lord Mayor of Weimar, Stephan Wolf, inviting us to the Town Hall for a private Memorial Service and reception on the 65th Anniversary of the Surrender of Weimar to the 80th Infantry Division on April 12, 1945—a perfect time to present the book and letter.

March came and went and April arrived, as did the press. The first interview Dad had was with Christie Campbell, Washington Observer-Reporter. She spent over three hours with Dad listening to everything he had

I spoke with Mr. Dick Hagan, (Museum Monument Planning Coordinator) at the Ft. Benning Infantry Museum just before Memorial Day. Dick indicated the construction of the Walk of Honor is ongoing as scheduled, he estimated it would be completed in about 2-3 months. With that in mind, the Columbia Monument Company should be moving our Monument from Sacrifice Field to the new home at the National Infantry Museum Walk of Honor in the latter part of this summer.

Congratulations to the Blue Ridge Army Reserve Association on being granted a Charter by the 80th Division Veterans Association. The Executive Council voted nearly unanimous for this union, of those who returned a ballot. We welcome the Blue Ridge Association and will formally make the Charter presentation in Arlington at the reunion in August. We look forward to the future comradeship and fellowship the Association will bring to the Veterans.

Wishing safe journeys to all on their trips into the Nation's Capital area in August and plan on a great Reunion.

**"The 80th Only Moves Forward"**

**Donald W. Stewart, National Commander**

to say and the article reflected it on April 11, 2010. Next, a producer and cameraman from the Pittsburgh's PBS Station, WQED came for the first of a two-part interview. Then the day before we left, Mike Cronin of the Tribe came over and his article ran the day we left. Also starting on April 12th and running that entire week, was Monty and Zeke of Y108, Soldier Salute that I had given two weeks earlier.

April 9th finally came and from the moment Albert picked us up until we landed in Frankfurt we had no problems at all except for the turbulence over Harrisburg & the 1000 miles of really bad turbulence over the Atlantic Ocean...call me a fair weather flyer.

At the Frankfurt Airport we were met by two young women on the committee and were taken to a spot to wait for Virgil and Gary Myers. Since we got in forty minutes early and they were running a little late, we sat for about two hours before seeing them. Then we were taken outside to a waiting bus where we sat for another two hours before a four-hour drive to Weimar. The young ladies handed out bag lunches for us to eat while we waited for a few survivors to join us for the long ride to the hotel. About twenty minutes into the drive, I fell asleep. I could hear Dad and Gary talking and the two ladies across the aisle from me chatting away in a language that I didn't understand, but sleep was what I needed and sleep was what I got.

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# REQUESTS FOR HELP

LUANN WEEMS (ABELN), niece to 1st LT Eugene M. Abeln, Company K, 317th Infantry Regiment, 80th Division would love to hear from any other members who may remember him. He was killed on December 24th, 1944. I am a retired Navy Chief Hospital Corpsman and I feel a pull to know about this man whom I never was able to meet. My contact information is:

LuAnn Weems  
5205 S. Peyton Highway  
Colorado Springs, CO 80930  
clearwater755@aol.com

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HI, I FOUND OUT FROM my mother that a part of your division was stationed for a while in the village where she was a refugee in August 1944. It is called Almêneche, located in a triangle between Argentan, Sées, and the famous Chambois where a big battle occurred from August 12 - 20. She used to go and try to talk to soldiers who gave her chocolates and chewing gum. My uncle and my grandfather had a great party with the soldiers drinking Calvados!

I am French, living in France with my wife who is from Grand Rapids, MI. We had lived in the USA for four years. If anyone remembers something about this time, I would appreciate some comments. Thanks. Best regards, Roland

e-mail: roland.hebert1@club-internet.fr

Inquiry from Biessenhofen, Bavaria, Germany

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Dear Sirs,

MY NAME IS MARKUS BREITENBACH. I live in the community of Biessenhofen, Germany, located in the southern part of Bavaria about 4 miles south to Kaufbeuren. As I take a lot of interest in historical events that happened to our community over the last centuries, I'm a member of our local historical society.

Based on intensive research programs our society regularly organizes exhibitions about local historical events which always receive a lot of public interest. One of our recent projects was about immigrants of our community to the USA during the 19th century. In the context of this research we were able to identify about 50 people that left for the US between 1832 and 1898 and we managed to identify some of their descendants which we visited in California and other places in the US.

Currently we are working to set up an exhibition about the time when WWII ended. American military forces of the 44th Infantry Division arrived at our community and its various parts (Biessenhofen, Altdorf, Ebenhofen and Hörmannshofen) on April 26th. Based on documents that we received from the National Archives, we also know that parts of the 80th Infantry Division apparently managed our area (Kempten, Kaufbeuren, Füssen, Pfronten) during the occupation period.

Therefore I started some internet research about the 80th Infantry Division and of course found the excellent and most interesting website about the Veterans of the 80th Division and its various Regiments. Looking at the pictures displayed, I'm confident that the 317th Regiment and the 318th Regiment were stationed in our area (eg. "Bertholdshofen" which is mentioned in the photo section is located just 3 miles of Biessenhofen).

Due to the very provisional information that we have gathered so far, I would kindly like to ask you if you could possibly help us to find out more about the time period between May and December 1945. Where did you stay? What were your daily tasks? What was your experience with the local people? When did you leave the area? Have you ever visited the area again? In addition to your personal memories do you have any reports or pictures available that would help us to learn more about this time, e.g. about the PoW camp that was operated in Biessenhofen or about the Russian PoWs that were scattered all over the area and returned home soon after the war ended!

Any information that you could provide to us or share with us would be highly appreciated. Please let me thank you in advance for your kind support, which might help us to clarify and document the time when you, the Men of the 80th Division became an important part of our community in order to preserve the memory for our future generations.

I'm looking forward to sharing your memories about this time.

Yours faithfully,  
Markus Breitenbach

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Germany  
Phone: +49 8342 42 284  
E-Mail: breitenbachm@aol.com

# A Short Report on the Trip to Weimar Germany 2010

by Virgil Myers

AS I WAS WALKING DOWN the street in Weimar, Germany April 12th, 1945, the furthest thing from my mind at that time was that I would be coming back to help celebrate the 65th Anniversary of the Liberation of Buchenwald Concentration Camp during the week of April 9th-14th 2010 as guests of the Buchenwald Historical Liberation Committee and the people of Weimar.

