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25 ~~LIS~~ MPP  
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23 BURKETT  
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SCHWARTZ

26 MAITRE  
NEWMAN  
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24 MITCHEL  
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# THE WHORRORS OF WAR

There is a tragic wackiness to war,  
that surreal insanity legitimized  
by religion's absurd fictions and  
the financial fabrications of greed  
disguised as patriotism, and the  
innocent bleed.





(from L to R) Burkett, Denham, Simon, Yancey, Myself, Mcauly

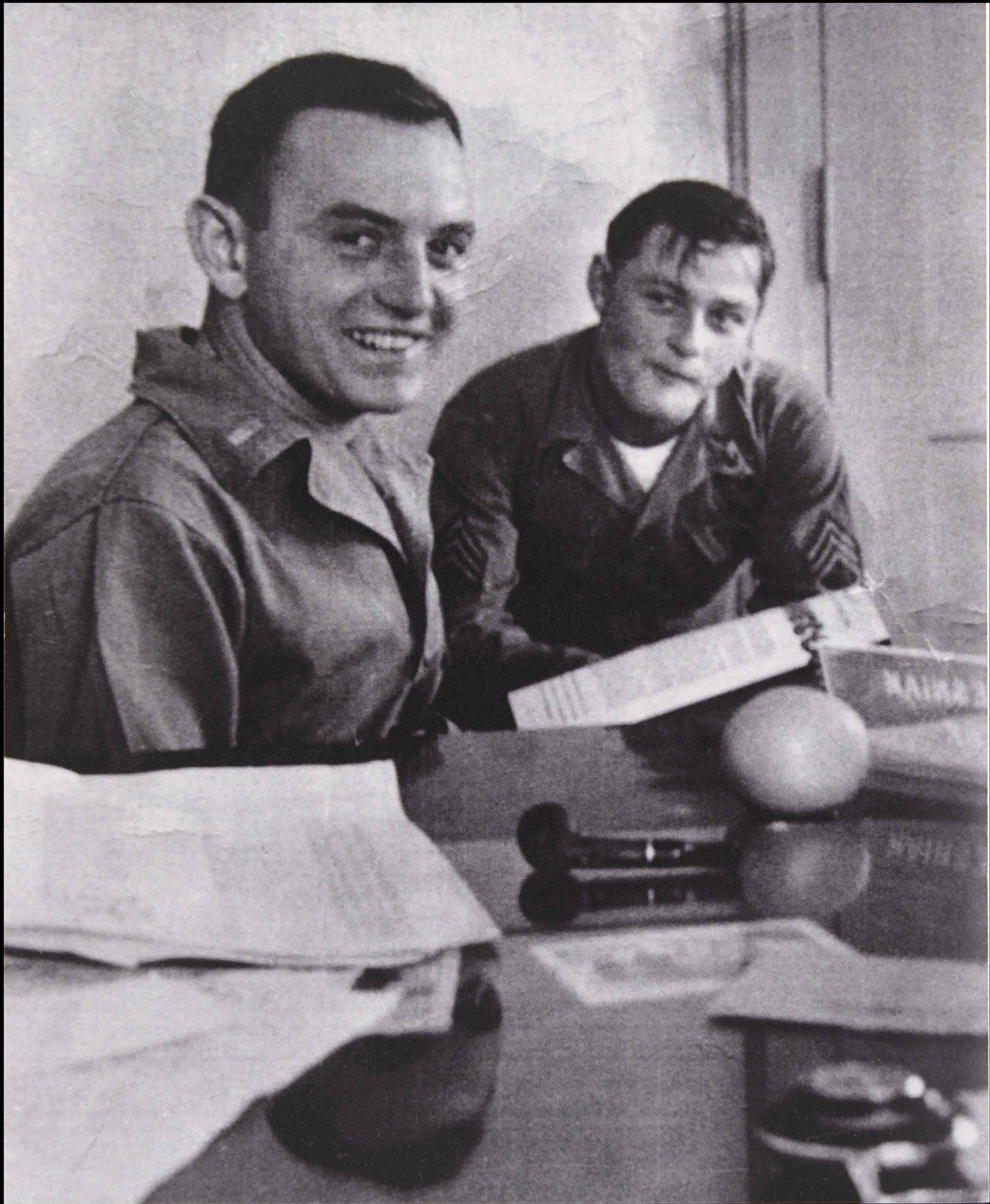
1954



## WELCOME TO BAUMHOLDER

After a lurching and tossing trip on a seasick Atlantic crossing, my novice company disembarked at Bremerhaven, green horns fresh off the boat and green to the gills. Life was in double-time: ship, train, bad Kreuznach, twenty-ninth tank battalion, Charlie Company, move out, where is this place? We hardly had time to unpack at our destination on Friday when ordered to bivouac in the British zone leaving that Sunday morning at 3am. The disoriented men and I had fallen between the cracks of six timezones. We groaned. At last the die was cast.







*Was ist ein Baumholder?* It is an ordinary German village of maybe one thousand inhabitants, half of which are bovines. Being adjacent to the largest US troop concentration in Europe, the village had a contentious relationship with servicemen, especially on payday when serviced by a phalanx of transient schatzis. No US army vehicle was permitted access to this former Nazi citadel, where young men looked for tail. Because of gasthaus brawls, it was off limits to officers as well.

*Baumholder ist verboten!*







At the fatal hour of 3am, in a dense fog, our tank column headed towards the Baumholder railroad station to board flatbeds on the troop train, careful to skirt the off limits city limits. As my platoon was in the center of the convoy, the captain said to just follow the red lights off the lead tank ahead of us, which was barely visable in the thick fog. Unbeknowst to me a Volkswagen interloper had interposed himself between us and our guide tank. Since all red lights look alike, my driver led us and the rest of the column into the aforementioned downtown Baumholder to disastrous results.







Suddenly out tanks were squeezing their way down miniature eighteenth century streets, cheek to jowl between tiny Opals and Volkswagens. And then applause! Out of the second floor windows of whorehouses, privates with their privates on display and working ladies were cheering me and my hapless armor column on. I responded as any Roman General would as he entered a conquered city: by flashing the Churchill "V" for victory salute.





When soldier sons die, mothers lie in graves of grief.



All at once menacing MPs descended upon me. "Are you crazy? You can't bring a tank into the village Lieutenant!" They shouted and not in a nice way. When asked my name, and without any hesitation, I answered "Lt Casey."

Miraculously nothing came of it for me. That was just my third day in Germany.



Did you hear the one about the sergeant  
who dreams he got out of the army,  
and woke up with a discharge in his hand?