



SPRING EDITION

MARCH 2004

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS - The M/C Editor

About half of our regular subscribers responded well to our call last September when we asked for subscription renewals. You'll recall that at that time we suggested 2-year renewals of \$10 from each of our AT Company survivors or their surviving descendants, as well as from friends of AT Company. Please note that such renewals have definitely *not* been requested of the widows or other designated descendants of AT Company veterans. Regrettably, ten of you "eligibles" either overlooked the request or decided you no longer wished to receive the M/C. Whichever may have been the case, unless we hear from you with a renewal before August of this year, we will have no recourse but to remove you from our mailing list. Therefore, if you want to continue receiving the M/C, you should act promptly or this issue will be your last...We will certainly regret losing you. If you're uncertain as to whether or not you are delinquent, read on. Our records indicate that the missing ten are: Messrs. George Bondaruk, Edward Claypool, John Denegre, Norm Dionne, Ira Files, Ernie Ingles, Byron Lauland, Eric Lauland, Nik Uremovich, and Don Yack. Send renewals to Robert M. Smith, our Treasurer and Publisher: 3580 Pall Mall Drive # 403 - Jacksonville, FL 32257.

BITS AND PIECES - The M/C Editor

I want to remind you once again of another subject - - We need your stories or memoirs of the war years. Otherwise, we're going to find ourselves with nothing to publish! ATTN: Bill Sheridan, Bill Kirk, and John Pildner. I think that one or two of you might well have some incidents left over in your memory that you could share with the rest of us. It's not going to get any easier, the longer you wait to do it -- so do it now! We've nearly exhausted our backlog of newsworthy stories, which have included your earlier contributions and the many from Bob McElroy.

Incidentally, we want to acknowledge and congratulate Bob McElroy for his award as a 75th Association Man-O-Year, as announced at the September 2003 General Assembly Meeting in Nashville and in the "*BulgeBusters*" newsletter for that month.

GELSENKIRCHEN -- Bob McElroy

Ed. note: The story below is a quotation from Bob's memoirs. It is the fifth of the contributions he sent to the Editor two years ago, the publication of which began in the M/C for November 2002. This one deals with a personal experience he shared with other members of the 2nd Platoon during the war years, 1944-45. The sixth and last of Bob's contributions will deal with excerpts from a variety of other soldiers' observations made by them following their service in either the Marines or the Army Infantry (not the 75th). We plan to print it in the next M/C, now scheduled for September 2004. - - - We continue now with Bob's recollections of an event he remembers from late in the war at a place in Germany called "Gelsenkirchen".

5 May 2002: Ever since I started to write the story of my military service I've searched far and wide to try to identify the German town where the 2nd Platoon was ordered to reinforce an under-strength rifle platoon that was led by a platoon sergeant and reinforced by a Sherman tank and an M-10 mobile TD [tank destroyer]. We weren't sent there because more anti-tank weapons were needed, but because more manpower was required to hold the position against any possible enemy attack. We were able to reach the town over the only road available, but it was under

enemy observation and fire from infantry mortars. For some reason this town is not mentioned in the post war histories prepared for the troops of the various units of the division.

The only map that I have of Germany is a map, printed on nylon, issued by the Air Corps to fliers and crews who flew missions over enemy occupied areas with the hope that if they were shot down, one of these maps might help them to elude capture and find their way to advancing allied forces or a friendly or neutral country. The map was given to me by a member of our family, Major Chuck Fry, (ret. USAF) who flew 65 missions in the ETO as a B-26 bomber pilot. My problem with the map was that the scale was too small to identify the details surrounding the area that I was interested in. Even today I can recall the layout of the town and the red brick two and three story houses.

In November 2001 I purchased a computer. At the time, I had no idea that it would provide the means to identify this town, where, we were to find out a few days later, we were to fight our last battle. My oldest son gave me a scanner for Christmas and this, together with my new computer were to give me the means to enlarge the map and help me with my search. I kept enlarging the area of interest until I was able to identify what I believe is the town by its location along the railroad that led into Dortmund from the west This is one of the few towns that gets very little mention in the unit histories distributed to the men of the division.

