

THE OLD HICKORY CHRONICLE

Newsletter of the Old Hickory Association

November/December 2003

Winter Warfare

Here's what some of the men of one outfit on the Western Front are saying about their GI winter equipment, what's good and bad about it, and what can be done to improve it.

By Sgt. Ed Cunningham, YANK Staff Correspondent

With the 83rd Division in Belgium—The Ardennes campaign was more than a fight against the strongest German attack since the early days in Normandy. It was also a fight against almost daily snowstorms, near-zero temperatures and face freezing winds which doubled the difficulty of rolling back the German advance.

We learned a lot about winter warfare in the Ardennes. Some of it was learned the hard way, by frostbitten hands and feet, pneumonia and bronchial ailments. Besides these physical difficulties, there was trouble with frozen weapons, equipment, and even food. But out of it all came the GI's usual improvising of homemade remedies which will be unofficial SOP from now on.

The line company men of the 83rd Division, who cleared the Bois de Ronce of German opposition in a continuous eight-day push that enabled armored spearheads to follow through to the vital St. Vith-Houffalaise highway, learned many ways to fight winter weather during that operation. Their methods of keeping themselves moderately warm and dry and their weapons and equipment workable were often makeshift because there was no time to waste on details, but they played an important part in the operation's ultimate success.

T/Sgt. Wilbur McQuinn of Helechawa, KY, platoon sergeant in the 331st Regiment, used the standard method of frostbite prevention in his platoon by insisting on frequent toe- and finger-clenching exercise to keep blood circulating. But he and his platoon learned some other tricks, too.

"Some of the men took off their overshoes and warmed their feet by holding them near burning GI heat rations (fuel tablets) in their foxholes," McQuinn said. "Others used wax K-ration boxes which burn with very little smoke but a good flame. Both heat and K-ration boxes are also fine for drying your socks and gloves. I also used straw inside my overshoes to keep my feet warm while we were marching. Some of the other men used newspaper or wrapped their feet with strips of blankets or old cloth."

McQuinn's company commander, Captain Robert F. Windsor of Carthage, NY, had another angle on keeping feet warm.

"We found our feet stayed warmer if we didn't wear leggings," Capt. Windsor explained. "When they get wet from the snow and then freeze, the leggings tighten up on your legs and stop the flow of blood to your feet. That's true also of the cloth overshoes, which are tight fits. When snug-fitting overshoes get wet and freeze, they bind your legs. It looks to me like overshoes should be issued two sizes larger than the shoes to prevent that."

"Another 'must' in this kind of weather" Capt. Windsor continued, "is to have the men remove their overshoes at night when possible. Otherwise these cloth artics sweat inside and that makes the feet cold. Of course, the best deal is to have a drying tent set up so you can pull men out of the line occasionally and let them get thoroughly dried out and warm."

The drying tent is nothing more than a pyramidal tent set up in a covered location several hundred yards behind the front with a GI stove inside to provide heat. An average of seven men at a time can dry their clothes and warm themselves before returning to their foxholes. The process takes from 45 minutes to two hours, depending on how wet the men's clothes are. All front-line outfits in the 83rd Division use this method.

Sgt. Estelle Jacoby, of Canton, Ohio, set up a stove in his foxhole to protect himself from the frigid temperatures of the Ardennes. First he stretched his shelter half over the foxhole for a roof, leaving a few inches uncovered at one end. Then he rigged up an empty ammunition box as a stove, burning tree branches for fuel. The slight opening at one end served as a smoke escape.

Another 331st man modified Jacoby's plan by stretching a blanket over his hole and using GI heating rations for a stove. The fuel tablets, issued primarily for cooking purposes, come in units of three like D rations. Each third of a unit burns about 15 minutes, throwing off a fair amount of heat. The tablets should be placed in a cup or a can near one end of the hole to control the draft. When used for cooking, a fuel tablet is sufficient to heat a can of C rations and a cup of coffee.

Other 83rd men, back far enough to do a little more detailed improvising, found that a pretty fair stove can be made by cutting the top off unusable jerricans and adding a 81-mm mortar tube as a stove pipe. The same procedure works well with old gasoline drums, which throw enough heat to make a cellar room quite comfortable.

