

SEPTEMBER 2005

The ORION GALLIVANTER

1917 - 1919

Dickebush Sector
Mount Kemmel
Vierstraat Ridge
East Poperignhe Line
Hindenburg Line
LaSelle River St. Souplet
Meuse-Argonne St. Mihiel



1940- 1945

Makin
Majuro
Eniwetok
Saipan
Okinawa

2001- Present

Enduring Freedom
Iraqi Freedom
Noble Eagle

World War II Memorial

MSGT Ralph H. Thode, Hq Btry 105FA Bn, and his wife Eunice were in Washington, D.C. recently and took some photos of the WWII Memorial. They wanted to show everyone what awaits them if they get a chance to go to Washington. Thode advises the Memorial is fantastic and he enjoyed it very much. Makes one think and pray for all our lost ones.

Mike Zuckerman was also recently in Washington and writes, he was away for three weeks visiting his kids and grandkids in Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York. In my



The above is a view from the newly opened World War II Memorial looking towards the Lincoln Memorial.

THE ORION GALLIVANTER



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VOL. XLVI SEPTEMBER 2005 NO. 2

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Commander's Message

Greetings Friends,

We now are heading into the fall season and plans are finalizing on the re-union. The 27TH BDE continues it's refit to the BDE Combat Team organization. At the same time it continues to provide vital manning to the Homeland Defense Forces. Individual members of this organization are still serving in Iraq, Bosnia, and Afghanistan.



As summer slips away and fall looms on the horizon keep all that serve and have served in your thoughts and prayers. As we enjoy these last sunny days and warm nights lets put our sights on the upcoming reunion. As you will note we have settled in on Saratoga for this years reunion. There is a lot to see and do there and we have a wonderful day planned at the Museum. In addition a "behind the scenes tour" of the museum is planned to be made available for us. Meetings and Commanders Luncheon will also be conducted there. Special thanks to LTC Gary Yaple who has put extra effort into the planning and coordination of this event. No small task considering all the 27TH BDE is presently involved with.

At the last Executive board meeting approval was granted to fund the renovation and movement of our monument from Camp Smith to Saratoga. We are working out the details and hope to have it there by the reunion if possible.

Our thoughts and prayer go out to Nick and Mary Cavalario and their family. We hope for Nicks speedy recovery and hope to see him at the reunion. Those wishing to contact Nick he is at the Oxford, NY VA Home Apple wing.

To the membership as always my best wishes see you at the reunion and brings some old and new friends to enjoy and remember. Stay safe.

LTC Gregory O. Gallup

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- Unit & Personal Remembrances
 - 80 Plus Club to the Editor
 - Historical stories
 - Reunion Notices
 - Mailbag items
 - Taps
 - New Membership application
 - Membership Dues-\$10.00
 - Memorial Fund Donations
 - Gallivanter Donations
 - Change of address

(The Post Office does not tell us you have changed address, you must let us know.)

Mail to this address:

27th Division Association
Attn: Secretary/Editor,
Roberta Comerford
P.O. Box 2522
Syracuse, NY 13220-2522

Email roberta.comerford@us.army.mil

Make checks payable to:
 The 27th Division Association, Inc.

ALL WOMEN'S AUX MEMBERS

- Membership Dues-\$2.00
- Memorial Fund Donations
- General Fund Donations

Mail to:

Women's Auxiliary, 27th Div
Attn: ESTHER GARDNER
126 Sergeant Street
Johnson City, NY 13790-1922

Make checks payable to:
Women's Auxiliary,
27th Division Association, Inc.

NOTE: Please do not combine Women's Auxiliary Items with Division Association Items. Doing so significantly increases the time it takes for the Women's Auxiliary to receive the money. Please be sure to send checks made out correctly to the Women's Auxiliary, directly to Esther Gardner.

MEMBERSHIPS
See Page 7

APPLEKNOCKER MIKE-3

Remembrances of War by Joseph J. Meighan

NY State Armory, 15th St. Troy, NY - N. Y.N.G. 1939, I enlisted in the Medics and participated in maneuvers at Camp Drum, Watertown, NY. The 105th Infantry waded across the Racquette River, invaded Canada, and returned to the US side before sundown. Our last mission was maneuvers at Camp Smith. One drill night at the Troy Armory all units were assembled and told that we had been federally activated and we were going to Ft. McClellan, Ala. for one year of basic training.

We left on October 15, 1940 and at Ft. McClellan the 27th Div. was brought up to combat strength with draftees mainly from New York City. More training, 20 mile hikes in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. While we were bivouacked my childhood pal, C. Beaudoin, got up one morning and found a chigger bug imbedded in his skin in the unmentionable part of his anatomy. Remember how they were removed? A lit cigarette applied to the skin. Remember Venus at the Pump?" It seems that every time we would march past a certain farm house this pretty girl would go into the yard behind her house, place a water bucket at her feet, rear end facing the road, and vigorously pump water from the well. Without command, our platoon always executed "eyes right and eyes left" when marching past this house. Residential property was off limits to all GIs, with the exception of "Leave" to near-by towns.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor was bombed December 7th, 1941, the 27th boarded a train at Ft. McClellan; and we enjoyed the winter cold and locomotive soot all the way to the west coast. A midnight stop occurred at a small town where the people greeted us with hot coffee and sandwiches that they passed through the coach windows. Weren't those folks wonderful! Another five minute stop-over for the locomotive to take on water gave us barely time to hop off get a bottle of \$.98 wine from a vendor at trackside. On to Camp Haan, then Fort Ord, California. We got so many tetanus shots our blood would form a clear coagulate. We boarded the ship Lusitania

and for breakfast were served powdered eggs left over from WW I. We arrived at Oahu, transferred to another ship, and sailed to the Big Island of Hawaii. What a letdown, our first big disappointment! Bill Tymeson and I returned to Ft. Benning, Georgia and 90 days later were commissioned as 2nd Lieutenants in the Infantry. That's the last I saw Bill. At Ft. Benning I requested a return to the 105th and was temporarily assigned to the 81st Infantry Division in Texas. More training took place in desert warfare at Needles, California, the hottest place in the USA. The kangaroo and pack rats stole items from our tents.

