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TO THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE 100TH CAV. RCN. TR.:

As this booklet goes to press, there are a few things I would like to mention in connection with the past activities of this organization since I have been Troop Commander.

Having joined the unit only a short while before it was ordered to duty overseas, it was difficult and almost impossible for me to ascertain the strong points and limitations with which the Troop was soon to go into combat. It takes time for the commanding officer of a group of men this size to learn to what extent he may depend on the efforts of both the officers and enlisted men under his command and, consequently, how to employ same to the best advantage of all concerned. The only logical course for me to take in order to become acquainted with this Troop was to become a diligent observer and consultant until I could get the lay of the land.

After a week or so of observing the work of the individuals and different sections of the unit, I realized that the outfit was in an advanced stage of training and felt that I could rely on all branches with fullest confidence to carry out any assigned task. And it was proved in later days that my confidence was to be rewarded.

I wish to thank all members of this Reconnaissance Troop, past and present, both Officers and Enlisted Men, for the splendid and wholehearted cooperation they have given in every instance. I feel certain that our pleasant relationship will continue in the future in whatever tasks we shall be called upon to perform.

WALTER S. ROSS
Captain, Cavalry
Commanding.

INTRODUCTION

The most tragic and difficult aspect about writing the history of a military organization is that the historian must confine himself, for the sake of brevity and clarity, to a mere chronicle of highlighted events concerning the unit. Omitted must be the emotions that teamwork, pride, individual heartbreak, suffering, fun at work or off-duty naturally convey. At best, this or any other history of its kind can be little more than an outline in the "lest we forget" theme.

Unmentioned but not forgotten will be the long chain of memories welded together into a tradition by the sharing of common purposes during the past months. In somewhat the same spirit as that of a bunch of boys in the neighborhood getting together for a game of sandlot baseball, not forgetting the serious reasons behind it all, we were banded together for the purpose of making one of the most powerful and well-trained armies in the world. As significant of this spirit and as instrumental in achieving its ends as any other part of the army, we feel that our own unit is an example.

From the first memories of draft boards, processing, long train rides, orientation lectures, hot and back-breaking marches in the sand, endless hours of range-firing in the cold and in the heat, and the first furloughs, to more train rides, motor marches, final processing, life-jackets, seasickness, "sweating out" missions, mines, and "88's" from day to day, is a vivid story that most of us will never forget. From the time all of us were "rookies" walking an interior guard post, trying to remember General Orders and keeping a weather eye peeled for the Officer of the Day, to the dark, cold, rainy nights on some lonely outpost where we stood for hours that seemed like years, trying to make out shadows among shadows and hearing stealthy footsteps in every raindrop that fell from the trees or eaves of the house — there is an individual story that each of us might tell.

It is hoped that our resume here will serve as a brief outline, to date, of the experiences of the group who lived together, worked

together and fought together under the Guidon of the 100th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop. Perhaps, after our Army life is over and we are civilians again, we may dust off this narrative and, employing the memories it recalls, recount to our wives, children, and grandchildren some of the personal incidents that befell us. Perhaps if two or more of us should chance to gather over a cold beer in the distant future, this brief account may serve to maintain some basis of fact regarding incidents that time and imagination are bound to distort — not that it is likely to matter over a glass or so of cold beer!

Without the industry and devotion to duty, both during training and actual combat, of each individual member or branch of the Troop, this "history" would have been impossible. In all probability, it would not have happened — or we would not be alive to tell it. With these thoughts in mind, we present you this booklet.

THE AUTHOR.





In the States

To most of us, the history of this Troop began when we arrived for assignment at Fort Jackson, S.C., in the Winter of '42. It all began when we stepped off the train, fresh from Reception Center, dressed in shapeless OD's, braidless overseas caps sitting at all angles on our heads, and weary backs sagging with the weight of a couple of barracks bags over our shoulders. Our first memories are of being sorted into groups and carted off to some of the larger units in the Division to await final assignment.

As a matter of fact, and for the record, it is interesting to note that technically the 100th Reconnaissance Troop existed prior to our introduction

to it. On June 24, 1921, there were formed on paper two Infantry Brigades, the 199th and the 200th, which constituted an organized reserve allotted to the Fifth Corps Area. These units were never activated, however, and their existence was kept alive deep in the archives of the War Department in Washington until January 30, 1942. On that date our paper existence became a real existence. The Headquarters and Headquarters Companies of these two brigades were joined and redesignated the 100th Reconnaissance Troop, 100th Division.

Physically, the formation of the Troop as a combat organization started with the arrival of a cadre of 18 non-

commissioned officers from the 76th Recon. Troop, Ft. Meade, Md., (a few of them being originally with the 1st Division) and 8 officers from the 115th Cavalry Regt., Mecz., and the Replacement Pool, Ft. Riley, Kansas. This nucleus arrived at Ft. Jackson about the middle of October '42 and immediately began the task of making habitable that mixture of tarpaper, hutments and sand which was to be our home for the next few months. Formal activation ceremonies were held November 15, and the 100th Division actually came into being.

During the following 6 weeks, "fillers" began to join the Troop with increasing regularity. They were mostly selectees from the New England States, coming from induction stations at Camp Upton, N.Y., and Ft. Devens, Mass., although large numbers were received from Ft. Jackson, S.C., Ft. Bragg, N.C., and Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. Some of the earlier arrivals will remember those trains pulling in at the siding at all hours of the day and night disgorging their contents of civilians in uniform who looked like anything but potential soldiers. The word would be around the breakfast table the following morning, "Guess we'll get some more 'rookies' today. Heard some more trains come in last night!" This comment came from "old soldiers" with service ranging from 3 days to 3 weeks. The difference of being one day in the organization meant the difference between having a feeling of superiority or inferiority at that stage of the game.

By the latter part of December a greater part of the Troop had been assembled, and we were ready to start

basic training. However, during the previous days, we had not been idle. We were being taught the fundamentals of Close-Order Drill, more Close-Order Drill, Military Courtesy, Interior Guard Duty, Personal Hygiene, Sanitation, and all the necessary evils that go into making a good garrison and field soldier. Some of us were getting our first or second taste of KP, Latrine Orderly, Table Waiter, etc. For most of us the Christmas Dinner that year was the first one we had ever eaten away from home. In spite of the fact that we have dreamed many times of being able to eat another meal in the Army that would compare with it, there was a decided loss of appetite and lack of Yuletide Spirit.

Officially, we began our 14 weeks of Basic Training on December 28,



1942, maintaining a rigorous schedule that left us little time to be homesick — preparation for range firing of all weapons, hikes, obstacle courses, classes, classes, and more classes, and Close-Order Drill! Remember our

sojourn at the Leesburg Range? We were living in pyramidal tents, more often referred to as "igloos", and the men from the North and East just couldn't believe it ever became that cold down South. We were wearing so many clothes that it was even harder



to "keep that left elbow under and right one up"! It was there that we had our first taste of pulling and pasting targets. That march back from the range on the first warm day of the year ranks along with the 25-miler in the list of unpleasant memories.

