

to protect himself at all times at all costs. By doing this he poses to deny you the privilege of obtaining a foothold on any matter which may force him into a corner where he would find himself obligated to defend himself. He accomplishes this very effectively as it always tends to place you on the defensive. Once you realize this however, you are able to use it to your advantage by probing both sides and playing both ends against the middle. Soon he becomes confused, involves himself in deep and complicated conversations in an attempt to explain his position and with a little time and patience he himself will exhaust the issue and lose himself in the vastness of his now very confused topic. Still I find myself learning a great deal from Stanley and regard his friendship highly.

22 March 1961 - Location: Tending station, field trip exercise
Nabuck, Germany.

I shall now relate the experience I encountered on a trip to Komerreuth to visit Theresa Newman. Some time ago I discovered that Theresa Newman

a woman here in Germany who has the stigmata & the wounds of Christ's crucifixion (wounds like wounds the wounds of the crown of thorns etc, was living in the little town of Kammersgruth about 100 miles north of Erfurt not far from the Czech border. Phillip and I (Phillip Rosado, my best buddy) decided to visit her so I made arrangements for a 3 day pass. Phill and I spent several hours at the train station and in classes trying to find the small town. we finally located it and together with John Conklin another buddy from Winstaker go there. John was not able to go but on the morning of March 31 1961 Phillip and I left Bay Barracks Kaserne in Friedberg, took a train to Frankfurt, purchased Round Trip tickets to Kammersgruth, (54 Marks) and while waiting for the train we had breakfast at the Bahnhof in Frankfurt, we bought a quantity of food and left on the train at 1000, our ride was rather pleasant but rather tiresome. There were several people in our compartment. a lady and her daughter, a older man, (a salesman) and a young lady who had done quite a lot of traveling and could speak English quite well. She had been to school in England for 2 years. I had a very nice conversation with her. She was 23. We discussed foods, history, travel etc. Phillip had quite a time with the other young lady and the mother. Phill and the girl were the same age and the

mother was overly anxious to ~~meet~~ ^{introduce} her,
to Phill. We ate ^{pretzels} and drank beer.
Phill read quite a lot in his book, the
Constitutions. At 1445 we arrived at
Bamberg. One of the men in our compartment
had told us that it would be easier for
us to make connections for Kamenitz
at Oberkotzow instead of Hoff so we
decided to get off there. We passed
some lovely scenery on the way. Small
towns and swift rivers. Most of the little
rivers were no more than small rills
that wound their way through the country side
like snakes. Phill liked the trip very much
and sat contented smoking his now famous
pipe. After arriving in Oberkotzow we waited
around the barhoff for a few minutes
and then took a train for Marktredwitz. We
had quite a little time to wait for our
next connection so we walked through the
center of town to find a gasthouse. Every one
stared at us as if we were the first G.I.'s
they had ever seen. We may very well have
been as we were in a very remote
section. We finally found a gasthouse
and ordered bread, butter, water, beer and
brokward. We paid for our meal with
a new 20. mark bill. (The German currency
has just issued a new 20 mark bill) and at
last we did. I think they would

accept it. They passed it from hand to hand to every one in the gasthouse, gave us our change and we left. We caught a train to Artyberg and had besides a man who spoke perfect English. He advised us that we should walk the distance from Artyberg to Komersent unless we wanted to wait till morning because there are no buses in the evening, the distance between these two towns is 6 KM. We arrived at Artyberg, bought several snap caps, bottles of beer and after obtaining directions we set off to Komersent. The road was all up hill. The first one was a lulu, at the top of the first hill we stopped and looked back. The little village of Artyberg lay beneath us and the lights twinkled in the haze below. A short while later we found a fork in the road and the road on the left had a large sign (white with black letters) which read, ATTENTION - 5 KM^{SP} to the CZECHOSLOVAKIA Border. We took the road to the right and stopped a couple of KM's down the road to ask if we were going in the correct direction. We were so we continued. We could see no evidence of a town and we were beginning to wonder after a while whether or not we were on the right road. Finally