We six veterans of the 80th Infantry Division (me, Bob Burrows, Bob Harmon, Clarence Brockman, Walt Spangler, and Paul Mercer) were in the spotlight some part of every day of the Celebrations. We were treated with respect everywhere we went, even though the American Ground Forces in WWII and the Air Force had caused devastation to many of the cities in this area and the railroads that run through them. The Committee, the photographers, and especially the civilians we met this year couldn't have been friendlier to us at every place we visited.

The Historical Committee had invited more than 120 former prisoners of Buchenwald and their wives or caretakers to come and take part in the Celebration of the Liberation of Buchenwald Concentration Camp on April 11th at the original Buchenwald Camp Location.

April 9—We arrived in Weimar after landing at the Frankfurt Airport and a five-hour bus ride took us to Weimar, Germany. Arriving at the Hotel Elephant, we checked in and were invited to dinner in the banquet hall of the hotel. After visiting for a little while after dinner, we decided to call it a night after being on the road about thirty hours from the time we left home.

April 10—Spent a while in the morning going out to Buchenwald Camp for a visit to see the Camp and what is there today. It is hard to believe that during the operation of Buchenwald as a Labor Camp that 238,380 people had been held in this work Camp. More than 56,545 inmates had lost their lives as the result of the cruel treatment of the SS Troops that guarded the Camp. Different people decided to see different parts of the Camp. Some visited the Gift Shops, the Museum, the Visitors Center, and many of the Classrooms that have been set up and used by hundreds of Germans and other students that come here each year to study the history of what happened at the Camp while it was in operation.

After a couple of hours, we had to go back to the Hotel where the Mayor was to welcome the former prisoners and us veterans. The Mayor and Prime Minister of Thuringia gave welcome speeches, made the presentation of Medals to three people, then had two former prisoners of the Camp speak. Two of our veterans were asked to speak to a Weimar school. Both Bob Burrows and Walt Spangler spoke and said they had a ball.

After dinner at the Hotel Elephant, there were more speeches and awarding of medals by the Prime Minister

and Mayor. Another one of the former Camp prisoners also spoke. The former Camp prisoners came from Russia, Lithuania, Poland, Bulgaria, Romania, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and several from the USA that are now citizens of the United States. Clarence Brockman presented an American Flag to the President of the International Committee of Buchenwald. It was a very joyous event for the people in attendance.

April 11—The morning of the second day, they asked if we would all assemble back in the Banquet Hall of the Hotel so they could take a group picture of all former Prisoners and the Veterans together. It took almost an hour to get all of us lined up and to take the pictures. It was worth the time for they later presented us with a colored picture about 14 by 18 inches.

We had an early lunch at the hotel and about 12:30, we loaded on the many buses they had for us and went to Buchenwald for the big "April 11th Liberation of Buchenwald Ceremony." They drove the buses right up to the front gate of Buchenwald. We unloaded and were directed to a big tent that had been erected for us veterans and the former Camp prisoners. As we walked to the area where the Ceremony was to take place, TV reporters from New York, Los Angeles, Houston, St. Louis and Philly videoed all of us; many were asking questions as we walked by.

As we were directed to the tent area, we were surprised to see every one of us had a chair, a blanket, and a comfortable place to watch the Celebration out of the cold wind; the temperature was in the low 40s. We were given ear phones that had an interpreter of five different languages to listen to the seven speeches that followed. Five thousand people stood in the cold wind outside in the freezing cold. No one left the program. One of the speakers was Rebecca Rhines, an American college girl that is spending a year of her time here as a volunteer at the Buchenwald Historical Committee. She was the Veterans go-between with the Committee all week and did a great job.

After the program was over, all American citizens and us veterans were asked to come to a former Canteen of the SS for coffee, tea, and sweets, hosted by the American Ambassador Phillip Murphy. He gave us a nice talk on what a great country we have compared to other places in the world and he had traveled a lot.

Dinner was served from 6 to 8 PM, after which we stayed and visited with others. Many of the former Camp prisoners would come up to shake our hand and hug us saying, "Thanks for freeing me from the Camp." We all would try to explain to them that we really didn't free them. The SS had moved on before we got there, but they would insist, "The Americans were coming close by and the SS knew

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## 313th Field Artillery

by Fran Poletti

HI EVERYONE. I'm starting to write this at the end of February wishing I would hear from more of you. I do try to call everyone I can, but sometimes there are no answers to my calls and some of you do not call me back. Let us get together more over the phone, if we can. I want to know how you are doing.

In February I spoke to Hilda Latusek and her daughter Patty, where Hilda was visiting. They are doing well and tell me that Reagan is still getting chemo treatments and is doing well. She is a very strong little girl and will fight this disease, and we all wish her well. They also sent me pictures of the family with Reagan and they all looked great. A terrific family, God bless them.

Also in February I spoke to Dom Abbruzzese and he is doing fine, keeping busy with his family. He called some of our members and was happy to be able to talk to them and find out how they have been and what they are doing.

Jim Phillips sent me a note-he had received a card from Karen Meyer in Lancaster, PA telling him that James F. Lewis of 31 Kreider Ave, Lancaster PA 17601-3609, who was a jeep driver in 'A' Btry of the 313thFA Bn of the 80th Inf Div passed away on Sept 27, 2009. If anyone recalls Mr. Lewis, please get in touch with me so that I could know a little more about him and his part in the 80th.

I don't know whether I mentioned this before, but Ed Hargraves keeps in touch with me and sends me the Creede Magazine, that was issued in Spring 2009 with his picture on the cover with a friend, Nell Wyley. The magazine is very informative, and one of the quotes taken from it, is that Nell Wyley and Ed Hargraves have been well-respected and well-liked fixtures in Creede, CO since the mid-40's. They may be the "People of the Year," but with the decades they have given of themselves in helping make Creede a better place, Nell and Ed should be called Creede "People of the Century."