7 April 1945: Late in the day the 2nd Platoon was assigned the mission to reinforce the small group that consisted of an under strength rifle platoon, led by a platoon sergeant, reinforced by a Sherman tank and an M-10 mobile TD (tank destroyer). What was really needed was more infantrymen and we were chosen. I was to be the only officer present, but nobody told me that. The rifle platoon sergeant received orders from his company commander, who was a captain and outranked me. The entire force, including us, had maybe 50 infantrymen and was not too strong if the enemy launched an attack of greater than company strength. Fortunately for us, the enemy had all that they could handle trying to stop any further Allied advances into the Ruhr Pocket. As mentioned in my military service history it was a strange situation. We were playing cat and mouse games against a beaten enemy that persisted in continuing to fight for a lost cause.

As we approached the town we came under fire from enemy mortars located atop high heaps of slag or mine waste that paralleled both the road and blocked our view of the nearby railroad track. Our only protection and cover was a line of two and three story brick houses along the left side of the road. We quickly learned that the enemy had the breaks between buildings zeroed in with their mortars. The opposite side of the road was open, rolling farmland. Our column of a jeep and three trucks towing 57-mm. anti-tank guns raised a lot of dust as we moved toward the edge of the town that we were headed for. The enemy followed the dust column and fired when they expected us to pass an open spot between buildings. Their timing was off at the first open gap and alerted us to their strategy. From that point on I stopped the column just before we passed any open gap between buildings, and sure enough several mortar rounds pounded the road ahead of us. As soon as the last round exploded we took off before they were able to reload their weapons. We continued in this manner until we reached the part of the town that was held by our own people.

We set up our position among the buildings on the southwest edge of the town on the western side of the railroad. This was the beginning of two days of an almost unbelievable sequence of events. At the eastern end of the street there was a railroad trestle over the road. It was obvious to us that the enemy was dug in along the northeast side of the railroad embankment.

As we pulled onto this street and quickly pulled in behind the houses, a German officer and some enemy soldiers could be seen on the opposite side of the railroad embankment. I fired a quick shot at the officer and I was able to see my shot hit the wall alongside the officer's head. This officer was the only enemy soldier not wearing a steel helmet. There were many instances that led us to believe that these men were not too battle wise.

Later the rifle platoon sergeant asked Sgt. Rice if he could borrow a few men while his men were involved in some maneuver that I never heard about. Sgt. Rice sent some men to report to the rifle platoon sergeant. One of the men was Pfc. Charles Meyers, the 3rd Squad truck driver. Meyers went to his truck to get his rifle from the scabbard that held the truck drivers' weapons

when they were driving. The truck drivers were armed with M-1 rifles equipped with a grenade launchers. Meyers didn't see where the others went so he went down the street and under the railroad trestle. The railroad trestle was about a hundred yards to the east down the street from our position. He was alone on the enemy's side of the railroad tracks and didn't realize it. Here is a guy who was constantly asking me the direction to where enemy was and how far away. The first thing that he saw were the feet of what might have been three enemy soldiers behind a knocked out street car and he fired a rifle grenade at them. The enemy took off and ran into an air raid shelter. Meyers chased after them and fired another rifle grenade into the shelter. He suddenly became aware that he was alone. He took off quick as a bunny back to our position. When I saw him later he was sitting against the wall of the house that we occupied and was unable to speak. Sgt. Rice told me that when he first returned his speech was unintelligible and he was shaking like a leaf. That was episode number one.

There was a rifleman about fifty yards ahead of our position hidden from the enemy's view by a large bush who was sniping at enemy soldiers who poked their heads above the railroad embankment. The sniper must have moved to his position before dawn because it was quite apparent to us that they didn't know his location. Watching him we noticed that when he fired his rifle a row of heads rose up all along the enemy side of the railroad. We devised a strategy to inflict as many casualties as possible on the enemy. We would alert our men that we were going to fire a rifle towards the enemy position and they were to watch where the heads came up and prepare to fire at that spot when we fired again, a few minutes later. Every few minutes one of us would fire his weapon and sure enough, heads would reappear all along the embankment. Each of the men fired at the spot that he had picked out after the first shot. It seemed that the enemy didn't catch on to what we were doing. We kept this up for at least an hour. We had no idea if we were inflicting any casualties on them. The answer suddenly came when two enemy soldiers equipped with a machine gun dropped between the rails on top of the embankment and fired in our general direction. They were not shooting anywhere close to our positions. It was quite obvious that they had no idea from where we were shooting at them. We decided that our strategy was causing casualties among them. That was episode number two.