In mid-February we took part in the first in a series of reviews staged by the Division at Ancrum Ferry Field. About that time, too, we pitched shelter halves and displayed full field equipment in a XII Corps Command Inspection made by General Simpson. By the end of March we had completed our Basic and passed Corps tests with flying colors. We were "shaping up" as individual soldiers and a working unit. We had lost a

greater part of the men who were a little old for the game or who had been lost in the medical shuffle at the Reception Centers and later found to be physically unfit. Then we were ready for our first and much-anticipated furloughs.

Those were the days when we had, among other things now almost forgotten, "acting gadgets" with their coveted armbands. Some of them were men with previous military training and others were picked for their natural initiative and leadership ability. Many of these former "gadgets" are now our non-coms. Never to be forgotten are the bikes we had at that time, and the "hell-bent-for-election" riders who apparently had no worries over the loss of life or limb. They took those dusty, South Carolina roads in stride, weaving in and out of a convoy with the ease that most of us have in sitting down to the table to eat a meal. Most of them never forgave the powers that be for taking their bikes away.



IN THE FIELD

During the months that followed we were living in the field much of the time, conducting the memorable "D" Exercises with the rest of the division. Drivers were getting experience

Always overhead, and much of the time working with us, were B 25's from Columbia Air Base. We became as well acquainted with them as we were to become with C 47's at Ft. Bragg the following year. At one time, we had dive bombers from Congaree Air



with their jeeps and scout cars; radio operators were getting field-wise in the operation and maintenance of sets; mechanics, the supply, and mess elements were learning to take care of the organization without the experience of garrison facilities.

Base "strafing" and "bombing" us with flour bombs to make it more realistic. It was there that we learned the real meaning of "pup tent", when "Trooper", the first mascot we had, was born in one of the tents, along with 7 brothers and sisters. He later



went AWOL from Fort Bragg and has since been chalked up in the records as a deserter.

We were introduced to the local variety of chiggers and mosquitoes and spent many valuable training



hours scratching bites of the same. There were some "king-size" specimens of snakes in those South Carolina swamps. Troopers who were unfortunate enough to have been on the famous "azimuth problem" at Poinsetta State Park will bear witness to that. It was just before and during



this period that we were losing so many valuable men to the Air Corps and ASTP.

It was from Jackson that we conducted our original practice motor marches. The first was down to the coast at Jamestown, S. C. and back. The excursion that will linger longest in our memory, perhaps, is the 3-day march to Blowing Rock, N. C., stopping overnight at Lake Lure. At Blowing Rock we learned the real hospitality of North Carolinians, when, after we stood formal retreat for them in the afternoon, they entertained us with a dance at one of the large resort hotels that evening.

MANEUVERS

In the early Fall of '43 we finished that phase of our training and were ordered to participate in Tennessee Maneuvers, along with the 35th and 87th Infantry Divisions, the 14th Armored Division, and numerous special units. Leaving Fort Jackson on November 15, we ran a 3-day convoy to the outskirts of Lebanon, Tenn., stopping one night in Athens, Ga., and the second night in Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. At that time Oglethorpe was a training base for WACs and they staged a dance for the units bivouacking on the post for the night. That was one of the few GI dances in military history boasting more women than men.

For the 8 weeks that followed, the men of the Recon Troop, and the division as a whole, learned to live under field conditions that as closely approximated actual combat as possible. We went cold, hungry, dirty, and without adequate sleep for days at a time. The combat platoons, as well as headquarters, experienced the inconvenience that freaks of the weather and unanticipated changes of orders ("de-



pending on the situation and terrain") can bring. We began to realize what it meant to have vehicles and men "knocked out" by the "enemy", even though they only went back to the "Black Flag Area" for a stipulated time.

Names like Smyrna, Rome, Carthage, Statesville, Holloway, Temperance Hall, Hunter's Point, Cedar Point, and Tucker's Crossroads became as much a part of our vocabulary as "chow" and "scout car". We learned about night crossings on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. It became a common occurrence to see weary doughboys marching all day in the muck and mire, so weary at night they could lie down with one blanket on the rocks and sleep the slumber of exhaustion. At times, we were issued pigeons by the Signal Company to furnish emergency communications. They still accuse us of eating them



when the going got rough for rations, because they never got them back.

Then there were the umpires with their white armbands, waving red, white or blue flags. We encountered the usual road-blocks and "blown" bridges and had to bypass. The musical tinkle of a cowbell became the signal to "get the hell out" of that particular vicinity, for it meant ar-



tillery firing into the area. More than anything else, we began to see the value of accurate and adequate reconnaissance, to higher headquarters.

There were always passes on weekends to Nashville, where it was possible to get a shower, haircut, shoe-shine, decent bed to sleep in, and a few drinks. There would always be dances at the "Y" to bring one back in contact with civilization again. At times the convoy would have to run as much as 60 miles to get to the city, but there were always takers for the passes. Our second Christmas in the Troop was perhaps the most miserable that any of us had ever spent. Rain came down in torrents,



and mud was knee-deep all over the hillside on which we were bivouacked.

To the Troop as a whole, maneuvers left a memory of interminable rain, mud, cold, snow, trying to evade capture by the "Reds" or "Blues" (whatever the "enemy" happened to be), and long nights of driving blackout



on narrow, muddy roads without sleep for hours on end. It meant assembling in a new area and cleaning of vehicles and equipment at the end of each problem. At the same time,

maneuvers recall nights around campfires with a case of beer sitting in the shadows just outside the circle and plenty more where that one came from. Then there would be the guitar or accordian with music and the night would usually be rounded out with a community songfest that probably kept farmers awake for miles around. And remember what good hot chow the civilians around there would hand out when the going got rugged? There were many nights spent in the warmth of a hayloft in the maneuver area.

ON TO BRAGG

Maneuvers were over, and we left Cookeville, Tenn., to go by motor convoy to our new home at Ft. Bragg, N. C. When we arrived there on January 17, '44, those double-decker barracks looked more like heaven-on-earth to the veterans of the campaign than any spot in the world, before or since. To sleep once more on cots, between clean sheets; to have the facilities for keeping clean-showers and wash basins; to eat out of porcelain dishes, sitting at a table; to be able to go into Fayetteville on pass during the week and over the week-

end; to attend movies, dances and other normal social affairs; to go once more to the PX for cokes and beer: these were comforts that most of us seemed to have forgotten existed. Though we were in the field for only



8 weeks, it had seemed like months to most of us, and we were happy to return to a garrison existence.

The Troop was not destined to be idle in the ensuing months. On February 1, an administrative supply inspection was held to determine the state of our equipment after 2 months in the field. After allowing time for personnel to take furloughs, we were launched upon an advanced training schedule. The new program put much stress on physical fitness, and a great part of our time was allotted to athletics. At this time there was little living in the field. We had finally received our new M8 Armored Cars just before the end of maneuvers, and now the drivers assigned to these





vehicles had to take their training. The rest of the crew — the gunners, radio operators, and car commanders must now learn to operate and care for the radios and weapons in the cars. Many hours were spent in garrison and in the field in the accomplishment of this end.