Next came Gila Bend, Arizona, where we camped out among Scorpions and Gila Monsters. I was returned to the 105th Inf. at Schofield Barracks. Does anyone remember the ice-skating rink? Passing through the main gate, turn left, and a short distance down the road was an inside ice rink. I sent a letter home about ice-skating in Hawaii. During combat exercises on Oahu, we waded through pineapple fields and were told because of the damage caused to crops we would have deductions taken from our pay to reimburse the owner.

On June 1, 1944, we boarded ship. When at sea we were told our destination was Saipan and were given maps to study. The 27th Division was attached to the Navy and as such we were under the command of the Marine Corps. That was certainly a joke, wasn't it? I was assigned the code name Mike-3, and my 3rd Battalion CO was Lt. Col. Charles DeGroff. He led us onto the island of Tinian at low tide. One could walk across from Saipan.

Army engineers began building an airfield. Do you recall passing a huge rocklike formation along the shoreline back on Saipan? This formation was a cavernous opening that housed many civilians who suffered with leprosy and were banned from leaving this cavern, I marveled at the size of this rock.

Capt. Bill Ferns (Mike-1) ordered me to the MLR as Forward Observer for our 81s. A day or so later ordered me to

(Continued on page 8)

WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL



MSGT Ralph Thode by the New York portion of the WWII Memorial.

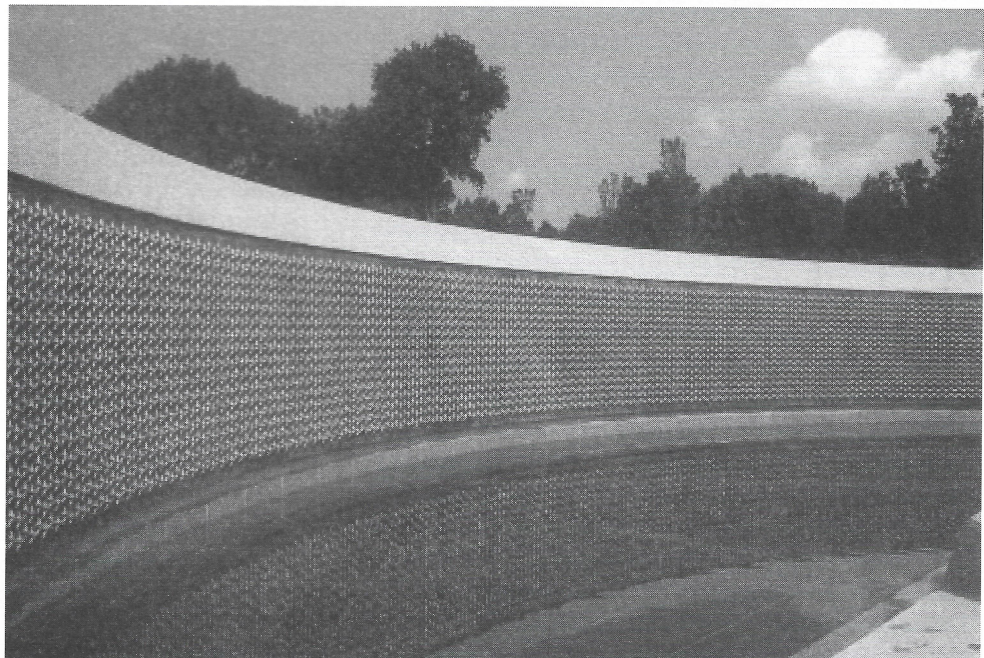
(Continued from page 1)

travels, I had the opportunity to visit the WWII Memorial in Washington, D.C. It was indeed majestic.

If you haven't seen it yet, you've got to go. Most of the visitors are the younger generations. Because of my gray hair and slow gait, I was stopped by a middle aged lady and she asked me, "Were you in World War II?" I said, "Yes." She then asked me if she could shake my hand. I said yes and was speechless. All I could say to her was, "God Bless You."

FROM THE EDITOR: For those of you who are on the internet, the website for the memorial is: www.wwiimemorial.com. From the site you can do research on registered WWII veterans or add a veteran if they are not already registered. To register a WWII veteran, it is free unless you wish to re-

ceive a certificate or add the veteran's photograph. (Then it is \$10.00.) For those of you not in the internet, there is a toll free number as follows: 800-639-4992 or by mail: WWII Memorial Processing Center, P.O. Box 186, Calverton, NY 11993-0186.



MAILBAG

New Members

Welcome Aboard!

- Mr. Harry Platt
- Mr. Willis Platt
- Mr. Arthur Slocum
- Mr. Peter Kozak
- Ms. Constantine Varvitsotis
- Mr. Bob Urban
- Mr. Joe Kille
- Mr. George Borst
- Mr. John F. O'Brien

Gallivanter Fund

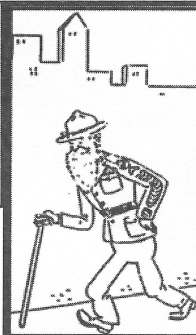
Our grateful thanks to the following contributors:

- \$15.00 Frank H. Jacon
- \$10.00 Roland H. Gadreault
- \$10.00 Charles F. Merrigan
- \$10.00 Fred H. Schmitz
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- \$5.00 Ralph O. Balsler
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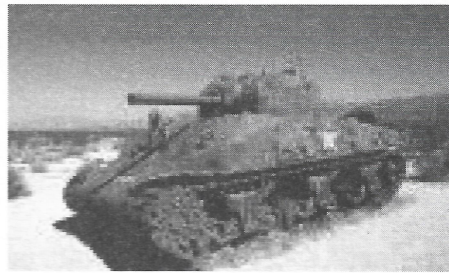
Memorial Fund

\$25.00 Bernard L. Wathen
 In memory of S/Sgt. Charles Peiffer - Co. G, 106th Inf. Reg. 27th Div.