I don't know if any of you saw the write-up about the Battle of the Bulge on the February 2010 American Rifleman program. It gives the whole story of the battle, and mentions Staff Sergeant Day G. Turner of Company B of the 319th Infantry Regiment earned the medal of honor for actions near Dahl, Luxembourg on Jan. 8, 1945. Turner was killed a month later and now rests at the Luxembourg-American Cemetery in Hamm, Luxembourg. If I attend the reunion this year I will bring along this article with me. It is a great history of that group and what happened there.

I am writing this on March 12. I received a letter from Jim Phillips. He had received a letter from Herman Newsome's son to inform him that "Buck," his nickname, for

Herman, had passed away on March 7, 2010. I have sent a mass card to his family for the 313th and I am sure there are many of you who also would like to send his family a note. The address is Herman Newsome, Hq and "A" Btry, 313th FA Bn, 177 Berry Street, Rainsville, AL 35986-4223.

Jim wrote: "Herman, better known as 'Buck,' was part of the 80th from Camp Forest, TN from 1942 until its deactivation in 1945. He was a dedicated soldier always ready for anything. In 'A' Btry, he was assigned to the wire communications section. By the grace of God, he survived 250 plus days of combat in Europe during WWII, including the Battle of the Ardennes better known as 'the Bulge'."

Because of all the bad weather we had been having, and the downed trees all over Connecticut, I had received quite a few calls from friends and associates, and was surprised to hear from our friend Herman Newsome, who called to see if I was ok. It is so nice to hear from friends, who are concerned, and I really appreciated the call. There were trees all over our area that came down, and so many people lost their electricity. But I was lucky.

I know I wrote about Ed Hargraves in the beginning of this, but I do have to tell you that he called today, April 1, to ask me if I was ok since the rain has done so much damage here in CT. He was wondering if I was having any trouble.

Talked with Audrey Blocker today and discussed with her that I was planning to send out another updated address listing and she said our balance in our account is \$352 dollars. So I won't be sending them out and if there is anyone who wants any information on addresses for anyone just call me; we cannot afford to send them out and then have money for a hospitality room if anyone attends the reunion. There are some of you who have expressed that you will be attending. If any of you would like to donate to our group, please send the money to Audrey for our account.

I was very happy to receive a newspaper clipping which announced that Clarence Brockman was invited by the international committee Buchenwald-Dora, Germany to attend ceremonies in Weimar. It was a tribute to those who died in Buchenwald, the opening of a memorial "with reports of Buchenwald children who survived," and a dinner, and for those who helped the survivors of this concentration camp. This celebration was the 65th year of the 80th Division arriving in Buchenwald and helping to liberate the prisoners there. Our congratulations to Clarence Brockman and the other veterans who also attended the celebration, representing the 80th Division: Walt Spangler, Virgil Myers, Bob Harmon, Bob Burrows, and Paul Mercer.

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# POST NEWS

## New York Post #43

By **Burt R. Marsh, Commander**

WE JUST RETURNED FROM our Post #43 reunion in Geneva, NY and what a great time we had and everybody enjoyed the get together and the festivities, starting on Tuesday with our wine tour. Back to the hotel all tucked out.

Out to dinner at one of our favorite spots called “Abagails.” On Wednesday, we were up and at them with a trip to Hammondsport to the “Glenn H. Curtiss Museum,” known for its old airplanes, motorcycles and other inventions. It was fun. Back to the hotel exhausted. After a little rest, off to a new eating place just up the road called “Emiles,” and what a meal!

On Thursday, we had our great meal at noon at the hotel. A short meeting with the election of officers, of which there was no nomination, therefore yours truly will continue as the “chief.” Everybody wished to return in 2011 at the same location and the same dates. I was very pleased with the attendance—twenty-four were present. That’s the most since 2007 when thirty-one attended. We had our 50/50 raffle and the winners were Rita Midey, Jane McCormick and Ray Patterson, followed by our exchange of gifts by random drawings. A great time was had by all.

Those attending were: Ray Patterson from Rhode Island whom we last saw in Albany, great to have you aboard

again; Jack and Vivian Wilson, originally from Trumansburg, NY, now residing at 120 Powers Rd., Binghamton, NY 13903. It was great to have them back; Clarence and Naomi Brockman, who have been absent for a few years, were warmly welcomed; Elmer Dorsten and Russell Sick, who travels from Ohio; Robert and Helen McDonald, chauffeured by his son, David, and daughter-in-law, Carol. All they way from Texas, good job David; Gerald and Vera Norry, who just returned from FL, May 19, so glad your timing was perfect. Gerry is still recuperating from a back operation in February, so glad you are healing, Gerry; Francis and Kay Rajnicek from Ohio via Florida, Francis is Florida’s Post #47 Sec.; Don and Rose Wilkenson from Ithaca; Rita Midey from Seneca Falls; The Marsh’s, chauffeured by daughter, Tina. Barbara had a great time and enjoyed her re-acquaintance with all her friends; Jane McCormick, chauffeured by son-in-law, Craig.

Now the sorrowful news, we lost another good member, Milton McCormick, from Co AT 319th Inf the first week in May. We will surely miss him and our condolences to his beloved family and his wife Jane. Nothing to do with Post 43, but I would like to mention the loss of my only two sisters, Ella and Betty, in a seven day span in the second week of April. Also, Kay Barone’s sister has been in and out of the hospital which has kept Abe and Kay very busy. May we keep her in our prayers.

I’ll say so-long for now and hopefully to see you at our 80th Division Reunion in Arlington, VA in August.