Because the 83rd's front-line troops were advancing almost continuously, it was all but impossible to get sleeping bags and straw up to them. In place of straw, the men used branches of trees as matting for their foxholes. Logs and more branches are used as roofs to protect them from tree bursts. GI pioneer tools, including axes and saws, were issued to each outfit for such foxhole construction work. Raincoats, overcoats, and GI blankets were used for covers. Two or three men slept in each hole, close enough so that they could pool their blankets. Some slept in their helmets as an extra measure of warmth.

The chief difficulty about carrying your own blankets was that they got wet with snow and froze, making them hard to roll and heavy to carry. GI overcoats also became water-logged after several days in snow and slush.

Some of the more frigid nights the men abandoned any hope of sleep, walking around and exercising all night to keep from freezing.

The front-line troops of the 83rd were issued a dry pair of socks each day. But wading through icy streams and plodding through knee-deep snow drifts often meant two or three pairs of socks would become soaked within a few hours. In such cases, the men wrung out their socks thoroughly and placed them inside of their shirts or under their belts where the body heat gradually dried them out. Another method was to put the socks under blankets and sleep on them at night.

“When we waded through some of those streams and snow drifts, our pants sometime got wet clear up to our knees,” S/Sgt. Leslie C. Haessley, squad leader from St. Paul, Minn., said. “For a while our legs would be almost numb. Then the pants would freeze solid and they'd be a sort of wind breaker for us and keep us a little warmer. But when it warmed up, the pants would thaw out and then we'd get numb all over again. Another thing that bothered us was that we couldn't always take off our wet shoes at night. If we did, and didn't have time to dry them out before we went to sleep, they'd be frozen stiff in the morning and we couldn't get them on.”

Some of the men preferred to let their pants legs drop outside of their overshoes to keep the snow out. All agreed the cloth overshoes are not very good for snow fighting since they soak through easily and then freeze stiff, which makes them difficult to take off. The men are convinced rubber overshoes are better than the cloth type of footwear.

Marsh lands in some sections of the Bois de Ronce added to the infantrymen's troubles. When digging in for the night, they hit water two feet down. That meant two or three inches would accumulate in their holes before they were ready to go to sleep, forcing them to move around gingerly on the branches to avoid sinking into the water. One night an 83rd platoon had to dive in muddy foxholes when a German tank came along the forest path spraying MG bullets. By the time the tank retreated, every man in the platoon had the front of his field jacket and pants, and shoes and socks thoroughly soaked. The enemy pressure that night was so strong that none of the dripping soldiers could be spared to go back to the drying tent. They spent the night in wet clothes, with the temperature less than 10 above zero.

The chief complaint of the front-line troops concerns their white snow capes. Everybody says the capes are too loose-fitting, catching on nearby branches and ripping or forcing the men to take the time to unhook themselves. The thin fabric soaks up rain

and melted snow very quickly. Then when the capes freeze up, "they rattle like a bunch of tin," making them unfit for use when strict silence is necessary, one recon patrolman explained. A few units managed to get bed sheets and other white cloth from nearby villagers, but most outfits operated without any camouflage at all when their issue capes proved impractical.

The standard GI gloves also were unsatisfactory for winter fighting, the 83rd men reported. When wet they froze up and prevented free movement of the fingers. Nor were they very durable, wearing out within a few days under the tough usage they got in the forest fighting. When the gloves wore out, many of the men used a spare pair of socks as substitutes.

Most of the men wore impregnated hoods from their impregnated clothing to keep snow from dropping down their necks. Others found that a GI towel makes an excellent muffler or even set of ear muffs when wrapped around the head under the helmet. Still another improvisation was the use of sleeping bags (FART SACKS) as combat suits. To make sure their bags were available at all times, some of the men cut leg holes in them and drew their bags up tight like a pair of combat jumpers. During the day, the bags made warm uniforms; at night, they served their original purpose as sleeping bags.

Web equipment was a problem. It froze solidly on cold nights and had to be beaten against trees in the morning to make it pliable enough for use.

"Another headache was the water freezing in our canteens," S/Sgt. Otho B. Upchurch, platoon guide from Dahlgreen, Ill. said.

"The canteens swelled up because of the ice and it was hard to get them out of the canteen covers. Most of the guys took their canteens to bed with them and kept them under blankets so they wouldn't freeze."