8 April 1945: I didn't expect that our company headquarters would try to run the gauntlet of enemy mortars to bring us a hot breakfast, so I told the men that they would have to eat C or K rations. Pfc. Owen Sellers, my jeep driver, said that he was willing to make the trip to the company CP and bring us a hot breakfast. Another man volunteered to go along with him. I told the two of them to cross the street with me to a building where we were able to see the route that they had to travel over. I went over the strategy that we used to get into the town the previous day and gave them a chance to forget the whole idea. Sellers was sure that they would be able to get to our company CP and return without too much trouble. Off they went with Sgt. Rice and I watching their progress. Sellers was an intelligent driver, he followed my instructions to the letter. I told Sgt. Rice to post a man in the building to alert me when they came in sight on their return trip. It wasn't too long before I received word that they were spotted on the return run. They again followed my instructions and arrived with a hot breakfast of coffee, pancakes and bacon for the platoon. The enemy didn't seem to be learning anything about our strategy when we drove over that road. That was episode number three.

While I was eating my breakfast in the living room of the house that we occupied, the Sherman tank crew was playing games with the enemy. The room that I was in had a large picture window with a view to the north with the street running more or less east to west. The tank would run down the street to my right firing its 30 cal. machine guns and at the enemy's end of the street they fired their cannon. I have no idea what they fired their cannon at since the railroad trestle was at that end of the street. They would then run backwards past my window and I would see tracer bullets going both ways past the window. They must have amused themselves (that's what it looked like to me) this way for at least a half hour. I don't think any of us were used to hanging onto a defensive position like this and they became bored. Put my situation in a movie (watching tracer bullets passing in both directions past the window while eating my breakfast) and it would probably be laughed off the screen. The thing that made it even more ridiculous were the German civilians

in the second and third floor windows of the houses on the opposite side of the street watching this activity with their heads turning left and right with the action, like an audience watching a game of tennis. This was episode number four.

Sometime during the day we became aware that there was an enemy sniper somewhere in our rear. There was a factory building just to the rear of our holding position. The rifle platoon sergeant sent a few men to search the factory to try to eliminate the sniper. It seemed to be the only place where he could be. The search failed to find him and we were still receiving fire from the rear. He never did succeed in hitting anyone. Could he possibly have been one of the civilians that we tended to ignore? We decided that he might have been hiding in and sniping from a wooden water tank on the roof of the building. Too bad for him, the TD fired an HE round at the water tank. No more water tank. No more getting fired upon from the rear. That was episode number five.

During the afternoon Sgt, Rice, a regular army man, was firing a 60mm mortar that we weren't supposed to have according to our unit TO&E. I have no idea how we had acquired this piece of equipment, but Rice was an excellent mortar gunner. He also seemed to be having a real good time.

We were way out on a limb on the extreme right flank of the 2nd Battalion and the only way reinforcements and supplies could reach us was over that road covered by enemy mortars. The 289th Infantry was supposed to be next to us on our right, but they were nowhere in sight. I don't think that there were many experienced enemy infantrymen in the force opposing us. They responded to everything that we did as if they were very inexperienced and not like any of the enemy infantry that we had encountered when we first entered combat in December 1944.

9 April 1945: Late in the day I received orders to return to the company CP after 10 PM that night. I guess that they realized that it was too dangerous to make the trip in daylight or maybe it was to keep the enemy from seeing any reduction in the defending force left in the town. Meanwhile a German sergeant had deserted and surrendered to the rifle platoon just after dark. This guy had almost seven years service and knew the score. I was told to bring him back with the 2nd Platoon. When we set out I reminded everyone to be as quiet as possible. The sergeant POW rode sitting on the hood of my jeep. He even guided us around the many shell holes in the road. We finally got safely back to our company CP without drawing any enemy fire after we dropped the POW at the IPW Team's location. As far as I was able to find out no casualties were suffered by our force in Gelsenkirchen. The following day the 289th Infantry attacked and occupied Gelsenkirchen and the open area along our right flank.