On February 20, a series of Combat Intelligence Tests were conducted by the XIII Corps. Remember how we crawled under barbed wire, crept and crawled from one foxhole to another, and crossed a stream in the proper GI fashion? The testing officers asked us how we would walk on sand, leaves, and brush. We had to take a compass reading, back-azimuth, and crawl up to an OP as we had been taught. That was the first in a long series of tests we were to get on Coolyconch Mountain.

In April, we were given the honor of escorting Secretary of War Henry

L. Stimson and other War Department bigwigs from Pope Field to the parade grounds behind the Division Area. The occasion was the presentation ceremonies of the first Expert Infantryman Badge to be awarded to a doughboy in the States. That inaugurated a series of dress parades by our new armored cars. Later in the month, we provided a formal escort for newsmen from some of the most



popular journals in the country. A review was held for them by the entire division.

For the Fifth War Loan Drive on June 12, we had a delegation from



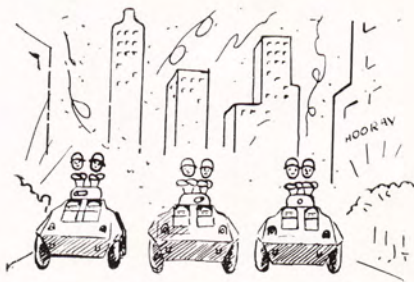
the Second Platoon accompany the now famous New York Battalion to that city. Most of the men, who participated in that affair, were from the New England States and managed either to get home or to have their families meet them in New York. While newsreel cameras ground on the sidelines, our vehicles, with the rest of the battalion, rolled down Fifth Avenue. Three days later another parade was held in honor of Infantry Day. These men had many tales to tell when they returned the following week-end, soot-begrimed after riding all the way back on flat cars with the vehicles.

Later in June, the Troop went on a week's bivouac to Myrtle Beach, S. C. Although a training schedule was maintained, there was much free time

for swimming and walking along the beach with the girls. (Those were the pre - Non - Fraternization days!) At nearby Fort Fisher, we did some anti-aircraft firing of weapons. We also fired our 37's at floating targets.

Everyone who was a member of the Troop at the time will remember the XVIII Corps Physical Fitness Tests. That's where we ran the zig-zag course, did the 100-yards dash piggy-back, push-ups and burpies. To cap it all off, there was a fast 4-mile hike (with pack), and we had a 6 x 6 truck equipped with fire extinguishers to pump water on us along the route of march and prevent us from burning out valves. It was a problem to figure out who was carrying who when the thing was over.

When we think of Ft. Bragg, there are visions of the long and crowded bus-rides into Fayetteville. The Town Pump near the bus station became a favorite meeting place. Remember



WELCOME
N.Y. BATTALION

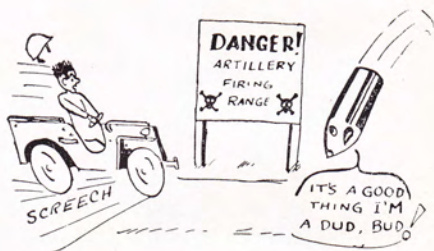
how we went swimming in the murky waters of McFadden's Pond, and how it was impossible to go down Plank Road or Chicken Road on certain days because of artillery fire on the range?



There were always the C 47's and gliders playing around overhead. Remember the Market House that stood in the center of Hay and Person Streets? There was a "hock shop" on the corner which took care of our rings and watches most of the time. The sidewalks were so crowded on Saturday night that it was almost impossible to walk on them. Then there were the waiting lines for the movies which

extended down the side street and we would match to see who bought the popcorn.

About the last of August '44, we started getting our equipment in shape for overseas shipment. There was packing, packing, packing, and more packing. We were working day and night as well as Sundays and it left little time for anything else. Everything had to be processed and packed according to specifications. The week before we left, most of the work had been finished, and we had most of the time for recreation and "good-bye" passes with our wives, sweethearts and friends.





ON THE WAY

Accompanied by stirring martial music of the Division Band, we boarded the train on the morning of September 28 to join the rest of the division at Camp Kilmer, N.J. Upon arrival at Kilmer, we were assigned temporary quarters and set about the business of final processing and preparations for shipment. That weekend all the men in the Troop were given passes to New York City. For many of us, it was the first trip to the Big City and we visited many of the scenic spots such as bars, etc. Since many of the men lived in New Jersey, New York and vicinity, it was an opportunity for a final farewell. For all of us, it was a "good-bye" gesture to the States.

On the afternoon of October 5, we donned a full pack and marched off to the station. That moment for which

we had been preparing for almost two years had finally arrived, and it was greeted with a respectful silence. We had a letter and a number chalked on the front and back of our helmets for ease in loading and unloading. On the ride to the ferry we were drinking in gulps of good old American sight and sound to store up in memory. Naturally we took our last



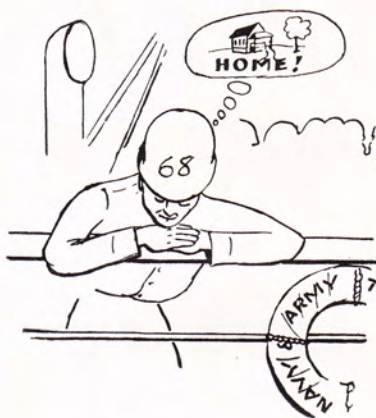


long look at the Lady With the Torch and said fond farewell to her.

None of us will ever forget that back-breaking walk to get on the ferry and then from the ferry to our bunks aboard ship. With those leaden packs cutting furrows into our shoulders, and half dragging our duffle bags, we finally managed to stagger on. The Red Cross girls who came around with coffee and chocolate

were veritable "Angels of Mercy". As we walked up the gangplank, a checker called out our last name in a tone of boredom, and we responded with our first name and middle initial in the approved GI fashion. Finally, after dragging our impedi-
mentia all around the deck, we threw our duffle bags down the hatch, threw ourselves after them, climbed into hammocks and breathed a sigh of relief with that last ounce of energy.

We were ready to sail.



Overseas

When we awoke on the morning of October 6, 1944, after spending our first night below, we expected to be many miles at sea. But to our surprise when we were allowed to go on deck, we were still tied up at the pier. For the majority, it was the first time aboard ship. We stood around in groups listening to the water slap the sides of the S.S. McAndrews. Sea gulls swooped down over the oily water, and tugs plied back and forth in the harbor. From over the walls and buildings beyond came the noise of city traffic.

Soon the order came for everyone to get below and we knew we were about to shove off. Rumors began to run riot as to where we would land on the other side, and just how long the crossing would take. Not long afterwards, we were given permission to go on deck again. There was a mad dash for the hatches. We were far enough at sea to be out of sight of land. An inbound convoy passed us, and our own escort began to cut in and out of the formation. Then the first hint of dizziness and nausea that accompany seasickness began to overtake some of us. "This division will never go overseas." Oh, no!