after topping a small knoll it suddenly
 appeared before us. It looked very small.
 Phil finished his last snap cap and we walked
 into town. Just as we were walking into
 the town the church bells rang 9 o'clock. We
 went into the find and only 5 antelope we
 saw and asked directions to a hotel. There
 are no hotels in Kommeruth. We went to a
 inn and got a room there for the night.
 The room was small and very cold. We had
 no head or hot water. Toile facilities were
 very primitive. The beds were furnished
 with the typical German type bedding, large
 cuff like blankets. We had a very good meal
 before bedtime. Phil enjoyed the beer. It
 was served to him in a large (gross) ^{glass}
 mug. The hotel was built over the barn
 yard. There were numerous chickens, ducks,
 geese and roosters peaking at everything and
 scratching around the barn yard. The window
 of our room overlooks the village church
 and Theresa Newman's ^{house} just opposite the
 church. Next morning we were up at
 9:00 and after shaving with ice cold water
 we went down to breakfast at the Shors
 kitchen room. We had bread butter eggs and
 a kind of roasted meat which Philip greatly enjoyed.
 We also had pickles salad and water and
 beer. After breakfast we walked around

The town and went to Theresa Hennams
 home where we delivered a letter from
 Father Curran our Chaplain to Father Haber,
 an elderly priest (90 years old) who lives
 in the same house as Theresa Hennam.
 Theresa's sister answered the door and
 informed us that we would be
 unable to see her as she had undergone
 the agony the day before and was quite
 ill. We decided to see some of the
 country side so we set off on the road
 back to Artymberg and walked for the 5 km
 away. We walked down that road until we
 came to a small village. We walked
 partially in the woods and partially on
 the road. Whenever we heard a vehicle
 approach we both ducked into the woods.
 We knew we should not be there but
 we were both determined to see the
 Czechoslovakian border. We took another
 right when we came to a cross road
 and stopped to ask direction and speak to
 several people we met on the way. The
 farmers were all busy spreading fertilizer
 on their land and plowing. Here and there
 we saw a few specks of snow. We
 met a number of men chopping wood.
 They stalked it in strange round piles
 like giant hay stalks. Each pile was

very neat and piled with great care. The land looked very rich. we passed a very grand farmhouse and villa set off the road and surrounded with a wooden fence. It must have belonged to someone quite wealthy. Further down the road we met a large tractor with a trailer full of logs. we watched them for a while. we came across another cross road and upon inquiring from a farmer who was working near by we found that it was only two kilometers to the border and a small Czechoslovakian town. In all the fields we found crosses and little groves with religious statues as crosses. There were many along the road side and by ways. we walked slowly down the hill and took pictures of the little village below us. Just as we came within 150 yards of the village we heard a rattle behind us and two German (weird) police came flying down the hill on their bicycles and stoppers. They asked us who we were and asked for our passports, etc. we played dumb and acted as if we didn't know that the Russian border was so close and they let us take pictures of a large Russian observation post with a tall tower. afterwards we thanked them and left looking back at the closed point

I have ever come to the Communist border. Our original intentions were simply to talk a short quick walk through the town, take a few pictures and maybe a beer and leave without being noticed. Perhaps it is as well that we didn't have the chance. The East zone police might have grabbed us. We walked in the direction of a church steeple. We visited the church and had a couple beers in another gas house. We then headed in the direction of the Kopell, a large famous Church build in the center of the farming district. The sun was bright and the air was crisp, a perfect day for walking. Phil and I sat down every now and then and talked. Phillips understood so well.