80 PLUS CLUB



First Name	Last Name	
Ralph O.	Balsler	
Wilrose J.	Ditter	(Age 90)
Robert E.	Fox	
Charles	Goldberg	



127th Tank BN

DAN KOWALCZEWSKI, President of the 127th Tank BN Association announces the association will hold its annual reunion dinner on 29 October 2005. Couples welcome

Location: Masten Avenue
 Amory, 127th Tank BN
 Buffalo, NY 14204

For more information, contact Dan Kowalczewski, 129 Arbour Lane, Apt. #2, Buffalo, NY 14220. Telephone number 716-826-1073. Welcome back 127th Tankers!

Remember when Puerto Rico was raising hell about the US Navy using that nothing little island just off the coast of Puerto Rico for bombing practices, which they had used for the past 75 years? Demonstrations were held, Hollywood left wingers, Al Sharpton, and his fellow demagogues went down there to demonstrate to get the Navy out? I am sure it infuriated you just as it did me at the time. Wellllllllllllllllllllll, here is our revenge. Always be careful what you ask for, you just may get it!

One of the many headaches that the U. S. has had was the Puerto Rican Island of Vieques. In the waning years of the Clinton Administration, Protesters demanded that the US Navy abandon bombing and naval gun fire exercises that had taken place on the largely uninhabited island for nearly seventy years. Icons bumped into one another to fly to Puerto Rico, boat over to the island, trespass (but never on a day that there was an exercise scheduled) and get arrested for the benefit of the New York Times or Newsweek. They included:

- the Reverend Al Sharpton,
- Mrs. Jesse Jackson,
- Joan Baez,
- Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.,
- Edward Olmos,
- Michael Moore and
- Ramsey Clark, just to name a few.

In 2002, the bombing exercises were transferred to an Air Force bombing range in central Florida, not far from the Jacksonville and Pensacola Naval Air Stations. In January, many of the protesters were back in Puerto Rico, celebrating the final bombing exercise on Vieques and waved Puerto Rican flags and placards that read: "U.S. Navy, get out of Puerto Rico."

The following Feb, Rumsfeld announced that the U.S. Navy will close the Roosevelt Roads Naval Air Station in Puerto Rico

(Continued on page 6)

MAILBAG

(Continued from page 5)

in 2004, eliminating 1200 civilian jobs as well as 700 military positions. This naval facility is estimated to have put nearly \$300 million annually into the local economy. The next day a stunned Governor Sila Calderon, held a news conference in San Juan, protesting the base closure as a serious blow to the Commonwealth's fragile economy. The governor stated that "The people of Puerto Rico don't now or never did have an interest in closing the Vieques bombing range or the Roosevelt Roads naval base. We are interested in both staying in Puerto Rico."

When asked, the Commander-in-Chief, Western Atlantic Command, said, "Without Vieques, I see no further need for the facility at Roosevelt Roads. None." So, Yanqui go home? Fine. But we'll take our dollars with us. Hasta la vista, baby!

On February 21, the Secretary of Defense also announced that starting this year, the U.S. European Command would begin moving most if not all of its active combat and support units from bases in Germany to others being established in Poland, The Czech Republic, Hungary and Turkey to "better position them for rapid deployment to likely hot spots in those parts of the world." Immediately the business and government leaders in the German states of Hesse, Rhineland and Wurttemberg, protested the loss of nearly \$6 billion in revenue each year from the bases and manpower to be displaced. A spokesman for the Foreign Ministry speculated that the move may be "what the Americans call 'payback' for the actions of this government in opposing Military action in Iraq. does anyone know the German translation for "Hasta la vista, baby?"

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Vincent Walsh

The following web site is a great source for genealogy in the Brooklyn area:
<http://www.bklyn-genealogy-info.com/>

An example from the site is as follows:

Hynes, Edward P., 18 Polhemus Pl., Bklyn. Corp.Co.B, 106th Inf. Killed in action, September 27, 1918.

Sergt. Edward P. HYNES, 27 years old, of 18 Polhemus place, was killed in action Sept. 27. He was a member of Company B, 106th Infantry. He enlisted in the Twenty-third Regiment in June 1917, and sailed for France May 10 on the President Lincoln. He graduated from P. S. 128 and Poly Prep.

He was a member of the Brook-

(Continued on page 16)

Quartermaster Store

FROM THE QUARTERMASTER,
Rollin Skellington

At present we have T-shirts, hats and coffee mugs. Colors and sizes are limited, however we have a good quantity of inventory. The goal of the QMS is to provide quality goods at reasonable prices, maintain quality control by being a one-stop shop for the Association paraphernalia, and to support the National Association and the Women's Auxiliary. A percentage of the profit will go to the National, the Auxiliary and the Store.

Orders can be e-mailed to Rollin.Skellington@ny.ngb.army.mil or mail to: 27th Division Association, Attn: Quartermaster, Rollin Skellington, P.O. Box 2522, Syracuse, NY 13220. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

All Items have Orion Emblem

ITEM	STORE PRICE
T-Shirt (white)	\$ 8.00
T-Shirt (gold, red, lt. blue, royal)	\$ 10.00
Golf shirt (without pocket) (white, gold, red, lt. blue, royal)	\$ 20.00
Golf shirt (with pocket) (white, gold, red, lt. blue, royal)	\$ 20.00
Hat (red, blue, white, white w/red bill, white w/blue bill, white w/black bill).	\$ 10.00
Coffee Mug	\$ 5.00

Shipping and handling is \$3.00 for all items

Membership Renewal Forms

27TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Full Name _____
 (First) (Middle) (Last)

Spouse's Name _____

Address _____
 (House Number and Street) (City) (Zone) (State) (Zip)

Current Phone: _____

E-Mail Address _____

Post No. _____ or Check if member At Large _____

Unit Served _____

Date: From _____ To _____ Rank (Optional) _____

*Make remittance (\$10.00) payable to: The 27th Division Association, Inc.
 Send to: Attn: Sec/Treas; P.O. Box 2522, Syracuse, NY 13220*

I desire to become a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the 27th Division Association Inc., and pay herewith \$2.00 for one year membership dues for the year 2005.