*Front Row (left to right) Ray Patterson, Elmer Dorsten, Gerald Norry, Robert McDonald, Jack Wilson*

*Back Row (left to right) Burt Marsh, Ron Wilkenson, Francis Rajnicek, Russell Sick*

*Absent-Clarence Brockman*

## Nazi Colonel Hands Sword to Yank T/4

by Eric Reilinger

*This story originally appeared in the Stars & Stripes Newspaper, January 4, 1945.*

*T/4 Eric Reilinger served with the 3d Bn Hq Co, 317th Infantry Regiment. He was wounded on November 9, 1944 during the 80th's crossing of the Seille River. He was shot in the leg and was knocked unconscious when mortar shrapnel ripped through his helmet. He was picked up by an SS trooper and spent a week in a German hospital, then half-healed from November 16th until December 14th at the Strasbourg temporary Stalag. He returned to his unit by December 16th, just in time for the Battle of the Bulge.*

ABOUT A WEEK PRIOR to our takeover of the prison camp, I noted several changes that made me realize that we would never be taken into Germany to a regular Stalag, but abandoned to be either rescued by the Allies or wiped out during the Battle for Strasbourg. The changes I noticed were:

- The guard compliment was reduced from about twenty to seven.
- Machine guns on the walls were dismantled.
- The American prisoners were locked in their basement quarters full-time, rather than put to work on trenches on the outskirts of the city.
- On the final day before the takeover, we were not fed at all because the French cooks had disappeared.

We knew through the grapevine that the French army was only 12 miles away and was advancing toward us. Because I spoke fluent German, I talked to the second-in-command, a young Austrian lieutenant with whom I became friends while cleaning the office.

I told him I knew the French were nearby and that the Germans could not hold them with their small garrison force. I also told him I realized that the Germans had abandoned the prison camp and if they turned over the camp to the Americans that I would put in a good word for him. Shortly after that, I was summoned to the Commandant (a full WWI colonel), asking me to speak for him as well, pointing out that with the limited resources, he did the best he could for the prisoners. I agreed to do this.

I and two other Americans took him and the lieutenant prisoners. Then we called one guard in at a time, disarmed them, and locked them all in the Commandant's office. As part of the surrender, the Nazi commandant's complaint was my insistence that the terms of surrender would include his handing over his decorated pistol and prize sword. After blowing off some steam, the colonel reluctantly handed over his pistol and sword to a Yankee T/4.

We unlocked all of the American prisoners and they lost no time in breaking into the commissary and helped themselves to the meager provisions that the Germans had left behind. Many of them became ill with dysentery. They wanted to break out into the streets of Strasbourg and became very difficult to control.

In the meantime, there was machine gun fire between the French underground and German troops still going on in the streets of Strasbourg. We waited another day, but nothing happened. No Allied troops showed up as we expected, although all gun fire in the streets had ceased.

At nightfall, I and a staff sergeant, who was at the hospital with me, ventured out toward Allied lines to make contact with whatever allies we could find. At the edge of town we were shot at by a French tank unit and had difficulty identifying ourselves as Americans.

Eventually, we were able to contact an American liaison officer and asked to be relieved at this garrison. We were told that there was nothing to be done for us. We were on our own. I returned to the Strasbourg prison camp that night. The other soldier stayed with the French tank battalion.

The following morning at 0700 (it was still dark), I lined up the Americans and the German commandant, his lieutenant, and the guards with an American behind each of the new German prisoners, with their hands on their heads, and marched them back to the outskirts of Strasbourg without losing a single man. We encountered no one—no Germans, no French civilians—until we reached the Allied lines. Within hours, there was all kinds of brass and chow for the men.

By the way, I never had a chance to put in the good word for the colonel and his lieutenant that I promised. I was just one of the liberated Americans, liberated by the advancing French tank troopers.



it and didn't want to be caught there so the pressure you GIs were putting on the Germans at that time caused them to leave the Camp before you got here and saved a lot of lives."

April 12—There were two tours available to us today. One to the Mittelbau-Dora Concentration Camp and the other was to the Ohrdruf Camp, a sub-camp of Buchenwald. Most of us Veterans decided on the tour to Ohrdruf Camp, because we had to be back by 4 PM for a Ceremony by the Mayor of Weimar for the 80th Vets.

This work camp is located about 50 miles SW of Weimar near Gotha. Today the Camp is part of a big German Army base. This Camp is in the middle of the base in a big valley hidden from everything in sight. That was the reason it was erected there. It was said most of the men held there worked for farmers in the surrounding area.

The weather has turned very cold in the low 30s. We dedicated a monument in the area. A former Camp prisoner who was held there gave a short talk about his experiences. Mr. Goldfinger is now citizen of the USA and lives in California. He had a very graphic description of what went on there and it wasn't a picnic. It had to be at least 15 miles from these two monuments back to the entrance of the Army base, down a mud and gravel road. As we were coming back, snow was forming on the windshield of the bus. Everyone that was standing at the monuments felt it was ZERO degrees in the wind.

From there, we went back toward Weimar but stopped at a real Castle for lunch; a very picturesque place with metal knight's suits, lances and spears and all. The food was very good or maybe we were just cold and hungry.

We had just thirty minutes to change clothes and get to the Mayor's Celebration for the Veterans of the 80th. He held a ceremony in front of the big plaque in the front hall of the City Hall building. He said the city surrendered to the 80th Division on April 12, 1945 so further destruction of the city wouldn't take place and he said it didn't. The Mayor asked Prof Bob Harmon to say a few words about that day as he remembered it. I was then asked to do the same. We both spent ten minutes or so telling our views as we remembered them.

We then headed back to the Hotel for the evening meal and the usual visiting that took place each evening. After the meal, two 80th Veterans were asked to go to a school to talk to the children as others had been asked to do before them.

April 13—Today was pretty much a free day for most. You could take the bus back to visit Buchenwald or take tours of the City of Weimar or visit the different museums that date back more than 300 years. Weimar is a very historical city and one that has changed very little since 1945; it seems more spread out with new apartment buildings. The downtown area hasn't changed very much in the last

65 years.

At 1:00 p.m., I had agreed to go to the local High School run by the University of Jena. The students spoke only English while at school. There were over 110 students from the History classes. We had a question and answer session for over two hours. The students were very friendly, attentive, and asked intelligent, astute and very provocative questions. All us Veterans did our best to give them an answer to best of our ability. We enjoyed the sessions as much as the students did and felt very honored to be asked to share the two hours with those students.