During the first couple of days, we spent much time getting acquainted with nautical terms and apparatus that the layman can understand.

(However, many of us still don't know the difference between "starboard" and "port".) We found that there were certain areas Off Limits to passengers, and that sometimes it was difficult to find a spot for sprawling, without getting trampled to death by wanderers. Through sad experience, some of us learned that it was "taboo" to be caught away from our bunks without the "Mae West". Spots at the rail were always at a premium during daylight hours.

Loud screams of protest rent the quiet sea air when someone informed us that there would be classes and calisthenics during the voyage. Remember how, even after we got some semblance of sea-legs, you could see the deck coming up to meet you when you stretched to touch your toe during the "hut, two, tree, fours"? Our first introduction to the French language was on the promenade deck, listening to the instructor talk through his nose, and thumbing through the little blue-backed book looking for choice phrases to our advantage. We found out that there was more to it than "Ou allez-vous, Melle.?" "Comment vous appelez-vous, s'il vous plait?" and "Couchez avec". "Vin rouge" and "vin blanc" came in for a big count; but during that period we had not been introduced to eau de vie and schnapps. Many

of us learned to count up to ten, and our intentions were honorable.

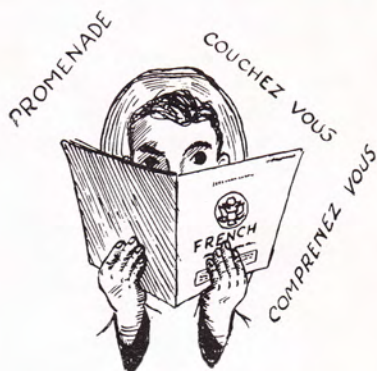
It was on our sixth day out that we ran into the gale. For 48 hours wind screamed through the rigging, and the ship was tossed about like a sailboat. For reasons of safety, no one was allowed to go above during that time. It became almost impossible



to walk from bunk to latrine without breaking a leg. What with the stuffiness of the hold and the continuous bouncing about, the few of us who had not already been afflicted with *mal de mer*, proceeded to get violently in that condition. At this time we discovered another use for the Helmet, Steel, M 1.

Early in the voyage we had been issued a Red Cross kit containing toilet articles, playing cards, writing paper, and other items of interest. Someone in Special Services with a perverted sense of humor saw fit to distribute little infernal musical devices known to the trade as "Tonettes" (quickly changed to "Swinettes" for reasons best known to those present). Many unhappy

hours were spent in the vicinity of these gadgets, and they later wound up in the hands of unsuspecting French urchins. For passengers with large appetites it was possible to get supplementary rations. For a little influence with a crew member, a month's pay, and a clandestine visit to the galley after hours, it was



rumored one could get a ham sandwich.

On the entertainment list were occasional movies and regular early-evening amateur performances on the promenade deck. Recall the comical MC who "used to work in Chicago", and had the fond habit of calling everyone "Junior"? Some of the crew members were "characters" too. There was the little Portugese sailor with the gray stubble of beard who came around with the hose every morning and threatened to wash us overboard. Then there was the mysterious operator with the "Inner Sanctum" voice who gave out daily with "The Smoking Lamp is out! There will be no more smoking on deck. Close all portholes and secure."

From then until "the smoking lamp is lit" the following morning, all of our smokes had to be snatched illegally in a dark corner of the latrine.

Although, so far as is known, none of the passengers came to know Riley, Master at Arms, personally, we all knew him by reputation. He received many urgent calls daily over the P.A. system to report to the

bridge. "Last call fer de chow line" was a routine call by one of the Oriental crew members in the galley. Since gambling was frowned upon by the authorities, little groups sat around in odd corners busily engaged in "friendly" games of chance involving "matches". There were other pastimes, too; but they involved taking up space at the rail and are really not worthy of mention here.





After we were informed that it was likely we would disembark at either Toulon or Marseilles, everyone hoped we would pass the famous Rock of Gibraltar during daylight so that we could get a glimpse of it. Late in the afternoon of the 12th day at sea, we sighted the coastal outline of North Africa. But it was not our good fortune to pass the famous Rock during hours favorable for observation. We could make it out in the dusk and later see the colored signal lights here and there. Picturesque, also, were the lights of cities we could see on either coast as we went thru the straits. Then we were sailing on the smooth, blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Three days later, after passing another night of tossing and pitching in the rough Gulf of Lyons, we began to pick our way into the shattered harbor of Marseilles. The French pilot in his little motorboat came out to meet us and steer us in. Then we were tied up at a makeshift pier and everyone prepared to unload and set foot on land again. But a few hours later, most of us wished we were still aboard ship.

Our first real glimpse of France was after we had marched off the rubble-littered docks, out of the wire enclosure, and into the dirty, cobblestone streets. Busses and autos, powered by charcoal burners, crept by the column, wheezing and blowing horns. Filthy kids, with ragged clothes barely hanging on them, followed us as we staggered on, or stood around in groups when we stopped for a break, with outstretched palms, whining over and over again, "Chocolate", "Cigarette for Papa", "Chew-gum"! At that time it was a little early to make any reference to sisters, but the subject was brought up many times afterwards.

With backs and shoulders protesting in agony, we filed up those winding streets, past groups of marching French colonial troops, past their barracks where a curious turbaned head was peering at us from every window. Most of us, in spite of fatigue, turned to stare back. There we got our first view of the little shops and bars with strings of beads hanging in the doorways. A gendarme, pushing his bicycle, stopped to chat with a couple of girls. Although we were forbidden to talk with anyone, an old man came by begging tobacco for his pipe, and one of the men conversed with him in Italian. The port is so near the Italian border that a large percentage of the population speaks some of the language.

And so we marched on after dark, the packs getting heavier and heavier. When would we ever get there? We paused for another break and out of nowhere appeared a bottle of wine.

A German observation plane came over the harbor and the ack-ack went after him. We started on again, now out into the country. A man dropped out here and there. Finally we stopped in an open field beside the road and someone passed the word down the line, "This is it". Packs were dropped and the sound of crumpling bodies filled the chill night air.

It turned out to be only a rumor, so packs were put back over raw and aching shoulders, and we set out again. A mile and a half to go. Would we ever make it? We marched into another flat open space at the junction of two roads, put our packs down again, and were told officially that this was to be our bivouac area. Too exhausted to care that the ground was wet and the grass moist with dew, everyone at his K-ration in silence, rolled out his sack and fell asleep.

When we were roused from our reveries next morning, we saw that our new "home" was an open field on the edge of a little village which

the sign said was Plan de Campagne. After setting up an administrative bivouac, most of the men set out to explore the village. Naturally, one of the first points of interest sighted was a bar which would open at one o'clock. The rest of the morning was spent bargaining for francs with Negro truck drivers who came to a water point there. Some of the fellows found private stock and could be seen sitting at a little table on the balcony, sipping red wine. We wandered up and down the two narrow streets of the village, staring at this, that, and the other. The bar opened on time and we crowded in to drink wine at 50 francs a quart, which we found out later was highway robbery for the merchandise. Rain came down in torrents and flooded the bivouac area, making it knee-deep in mud, but no one seemed to mind just then.