I submit the following information to be included with my record:

Full Name _____
 (First) (Middle) (Last)

Address _____
 (House Number and Street) (City) (Zone) (State) (Zip)

My son, husband, brother, father served in World War I-II
 _____ Battalion

With Company, Battery or Troop _____

*Make remittance (\$2.00) payable to:
 Women's Auxiliary The 27th Division Association, Inc.
 Send to: Attn: Esther Gardner Sec/Treas;
 126 Sergeant Street, Johnson City, NY 13790-1922*

27TH DIVISION ASSOCIATION LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Full Name _____
 (First) (Middle) (Last)

Spouse's Name _____

Address _____
 (House Number and Street) (City) (Zone) (State) (Zip)

Current Phone: _____

E-Mail Address _____

Post No. _____ or Check if member At Large _____

Age Please check <30 \$200 ___ 31-40 \$190 ___ 41-50 \$170 ___
 51-60 \$150 ___ 61-70 \$120 ___ 71-80 \$90 ___ 81 & up \$60 ___

LIFE MEMBER

Submissions to the Editor

ONLY USE THIS ADDRESS:

27th Division Association
 P.O. Box 2522
 Syracuse, NY 13220-2522

LIFE MEMBERS:

Dues paid to National for life memberships are NATIONAL DUES only. If you want to belong to a Post, you will owe POST DUES. Roberta

REMINDER:

2006 Dues are \$10.00 (or Life Membership)

At Large Members

Please make checks

payable to:

The 27th Division Association, Inc.

Mail to: Secretary/Treasurer

Roberta Comerford

P.O. Box 2522

Syracuse, NY 13220

Member of a Post?

See your Post Secretary

SUGGESTION: If you want to keep your Gallivanter intact - make a copy of this section and submit the copy of the membership renewal. (Or handwrite all information.)

DEAD LINE:

Items for the December issue must be received by 1 November 2005

MIKE-3

(Continued from page 3)

leave my post and get a load of ammo for our MGs and 81s from Regimental HQ. I took a jeep, probably from a field officer assessing our situation on the MLR, hurried back and was challenged by a guard demanding the day's password. I told him where to put it and demanded directions to the ammo dump.

At first I didn't see anyone in this area and further search revealed several foxholes large enough to drop a refrigerator in. I asked an officer, "What the hell is going on here?" He replied "We heard there was a breach in the MLR". Use your own imagination to read the thoughts that went through my mind, I got the ammo and returned to Mike-1 CP.

One afternoon while in Reserve, M Co. officers were gathered around a table with Mike-1 plotting offensive options in support of the rifle companies. We were huddled under a fly/mosquito net and our orderly sat across from me cleaning my 45. The gun went off. I felt the muzzle blast in my face. Everyone paused. I'll never forget the ashen look on the orderly's face.

As our battalions rotated on the MLR, Mike-1 monitored our progress and would call Mike-3 to direct fire power upon strong areas of resistance. The Marine General Howland M. Smith told us that there were about 300 enemy soldiers in our sector. He was over 5,000 enemy off in his estimate.

Remember bed-check Charlie? We were ordered not to fire at the plane; but the hum of those twin engines sounded like music to the ears. All night long para-flare after flare would light up our front and one soon learned how to rest the eyes between bursts then glare ahead to get a glimpse of any enemy movement. The Nips would call out 'Hey Joe'. I dug a shallow foxhole. When a target was identified, and if it hadn't moved by the next flare, I would squeeze off a shot and quickly roll right or left behind the nearest tree. Around dusk do you recall scanning the trees overhead? Several times we spotted a Jap who tied himself to a tree about thirty feet up off the ground. Life meant nothing to them. Seldom could one go into a sunlit area to clean oneself and the bayo-

net came in handy to scrape the sweat and dirt off your arms and neck.

I recall sitting on a rock in death valley eating a can of C rations while watching two long lines of large white maggots crawling between the lower half and the upper torso of a Marine whose body parts were blown about seven feet apart. Apparently the mind does not accept reality after a time because I only experienced sorrow for this broken body as I enjoyed my meal.

One time we relieved the 106th on the MLR and as we passed each other, I examined their faces and saw a courageous and lovable group of exhausted warriors whose love of country encouraged them to ignore death, the sights and smell of the dead and dying, the agonizing cries for help amid the sounds of bombing, naval barrages, cannons, gunfire, explosions, and grenades-the bursting of flares throughout the night then add to this our incoming mail from the enemy: hand-grenades, mortars, machine gun, rifle, artillery fire, and enemy goading. We were plagued by the smell of putrefaction from broken, rotting, and bloated bodies, the constant buzz of flies all day and mosquitoes all night. There were futile attempts to adjust your mosquito net or poncho to shield any exposed part of your body. You tried to rest your eyes for a moment or to eat your C rations while trying to protect yourself from the elements.

Directly to our front, high on a cliff, a cannon would appear, fire one round then retract. This went on for several days and it was frustrating to watch our planes futile attempts to neutralize this target. The enemy could select a target, roll out the cannon, fire one round, and roll back inside. It held up our advance for several days. Was it an off-shore cruiser that finally put this weapon out of action? On July 6 at 1800 hours enemy activity was observed about 1500 yards in front of the 1st Battalion. I was positioned on a ridge that paralleled the right flank when a shell exploded. Fortunately, thick underbrush and trees protected us from serious injuries. The explosion knocked us to the ground. My radioman went into shock. I told him to check if the radio was still operable. Then, I sent him back to company HQ. Our cover being exposed, I found an alternate position, assuming that before long, some Japs could come searching

this area. I had spoken to a Navy FO who showed me how he was directing naval from a base point. Our maps being identical, I used their method to direct the 81s; it was much simpler and more accurate. A round of smoke was called in and it hit exactly where planned. With a minor adjustment and "fire for effect", the platoon's executions were so prompt and accurate it caught the enemy off guard. As they ran for cover, they were running right into our fire pattern. I told their radioman, "You guys are great and I'm buying the drinks when ever we get out of this stinking hell hole".

Shortly thereafter, I was alerted by a thrashing sound and my adrenaline jumped when a helmeted Jap closed in on my position. As soon as I saw his shoulders, one shot in the face felled him.