All the Veterans were very proud to be able to take part in the Liberation Celebrations as well as going to the schools they picked out for us. It was an honor for us to return to Weimar as guests of the Historical Committee for the 65th Anniversary of The Liberation of the Prisoners of Buchenwald. To be with those former Camp Prisoners was just an unbelievable experience for all of us. If there was a way to give a "Special Thanks" to everyone that made this trip possible, we would all do our best to try and please you. THANKS again for a GREAT TRIP! THANKS FOR REMEMBERING US VETERANS of the 80th Infantry Division.

April 14—We were taken back to Frankfurt Airport to return to the USA. Others decided to extend their trip and the Iceland volcano caused them to stay an additional week instead of one day. As we all flew back to the States, we had to think about the help Bernd Schmidt and the US Veterans Friends Group did by answering dozens of questions we all had about the trip and they were always glad to help us. Thanks again, Bernd.

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### 313 FIELD ARTILLERY... continued from page 6

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Well, I think I will sign off and complete this writing. I do hope that I will hear from some of you in the next few months; just a call or note will let me know how you are doing and whether you will be attending the reunion this year.

Today 4/25/10, I received a call from Ann Hatcher who told me she had had some health problems and finally was able to get a doctor who knew what was bothering her. She is now feeling much better. She plans to attend the reunion this year and hopes that many of you will also be there. After she spoke to me, she said she called Earl and Eunice King and said that they both have not been feeling well, and will not be going to the reunion this year.

Ann also called me a few days later to report the loss of another 313th FA Bn veteran: Carl Hendley, who served in the Medical Detachment. He passed away May 1, 2010.

Thanks to those that keep in touch and hope to hear from all of you.

Gary tapped me on the shoulder and told me that we were headed towards Weimar and should be there in about fifteen minutes and then it happened.

It wasn't hearing the man talking to Virgil about being a child inmate or the two ladies talking across the aisle from me that made me realize the depth of my emotions that would soon overwhelm me. It was the voice of the woman telling us to look out the left window, the side I was sitting on—look at the Bell Tower.

No matter how far down the road the bus went the Russian Bell Tower Memorial hovered over the quaint German countryside. The bus went at least three to four miles and there it was. I looked to the left of it. To the right of it there was nothing there but grass behind it...oh my...the woods...the "Beech Woods"...that's how Buchenwald got its name.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, I was really here and this was my first vacation in six years and it's to a former Nazi Concentration Camp. When I opened my eyes the Bell Tower was gone and before me was a fairytale storybook town square.

Names were read and we were then told to get off the bus and go into the "5-Star" Hotel Elephant. It looked like every hotel staff member was on duty to remove luggage off the bus, get us inside and registered. Waiting inside was Julie Boekhoff, the head committee person. She greeted each one with a hug and smile then we were whisked away to our rooms.

We had landed in Frankfurt at 9:50 AM it was now 5:30 PM, all I wanted to do was stretch out on my bed but instead Dad comes knocking at the door to tell me there is dinner in the dining room 6-8 PM. I grabbed my key and purse, then off we went, neither of us knowing where dinner was being served. "Follow the smell," I was told and we did.

Soon we saw Bob and Mabel Burrows, David and Professor Bob Harmon, David Baker and Walt Spangler and of course Gary and Virgil Myers. We all talked about our travel adventures or lack of them. After dinner, with our tummies full and our eyes starting to droop everyone decided to head to their rooms for a good night's sleep. The next day would be the first full day in Weimar and most were going to Buchenwald for the tour.

As the sun rose on this quaint city, the clouds rolled in and the temperatures dropped into the 20's. Dad decided he didn't want to take the tour of the camp so he spent most of the morning looking around the town square. He bought a town map and some post cards to send back to the USA. I got online and started to email family and friends to have someone contact Mom that we had arrived and were doing fine. After lunch everyone came back from the hotel and talked about the camp. Gary and Virgil had taken several photos

and I suggested to Gary that one night after supper he should get the two cameras and let me download the photos into my laptop.

Afternoon turned into the most formal of evening events at the hotel, a dinner hosted by the Prime Minister of The State of Thuringia, Christine Lieberknecht and Mr. Bertrand Herz, President of The International Committee of Buchenwald-Dora and Commandos. Tonight would be the first of two presentations for Dad, the American Flag was going to President Herz.

Talking about that presentation without tears filling my eyes is not an easy thing to do. Dad had carried that flag so proudly in his carryon from home to the hotel. It has deep meaning to him and he expressed it that evening. He read the citation from the Architect of the Capitol to the audience. Once people knew what was in the box, they began to clap. Once President Herz held it over his head and Dad give a brief lesson on how to care for the flag, the applause became louder, a few stood and cheered.

But the tear jerking moment for me wasn't that night but the next morning when we were in the dining room having lunch before going to Buchenwald. President Herz came to our table, squatted down to be closer to Dad and then said this, "Kind Sir, today the American Flag that you presented to me last evening, was raised over Camp Buchenwald. No one has ever presented us with an American Flag ever before. The Russians requested a 48-star American Flag for the museum but no 50-star American Flag has ever flown at the camp. I am so deeply humbled to be in your presence." He then shook Dad's hand, then hugged him, then me. Except for meeting with some survivors and hearing their stories this was one of two very emotional moments for me.

When lunch was over, seven buses waited for us out in the square. Little did we realize what would be waiting for us ten miles down the road at the Camp. As the buses pull in, more than five thousand people gathered all around us, some with banners, flags and protest signs. Photographers and news cameras were mixed in adding a few hundred more to the throngs. How naive of me to think we would be the only ones there. It was overwhelming to walk off the bus into the sea of people but somehow we all managed to get through the crowd and head to the gate.

I had been dreading the "walk" through the "gate" but we were being pushed and surrounded by so many that this was no longer an issue. But then, thirty seconds later, so was my Dad. One minute he was at my side and we were with our group headed to the tent for the service, and the next minute there are thirty to forty journalists surrounding him and Viktor Savytskyi, a former inmate from the Ukraine, hugging him. That photo of the two men went over the AP Wire Service and on the front page of nearly nine thousand newspapers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

I could see the Flag Bearers walking across the fence and I knew we only had a few minutes to get through the crowd to the tent and to our seats. Dad being the "Lil" general that he is just made his way through twelve deep rows of people telling them to "move out of the way, GI coming through" and they moved. We walked across the grounds where the service was about to begin, several dozen wreaths lay in front of us.