Our equipment had come over on another boat, accompanied by a special detail of men. The following 10 days were spent in bringing the vehicles and equipment from the



docks to our area and getting them ready for use. Cosmoline had to be removed from the weapons. Radio equipment had to be unpacked and assembled. Special accessories were unpacked and put in their proper places, and the vehicles were serviced. We had been given instructions to be ready to go directly into combat from this staging area.

We were given a pass to Marseilles. Since we had been some time without one, a bath or shower was of prime importance. After quibbling in ragged French and looking all over for a sign with the legend "Douches-Bains", we found the places. For prices ranging from 5 to 15 francs, it was possible to remove some of the stickiness that salt air and water and French mud had left on us. Then for the Red Cross Canteen for coffee



and doughnuts; or to a bar to get beer, wine, eau de vie, cognac, vermouth, to the discretion of the drinker; or to search for postcards and souvenirs in the shops and sidewalk stands.

Traffic surged up and down the famous Canbierre. Gendarmes stood on their little podia directing traffic. Streetcars came clanking by and pedestrians would hop on or off at will, since the transportation is owned by the city and operated free of charge. Soldiers and sailors of all the Allied nations were promenading or sipping a drink at one of the sidewalk cafes. Not many blocks off the Canbierre is the Arc de Triomphe, a replica of the famous landmark in Paris. The city was not too badly scarred by war; but there, as everywhere else in France, the people were wanting for food and cigarettes.

OFF TO THE FRONT

On the afternoon of October 31, an Officer and 40 Enlisted Men, with 5 half-tracks, were loaded on the train at Septemes. The vehicles were secured to flat cars and guards were posted. The men were put in one of those "40 et 8" French boxcars of World War I fame. It was the same type in which so many of our fathers rode to the front in '17 and '18. The following morning, after many false starts, the train pulled out. After three nights and four days of sleeping on the hard wooden floor, eating C-rations and shaving whenever the train stopped long enough, the entourage arrived at Chatel, France.

The men who made this trip up through France will never forget the creaking, antiquated car; the picturesque villages and countryside; the little striped crossing-gates that were lowered at the approach of the train; the stop where they were

served bread, soup, and applesauce by men and women of the French Soldiers Aid; trying to shave or wash and having to run to catch the car when it pulled out unannounced; and the tangled, twisted masses of metal which had once been rails and coaches in the yards of cities like Dijon. It was like a passing parade, and the men stood for many weary hours, leaning on the wooden bar across the doorway, drinking it all in.

At 0800 on November 1st, the rest of the Troop left the staging area for active duty in the front lines. They proceeded by motor convoy and spent the first night in bivouac near Dijon. The second night was spent at Valence and at about 1600 the following day they arrived at Vomecourt, which was the assembly area for the Troop. On the following afternoon the group which had come up by train was brought from the station at Chatel by motor. We were billeted in some unkempt, abandoned houses which were the only quarters available. It was still France, and we had not reached the era of ousting civilians from their homes for our own use.

That night the Troop received its first mission in the combat zone. At 2315 paratroopers were reported in that vicinity. Eighteen men from the First and Second Platoons, under command of Lt. Richard H. Moss, were ordered to patrol the road for a

quarter of a mile southeast of Vomecourt. The patrol was carried out, and no enemy activity was reported in the area.

For the next three days, we were kept busy, between rainstorms, in the maintenance and organization of



equipment. We knew we were to go into the line to relieve the 45th Recon on the 7th and wanted to have everything in tip-top shape, as nearly as possible. We sloshed up and down the little muddy street of the village, going to and from chow, the orderly room and limited sight-seeing tours. Acting on advice from another unit which had been in the line for a long time, we had perpendicular steel bars welded on the front of our jeeps to cut any wires which might be strung across the roads to decapitate the occupants. We were told that Jerry had a nasty habit of doing things like that. We spent our last night there, listening to the old clock in the steeple of the church chime the hour and quarter-hour and wondering what the morrow might bring.

Not being able to see the big picture,

we did not know, at the time we went into our first positions, that we were helping to set the stage for the 7th Army Winter Offensive. On the morning of the 7th, the First and Second Platoons moved out to execute the mission of clearing the wooded sector west of Thiaville of mines and reporting any enemy installations or equipment. The Third Platoon relieved a platoon from one of the troops in the 117th Cavalry of outpost duty in the vicinity of La Chapelle. Two days later the First Platoon reported the area clear of mines and the Second and Third Platoons were alternating days on outpost duty. All three platoons continued to alternate in outpost positions until the morning of the 12th.

During that time the 397th and 399th Combat Teams had moved out of the line, crossed the Meurthe River, and taken up positions on the enemy-held



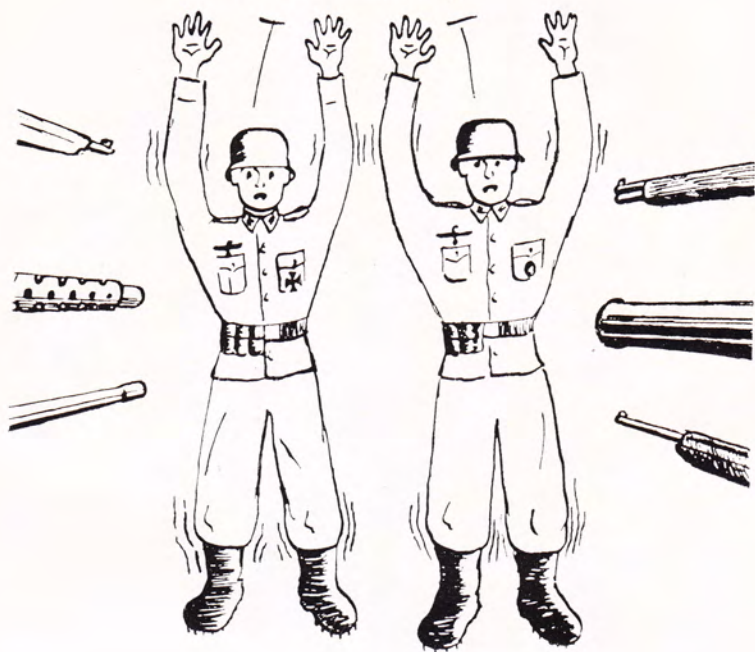
side of the river. At 1215 on November 12, the Troop was attached to the 398th Infantry Regiment. The First Platoon was given the mission to patrol a road and contact the 2nd Battalion's flank on the South. The

Third Platoon was to contact the flank of the Second Platoon and patrol the sector from there to La Chapelle. In addition, liaison was to be kept with the flank of the Task Force moving southeast of Baccarat across the river. The Second Platoon was held in reserve at the CP which was in Bazein. The Liaison Section moved to the vicinity of St. Benoit to keep in contact with the 398th Regimental Headquarters through a telephone line at the 398th Anti-Tank Company.