Frozen weapons were one of the most dangerous aspects of winter warfare in the Ardennes. Automatic weapons were the chief concern although some troubles were also experienced with M-1 rifles and carbines. Small arms had to be cleaned twice daily because of the snow and none of the larger guns could be left unused for any length of time without freezing up.

"The M-1s were okay if we kept them clean and dry," T/Sgt. Albert Runge of Boston, Mass., a platoon sergeant, explained. "You had to be careful not to leave any oil on them or they would freeze up and get pretty stiff. But you could usually work it out quick by pulling the bolt back and forth a few times. Sometimes the carbines got stiff and wouldn't feed right but you could always work that out too."

However, during the fighting at Petit Langlier, Pvt. Joseph Hampton found himself in a spot where he had no time to fool around with these methods. Just as his outfit started into action, Hampton found ice had formed on the chamber of his M-1. With no time to waste, Hampton thought and acted fast. He urinated in the chamber, providing sufficient heat to thaw it out. Not five minutes later he killed a German with his now well functioning rifle. Hampton's company commander vouches for that story.

"The BARs gave us the most trouble," Runge said. "They froze up very easily when not in use. The ice formed in the chamber and stopped the bullet from going all the way in, besides retarding movement of the bolt. We thawed them out by cupping our hands over the chamber or holding a heat ration near it till it let loose. Most of the automatic weapons were okay too, after you worked them a few times manually, and we never did have any troubles with the grease guns."

The commo men of the 83rd had plenty of headaches in the Ardennes fighting. Their breath vapors wet the inside of their radio mouthpieces and then froze up, cutting off transmission of their speech. Most of the time, the mikes were thawed out by cupping hands over them or placing them inside sweaters. However, Pfc. Frank Gaus, of Pittsburgh, Pa., solved the problem by inserting a piece of cellophane inside the mouthpiece to prevent moisture from accumulating there.

Other communication difficulties were experienced when radio batteries froze up and went dead. The Signal Corps wire-maintenance crews were kept on 24-hour-duty repairing lines torn out when tanks and other vehicles slid off icy roads ripping out phone wires. Written messages often couldn't be sent from the front to rear because intense cold made writing difficult. Pfc. Arthur Hall, a company runner from Richmond, Va., reported platoon leaders had to use radio instead of written code messages because their fingers were too numb to use the slidex.

Winter warfare also hampered the medics a lot. Snow drifts made their litter bearer jobs doubly difficult, and the severe cold cause the morphine syrettes and blood plasma to freeze. The medics kept the syrettes under their armpits, thawing them out with body heat. When stoves were not available to melt the frozen plasma, they stuck it under the hood of a jeep whose motor was

running. Slippery roads and snow-drifted fields often stymied the jeeps, halftracks, and tanks that had been pressed into service to haul supplies and evacuate the wounded. Some units improvised crude toboggans, taking strips of tin from shell-shattered roofs and using two-by-four planks as runners.

However, according to one company commander, Capt. Marion B. Cooper of Hillsboro, Ind., the Army's M-29 "weasel" or "doodlebug" is the most effective snow vehicle. "Every rifle company should have its own doodlebug," Capt. Cooper said. "They're the only vehicles we had that could buck those roads and snowdrifts with out getting mired down and causing the loss of valuable time and, more important, the lives of the seriously wounded men."

Even mess sergeants had their troubles with winter warfare. Sgt. Joseph L. Ornge of St. Louis, Mo., left his pancake batter sitting for an hour one morning while he went off to load a hot-chow jeep headed for the front lines. When he came back, his batter was frozen stiff. He had to thaw it out with hot milk.

Sgt. Ornge used straw, shelter halves and blankets to wrap around the marmite cans which carried hot food to the men up front. That was the only way he could keep food and coffee warm during the frigid drive up from the battalion mess hall.

But even winter warfare has its better side: the men of the 83rd found they could occasionally cross snow-covered German mine fields without accident. Melted snow, seeping down around the firing pins and the freezing up when temperature fell at night, prevented some of the mines from detonating, and the chemicals in other mines turned to an icy mush that also failed to go off.

Amid all the misery of the Ardennes, that was the only compensation.

WITH THE 30th INFANTRY DIVISION---In this sector of the Western Front, GIs who have fought through the winter war have fairly definite opinions about their equipment and their weapons. Some opinions are critical, and in more than one case the men have adapted the issue to meet their needs. In other cases, however, the men know about better equipment developed by the Army, and complain that the only way they can get this new stuff issued is to wait until their old equipment has been completely worn out.