NATHAN GLANZ AT COLMAR - HIS CAPTURE AND A REMARKABLE 2003 REUNION

Editor's note: *We came by this interesting story last November, through the efforts of our colleague and friend, Charles Woodman, of the 291st's Company B. Charley first read Nathan Glanz' story in Newsday, a Melville, New York newspaper. It had been published to honor Nathan and other Long Island veterans on and after Veterans Day, November 11, 2003. Glanz lived in Oceanside, (near Charley's summer home in Amityville), and was a veteran of A-291. He had been pictured with an article written by Collin Nash, a staff writer for Newsday, in which Nat was shown holding a framed array of war medals that also prominently displayed the 75th patch. Charley got in touch with Nat and later, at our request served as an intermediary to get permission to supplement the story in our M/C newsletter. For those of you who belong to the 75th Association, Newsday's story was the one reprinted by Jim Warmouth in the December issue of *BulgeBusters*. Because the *BB* printed the Newsday story in its entirety, we won't repeat it here. Instead, we have obtained a more detailed account directly from Nat that describes how he was wounded, his experience as a Jewish POW of the Germans, and how he was eventually reunited with a fellow-POW 58 years later -- one, who in the meantime had been living since the end of WW2 as an unrecognized fellow resident of Nathan's in Oceanside! Here it is, as told mostly in Nat's own words:*

"Our purpose was to relieve the Third Division in the Kasten Wall and straighten out the Colmar Pocket. This strongly defended position was like a half rounded circle protruding into our lines. Before leaving the Ardennes, we removed all insignia and destroyed any information as to our division number. At this time, our original company strength of 181 men was [down to] 114 plus 6 replacements.

"We attacked through the woods on the morning of February 2, 1945 taking prisoners, and with the help of Sherman tanks moved along very well, losing a few men. Around noontime, we captured a Tiger tank while the Germans were having lunch outside the tank. I was called up to interrogate the four prisoners, as I had some basic knowledge of German. Other men tried to operate the tank, but were unsuccessful. They dropped grenades inside to disable it.

"While I was interrogating the prisoners, two more Tiger tanks were moving up the road toward us. After unsuccessfully trying to stop the tanks with our last Bazooka, the Captain ordered the men back through a sapling forest to a safer position. I was not aware of this order, as I was with the prisoners. At this time, one of our men shot the prisoners standing next to me, killing them. Realizing my company was pulling back, I took off in that direction. The lead German tank had four heavy duty machine guns mounted on the front of the tank and opened fire with them into the woods. I was hit in the right thigh and thrown onto the snowy ground. After clearing the woods with machine gun fire, two Germans came out of one tank and started checking the bodies of our dead soldiers. I pretended to be dead, but somehow they realized I was still alive (I believe I had color in my cheeks, whereas the others were probably turning white, I really don't know). They accused me of killing the four Germans and were going to shoot me. Then a German officer appeared and told them to take me back, as I was the only one captured alive.

"They laid me on the back of the tank and started back down the road. At one stop, I traded my new winter gloves to a medical aid man to get him to bandage my wound. They took me to a house in the woods for interrogation. The Captain was very gruff and told me the Geneva Convention didn't apply to Jews. (My dog tags had an H for Hebrew on them). He wanted to know my outfit and how long we were in the area. There was also a Sergeant who acted friendly. The both spoke excellent English. I confined my answers to name, rank, and serial number and always answered with 'Sir'.

"After some time, the Sergeant took me outside the house and tried to make some chit chat with me. He had lived in the Bronx, NY for many years, and told me of going to Yankee baseball games. He informed me that I had better tell the Captain what he wanted to know, otherwise I would be shot in the morning. He refused to have someone treat my wound unless I gave them the information. I was questioned a number of times that day -- always with the same refusal to acknowledge the Geneva Convention. (At one point when I was outside, it seemed like a police movie with the good and bad guy). Finally, in the evening, they put me outside in the cold under guard, I hadn't eaten since early morning. As we had just arrived in this area, I felt it might be important not to divulge this information.