We couldn't see the gang of 80th but we did find two chairs with blankets! It was so bitter cold, a snowy-rain mix, and even though we were in a tent that only the front was open so we could see the service, the wind kept whipping around the corner just cutting across my face.

The service lasted just over an hour. A choir sang, the Prime Minister spoke, and several others took the podium. From where we sat we couldn't see anything and we had no headsets to hear an English translation of the speeches. The service was over and Bob Burrows came to find us. We were to walk to the Inmates Canteen to meet Philip Murphy, US Ambassador to Germany.

Inside the Canteen we were taken to a room where a miniature display of the camp was set up. The Ambassador met with each GI and their guest, gave a brief speech as we all drank coffee, tea and sampled some lovely pastries. I asked the one escort if he would ask Ambassador Murphy for a photo with the GIs and he happily agreed.

The cameras went off and most walked away but I could see a few still snapping away, I thought "Now what did my Dad do?" But it wasn't him. It was President Obama's Great Uncle, Mr. Charles Payne, a veteran of the 89th Infantry Division with the Ambassador. His wife was sitting next to me and we continued to chat as the cameras continued to take their photo.

As warm as that room could be, it was still freezing cold inside and out. I knew we needed to start heading back to the buses and hopefully some heat. Dad walked out ahead of me and as I stepped out into that open field where once barracks stood, I thought about the stories that Sol Laurie and Solomon Hans had told me about the children's barracks being the only one left standing at the edge of the woods.

I took some photos to the left, to the right, then straight ahead at that building...the children's barracks. The coldness that my body was feeling at that time had nothing to do with the outside temperature. I have a dear friend that is Jewish and right before we left, she sent me a moving email and thinking about her words, I had wanted to offer a prayer or a blessing but no words would come.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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I stood with tears once again running down my cheek and softly sang "God Bless America." I then started to walk toward the clock tower and the gate. Almost everyone was gone, a few people stood there looking at the wreaths, hugging each other. I finally saw Dad walking towards me as I took a few last photos of a place that I felt I would never return to.

Sitting on the bus with Gary and Virgil close by, I was ready to leave. There were woods all around us, tree after tree after tree and as we drove away heading onto the Road of Blood, I began to think about all the battles my Dad had told me about, especially the Battle of The Bulge. How did anyone ever survive battle after battle and how did anyone ever make it here to liberate this camp? As we drove pass the Russian Bell Tower Memorial and the woods were all around us, I felt like Gretel and I just wanted to get the hell out of the woods!

That night the conversation at supper was pretty nostalgic to say the least. Virgil talked about his time in Weimar and Walt added a few stories but I think for each of us, our day at Buchenwald was never far from our thoughts.

Monday turned even colder...15 degrees to be exact. The group headed out to the Ohrdruf Sub Camp then to a Castle for lunch. Dad was too cold to go anywhere and my legs were so swollen all I did was soak in a long hot bath then get ready to head over to city hall for the last Memorial Service, reception and Dad's presentation to the Lord Mayor.

Waiting in the lobby for our group to arrive back from Ohrdruf, they all told us we were the smart ones to stay in the hotel that day. There was only an enclosed bulletin board with some photos taken once the camp was found and a Memorial Bell. The camp is eight miles inside a German Army Base so there was not much to look at.

They all quickly went to their rooms returning in their dress clothes to walk across the square to The "Rath." Waiting for us was the Lord Mayor and some of his staff for a brief Memorial Service in the foyer in front of the Plaque commemorating the Town of Weimar's surrender to the 80th Infantry Division.

Once that was over the GIs were escorted into an ante room where each signed the town registry. Once Dad was finished signing the book, he presented the letter and the Pittsburgh book from Mayor Ravenstahl to the Lord Mayor. Refreshments were served including Champagne while a duo played some soft jazz.

Supper was on our minds but not for the main course. The important thing about supper that night was the fact it was Professor Bob Harmon's 85th birthday. A chocolate cake with chocolate frosting was ordered

but our waiter came over and told me that it had never arrived. Then he told me he had asked the pastry chef to make a special dessert.

A few minutes later in comes a crystal plate with "Happy Birthday Bob" written in chocolate frosting, we all sang the usual song and the plate was passed around the table. David Baker wished he could have some ice cream and as I had over the last few days, I just wiggled my index finger and the waiter came to me.

I whispered in his ear, "Do you have any ice cream in the kitchen?" "Yes, vanilla." "That's great and do you have a candle to put in Professor Bob's?" A few minutes later, four waiters brought in bowls of ice cream and one with a sparkler for the birthday boy!

David looked at me then the other guys and asked "How does she do that? She wiggles that finger and they come over and she gets whatever she wants." Everyone laughed and then enjoyed the mouth watering Truffles that were on Bob's plate along with the vanilla ice cream.

Today is Tuesday, April 13th and it is our last full day in Weimar. Virgil went to a school to talk to some high school students. Later tonight, Professor Bob was giving a talk with a survivor. He had also spoken earlier in the week. Bob Burrows was heading back to Buchenwald to give it a one more look-see and to buy a book about the children that were at Buchenwald for a lifetime friend of mine.

At 3 PM we all met out front to take an hour and a half Belvedere Express guided tour of the city, then out to the Belvedere Manor. Dad and I decided to try and get some shopping in before lunch so we wandered outside. The sun was finally shining, the first time in five days. The wind was still blowing so the air was cold but as Dad meandered down a narrow street looking for souvenirs, I found a bench at the corner.

I watched people of all shapes and sizes of all skin tones and races and I tried to imagine Weimar 65 years ago as the GIs arrived in the square and as the town surrendered. I thought about how many times Dad said, "I can never forgive them. They knew. There was no way they didn't."

I had hoped after this trip Dad would feel differently, but as he listened to the survivors talk about the inmates working in the town, in the outlying plants, on the farms and even in the wealthy homes...they knew.

They claimed that they didn't know probably to stay safe, to stay out of the camp but they were silent. Virgil told a story about how they were on patrol trying to find where these men in striped suits were living and he asked two young boys on the street and they told Virgil where to go to find this place...they knew.