In one entire infantry company up here---Company A, 117th Infantry---only 40 pairs of combat boots have been available for issue. The men want boots badly, and say they need them more than the "Blue Star Commandos," as supply and rear area troops are called. They like the boots because "it doesn't take forever to put them on" and because leggings snag in fences and other obstacles.

Nobody in this company has ever been issued the combat jacket (the one with knit wrist and neck and a heavy lining), and only a very few have the model-1943 field jacket with drawstring. They prefer this model to the old-style field jacket, because it is much warmer and has more pocket space "for grenades and such," but they say the new field jacket should have a heavier lining. They admire the Air Force fur-lined field jacket with hood, which is the envy of the Army.

None of these men has the new mittens with the trigger finger, and they say their present gloves---wool with leather on the palms---are not warm enough.

As for their gray issue sox, obtained from the UK, "these British sox are no good---they're too rough." The rough ribs are hard on infantry feet.

Arctics are considered okay by the men of A Company, but some of them say they couldn't get big enough sizes, while others said the sole sizes were all right but the top of the overshoes were too tight to get on.

By general agreement, the sleeping bag is "not worth a damn, except for rear area troops." You can't get out of a sleeping bag fast enough, and if you squirm around in your sleep, the zipper works up under your back. The men would rather have blankets.

Even though they think a lot of their clothing is inadequate, these infantrymen said they could get warm. They get cold, all right---it's been cold as hell on the line---but they "get used to it."

As far as their weapons and vehicles are concerned, the men of A Company have done a lot of improvising.

They and their company commander say that the A-6 LMG, a lighter version of the old light machine gun, is a good weapon. They particularly liked it during the hedgerow campaign because they could fire it from the hip while carrying it with a strap slung over their shoulders. It has, among other improvements a bi-pod instead of a tri-pod.

The men have heard of a lighter mortar and lighter BAR and are very much in favor of them if their firing efficiency hasn't been hurt by the lesser weight. Naturally, the infantry wants everything as light as possible.

The M-2 ammo carrier for mortars is not popular, but it has been replaced, to a certain extent, by a better model. As in the case of combat boots and the new field jacket, improvements have been made and issued for a long time, but only on a maintenance basis and not as initial issue. So, the supply sergeant complains, men go on freezing in old field jackets and getting sway-backed with the ammo carriers simply because the damn things haven't worn out.

What replacements the A Company jeeps are getting on tires are cut and worn, but the supply sergeant was philosophical about this. "I figure they figure we'll take 'em up and get 'em shot off anyway," he said.

For a time jeeps in the outfit were taken away and replaced by weasels, back in the hedgerow country where there were hard surface roads. A Company's weasel lasted exactly 982 miles and then the tracks wore out and fell off. But the men insist that the weasel would be ideal for operating in the snow right now; they believe you could get 3,000-4,000 miles out of a weasel in snow and mud.

Unfortunately, the company has its jeeps back now.

The company commander had a good many ideas on weapons and wasn't hesitant about saying what he thought.

He said that although A Company has never been issued a loader, the loader for the M-3 machine pistol and for the tommy gun is inferior to the German, but that his men couldn't use the German loader because of a slight difference in the size of the cartridge.

In general, the captain thought that his men who do have the U.S. loader would just as soon load by hand. The importance of a good loader for long-magazine weapons is great, especially during street fighting when firepower is needed in a hurry.

The captain said his men have found that the magazine release for the M-3 (the Grease Gun) is too loose and that when slight pressure is exerted on it, while the gun is slung over the shoulder, the magazine will fall out.

Consequently, the men have found it necessary to take a ball hammer and bend the release a little to make it more secure.

The captain thought that, especially in house-to-house fighting there are times when we need a weapon somewhere between the hand grenade and a bazooka. He said that the bazooka projectile sometimes fails to explode if it hits to light an object, or if it doesn't hit solidly. We need a weapon to blow out doors and to shoot through windows, spraying a room with shrapnel, he said.

As one answer to this need, A Company has put into practice an idea, which they don't claim to have originated but declare works like a charm.