"In the morning, the Captain told me he knew my outfit and other information (which, by the way, was wrong). He ordered the Sergeant to take me someplace. I didn't know if I was to be shot or what. To my surprise, I was taken before a General in the field, surrounded by many officers. An interpreter again asked me the same questions and when I pleaded the Geneva Convention, the General knocked me down. While on the ground, a soldier hit me in the neck and back with a rifle butt. (Two years ago during an exam at Northport, V.A., I was told I had a crack in my back.) At this point, I was sure they were going to shoot me. However, the Sergeant put me back into the car and then into an ambulance. That night, I crossed the Rhine and ended up in German hospital with wounded Germans all around me. It seemed like three days had gone by since I was shot. Finally, I was taken into an operating room and an Austrian doctor operated on my leg. They told me that during the operation I repeatedly said, 'Don't cut off my leg'.

"From there, I ended up in a German hospital in Ludwigsburg near Stuttgart. I realized I was in a room with all Germans. I tried not to speak, only grunt, as the food and treatment were quite good. However, when forced to, I made some answers in German. They asked me where in Germany I came from as my accent was very peculiar. I remained there about seven days, when I guess the hospital officials realized I wasn't German. They put me on a hand driven farm vehicle with iron wheels and rolled me on the main street in Ludwigsburg (cobblestones) to Camp V-A on the outskirts of town. This was a transient camp from which men were assigned to other camps. However, wounded were kept there until ambulatory. I remained here until liberated by the 100th Free French [Army] on May 14, 1945."

While he was at Camp V-A, Nat became acquainted with one of Patton's 3rd Army soldiers, Edward Hynes, who was only there for a few weeks (Nat was there for 3 months) and who had been shifted in and out of three German hospitals as they sought to remove the grenade fragments riddling his body. Hynes, a Christian, sought to help protect Glanz (no longer in his army uniform and deliberately not displaying his dog tags) from being identified as a Jew and subjected to the abuse reserved for Jews, by giving him one of his religious medals. A further threat lay in the fact that Allied (French) troops were only a few weeks away from Ludwigsburg and the German guards at prison camps had been known to summarily execute some POWs as their liberation became

eminent. Hynes figured Glanz would be a likely target for such an execution and urged him to wear the religious medal and keep his racial profile as low as possible. That advice was later credited by Nat as having helped to save his life. As Long Island's November and December newspapers continued to feature the account of Glanz' capture and recovery, his story was read by Ed Hynes and he became convinced that Nat had been his comrade at Camp VA in Ludwigsburg in early 1945. They exchanged phone calls to verify the connection and resolved to be reunited, which they subsequently accomplished at the Oceanside VFW to which Ed belonged. Later, they arranged to meet again on January 10 at the YJCC in Oceanside where the area's Jewish War Veterans customarily meet. At this second reunion, Nat presented Ed with a "chai" pendant, a Jewish symbol for good luck. Ed had given Nat another Christian "miracle medal" at their previous reunion to replace the one Nat had lost track of over the years. Nat and Ed have vowed not to lose contact with each other again.

Editor's note....It should be added here that the capture of a Tiger tank (PzKpfw VI) was a particularly noteworthy accomplishment for an Infantry company of riflemen, even though the vehicle was temporarily unoccupied at the time. The Tiger I and the Tiger II (also called Tiger Royal, or King Tiger) were machines awesome for their armament, armor, distinctive engine noise, and size. They were customarily crewed by SS, though we don't know whether this particular tank had a Waffen SS or an Army crew. The Waffen SS were not known for their humanitarian or merciful treatment of POWs, and particularly not so, with respect to captured Jewish soldiers suspected of murder. So Nat was probably luckier than either he or we will ever know. The otherwise empty space below holds two views of the German PzKpfw Tiger I tank (the top two), and beneath them, a photo of a late model King Tiger II. Maybe they'll help readers recall and others perhaps visualize why the Tiger was considered so awesome....rcs



*Ray Smith, Editor
Rob Smith, Treasurer and Publisher*

ADDRESSES & PHONE NUMBERS for AT-290th IR

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Smith, Robert M. (Caroline)	904 268 1305	3580 Pall Mall Drive - #403	Jacksonville	FL	32257
Snow, Gloria Bell (Len Bell's dgtr)*	913 722 6385	5017 Reinhardt Drive	Roeland Park	KS	66205
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<i>Swift, Edward L.</i> (Ann) A/290	606 744 6594	103 Hampton Avenue	Winchester	KY	40391
Uremovich, Niklos (Katie)	513 753 5887	3678 Bristol Lake	Amelia	OH	45102
Wallace, Lovell R. (Cie)	805 649 2224	130 Sunset Avenue	Oakview	CA	93022-9750
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Notes:

* Indicates a veteran's survivor's qualification for a complimentary subscription.