As much as my heart wants my Dad to forgive this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

fairytale town he has told me and others “that will never happen.” Soon my mind turned to the man walking towards me, swinging a bag and hungry for lunch. Dad and I walked back to the hotel with me still wondering... wondering why?

At 3 PM outside the Hotel Elephant were the two Belvedere Express Buses. Cute little old fashion looking buses that held maybe thirty people. It took us down narrow cobblestone streets as the LCD TV played a tutorial DVD with a guide telling us all about Guther this and Guther that the only problem was it wasn't anyone named Guther it was Goethe...do THEY not know how to speak English???

We went past many homes of famous 17th and 18th century Weimarians as the DVD tour guide told us to look here and there, road signs and building signs were everywhere, once again as he did on Sunday as we rode to Buchenwald, Dad said to me, “just like 65 years ago no road signs then to the camp and none today.” We did see one on Sunday, just at the foot of the hill leading to the camp.

The bus ended up at the Belvedere Manor, the driver announced that everyone had thirty minutes to walk to the manor, explore it, then be back to the bus. What he didn't tell everyone is that the manor was about 3,000 feet up the driveway and that they needed to buy tickets to explore the inside.

Mabel and I stayed on the bus admiring the beautiful scenery we could see from out the windows. A few minutes later, here comes Dad, then Virgil, then Gary and soon Bob to follow. As the bus filled we realized that two men were missing, so off we went as the driver took the bus up those 3,000 feet looking for them...they were enjoying a beer in the outdoor café.

At supper it was decided that even those that were not leaving on the 6:30 AM bus to Frankfurt, they would gather with us for a final breakfast at 5:30 AM. Walt said “No, I won't be there.” But there he was. He told me “he was afraid if he didn't show I'd start to cry”...I knew he'd not let us leave without seeing us off.

The one suitcase, one carry-on and one handbag were on the Frankfurt bus at least for the next four hours. Goodbyes were said all around. The staff even gave hugs and kisses, wishing us to stay, thanking us for being so kind and thoughtful. Tears did fall as we boarded that bus but people at home were waiting for our return later that night.

Gary and Virgil, Dad and I were the only ones heading home. Bob and Mabel were taking the train from Frankfurt to Paris then in a few days on to Helston, England before getting home on the 24th. David and Professor Bob Harmon were leaving for Seattle, Washington the next day and David Baker and Walt Spangler were

going by train to Nuremberg to visit family before getting home over the weekend...WRONG...VOLCANO ERUPTS...ALL AIRPORTS...CLOSED!!!

Half way on the bus ride to the airport, Sol Laurie, one of the survivors, became ill. We did stop until he felt better but upon arrival at the airport he collapsed and was taken by ambulance to a local hospital. As of this time, I have no idea how this man is doing. On April 11, 1945 as the liberation began, Sol was having his 15th birthday; at Buchenwald on April 11, 2010 after never going back before, he celebrated his 80th birthday...I wish him well...I wish him peace.

Upon reaching the airport, people scattered in all directions. There was no time for goodbyes. We got to our gate just as we needed to board, enjoying the flight home so much more when Solomon and Esther came to sit with us, I turned on my laptop and shared all the photos Dad, Gary, Virgil and I had downloaded into it. I had burned a CD the night before so when we said goodbye in Philadelphia, I gave the CD to Solomon.

They headed for home and we headed for security for the last leg to Pittsburgh of an amazing trip and then it happened...my Dad spent twenty minutes in the enclosed security area. Yes, you read that right...he set off every alarm in the Philadelphia Airport...not in Frankfurt but in Philly...just 400 miles away from home and the damn alarms wouldn't stop going off!

After removing just about every piece of clothing, he finally got the OK that he was not a terrorist and we could go to our gate. Forty-five minutes later the US Airways flight landed just about in our own backyard. I called Mom to have Jim and Lynn pick us up and at 7:30 PM, Dad was greeted by his best buddy...Puppy Beni. What a reunion that was!

All in all, it was a trip that I thought I would never take, but in the end I am so glad I did. I laughed, I cried, I had frozen toes and a frozen nose. I met people that I admired before I ever heard their story for just the fact that they had survived. I had questions that only brought even more questions into my mind and then I realized these 2 things.

1. If the Allied Troops had lost, where would we be today?
2. I always thought, how could God let this horrible man do so many horrible things to so many people that had nothing against him, but then I realized, God didn't forsake anyone...He was there...He was with each and every child that on April 11, 1945 became liberated to be there with all of us on April 11, 2010, to tell their stories, to embrace all of us...and to live.

Always...find JOY...in your daily life...Barbara

Bacon, John G., 80th Sig  
822 North Lakeside Drive  
Destin, FL 32541-2033  
DOD: 4/25/2010  
Rptd by his daughter,  
Patricia Cassidy

Booth, George, C-313 FA Bn  
226 Kennedy Blvd.  
Bellmawr, NJ 08031-1123  
DOD: 8/28/2009  
Rptd by Max Schmidt

Einolf Jr., Henry C., L-319  
9218 Twin Hill Ln  
Laurel, MD 20708  
DOD: 5:13/2010  
Rptd by his daughter, Michele

Grantham, Lloyd A., L-317  
Crawfordville, FL  
DOD: 1/14/2010  
Rptd by his grandson,  
Dr. Randall P. Sanders

Grof, Joseph J., Sv-313 FA Bn  
PO Box 32  
Madison, OH 44057  
DOD: 3/14/2010  
Rptd by Paul Mayfield

Hendley, Carl N., Med Det-313 FA Bn  
1217 E Owen K Garriott Rd AM 210  
Enid, OK 73701  
DOD: 5/1/2010  
Rptd by Ann Hatcher

Lewis, James F., A-313 FA Bn  
31 Kreider Ave  
Lancaster, PA 17601-3609  
DOD: 9/27/2009  
Rptd by Fan Poletti

McCormick, Milton G., AT-319  
618 Parsells Ave  
Rochester, NY 14609-5421  
DOD: 5/6/2010  
Rptd by Gerald Norry

