

Nazi Pillaged People of Troina Creep From Hovels To Welcome Allied Troops

By DON WHITEHEAD
WITH U. S. SEVENTH ARMY AT TROINA, Aug. 6 (Delayed)—(AP)—The miserable frightened people of Troina—their homes pillaged of food by retreating Germans—crept into the streets of their village today to welcome victorious American troops.

For five days and nights these bedraggled, gray-faced men, women and children huddled in mortal terror while the most savage fighting of the Sicilian campaign raged on ridges and valleys around their town. They lived like cattle in dark, filthy stone houses and cellars through bombing and cannonading, but today they could come again into the sunlight without fear.

In Shambles
At 8:15 a. m. the first American troops, led by Company Commander Lieut. Everett Booth, East Chicago, Ill., marched into Troina. The fighting first had done it again, but the troops found Troina in shambles—an unhappy city of pain, fear and misery.

The Americans were told two days ago that all civilians had been evacuated from Troina but the people told us that the Germans had refused to let them leave; they even took shoes away from many.

The enemy had many troops stationed in the town and supplies poured through Troina, making it necessary for American planes to pound the place for three days to close this line of communications.

Rich, Fascists Left
"Rich people and fascists were permitted to leave," said one woman bitterly. "The Germans didn't care what happened to the rest of us. They

thought only of themselves and took what they wanted with them."

Our last drive on Troina began at dawn this morning as Major Charles (Chuck) Horner, Doylestown, Pa., led his battalion down shell-scarred hills west of the city, which sits on a rocky promontory rising above all avenues of approach.

I marched with troops as they climbed from dusty foxholes and advanced.

Strafed
Before we reached our objective we were strafed, dive-bombed and sniped at—but at last enemy resistance crumbled. From the valley we could see civilians waving white flags and hear them chattering like magpies on the cliffs above.

I toiled with Booth's company up a steep slope, scrambled around a bomb crater big enough to dump a house into. Then we were in the lower streets of Troina—streets blocked by masses of stone and whole houses blasted from their moorings by the terrific force of bomb explosions.

It looked as though the mountain had erupted and hurled these stones into the streets.

Ghosts of Troina
Then through this awful wreckage came what might have been ghosts of Troina. They came arm in arm—two mumbling old women in black. Our troops stopped as if an unseen hand had stayed their march.

Down the dusty column of troops lining both sides of the street walked the two old women, scuffing up gray dust which powdered everything nearby.

They looked neither to right nor left. They spoke to no one. No one spoke to them. Arm in arm they walked slowly down the length of the column and disappeared among the wreckage like two wraiths.

Town Square
Then we climbed the steep, torn streets to the town square which overlooked the valley to the east through which the Germans were retreating.

Company commanders and carabinieri gathered in the Municipal hall to organize security and defenses as more than 300 axis prisoners were brought in. Rose Pennisi, a neat, middle-

aged little woman walked up and said in perfect English: "We Americans are so happy you are here at last."

With her were her American-born twin daughters, Mildred and Sata, and a son, Vincent. She and her husband, Angelo, had operated a millinery store in New York City, until 1929 when Angelo decided to return to his native Sicily. They had set up shop in Catania but were forced to flee when the allies started bombing that city.

Beg Clothes
"The people are happy the Americans are here," she said. "I swear to God that's true. Most Italians don't want to fight. Italian soldiers have been going from house to house begging civilian clothes."

I walked through a passage way into the basement of a thick-walled Norman church built in the 12th century. Here was the black hell of Troina. Scores upon scores of people were living all over one another. The stench of sweating bodies, garlic and human excrement was appalling.

Guard Bundles
Each family had brought bundles of bedding and clothing and food which they guarded jealously; no one moved lest another usurp his few feet of space. Children climbed over one another and over their parents. Babies whimpered in the damp darkness. A father nearby fed a year-old child with meat and beans from army rations.

"There was no milk," Mildred explained. "Many of these children are starving." These people were crammed into two rooms. A third room was filled with debris from a bomb hit.

Staring Old Men
Along one wall a row of old men stared listlessly into space. They seemed to have neither strength nor the will to move. Next to them a wounded man groaned while another held him in his arms and wept.

He looked at me and said in broken English: "The great Mussolini did this."