On the morning of the 13th, while the Third Platoon was being relieved by the Second, Charles Parkin was slightly wounded by enemy mortar fire and evacuated to the clearing station. He was the first man from the Troop to be wounded in action. All platoons were ordered to stay out of Raon l'Etape because of friendly artillery and mortar fire. The first prisoners to be taken by the unit were two Krauts from 708 Volksgrenadier Division. They were captured by the Second Platoon in the vicinity of La Chapelle on the 14th. The platoons continued to alternate duty on outpost until the 18th. During that time 6 more prisoners and 1 spy were taken by the Third Platoon, 4 prisoners by the First Platoon and the Second Platoon ran a patrol into Thiaville.

After having been attached to the 117th Cavalry Rcn. Sq., the Troop assembled in Baccarat on the morning of the 19th and proceeded to Neuf-maisons. We were assigned the mission of holding and outposting the town with Troop A of the 117th. With the aid of a civilian as we were moving into town, 4 prisoners were flushed from a building, interrogated, searched and carried to the PW Enclosure.

KAMARAD



Like Bazein, the village of Neuf-maisons was a ghost town. Only one or two houses were occupied, and there was less than a handful of civilians. There were signs of shelling, and practically all the homes had been ransacked, either by the German soldiers or by the occupants who had fled in haste. Windows were shattered; furniture broken up and thrown all over the place; clothing, toys, letters, magazines, and postcards taken from closets and drawers and strewn about the rooms. It was easy to find a bed to sleep in and most of the stoves were intact. Chickens were roaming

about the backyards, in the barns and in the streets. Many a good chicken dinner supplemented our rations whenever we found the time and place to prepare them. There was a shop which made sabots, or wooden shoes, of all sizes and many of the men acquired souvenirs to send home. On the night of November 21, S/Sgt. Howard Cox was accidentally shot in the hand and was evacuated to the hospital.

By this time the 399th Combat Team had gone by Neufmaisons and, after furious battles for Hill 409, 431 and 462.5, had taken Raon l'Etape. The



German winter defensive line had been broken, and the entire VI Corps had crossed the Meurthe and started its drive towards the Alsatian Plain.

SENONES

Early on the morning of the 22nd, the Troop moved out of Neufmaisons to assemble at Moyennmoutier. We had been attached to a Task Force from the 398th, under the command of Col. Fuchs, and it was our mission to precede in advance of the Force as far as possible towards Strasbourg.

On the outskirts of Senones, the First Platoon, which was pointing on this mission, ran into a roadblock covered by small arms and automatic weapons fire. The engineers were called up to clear the roadblock but they were unable to do so because of the enemy fire. A tank - dozer called "Sad Sack", which was part of the

Task Force, was called on to make the breakthrough. While the remainder of the column was stretched out on the road, the enemy began to lay in mortar fire. T/5 Joseph Ennis was killed in this action. T/5's Pavlat and Steele and Pfc's Welenc and Gately were wounded and were evacuated to the 95th General Hospital.

Artillery was brought up, and dough-boys were sent out to outflank the town. After the block was eliminated, we moved on into the town, receiving a rousing welcome from the civilians. More slight resistance was met, but by nightfall the town had been cleared, and the infantry was dug in on the further outskirts. The Troop CP was set up, and the platoons outposted the town that night.

The following morning, the Task Force reorganized and pushed out again. The advance up the Rabodeau River Valley was being spearheaded by the 397th Combat Team, and on that day, made a junction with the 3rd Infantry Division at St. Blaise. Working with the 398th, all platoons were active against the enemy, and the



Troop CP was located in La Vermont for the night.

On the 24th, we reverted to division control and were assigned the mission of patrolling the MSR from Raon l'Etape to St. Blaise. All platoons were returned to Senones, and the CP set up in La Petite Raon. For three

days, we were engaged in this patrol, the platoons alternating the mission.

Senones will be remembered by all of us as one of our engagements to be marked with a star. The first and most important recollection is an unhappy one. "Lefty" Ennis was a cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort of a kid



and one of the charter members of the Troop. Naturally, he had his more serious moments, but he possessed a great sense of humor and was always good for a laugh. His death left a gap that was never filled in our hearts, but it served to knit the outfit more closely together in a spirit of vengeance. Of the other men who were wounded, Pfc Gately is the only one who ever returned to the Troop.

To be remembered, also, are the civilians who lined the edge of the streets as we rolled into town, waving, cheering and shouting their welcome in French. Apples, bread, and bottles of wine appeared and were thrust into our hands. French, British, and American flags materialized in windows. Tricolored pins were brought from their caches and put on shirts and blouses. Many a resounding smack was planted on our dirty, unshaven cheeks that afternoon by the grateful lasses. A day or so later, some of us witnessed the head-shaving rites administered to the women who had collaborated with the Jerries during their sojourn in the town.

PUSH TO THE MAGINOT

Working with the 3rd Division, the 399th had raced up the Bruche River Valley and eliminated all enemy resistance. 1st Bn., 398th and the 117th Rcn. Sqdn. had moved up the Plaine River Valley from Raon l'Etape and pushed the Germans back. Now our forces were at the edge of the Alsatian Plain and the campaign of the Vosges, as well as our work with the VI Corps, was completed.

Along with the rest of the division, we were ordered to move north into the XV Corps sector. On November 17, the Troop moved by convoy to the vicinity of Sarrebourg, France, and was billeted by platoons. For the remainder of the month, time was spent in test firing of weapons and maintenance of vehicles and equipment.

At the outset of December, the unit was attached to the 106th Cavalry Group and given the mission of relieving Troop C of the 121st Squadron, outposting and holding the town of Zittersheim and keeping in contact with the enemy at Wingen and Puberg. Harassing fire from German mortars, 88's and ack-ack guns were thrown into the town for the two days and nights we were there. On the 3rd, the Troop was ordered to move into Hinsburg to hold and outpost the town against possible enemy counterattack. On the following day the platoons were assigned separate missions.

While on a reconnaissance mission with the Third Platoon, a jeep driven by Pfc John C. Brockmiller struck a mine, seriously injuring the driver and Cpl. George F. Monks who was walking in front of the vehicle. Since the jeep was completely demolished, it was believed that perhaps a reinforced mine had been planted there. Ordnance men who examined the remains afterwards accused our Motor Maintenance section of purloining the motor, since no substantial trace of it could be found. Both men were evacuated to the hospital, and Brockmiller has never returned to the Troop.



The third anniversary of Pearl Harbor found the division busily engaged in the task of driving forward to the Maginot Line. Wingen, Rosteig, and Puberg had been occupied against moderate opposition. Our First Platoon had two sections at Rosteig and one keeping liaison with the 399th Regimental CP. Third Platoon was maintaining liaison with the 114th Regiment, 45th Division, on the Century's left flank. Two sections were with the Regimental CP and one with the forward elements. The 114th was reported to have taken Montbronn and moved on to Enchenberg. The Second Platoon was being held in reserve at the Troop CP in Hinsburg.