After moving back to our MLR I dozed off because the frontline became very quiet. I awoke to the sounds of MG and rifle fire and observed hundreds of Japs yelling and running towards our lines. It was like a turkey shoot as waves of Japs were running past my perch. I expended the ammo from my carbine, then worked my way down to the plateau and back to our MLR that no longer existed. There were several pockets of resistance and mass confusion. Dead and wounded covered the area up to the waters edge.

Before war broke out, we trained with the Springfield and Enfield rifles. Later we were issued the M-1 or Garand, also a .30 caliber. The Jap rifles were similar to our old Springfields, but theirs was 30.1 caliber, enabling them to use our ammo, while we could not use their ammo.

The first time Saipan was declared "secure", I was ordered to take the platoon on a mop-up patrol. Marine corps tactics were to by-pass enemy pockets of resistance, which gave our 27th Div. the honor of doing their house cleaning. We came upon one patrol sector and followed a narrow footpath. A comrade and I were talking as we were walking shoulder to shoulder. He had red hair and a mustache and was a bit taller than I. We glanced at each other as we exchanged conversation, and just as he was about to turn his head toward me to respond, a purple hole appeared in the center of his forehead. His eyes glazed in death before his body collapsed to the ground. About ten yards to our front center was a patch of camou-

(Continued on page 9)

MIKE-3

(Continued from page 8)

flage. We dove into the underbrush, pinpointed the target, divided a squad in two sections, had it circle right and left, then closed in from the rear. Upon signal, they fired into the camouflage and it yielded two Japs, dug in, giving them a commanding view of our approach.

During another patrol, we came across several caves thirty or so feet above the base of a cliff. Most were natural formations and a few others had been manually enhanced. Our attention was drawn to a larger cave, easily accessible. We would usually toss in a grenade and if there was no response, the hair on the back of your neck might suggest a second one needn't precede our entrance. Slowly and cautiously we'd climb into the entrance. In this instance we did not use a grenade because our approach afforded plenty of cover. As we entered, a woman came up to us. She was naked from the waist up and carrying a newborn baby. We made sure she was alone. She had been hiding from us and had little provisions left. We knew the enemy recently abandoned her. One of the men took her back to HQs. We came upon more small caves and it was decided to conserve what few grenades we had left because most caves were empty and did not look as though they had been occupied. One cave went in further than most others and we discovered numerous wood boxes neatly stacked. They were lined with straw and contained cans and bottles. Remembering the warning that we were not to eat any fresh vegetables because they were fertilized with human waste, or drink any water. Jap beer, and sake, could be poisoned. One crate contained large oval cans that had two large sardines, tomato sauce, and beans packed inside. They would put the Campbell's name to shame. Other cases contained crabmeat, beer, and sake. Everything was delicious. We had a banquet; filled our bellies and pockets. We came off patrol the happiest GIs on the island. Fortunately, we were not chastised for our department. We had enough of killing and we didn't give a shit about poison-laced food or drink. We lived.

Usually around 1900 hours when daylight was beginning to fade and if engaged in a spirited firefight, we would fall back to nighttime positions. Early the next

morning we would press forward to our previous line of attack. I found our own C-ration cans punctured by Japs, bayonets. That brought a smile to my face. Why didn't they try ours?

When it was finally declared that all organized resistance had ceased and Saipan was secured, the platoon was assigned a section of beach for our rest area. Everyone unloaded his equipment and rested in the sun, walked out into the ocean, etc. I walked over to my left into a grove of trees and when I felt sure that I was alone and no one could see me, I sat down back against a tree and cried like a baby. I had no idea how long I sat there, bewildered; but I sure felt a lot better. When I returned to my platoon, they had been relocated a short distance away; and a photographer had already set up camera equipment on the right and left flank of our rest area. The cameras were about thirty yards apart facing the ocean. I approached the nearest person and demanded, "what the hell is going on?" He waved me aside as a pair of LCPs approached the beach. Clean-shaven marines jumped out, charged past cameras, yelling like idiots. He then told me these pictures were being sent back to the mainland as morale boosters for the people at home. This being the very first time these rookies set foot on Saipan shocked me because I never thought our own country would use propaganda to hoodwink our families. Disgusted, I exclaimed, "why the hell don't you take pictures of those GIs resting over there and send them back home too!" "My anger and disgust must have been quite obvious. Without uttering a word, they all promptly packed up their equipment, and with these Marine heroes boarded the LCPs and very wisely (I think) made themselves scarce.

We got word that Father Brunet was about to celebrate Mass nearby. I was a late arrival detained by the Marine invaders. The 27th Division was assembled and a General spoke to us. As soon as we realized that we were being sent to an island called Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides because Hawaii was overcrowded, the entire regiment began to shout, curse, and our whistles and catcalls drowned him out. He promptly walked off the platform. Espiritu Santo is where Frank Buck caught the largest boa snake in captivity--so what! I would guess that barely three hundred Appleknockers were left to hear the General's good news.

This equatorial jungle--Espiritu Santo--had a French Mission high on a hill. With marks in the sand, a native indicated it would take 20 minutes to arrive at the mission. Four of us followed him. Along the way, he stopped, cupped his hands as though drinking. We all nodded in agreement. We continued on.

After a while, he suddenly stopped, reached into the wall of trees, pulled out a long bamboo stick, and raised it overhead, whacked a few fronds, and down came several large green coconuts. He reached around his middle and drew out a machete about 28 inches long, held a coconut in his left hand, and gave it two cuts. Out fell a section, exposing the inner shell full of clear cool water. We continued on and in exactly 20 minutes we stepped out onto a well-groomed lawn in front of the mission. I checked my watch to time the journey. He was right on target. Since our arrival in this equatorial jungle, Tokyo Rose constantly serenaded us. Her selection of songs was appreciated. However, many of her comments were downright ridiculous.

The 27th Division was brought back to combat strength. The majority were new comers, whom we referred to as machine gun fodder. My only friend was Lt. Leonard J. Palumbo. He left Troy as a Sergeant in D Co. He confided in me that he was willing to risk a court martial if he were not allowed to return to Oahu to marry a Japanese girl.