The road we took was not a road but a farmers cow path. We had to skirt puddles and water holes. When we arrived at the top of little hills we always looked back. The scenery was stunning. The thick growth of dark green alpine black trees set against a back ground of blue sky with patches of light green and brown silt in patterns in the foreground. Here and there a river snaked its way through the country side. Just below the hill sat a small farm house with a barn and sheds. A small brook ran into a pond in the back yard and a number of

geese swam and ate around it. It looked like a painted Canvas I once saw in an art gallery. A picture puzzle I made when I was a boy. Entering Komersent we encountered a group of 5 or six geese and the old gander was ugly. For a while it seemed that we wouldn't get past them. He hissed, snaked his head along the ground in our direction and ruffled the feathers around his neck. He stamped the ground with his feet and fanned his wings vigorously. We made it without incident. When we got back to the village we went to a gathering in the center of the town. The gathering was filled with workers and farmers fresh from the fields seated at large, long tables drinking beer and listening to music from a juke box. We ordered beer and food and stayed there for sometime listening to them. They discussed everything from politics to crops. The room ^{was} furnished in rough wood and the walls were covered with antlers and a few old pictures. One large shelf was covered with trophies and large jars with inscriptions depicting various victories such as soccer games and singing contests by different participants in the town. Later that evening the owner put on a TV set that operated on 10PF pieces and we watched TV. Every now and then the set would stop

and the manager would have to put another 10 Pfr piece in it. One of the programs featured a singer who sang ~~the~~ Figaro, from the barber of Seville. He sang it in German and did an extraordinary job. We left and returned to our room and ordered supper. After supper we sat around and ate and drank beer and water. Only men were present in both quarters, no women. Women never even entered the quarters. A couple of times women came to call for their husbands and in each case they knocked, spoke through the door and the man left. We were sitting in the main room where there was much card playing and beer drinking. In a large room just off from this room we could hear a lot of singing going on. Every now and then one of the waiters or waitresses would bring us another round of beer and when she opened the door we could hear it quite clearly. It sounded real inviting so after a while I asked one of the men if we could go in and listen to them and he said of course so we took our drinks and went in. There were 18 men sitting at a long table each with a glass of beer or some other liquor in front of them along with several music booklets and song sheets. They turned out to be the local church choir. The room was their practicing room and they always used

I'd several times a week to harmonize.
 They were considered a special group, along
 the walls were a number of certificates and
 plaques ~~was~~ proof of their accomplishments.
 In there and of the way places these
 types of activities are an old traditional
 way of getting together. Like the old American
 working bee and quilting parties. The singing was
 some of the most beautiful I have ever heard.
 The Germans are natural born singers and
 started as children. By the time they are
 teenagers they have a lot of experience in
 singing. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and
 didn't leave until the singing was
 over. We then went to our rooms and
 prepared for bed. The room was colder
 than ever and we could see our breath. We
 decided to build a fire in the stove in our
 room so we went down to the barnyard
 and hunted for wood to burn. We had noticed
 there a chopping wood the day before so we
 looked around and managed to scrape up
 enough wood to last us the night. We
 took our pen knives and shaved enough
 shavings to start a fire. We finally
 managed to get the room to a comfortable
 temperature and then after I had taken
 my notes up to date we went to
 bed.

We were up at 0700 and after breakfast we
 went to church at 0830. The Mass was lovely
 and there were many lovely and unusual
 rituals including the procession of the
 blessing of the Candles. After mass we
 went to the village store. It was closed
 but we went around to the back and
 were allowed to enter. The store
 sold everything from candy to clothes.
 We bought some goodies to eat on the
 train and a number of post cards. Phil
 bought his mother a set of religious Candles.
 We took a private auto (a sort of taxi) to
 Cortegrande and took a train from there to
 Markedunty at 1346. At Markedunty we
 looked over the town and nothing was
 open so we decided to wait at the
 dining room at the barndorf. While we
 were sitting at our table eating a
 large man came over to the door and
 peered in. He watched us for a while
 and then went around to the window
 and look in at us. A few minutes later
 he came back to the door and after
 watching us for a little while he came
 in and joined us at our table. Phillip and
 I had noticed him and Phillip stared at
 him and motioned to him so that he knew
 we had noticed him. We ordered beer