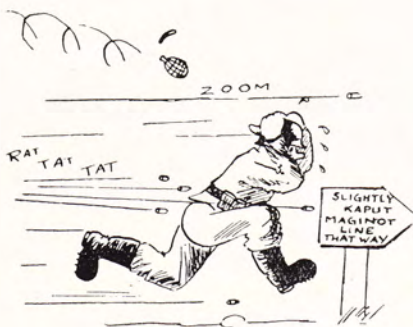
On the following day, climaxing a bitter 4-day struggle, the 1st Bn.,

399th, completed clearing up of Lemberg. Meanwhile the 2nd Bn., of the same regiment, had taken Goetzenbruck and Sarreinsberg; the 398th had occupied Soucht and Meisenthal; the 397th had cleared out Melch, Wildenguth, and Mouterhouse. We were ordered to assemble in the vicinity of Mouterhouse protecting the division left flank, and the following day, after a route of march had been reconnoitered, the CP moved to Goetzenbruck.

First Platoon was assigned the mission of patrolling the Mouterhouse-Sarreinsberg road, and Second Platoon that of patrolling the road from Mouterhouse to Lemberg. Third Platoon was in reserve at Rosteig. The 106th Cavalry Group held the

furtherest north position, a line on the extreme right flank. The enemy was dug in on the high ground northwest of Mouterhouse and also held the town of Barenthal and low ground in front of the 106th. Engineers reported "Glass" and "S" Mines in the vicinity of Mouterhouse.

While on patrol near Lemberg, December 10, a mortar jeep struck a mine which had been missed by the sweepers, injuring Pvt. Donald Margraff and Sgt. John McIntosh.



Both men were evacuated to the hospital and Sgt. McIntosh returned to the Troop some time later.

After the 399th had occupied Lemberg, the 398th had passed through their positions and pushed on toward Bitche. The 397th continued to move up abreast of them. After Reyersviller was cleared on the 13th, and the high ground west of Bitche occupied, the division was poised for the actual assault on the fortress. The 398th soon learned that it was impossible for a man to emerge from the wooded area without being pinned down by fire from Forts Freudenberg and Schiesseck, so the regiment was

ordered to stand pat while tremendous amounts of Division and Corps Artillery were brought up.

In an attempt to speed up information indispensable to Division Headquarters, Lt. Col. Reinecke, G 2, assigned the Troop a mission of establishing an OP on the high ground overlooking the valley dominated by Bitche. The Third Platoon was assigned this task and instructed to report any vital information to Division via the Troop Liaison Officer, Lt. Herrick. By 1400 on the 15th the OP was in operation. The other two platoons continued their patrolling.

For the three days that followed, while the hammering of the fortress was in progress, the OP remained in position, receiving small arms, mortar, and artillery fire at intermittent intervals. Late each afternoon, it was withdrawn because of limited visibility, but was reestablished early each morning. About noon on the 17th, the 398th was observed taking the high ground to the right of the pillboxes. Sgt. Ray Kuhns of the First Platoon was sent to contact forward elements of the 397th Infantry and 106th Cavalry Group on the right flank of the division.

Early on the morning of the 19th of December, Second Platoon positions in Mouterhouse were heavily shelled by fire from enemy 88 mm artillery. That afternoon a new mission was assigned the unit: that of going into the line dismounted. After dark, two platoons moved into the positions, the Third Platoon contacting Able Company of the 398th on the left flank, and the First Platoon, Able Company, 399th on the right. No



activity occurred during the night and Second Platoon remained in reserve at Mouterhouse. The following day Second Platoon relieved Third Platoon of positions in the line, but because of a sudden counterattack scare, Third Platoon was ordered to

stand by as mobile reserve for the regiment and fill positions vacated by A Company, 398th, should they advance.

At approximately 2200 on the 21st, a lone Jerry crawled toward the Second Platoon position. He was fired on and presumably hit, going into a foxhole. At 0400 he came out of the hole and was fired on again, but managed to make a successful break for his lines.

Three days before Christmas, the Troop reverted to division control and was ordered to assemble in Lemberg. We were assigned an extensive patrolling mission behind the front lines for the purpose of picking up information of possible breakthrough and infiltration. First Platoon was assigned the southern part of the



sector, the Lemberg-Mouterhouse-Wimmenau route; Second Platoon was to patrol road from Reyersviller to Lemberg and east; Third Platoon was in reserve.

About mid-afternoon on that day the northwest section of Lemberg was shelled by the enemy, killing one civilian and wounding Pfc Stanley Johnston in the hip. Johnston was evacuated, but later returned to the unit. It was learned that Mouterhouse and the road to Lemberg were also shelled at the same time.

While on patrol in the early hours of the 28th, Sgt. George Monks of the Third Platoon picked up an enlisted man and a weapons carrier from the 373rd Field Artillery. The man was wounded in the arm and leg while laying wire in Bitche with a S/Sgt. but didn't know the whereabouts of

the other man. He was turned over to an aid station, and a report sent to G 2.

On the preceding evening, information had been given to the CP in Montbronn concerning a possible Nazi collaborator with a radio in the village. Troop officers with a detail of enlisted men made a search of the designated house and found only a set operated legitimately by GI's. Two civilians were taken to the P.W. Enclosure for the night, questioned and released in the morning.

The end of the year found the First Platoon guarding strategic bridges behind the lines, Third Platoon patrolling all principal roads in the Division Area, contacting each Regimental CP along the route, and the Second Platoon in reserve at Enchenberg.

A NEW YEAR

When the German counterattack came in the 1st Army sector in the Ardennes, the 3rd Army was ordered north to assist in repelling the enemy drive. Consequently, the 7th Army moved into defensive positions all along the line, in order to occupy that part of the front vacated by the 3rd Army. The 100th was ordered to

friends with the hospitable civilians in the villages we had been through, managed to get back for a little celebration during the day. As for our official activities, the day was like any other; but it was a day for reminiscing, and thoughts and conversations turned, necessarily, towards home.

Shattering a week of comparative silence along the division front, the

HOPE NEXT
CHRISTMAS WILL
BE DIFFERENT



withdraw from Fort Schiesseck, increase its sector to the left, and set up strong defensive positions on high ground to the South. These changes had been made by the 22nd, and the front became quiet.

In the meantime we had spent our third Christmas in the Army. Snow had covered the woods and hills of Alsace-Lorraine, and we had a "White Christmas", though not a happy one. Many packages were received from home to bolster our morale somewhat. Some of the men, who had made

Krauts launched a furious counter-attack against our defensive positions just after midnight on New Year's Eve. 3rd Bn., 397th Infantry, repulsed repeated thrusts against their line near Rimling, and later received a Presidential Citation for this action. However, on the right flank, the 117th Reconnaissance Squadron was unable to hold and was forced to fall back, leaving the entire flank exposed until the 399th could swing around to the right, forming an L-shaped line.