Bold, non-italic print reflects a client's valid subscription through March 2004.

Some italicized entries may have become outdated and list an invalid address and/or telephone number due to lack of communications.

AT-290 KIA/WIA AND TAPS

KIA

Francis T. DeVault	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	17 Jan '45 near Burtonville, Be.
William P. Hulsey	3 rd Plt 2 nd Sqd	after 25 Dec '44, near Soy, Be.
Wilbur A. Isaacs	1 st Plt Sergeant	date unknown, in Korea
Carl Sieg	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	25 Dec '44 friendly fire, Ny, Be.
Lino Silvani	2 nd Plt	Aug '44 (M Co, 39th Inf) Ste Lo, Fr.

WIA (probably did not return to AT-290 by war's end)

Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	details unknown
(?) Holtzhauser	unk Plt unk Sqd	Shrapnel in thigh or arm (at Rhine?)
Fred Marsh	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	Easter 1945 - Land mine
Alexander Moir	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	Shrapnel, left arm - evac
Bud(?) Scheidt	3 rd Plt jeep drvr	Shrapnel, arm, land mine Colmar Fr.
Niklos Uremovich	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	25 Dec '44 Friendly fire
Donald Yack	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	Feb. '45 at Colmar, Fr.

Post-War Deceased

John F. Benfield	4 th Plt Sergeant	17 Apr 1988 - Seattle WA
Lennie Dale Bell	Hdq Plt Mail clrk	2 Nov 1994 - Lebanon, KS
Bill(y) B. Black	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	18 Jun 1998 in WV, of an aneurism
Charles Blake	3 rd Plt Ldr	1995 (reported BB Jan 96)
Robert C. Coldwell	3 rd Plt	1986
Paul W. Costinett	AT CO, pre-Europe	1987 Los Angeles, CA
Woodrow W. Fisher	AT Exec Officer	1960
Lawrence R. Gillen	AT CO in Europe	22 Sep 2000: Maryland-heart failure
Clayford T. (Tom) Grimm	2 nd Plt 2 nd Sqd	13 March 2003 - Austin, TX
Lawrence H. Groover	1 st Plt 3 rd Sqd	Oct 1984 - Smyrna, GA
William F. Groves	S/Sgt Hdq Supply	1999 - Muncie, IN
Charles Grose	Hdq Recon, 2 nd Lt.	unknown
Russell Hedberg	Hdq Plt Recon Sgt	unknown
John Heiterer	AT Co. Clerk, Sgt	12 Jul 1994
Justice Horton	3 rd Plt driver	1995
Frank T. Kysar	4 th Plt	1992
John D. Lauand, Jr.	3 rd Plt 3 rd Sqd	18 Sep 1995-Westwego, LA-of cancer
Joe Lassiter	unknown	1977
Michael Malinak	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	unknown
Fred Marsh	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	1967
Alexander Moir	1 st Plt 1 st Sqd	1 Oct 1984-Cleveland, OH
Edward K. Norfleet	1 st Plt 3 rd Sqd	13 Aug 1989-Venita, OK
Orland H. Parsons	Hdq Plt 1 st Sgt	12 Oct 1997-Cincinnati, OH
Lee A. Premazzi	Hdq Plt driver	6 Jan 1997-Portland, OR
Ben G. Premo	4 th Plt 1 st Sqd	unknown
Dalton D. Raze	1 st Plt Ldr 2 nd Lt.	28 Dec 1997-Springfield, VA
William J. Rogers	1 st Plt driver	3 June 1999-Springfield, IL - heart
Carol C. Smith	? Plt S/Sgt 2 nd Lt	1960
Edward S. Stewart	Hdq Plt Comm Sgt	1991
Willard S. Strawn	4 th Plt 2 nd Sqd	circa 1988
James B. Vosters	4 th Plt Ldr 2 nd Lt	3 Feb 1997-Miami FL
John P. Webster	Hdq Plt Sgt/2 nd Lt	1970

NOTE: Please direct all corrections relating to the above information directly to the M/C Editor: Raymond C. Smith, 2365 Lakeridge Drive - White Bear Lake, MN 55110-7412 ; or send by e-mail to raysmith111@comcast.net