for three and he started asking us questions. We spoke to him only in German and to each other only in Spanish and French. He had no idea that we were Americans; after a short while he told us that he was a Communist. We had already guessed that so we were prepared for this barrage of questions. After a while his company became a bit distasteful so we began to insist on him in an effort to persuade him to leave. He (the Communist) ordered 2 drinks (Cascos) and as soon as they arrived Phillip drank them both down in succession. This was not enough; he insisted on remaining. Then Phillip ordered another and drank that down also. Finally I thought of a way that would surely get rid of him. I reached down in my hand bag (over night bag) and adjusted the settings on my camera. While he was gone to the latrine I arranged with Phill to suggest a toast and I would quickly get up and snap his picture. When he returned Phill said "Let's toast". He picked up his glass and I said "May I take a picture" and immediately jumped up and snapped his picture. I rolled another picture in place and was about to snap another when he threw his hands up in front of his face shouting "Nix photo, Nix photo."

I managed to sneak another few
 photos. I don't think he noticed the
 last one. He remained with us at
 the table, however, and we told him
 in no uncertain terms that we
 didn't want him sitting with us.
 Finally I told Phillip that we should sit
 at another table and we got up and
 left him sitting there and took another
 table some distance away. He sat there
 for a while and then got up and left
 the dining room. Before leaving he spoke
 to the waiter and manager. I didn't
 hear what he said but I believe he
 asked them to call the police. He walked
 around the dining room for sometime
 peering in the windows and the door
 observing us. After a while he appeared
 with two German Police. I saw him
 speaking with them outside. They
 entered but he remained outside. They
 walked over to our table thinking that we
 were other than American. He apparently had
 told them that we were not Americans. "Let
 me see your credentials". We immediately
 produced our DA-31's, ID cards, etc. They seemed
 slightly taken aback and switched their
 attention to my camera. Did you take his
 picture they asked? Yes, I answered he

was drinking with my friend and
 that I thought it would be a good gesture
 to take a photo so I took one. They asked
 to see my camera so I showed it to
 them but didn't let it out of my hands
 and made it very plain that I was not
 going to part with it. It was only a few
 minutes till our train so I took my bag
 and Phil and I left for the train track where
 we waited a couple of minutes and boarded
 a train to Nurnberg ^{at 1740}. We didn't see our
 common friend anywhere around. We ate
 on the train and shared our lunch with three
 fellow passengers. The sun was setting and
 we took pictures. It was a lovely sight
 we watched the sun disappear over the
 mountains. We arrived in Nurnberg at
 1933. We ate at the Bahnhof and then took
 a short foot tour of the city. Nurnberg was
 lovely at night. Particularly the churches. Very
 impressive. There was a lot of building and
 construction going on. One day Nurnberg will
 be a great attraction. We left by train to Frankfurt
 at 2159. Phil slept most of the way. There wasn't
 much to see as it was quite dark now. We
 arrived in Frankfurt at 1340 where we ate
 and left by train for Friedberg at 0445. We
 arrived in Friedberg at 0545 on 6 March 1961.
 Thus ended one of the most unusual trips

I have ever taken. I am looking forward to returning to Kommerreuth soon!

1 April 1961 - Vilseck Germany

Today was April fools day and the usual horseplay that accompanies such an occasion was prevalent throughout the battery. On Good Friday, 31 March 1961, I went to Kommerreuth, Germany to visit the famous Theresa Neumann. I had made arrangements through Major Costello and Col. Barnhart to use vehicles for the trip so we loaded all the men who wanted to go into 2- $\frac{3}{4}$ ton trucks (Hq 19 and Hq 22) and started out for Kommerreuth. We left Vilseck at 0600 hours. It was raining very hard and. The rain was coming down in torrents. The men who came were as follows. M/Sgt Williams, Donovan Lazzaro, Walter Withrow, Miller (A Bty), Murphy, Hq Div arty, Odriscoll Hq Div arty, Pasttrack Hq Div arty, Richard Savageau, Robert Schultz, James White, James Mc Fadden, Thomas Sogler, William Mahi, Lorenzo Tobella, John Shannon, Robert F. Holl and myself. We arrived at Kommerreuth at 0705. There was already a large crowd when we arrived gathered about her home. I went to the little Gasthaus where we had stayed at when visiting Kommerreuth the month before and looked up a man who is married to Theresa