Candle Light
At night these cavernous rooms were lit by the flickering glow of one small candle and, while scared eyes stared at him, a monk said special prayers for the deliverance of the people as he stood beneath the image of a crucified Christ.

Perhaps there was divine protection for these people—on the floor above them in the main cathedral was an unexploded 500-pound bomb.

One bomb smashed a hole in the roof of the church piling debris over the image of Saint Sylvester, the patron saint of Troina.

Through this hole poured a shaft of bright sunlight which strangely illuminated the altar. In the midst of this wreckage, his rifle and helmet beside him, an American soldier knelt humbly in prayer.

Young oysters swim for only 48 hours, then settle down in one spot for life.

MEN AND WOMEN IN SERVICE

THREE SONS IN SERVICE
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Eastman of 2120 Madison street have three



sons in the service. Sergeant Robert (Bob) Eastman is now somewhere in the South Seas. He has been in service for three years and is now 22 years old. Private First Class James (Jim) Eastman is 24 and is doing

MP duty. Private First Class Rex is also doing MP duty and is at Keaster field with the air corps. His parents have received word that he has passed his aerial gunners test. Rex is 26 years old.

Following her husband into the service, Elaine Mock, former Klamath Falls resident, has been ordered to report to Fort Des Moines, Ia., for training with the WAC. Harold Mock left last Saturday for Fort Lewis. Mrs. Mock is the daughter of Mrs. Edith McLeod of Klamath Falls, and attended school here for several years. She has been working in Portland and enrolled in the WAC in July.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Zumwalt of Portland, and formerly of Klamath Falls have two sons in the armed forces. PFC James Zumwalt of the marine corps and somewhere in the South Pacific is expected home soon on a furlough after spending 18 months in overseas duty.

John Z. Zumwalt is now in the navy and his address is: Co. 526-43 Camp Scott, U. S. Naval Training Station, Farragut, Ida.

Word has just been received here that First Lieutenant John Vaughn, son of Mrs. Louise Vaughn of this city, has been promoted to captain. Captain

Vaughn has been in Africa since November, 1942.

CAMP HOOD, Tex.—Robert H. Trelease, who lives at Klamath Falls, received his commission as second lieutenant in the army of the United States at the tank destroyer officer candidate school at Camp Hood.

The officer candidate course at the tank destroyer school consists of 13 weeks of intensive training, and includes 550 hours of instruction in weapons, tactics, automotive vehicles, radio, and military administration.

TULELAKE—A native grass skirt and a fish hook about 24 inches long made of hemp, bone, shells, and beads, were gifts sent from the Solomons by Pharmacist Mate 2/c Billy Ganger to his sister, Gerry Ganger, for her sixteenth birthday, August 6. The young folks are son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ganger.

Young Ganger has been in active service for many months and recently wrote home that, "We have been pretty busy." The family is hoping for a visit soon with Paul Rackleff, brother of Mrs. T. W. Laird, Klamath Falls, who has been with their son in the Solomons area and who is being returned to the states for schooling. Mr. and Mrs. Laird are former residents of Merrill. Rackleff plans a visit with the Lairds and other relatives this fall.

SEATTLE, Aug. 11 (AP)—The national forests of Oregon and Washington returned receipts of \$3,445,733, of which 25 per cent will be returned to the states, during the last fiscal year. A. H. Cousins, regional forest service fiscal agent, reported today. Washington forest receipts were \$2,035,419 and Oregon's \$1,410,314.

National Forests Return Receipts

Classified Ads Bring Results.

PFC William Jenkins Home From Service On Guadalcanal
PFC and Mrs. William K. Jenkins arrived in Klamath Falls on Tuesday to spend a 30-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jenkins, of 1233 Pacific Terrace. During his furlough period, they will go on to Tacoma for a visit with Mrs. Jenkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fry.

Jenkins enlisted in the marines in November, 1941, and was stationed in San Diego until October, 1942, when he went overseas with his unit. He was on Guadalcanal from December 31 until the latter part of February, 1943. He contracted malaria while on the island, and was at a hospital at a South Seas base for several months and was returned about a month ago to the naval hospital at Oakland for treatment.

At the expiration of his furlough on September 8, he will report at the hospital in Oakland. First used by the navy as a patrol plane in the early 1930's, Consolidated P2Y-2s are still used as trainers at Pensacola, Fla.

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