

A Story I Have Told Many Times.

by Harold Bly, 325-D, Medical Battalion

It concerns 100th Division dental surgeon Major Milton Meyers, Capt L. B. Weis, and Capt Harold Bly. The latter two were members of Company D, 325 Medical Battalion.

I have to preface this story by saying that my father was a bakery supply salesman. His territory ran from western Massachusetts, through New Hampshire and southern Maine. He drove about 45,000 miles a year. His car was very important to him. His Essex was the greatest car made. It got fifteen miles to a gallon. It could go from zero to thirty miles per hour in twenty seconds. It had only one flaw. In cold weather, you had to push it to get it started. Much of my youth was spent pushing my father's Essex.

Now a change of scene. We are in Germany, the war is over. Two buddies and I acquire the home of an SS colonel whose fifty year-old wife would "housekeep" for us. We liked her and called her "Mama". We also acquired an illegal Jeep. It worked fine with one exception. In cold weather you had to push it to start it. One snowy morning, Les and I were pushing. Milt was riding (he out-ranked us). I looked up and saw that "Mama" had joined the "pushers". I said, "Mama, you shouldn't be pushing." "It's alright she said, before the war, we had an Essex."

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