After a rainfall he would collect snails that were about 4" long and the size of a quarter. He insisted the slimy snails were delicious eating. They turned my stomach, but the coconut crabs were delicious.

Remember the sea crabs that came in from the ocean about sundown? The road was alive with hundreds of them heading inland for the night. When riding in a jeep, it sounded like busting balloons as the tires flattened them. To find out how strong the claws of coconut crabs were, we would place a green coconut {a bit bigger than a bowling ball} in one of its claws. Those claws slowly closed and the coconut broke into two pieces.

Remember when our letter writing was censored? The Company officers performed this duty. I felt guilty when I had to cut out words in your letters to family and loved ones. I would always try to leave enough in the letters to dispel

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MIKE-3

(Continued from page 9)
family fears.

My heart went out to Master Sgt. Steve Grassi. He didn't have to tell me the (Dear John) bad news. I saw his deep hurt and he said he didn't want his stripes anymore. I pleaded with him to get control of himself. As a Master Sgt., I considered Steve one of the most trusted and likable men in Company M. I also had to write letters of consolation to families of our KIAs. That was tough because, knowing how some of them were killed, it was awfully hard to lie so families could feel comforted. I was called to Regimental HQs. Colonel Winn, fresh from the mainland, thoroughly chewed me out. He then confined me to my tent for 10 days. Someone else must have censoring my work! I suspected some overzealous "brass" because replacements, officers as well as GIs, outnumbered us survivors.

Next came more war games. Colonel Winn focused on the third (heavy weapons) platoons of the three battalions. He called the platoon leaders to HQ and gave us similar field problems, which he estimated would take all afternoon. We were instructed to use the old method from the field manual, and then report to him by 1700 hrs. The platoons started from three different points. While we were thrashing and cutting a pathway through the underbrush, I recalled the response of this platoon on July 6th in Saipan and the several times I turned around to see the gun crews sweating and struggling to keep control of their weapons as they got hung up in the vines and jungle growth. I was convinced this exercise was absolutely stupid because a platoon leader's job is to reconnoiter, select an area most favorable, and return to lead the gun crews to this location. Besides our next campaign will require Navy charts again.

Contrary to the Colonel's orders, I used this proven method. We accomplished our mission and returned to camp. The other two weapons platoons returned to camp about 2 hours later. I was called on the carpet again and was not allowed to speak. Again Col. Winn confined me to my tent for two more weeks. That night I got drunk in the officer's club and vaguely remember some one seated on my right trying to console me. I thought to myself,

"Col. have you got an education coming!" Upon release from confinement, I reported to the Colonel. He said I had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant I did not speak, I only saluted him and then walked away.

An M Co. Staff Sergeant from Connecticut invited me for a boat ride. At home, he and his father were ship builders. The sailboat looked as though it just came out of a factory. Four of us sailed over multi-colored coral reefs--aqua, light green, blue, purple, and then deep blue; the water clear as glass. Sarge decided to catch fish. We paused over a deep blue cavern, dropped a grenade, and dozens of fish floated to the surface. The bright colored fish are poison. The drab fish are safe to eat. So we selected several and as we sailed away the other fish woke up and swam away.

We embarked again and when at sea, we were told Okinawa was the target. The daylight hours were spent doing calisthenics near the ship's bow. I later watched the waves, as long silver-blue flying fish would pop up at the ship's bow and fly-skimming the waves for 30 to 50 feet. It seemed that they were playing with the troop ship as it constantly changed course. The ship's PA system piped serenades played by Tokyo Rose. The songs were the latest hits, but her sexy voice made us smile instead of making us homesick.

A few days later, we rendezvoused with a supply ship, and as our footlockers were transferred, we watched the winch operator. Enemy sub alert by the ship's PA rattled the winch operator. The rope sling jerked, and the entire load was dumped into the water. I watched my worldly goods (footlocker) slowly sink from sight. A member of my patrol on Saipan had a padlocked barracks bag full of Jap jewelry, Swiss-made wrist watches, samurai swords, pistols, rings, gold teeth, etc. taken from the dead. It also sunk!

Many of you Appleknockers, courtesy of Japan's military, were denied the privilege of another cruise to the sunny beaches of Okinawa. There isn't much of import to convey to you, although the Okinawa Campaign eclipsed the D-Day invasion of Europe, with the largest concentration of ships, men, and material in all of WWII. Compared to the carnage on Saipan especially the Banzai attack on us, the Okinawa campaign was a Sunday walk in the park.

Mike-1 replaced me as FO on the MLR and put me in charge of the 81s. He called in coordinates to set up the mortars. I surveyed the terrain on our way to the front and found to my immediate left, a ridge about 20 feet high. It was just enough to allow maximum deflection, a clearing ideal to set up the 81s and keep the battery hidden from enemy observers. A grove of trees to our right provided ideal cover to stack ammo and keep the gun crews out of sight until called upon.

We continued to the area Mike-1 chose. It was a clearing the size of a football field. To our immediate front was a cliff about forty feet high which was the MLR. I saw the front line less than fifty feet away and I felt the enemy was watching us. Mike-1 could see my position. He demanded what the hell was taking me so long. I explained that on my way up I found a perfect spot out of view of the MLR and of which I knew he was not aware. Before I could utter another word, Mike-1 shouted with an angry voice ordering me to set up the weapons there, and right now. I could not tell the gun crews of our predicament so I paced off excessive distance between each mortar in hopes that this would minimize casualties if we were fired upon. I studied the tree line along the MLR and knew damned well the enemy was watching us because I did the same thing on Saipan.