They take a 60-mm mortar shell and remove the increments. Then they take a hand grenade adaption, fit the fins to the mortar shell into the adaption's prongs and wire them securely together. Fired as a grenade from a rifle, this gives a flat trajectory range of about 135 yards and an arch range of 300 to 400 yards. Range is increased by elevating the rifle and by putting the butt of the rifle against the ground or on the floor, thereby lessening the kick.

This device makes every rifleman a potential mortarman, and A Company goes into action with three mortar shells to each squad, bringing the mortar to the very frontline. When the infantrymen run out of mortar shells, they borrow from the mortar squad.

A Company began using this system at Mariadorf, around Nov. 22, and it did a lot of work at Stavelot. "The Germans didn't know what the hell they were getting for a while," the company commander said.

(This article was from the Feb 18, 1945 edition of Yank, and was transcribed and submitted by Clint Yarbrough)

BATTLE REPORT---ODESSA, NY

5 September 2003

Cpl Will Vanderburg

30th Infantry Div, 120th Inf Reg.

I arrived in Odessa, NY at approximately 2200 hrs on Friday evening. Heavy traffic wasn't anticipated, but however, it had put me behind in schedule by about an hour. As I arrived at the site, I proceeded through the German checkpoint to registration. Everything went smoothly. My registration had been received. I was the entire 120th Regiment present that weekend, but managed to hold my own. Explanation is as follows:

After unloading my gear, I immediately assigned myself to the 30th Infantry Division's 117th Regiment, who had about five in their ranks. They welcomed me and showed me where I could hunker down for the rest of the night. It was going to be chilly, thank God I remembered my sleeping bag. I then needed to stow my POV somewhere, as modern vehicles weren't allow to be in camp after 0800 Saturday. Registration said, "Follow that line of cars." Approximately 2 miles later, my car was parked and myself, and about 20 others were transported back to camp by a deuce and a half. In attendance were elements of the 30th, 33rd, 28th, FSSF, 1st, Airborne, some Brits, French Partisans with the 28th, and War Cos. Along with unknown units of German persuasion. I am sure there were other GI units there, but I am not aware of who they were.

Morning: 0600 Saturday the sweet sound of Reveille blasted throughout the GI camp via loudspeaker. Then, a second blasting, supposedly for the benefit of the Krauts. I personally think the person that played it was a sadistic SOB! But, that's another story.

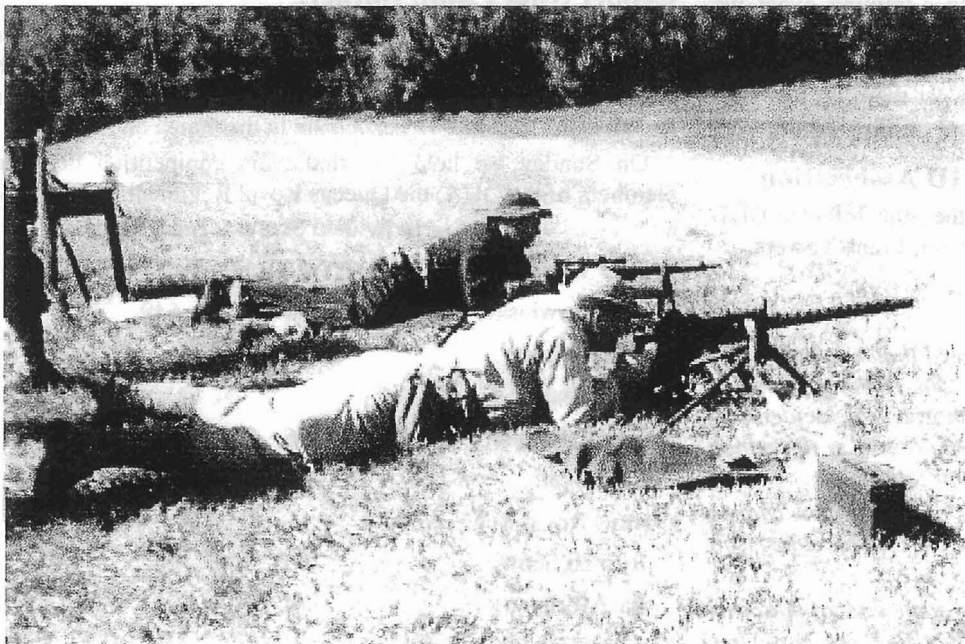
After breakfast, everyone formed up and the 30th's Jeep followed the 33rd Signal Battalion to the first point of contact with the Germans. We would be fighting under the game plan of the Graf Combat System. If you don't know what this is or have never fought under the GCS rules, please see the following link: <http://www.reenactor.net/graefcs/> . It will explain everything, that I could never do here. Anyway, we began fighting. Taking hits, taking kills, watching Germans not taking hits, etc. for the next 7 hours. However, please understand that this particular reenactment is different from anything you have ever seen. There were three basic elements of GI's. Two elements were split and started the battle in two different locations and at different times. Another section consisting of the Big Red One, had the night before dug foxholes near an "air field" that was high on the priority list. There would be no shortage of pyrotechnics at this event, however ground charges were not employed. Everything was chaos, as the Allies were being pressed hard and fast, but we were unrelenting in our effort to hold off the German advance. On two separate occasions I was eliminated by exploding grenades no more than six feet from me. And I do mean EXPLODING!! As always, the Germans were damned determined to move thru us like a bulldozer, but we held them back just as ordered. As the battle progressed, I began to get a feel of the size and scope of the scenario. This event was being fought basically within a rectangle. A rectangle that contained numerous roads, buildings, small patchy areas of trees, and about 2,000 acres of unobstructed farm land, some of the best looking ground I have ever seen.