Milone, Carl J., L-317  
3041 S. 80th Street  
Omaha, NE 68124-3201  
DOD: 2006  
Rptd by his daughter, Catherine

Naessig, Ralph F., K-317  
Greencastle, PA  
DOD: 4/28/2010  
Rptd by Cecelia Smith

Newsome, Herman, A-313 FA Bn  
177 Berry St  
Rainsville, AL 35986-4223  
DOD: 3/07/2010  
Rptd by his son

Preedy, William E., WWI-Family  
456 Deal Drive  
Chesapeake, VA 23323  
DOD: 2/10/2010  
Rptd by Max Schmidt

Smith, Rufus T., A-317  
PO Box 266  
Ripley, TN 38063-0266  
DOD: 11/2009  
Rptd by Abe Barone

Strong, Rollin M., F-318  
3046 Mason Lane  
San Mateo, CA 94403-3243  
DOD: 3/1/2010  
Rptd by his wife

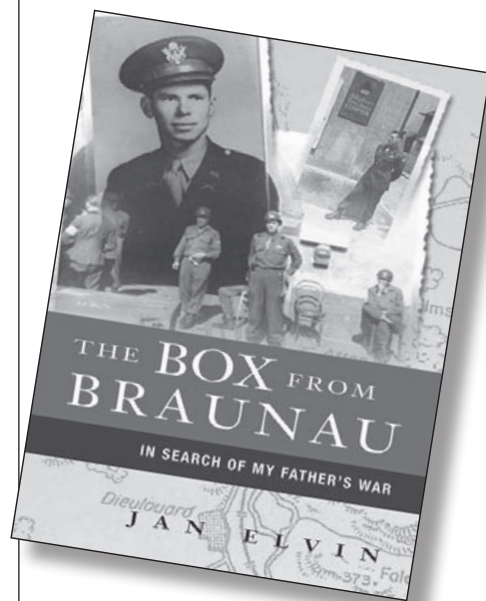
Stuart, Dr. Daniel D., B-305 Med Bn  
313 N. Small Street  
Brunswick, MO 65236-1437  
DOD: 9/16/2009  
Rptd by his wife, Betty Sue

Sukits, Joseph W., Hq-80 Div Arty  
2624 Lynnhaven Drive  
Allison Park PA 15101  
DOD: 5/1/2010  
Rptd by Raymond Dumrauf

Trammell Jr., Col. Robert J., D-318  
1149 W. Mulligan Dr  
Oro Valley, AZ 85737  
DOD: 4/2/2010  
Rptd by his daughter, Mary

Yost, Leroy W., B-305 Med Bn  
840 Tremont Greens Lane #140  
Sun City Center, FL 33573  
DOD: 4/30/2010  
Rptd by his wife, Pearl

Zoril, Joe, 702 Tk Bn  
Evergreen, CO  
DOD: 4/1/2010  
Rptd by Odell Plylar



**JAN ELVIN**, a member of Descendants of 80th Division Veterans, spent four years researching and writing a memoir about her father, Bill Elvin. The book is called *The Box From Braunau: In Search Of My Father's War*.

Bill Elvin served as a First Lieutenant in 318-E who landed at Omaha Beach on D-Day plus 60 as a replacement officer. In early November he was awarded a Silver Star after leading a patrol into enemy territory in Rouves, France, destroying enemy positions, and returning to his patrol carrying a casualty. Five days later he was wounded and evacuated to a hospital in England. Elvin rejoined his company in early February and remained with E Company until he was appointed Company Commander of 318-F on June 19, 1945. He led F Company during the Occupation and returned home safely to his wife and son in early January 1946.

Jan interviewed World War II veterans (including many from the 80th), family members and friends of her father. She also spent an emotional three days at the commemoration of the 60th anniversary of the liberation of the concentration camp at Ebensee, Austria and interviewed survivors of the camp.

She was able to include Lieutenant Elvin's letters from the front and excerpts from his war diary. Part history and part memoir, *The Box From Braunau* unfolds in chapters alternating between Bill Elvin's war experiences and his family life. It is a tribute to her remarkable father.

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- New Membership: \$20/Year
- Life Membership: \$150

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Andrew Z. Adkins III  
2121 NW 54TH TERR  
GAINESVILLE, FL 32605-3392

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### 305th Engineer Battalion Post No. 40

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Hamilton, OH 45015-1740

### 3rd BN., 317th INF. POST #36

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*Art Rehling, TREASURER*  
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Cincinnati OH 45212-2541  
(513) 631-0031

### Company "H" 319th Inf. POST #33

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*George Bell, COMMANDER*

*Francis Rajnicek  
SECRETARY*  
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**Blue Ridge 80th Division  
The Service Magazine**

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**80TH DIVISION MONUMENTS:** Sacrifice Field, Fort Benning, Georgia (left) and Heritage Trail at the Army Heritage and Education Center, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

## 2010 80th Division Veterans Association Reunion: August 11 - 15 2010

by **Max R. Schmidt PNC**

AS I AM WRITING THIS ARTICLE, I'm receiving hotel and reunion reservations in addition to participation in the \$2.00 drawing chances. A quick reminder: all hotel and reunion reservations must be made by JULY 9th, 2010.

Hotel room reservations are \$89.00+ taxes per room per night, 1 to 4 persons per room. This rate will apply 3 days before and 3 days after the actual reunion dates. Call 1-888-627-8210 for reservations, indicate 80th Division Veterans Association and request a Confirmation number. Parking is FREE at the hotel garage.

For those flight travelers arriving at Reagan National Airport, the hotel will provide FREE shuttles to and from the hotel. Please call Tel # 703-521-1900 or ask any airport attendant to call the hotel for you.

Should you have any questions about the reunion or need assistance, my home phone number is 336-288-0983.

Let's welcome our new members: Descendants of 80th Division Veterans, 80th Training Command TASS, the Blue Ridge Army Reserve Association, and MG John P. McLaren Jr. Commanders Conference. I look forward to seeing you in Arlington in August.

Sheraton National Hotel  
900 South Orme Street  
Arlington, VA 22204

703-521-1900

Room rate: \$89 per night (plus tax)