Mike-1 was very anxious because he called me again demanding to know if we were ready yet. As soon as the last gun was set into place and before we could zero them in, a shell landed in our midst. The explosion blew me up and back several feet, and the skin on my face felt as though it was being pulled away from my head. It took several seconds to recover and finding no bleeding, I called out to each squad leader to report and assess injuries. We had negative injuries. I thought to myself, thank God it was a concussion, and not a shrapnel explosive. The mortars were out of action, some were warped, and the instruments were destroyed. I called Mike-1 using unmentionable words, advising him he no longer had a mortar platoon. Suddenly, several squads of riflemen on our right flank broke off the attack and ran past our position. I was shouting to them to halt; they did not hear me because they were yelling with terror as they ran by. They must have thought they were being attacked from the

(Continued on page 16)

The 27th Division Association Inc. Annual Reunion

OCTOBER 28-30, 2005

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK

New York State Military Museum

61 Lake Avenue

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

Courtyard Marriott

11 Excelsior Avenue

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866



Come join us for a weekend full of Fun, Camaraderie, and Remembrances. The New York State Military Museum and the Courtyard Marriott play host to the Division Association's annual tradition. The next few pages will provide the details for the weekend and registration information. For those planning to fly to New York, the Albany Airport is just 25 miles south of Saratoga Springs. Remember to RSVP as soon as possible but no later than the 7th of October. See you in Saratoga!

NYS Military Museum and Veterans Research Center Hosts the 27th Divison Annual Reunion

This Year's Reunion will take place in Saratoga Springs at NYS Military Museum. The Museum Director, Mr. Michael Aikey has graciously opened the doors to the Division Association to hold our Business Meetings, Commanders' Luncheon and our Memorial Service honoring our fallen comrades..

As the day progresses, take time to see the wonderful displays and artifacts throughout this beautiful facility. If time permits, give your personal account of your service to this great State and Nation through an oral history recorded by the staff of the museum.

The mission of the museum and research center is to preserve, interpret and disseminate the story, history and records of New York State's military forces and veterans. The collection is divided into the museum and the library/archives holdings.

Begun in 1863, the collection has not had a secure, permanent home until Governor George E. Pataki announced in 2001 that the historic armory in Saratoga Springs, NY would be renovated to house the collection. The building, designed by Isaac Perry and constructed in 1889, is a fine example of armory architecture that was popular in upstate New York in the late 1800's.

The museum houses over 10,000 artifacts dating from the Revolutionary War to Desert Storm that relate to New York State's military forces, the state's military history and the contributions of New York's veterans. The artifacts include uniforms, weapons, artillery pieces, and art. A significant portion of the museum's collection is from the Civil War. Notable artifacts from this conflict include Colonel Elmer Ellsworth's (the Union's first martyr) uniform, the medical kit of Jubal Early's sur-



geon, and the uniform and bugle of Gustav Schurmann (General Philip Kearny's boy bugler). Included in the museum are significant holdings relating to New York's 27th Division in World War I and World War II and notable state military regiments such as the 7th (Silk Stocking Regiment), 69th (Fighting Irish), 71st, and 369th (Harlem Hell fighters) New York Infantry.

The museum also owns the largest collection of state battle flags in the country and the largest collection of Civil War flags in the world. Of the over 1700 flags in the collection, more than 60% are from the Civil War. The flags date from the War

of 1812 through the 1991 Gulf War. The museum maintains an exhibit of its flag collection in the state capitol building in Albany where the museum collection was originally housed.

The library and archive holdings in the Veterans Research Center include a 2000 volume library of military and New York State history, over 6,000 photographs, unit history files, broadsides, scrapbooks, letters and maps. Highlights of the library and archives material include over 2300 Civil War photographs, a collection of Civil War era newspaper clippings arranged by New York units, and New York National Guard service cards and service records dating from the 1880's to 1965.

The Veteran Research Center operates and archives the New York State Veteran Oral History Program and the Veteran Questionnaire Program. The Oral History Program actively collects interviews of New York State veterans from all eras. The largest part of this collection is of World War II veteran interviews. The Veteran Questionnaire Program, similar to the Oral History Program, solicits and preserves the written and photographic record of the state's veterans.

Programs and Services: Reference library and archives, research assistance, education programs and lectures.

Museum Publications: Genealogy Resources in the New York State Military Museum and Veterans Research Center; Veteran Oral History Program Self-Interview Packet; and the Library and Archives Guide.

The Annual 27th Division Association Inc. Reunion



OCTOBER 28-30, 2005

Courtyard Marriott

11 Excelsior Avenue

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866



Total Package

Meals Only Package

Includes:

Includes:

Lodging, Friday and Saturday Night
 Dinner Friday, All meals Saturday, and
 Breakfast Sunday
 \$300 for an individual (includes room, all
 meals & gratuities for one person)
 \$400 for a couple (includes room, all
 meals & gratuities for two people)

Meal Package Only Prices:
 Friday Night Blinger: \$22/ Person
 Saturday Morning B-Fast: \$13/ Person
 Commander's Luncheon: \$25/ Person
 Banquet Dinner: \$35/ Person
 Sunday Morning B-Fast: \$13/ Person

Indicate Meals by Number of people on
 reservation card on back side of this flier.

Room and Meal Payments: Make checks payable to the 27th Division Association.

Room reservations will be made by the Secretary, 27th Division Association as per the RSVP card received below. The Division Association will handle payment due to the Marriott. A special registration table will be set up by the Hosting Reunion Committee for registration, meal tickets and program package.

\$10 Member Reunion registration fee due upon arrival.

Total Package Reservation Card

Please print and complete all appropriate information and return this card with a check to
 The 27th Division Association Inc., Attn: Secretary PO Box 2522, Syracuse, NY 13220-2522
 315-438-3012

ACCOMODATIONS INFORMATION

27th Division Association National Reunion 28-30 October 2005

Last Name: _____ First Name: _____

Spouse/Guest Name: _____ Phone: () _____

Number of Rooms _____ Number of persons _____ Number of Nights _____

Two Double Beds - smoking non-smoking **OR** One Queen Bed smoking non-smoking

Saturday Night Dinner Selection: Fish _____ Prime Rib _____ Chicken _____

RSVP Must Be Received No Later Than October 7th 2005

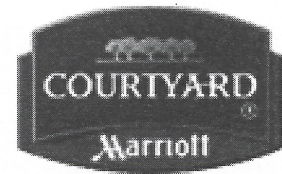
The Annual 27th Division Association Inc. Reunion