Even though we were using rules, the scenario never stopped, even if your group was out of action, there was something going on somewhere else on the field that you couldn't see. After each out of action, we would "come back alive", and reposition ourselves for the next onslaught. At approximately 1300 hrs, the allied commanders had had enough of the krauts not playing fair, and decided to form one large skirmish line, and advance on the German position. We were ordered to take no hits, but to push straight through them. About one hundred GI's in skirmish formation is pretty impressive. I think the Major in Command said: "By God, if they won't die, then neither will we!!" By this time, the 30th's Jeep was being used for machine gun support. A gent with the FSSF had a gas powered 50 cal sprawled across the hood of the jeep and was blasting away along the road as we moved in skirmish formation towards the Jerries. He had been separated from his unit, and we took him in. As this part of the scenario started slowing down, the jeep was parked. The sergeant of the 30th motioned for the driver to join the ranks with his rifle. At this point, my legs were starting to give out, and I was resting in the rear of the jeep. Suddenly all hell broke loose, and the 30th disappeared along with the Jeep driver! We were in the middle of the road like sitting ducks. The Major came up and said: "I want that 50 on point along this road!" So, I did what any man would do, having been ordered to do so. I jumped in the driver's seat and took off, with the 50 cal and gunner beside me. On point, supported by the Airborne in another Jeep, we sped up the road, with the 50 blazing away at the tree line, cutting a swath through the Krauts like a knife through butter. The Airborne leapfrogged past us and tossed two grenades in a "concrete" bunker. Success. I would continue to drive the Jeep for the rest of the day. I've now driven a Jeep in combat! Major Wood was beginning to make an appearance just as he had at FIG this past January. One of the major highlights other than the Jeep for me was the three American marked aircraft that appeared from nowhere to strafe the German positions near the "air field". Planes buzzing above us is something I have not seen at an event since I've

been doing this.

All in all, a good event. The village of Odessa, is reminiscent of Mayberry, RFD. If you blink as you pass through, you'll miss it. As Odessa is an invitation only event, I wanted to attend and emailed the organizer. He sent me the information, instructed me to register as an individual, (something they do not do), and extended the registration deadline by eight days. Now, since I attended, the OHA is on the invitee list. I should receive event information for next year's event. I will pass it along when it comes. The event is 5 and a half hours from me. I know it would be a major drive for most of you, but it is well worth the effort. I plan to go again in the future. I will always be able to fall in with the 117th if the OHA guys cannot make it.

Some Scenes from the Camp Butner Shoot— Photographs submitted by Mike Owens



Left: Norm Klein (foreground) and David Curtin get in some trigger time on Sunday afternoon. Norm is trying out Jim Higgins M1919A4.

Right: John "Papi" Gettys, IR226, finally gets to put some holes in some paper with his MG 34 with mount and optical sight. Papi is shooting from the 200 yard berm.



UNIT NEWS

Camp Butner HQ Dedication.