OCTOBER 28-30, 2005

Courtyard Marriott

11 Excelsior Avenue
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866



Schedule of Events

Friday, October 28, 2005

3:00 PM - 6:00 PM Registration Check In

6:00 PM - 9:00 PM Blinger

Saturday, October 29, 2005

7:00 AM - 9:00 AM Breakfast

10:00 AM - 11:00 AM Membership Meeting

10:00 AM - 11:00 AM Ladies Auxiliary Meeting

12:00 PM Commander's Luncheon

Immediately followed by a Memorial Service

5:00 PM Cocktail Hour

6:00 PM Dinner, Banquet Room

Sunday, October 30, 2005

7:00 AM - 9:00 AM Breakfast

9:00 AM Farewells

Check Out Time 12:00 AM

Courtyard Marriott

The NEW Courtyard Hotel by Marriott, conveniently located in Saratoga Springs is just a few blocks away from the New York State Military Museum and Veterans Center. Shuttle Vans will be provided for transportation to and from the museum.

Directions:

From the New York State Thruway: Exit 24
Take Route 87 North towards Saratoga Springs 25 Miles

Take EXIT 15- toward SARATOGA SPRINGS / GANSEVOORT Route 50

Turn LEFT onto NY-50 / CV WHITNEY MEMORIAL HWY. 1.7 Miles

Turn Left onto Rock Street

Turn Left onto Excelsior

Meals Only Reservation Card

Please print and complete all appropriate information and return this card with a check to
The 27th Division Association Inc., Attn: Secretary PO Box 2522, Syracuse, NY 13220-2522
PH: (315) 438-3012

MEAL INFORMATION

27th Division Association National Reunion 28-30 October 2005

Last Name: _____ First Name: _____

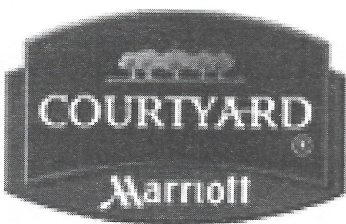
Spouse/Guest Name: _____ Phone: () _____

Please specify meals by quantity required in each box below:

Friday Blinger \$22 each Saturday B-Fast \$13 each Cdr's Luncheon \$17 each Reunion Dinner \$35 each Sunday B-Fast \$13 each

Saturday Night Dinner Selection: Fish _____ Prime Rib _____ Chicken _____

RSVP Must Be Received No Later Than October 7th 2005



**Courtyard by Marriott @ Saratoga Springs
11 Excelsior Avenue
Saratoga Springs , NY 12866**

The NEW Courtyard Hotel by Marriott is conveniently located in historic downtown Saratoga Springs and less than 2 miles from the race track. We're within walking distance to museums, restaurants, retail shops and the City Center.



The AAA Three Diamond Hotel features 146 rooms, including luxury suites, flexible meeting space, a restaurant serving breakfast and lunch, room service offered by the Olde Bryan Inn, upscale lounge, business library, indoor pool and health club, and complimentary high-speed internet access. Take advantage of this new hotel and experience service the Marriott way.



Being built for business means keeping pace with business travelers. Courtyard by Marriott at Saratoga Springs leads in high-speed Internet availability and offers free online access in guestrooms. All rooms have spacious work areas and comfortable chairs. Our lobby offers business services and has all you the business traveler requires. The Courtyard Cafe serves a hot breakfast buffet and cooked-to-order selections. We also feature The Market, where you'll find fresh sandwiches, salads, snacks and beverages to keep you going round-the-clock.



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VOL. XLVI SEPTEMBER 2005

NO. 2

CHECK YOUR MEMBERSHIP YEAR ON THE LABEL!

If it doesn't say 2006 or LIFE after your name then it's time to pay your dues. Post Members remit payment to your post. At Large Members please remit payment to: The 27th Division Association, Inc. P.O. Box 2522, Syracuse, NY 13220

MAILBAG

(Continued from page 6)

lyn Celtics and took an active part in athletics at Poly Prep. In his last letter, written Sept. 17, he said he had been "over the top" five times and had not received a scratch. He said his company had done wonderful work and deserved great praise. On Nov. 12, his family received a letter, post marked Oct. 24, from an Australian soldier, saying he had found on the field pictures and a registration card bearing Sergt HYNES' names. His family thought perhaps he had dropped these from his pocket and still had hopes of hearing further from Sergt HYNES.

Sergt. HYNES was the son of the late John HYNES, a granite contractor. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Sarah HYNES; three sisters, Mary, Sadie and Gertrude; and two brothers, William and Thomas. Brooklyn Standard Union- 4 December 1918.

MIKE-3

(Continued from page 10)

rear since the shell that exploded in our midst surely made one hell of a bang. There was no enemy contact and shortly this rifle company gingerly returned to its position. I recognized this company as a unit of our third battalion. I then went to each of the gun crews to assure that there were no injuries and everyone was accounted for. Then, I called Mike-1 for further orders. A voice answered telling me Mike-1 was dead. I often wondered did Col. Winn order Mike-1 to replace me because he thought I was incompetent? The platoon was assigned an outpost on a spit of land that one could walk over to from Okinawa. We were assigned a field stove. Since the incoming ships crews were always looking for Jap souvenirs, we bartered for food. One of our men made a pizza on a large cake tray loaded it with canned tomatoes, colored it white with salt, then black with pepper. One bite and one had a mouth full of a blister that expanded from the roof of the mouth; the pizza and

beer were great!

We spotted a large civilian twin-engine airplane flying a few thousand feet overhead. It was painted a brilliant white and against a clear blue sky, it was the most welcomed and prettiest sight seen in almost four years. It carried Jap officials to our military leaders to arrange terms of surrender. Due to its exemplary combat record, the 27th Infantry Div. was given the honor of being flown into Japan. I chose to come home; Mike -3, 105th Inf. Appleknockers, 27th Division is now history.

The 27th participated in the last battle of WWII, the invasion of Okinawa. Years later it was revealed that this campaign eclipsed the D-Day invasion in both troops and tonnage, in fighting a merciless enemy.

By Joseph J Meighan

REMINDER:
2006 Dues are \$10.00
Please make checks payable
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