We have also been asked if we could supply a period Color Guard and set up a small display for the dedication of the new Range HQ building at the Camp Butner Training Site. This will be on December 7th, 2003 at 1300 hrs. We would also like to get a few period vehicles there. This would be a good event for the members local to the Raleigh/Durham area. Again, contact Don Shupe if you want to participate.

Challenge! - At next spring's Butner training event we would like to give a tour of what remains of the former camp. We would like to do that tour in period vehicles, so here's a challenge to all you vehicles owners to get them up and running and have them at Butner at our spring training event.

Letters Received from the 30th ID Association

We recently received two letters from the 30th Infantry Division Association Exec. Secretary –Treasurer, Frank Towers.

The first, dated 29 September, 2003 reads:

Dear Old Hickory Association,

Our members in Open Session, resolved that a letter of Appreciation be forwarded to you, the "Old Hickory Association" for your efforts in keeping the memories and incidents of the 30th Infantry Division in WWII, ever present in the minds of all of the Americans of the younger generations.

This Association continues to express our continued Thanks and Gratitude to your organization for all of your efforts on our behalf, individually and collectively.

When we see you around, wearing the same type of uniforms that we wore during the WWII of 1940—1945, we raise our chests a little and smile in appreciation for what you continue to do for us "Old Soldiers".

We are very proud of you and your efforts, and hope that you will continue to emulate us and keep our heritage alive and well. Each member of our association thanks you, and wishes you the very best for the future.

*Yours in Old Hickory Comradeship,
Frank Towers*

The second was dated 13 October, 2003, and reads:

It is with great pleasure that I advise you that our Association, at its Annual Meeting in Nashville, TN, approved to donate \$400.00 to the "Old Hickory Association" Re-enactors.

As in the past, we hope that this will assist you in some worthy projects, or the purchase of some material or equipment needed by your Association.

We hope that you will continue to visit schools of your

choosing, and take to these young people the story of WWII, its cause and results.

To Forget History, is to Invite It to Repeat Itself!

Enclosed please find a Cashier's Check in the amount of \$400.00.

*Yours in Old Hickory Comradeship,
Frank Towers*

It is letters like these, from the members of the Greatest Generation, that inspire us to keep alive the memory of what they did so many years ago.

Report from Camp Butner.

On 10/12 October, 2003, we held our annual Camp Butner live fire shoot. Despite a rainy beginning we ended up with great weather and a record turnout. We had 49 people register for the event and had 32 participate in the match on Saturday.

On Sunday we held our first team competition between members of the OHA, the Queens Royal Regiment, and IR226.

	Individual Score	Team Total
30thID Team # 1		
Walt Sowinski	278	649
Kent Triplett	371	
30thID Team # 2		
Chuck Eatmon	366	791
Ken Hyatt	425	
Queens Royal Reg. Team # 1		
Russell Scott	365	744
Pat Morton	379	
Queens Royal Reg. Team # 2		
Dean Foster	288	474
Robert Rudder	186	
IR226		
Maj. Mike Landree USMC (Gefreiter Otto Landrik)	418	817
David Stone (Unteroffizier Johannes Steiner)	399	

So IR226 was the winner of the inaugural Frances Curry Team Match Trophy and holds bragging rights until next years competition.

We may have to award another trophy to the men of the Queen's Royal Regiment for repitching their squad tent at 0300hrs in the pouring rain, perhaps the Cary Cup could be awarded to them.

Ron came through as usual with great meals all weekend and the volunteers from our kitchen detachment, David "I'll

never crack another egg” Curtin, Charlie Noble, Chuck Eatmon, and Walt “just tell me what to do” Sowinski, did a great job helping Ron. Walt also got to observe demonstrations on what not to do when lighting and relighting immersion heaters.

He gallantly stood by with lighter in hand, ever ready to assist the guy with his eye lashes singed off. (Walt, there’s a cartoon here just waiting on you!)

It was good to see a return of some period vehicles to this event. John Gettys of IR226 brought his Kubelwagen, Todd Hogan brought out his WC-51 Dodge, and Don Shupe had his WC-51 with 1 ton trailer.

A special thanks goes out to those that organized and ran the event, taking care of everything from range safety to toilet paper in the latrine; Clint Yarbrough (National Guard liaison, range safety), Jim Higgins (Range Safety Officer), Ray Oakes (target pit operation), Mark Burfete (Camp Commander), Paul Gill (orderly room) and Don Shupe (Event coordinator, range safety).

Welcome New Members.

A big welcome to some of our newest members.

Bobby Myers	Lynn Irwin
Gastonia, NC	Spring Hope, NC
(704) 824-1120	(252) 478-4308

Butch Clopton	Norm Klein
Roanoke Rapids, NC	Fuquay-Varina, NC
(252) 535-1198	(919) 567-1648

Rob Mitchell
Wake Forest, NC
(919) 556-0271

Butch and Rob both had relatives in the 30th. Butch’s father, Robert, and his father’s brother Vid, were both with Company C, 120th Infantry, out of Henderson, NC. Both are pictured on the same page in the 1941 Annual for the 120th and both were awarded Purple Hearts.

Last Newsletter of Calendar Year 2003.

This will be the last newsletter of this calendar year, the next one will be in January, 2004.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for making it a great year. We have already had 18 events this year ranging from work parties to the National Reunion for the 30th ID, and we still have 3 more events on the schedule for this year. We have accomplished a lot in carrying out our mission of honoring the veterans of World War II, in particular those of the 30th Infantry Division.

On behalf of the Board of Directors I’d like to wish you all Happy Holidays.

— Don Shupe

Thanks to Brett!

Brett Bondurant sent the following piece as a letter to the editor to the News & Observer newspaper in Raleigh, NC. It is one of the little things we can do to keep alive the memory of the 30th ID Veterans. Maybe cut it out as a reminder to do the same with your local paper next year.

Remember the troops

In 1945, at the end of World War II the governor of North Carolina, along with his counterparts in Georgia, Tennessee and South Carolina, paid tribute to the men of the 30th Infantry Division by proclaiming Oct. 30 Old Hickory Day.

The 30th was nicknamed the Old Hickory Division in honor of Andrew Jackson, who was born near the North Carolina-South Carolina border and rose to fame in Tennessee. The 30th Infantry Division, as it had been during World War I, was made up of National Guard regiments from the abovementioned states. After being activated in 1940, the division served in Europe, incurring by the end of the war 26,038 casualties. The unit was deactivated in November 1945 and was later reborn as a unit in the North Carolina National Guard.

With the pending deployment of the 30th Heavy Separate Brigade overseas, it is important to remember today as a day of remembrance for those soldiers who served in the Old Hickory of World War I and II and those who now serve.

Brett Bondurant
Raleigh

The writer is a member of the Old Hickory Association.

Another Thank You Received

On behalf of the First in Freedom Chapter of the Military Officer's Association, I would like to thank the Old Hickory Association for your participation in Halifax Harvest Days on September 26 and 27. Your presence helped a great deal in our effort to honor our military and to promote patriotism. Please convey our sincere thanks to those of your association who gave so freely of their time to come and take part in Harvest Days.

We wish you continued success in the work of your association.

Sincerely,
Fred I. Fansler, Jr., LtCol, USAFR, Ret.

Marketplace

Comi a Events

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Old Hickory Association items—Contact Brett Bondurant

T-Shirts

Golf Shirts

Hats

For sale: 1942 Dodge Carry All, unrestored, very complete.

\$4000 or best offer. It has taken me over 10 years to find all the hard to find parts for this truck. It needs to go to some one who will finish it. Truck is located in eastern North Carolina.

Frank Brewer. normandy@ec.rr.com

December 7, 2003

New Range HQ dedication and Display
Camp Butner
Stem, NC

January 3/4, 2004

Raleigh Militaria Show
State Fairgrounds
Raleigh, NC

January 27/February 1, 2004

Battle of the Bulge
Ft. Indiantown Gap, PA

March/April, 2004

Training Weekend
Butner, NC
Exact date TBD.

June 5/6, 2004

OHA Annual Meeting
Militaria Show
State Fairgrounds
Raleigh, NC

June 23-27, 2004

30th Infantry Division National Reunion
Holiday Inn Bordeaux
Fayetteville, NC

The Old Hickory Chronicle is the newsletter of The Old Hickory Association. It is published 6 times a year in January, March, May, July, September, and November. The editor of The Old Hickory Chronicle is Don Shupe and he should be contacted concerning any questions or suggestions. Articles are contributed by members of the Association and submissions are always welcome.

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Marksmanship: Jim Higgins,

Displays, 30th ID History, and Newsletter: Don Shupe

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