As soon as Division HQ got wind of what was happening on the flank, the Troop was ordered to maintain contact with elements in that sector. Since Third Platoon was at Goetzenbruck, this mission was given to them. Contact was made and maintained with the 117th, which was withdrawing from the vicinity of Mouterhouse. Liaison was maintained with the 117th at Wingen and with the armored infantry unit which had withdrawn with the 117th to Goetzenbruck. The platoon was withdrawn to Enchen-



berg at 2130 that night. An eight-man patrol under the leadership of S/Sgt Robert Leavy was sent out along the Lemberg-Mouterhouse road to search for Jerry and returned with a negative report. At 2300 the same night Lt. Richard Moss took a five-



man patrol down the Goetzenbruck-Mouterhouse road and returned without making contact with the enemy.

On the afternoon of January 1, a captured P-47, which was being employed by the Germans, strafed the Troop CP at Montbronn. All the automatic weapons available were employed by Headquarters personnel to repel the attack. During a second attack later in the afternoon, tracers from T/5 William Riker's 50-caliber machine gun mounted on the kitchen truck were seen to be hitting one attacking plane. Later the plane was seen to be falling, leaving a thin trail of smoke behind it.

During the following week, the First Platoon continued the guarding of bridges. Second Platoon had one section at Meisenthal in contact with the friendly forces there and the other two sections remained in Enchenberg in reserve. Third Platoon held two sections in Weisslingen and one section in liaison with the 179th Infantry and 276th Infantry in Zit-

tersheim. The Troop CP moved from Montbronn to Adamswiller.

The situation with the division was more or less fluid. Sections in reserve were constantly being called to report on parachutists, enemy tank activity, flares, and road blocks. A general report was sent out to all units to be on the lookout for a liaison plane marked "25 BK", supposedly flown by a bold enemy pilot. Second Platoon positions in Enchenberg and Meisen-thal received harassing fire from enemy medium artillery.

All of us had heard stories about the famous Maginot Line forts, but, until January 8, we had been

privileged to see nothing but the smaller installations in this network of fortifications. On that date the Second Platoon and one section from the Third Platoon were ordered to occupy positions in the Line near Aachen, to prevent enemy infiltration. There was plenty of evidence that efforts had been made to reduce most of these blockhouses, but, despite the furious artillery barrages they must have undergone, their rugged construction left them virtually intact. All the lighting facilities were "kaput", and exploring had to be done with a flashlight or candle, but we were able to see enough of the installations



to realize what a feat of engineering had been accomplished.

There were no heating or cooking facilities except those we improvised for ourselves. Snow was on the ground and it was cold. Since there was not light or heat in some of the quarters, about the only thing left to do between meals and shifts of guard was to crawl in the sack and sleep. A little diversion was added to the task by a rabbit hunt now and then. The first man who hit on this novel idea sent the rest of the outfit scurrying for cover, believing that snipers were in the area, or a counter-attack was being pulled off.

After 6 days, the Troop was relieved of this mission, and Second Platoon was sent to Butten to act as Division CP defense. First and Third Platoons were guarding bridges at Rahling, Guisberg, Sarralbe, Keskastel, and Sarre-Union. On the 21st, the First Platoon assembled at Meisenthal and one section was sent to Wingen on Liaison with the 179th Infantry of the 45th Division. Third Platoon moved to Enchenberg to keep in contact with the 399th. At this time, all vehicles and helmets were being painted white for camouflage purposes,

and the doughboys had been issued special reversible coats with hoods and woolen liners.

At the outset of the month of February, both the division and the enemy were occupying defensive positions all along the front, and activity was limited to harrassing mortar and artillery fire and patrols. The First Platoon had sections in Montbronn, Meisenthal, and Wingen for purposes of liaison with flank units. Second Platoon at Rahling and Third Platoon at Petit-Rederching was in division reserve. On that day, General Burress, the Commanding General, visited the Troop CP at Dehlingen for inspection.

Sunday night, February 4, all members of the Troop assembled at the chapel in Dehlingen to see a required training film. After the showing, First and Second Platoons were ordered to Meisenthal, where they were to be attached to the 398th Infantry. Their mission was to outpost the town and patrol roads in rear of the line in the Meisenthal, Goetzenbruck, St. Louis de Bitche area. The patrols were to prevent infiltration and protect all wire in that sector. The following day, the Forward CP moved to Meisenthal and Third Platoon went into Division Reserve at Dehlingen.

For the remainder of the month, the situation remained virtually the same. Two platoons were carrying out the mission at Meisenthal and one platoon in reserve at Dehlingen, carrying out maintenance of vehicles, weapons and equipment. A volunteer patrol under the command of Lts. Moss and Caman and composed of men from all the platoons was undergoing an extensive training program at the Rear CP. This group





was formed at the request of G 2 for the purpose of dismounted reconnaissance into enemy lines. Their training consisted of day and night patrols, firing of all weapons, and discussions with infantry patrol leaders. At this time, too, men from the combat platoons were being assigned temporary duty with line companies of the 397th and 398th Infantry.

On the night of February 21, a Second Platoon patrol led by Sgt. Grant Bessey cleared through George Company, 398th, at approximately 1900. An hour later the patrol encountered a strong enemy patrol and, in the ensuing fire-fight, Sgt. Bessey was wounded. While covered by Pfc Gilberto Munguia and Pfc Melvin Sincler, T/5 William Place administered first aid to the wounded

man. With Munguia covering the withdrawal, Place and Sincler carried Sgt. Bessey to friendly lines. Although at first reported as missing, Pfc Munguia came into an outpost of "B" Company, 398th, and joined the Troop the following morning. He had been forced to "lie low" until 0400 by fire from the Kraut patrol. All men were later decorated for this action.

Remember those coal-black nights on patrol from Meisenthal when it was impossible to see a hand in front of your face, to say nothing of the jeep in front of you? Sometimes the rain would be beating down in your face, and you would be frozen stiff in spite of the fact you had on everything the Army ever issued you. Or those nights when you practically met yourself coming off guard at one of the outposts? The Sergeant of the

Guard would come in and kick you out of the sack when you had no more than closed your eyes. And the long hours of standing there counting the stars, listening to your buddy



breathing down your neck, and trying to make out a movement in the shadows.

For over a month, our home rotated between Dehlingen and Meisenthal. Our memories of the latter are many: the two ladies in black who lived on the hill; the man who made the vases from shellcases; the hospitality of the people in whose homes we were living; the pretty girls from Goetzenbruck; beer and schnapps from the restaurant at the edge of town; glassware that could be bought from the local factory. There was also the first informal show put on by members of the troop under direction of Cpl. Robert Fitchman.

Members of the Rear Echelon, especially, remember the village of Dehlingen for its muddy little streets and the manure piles in the front yards. At one time, there were some

batteries of heavy artillery firing from positions at the edge of the village. They never failed to fire during chow-time, and their ear-splitting roar shook houses all over the place. Then there were the movies at Oermingen, and showers at another village nearby. It was there we fell heir to the second mascot we were to have — a little canine which quickly got the tag of "Schnapps", from the unforgettable and powerful concoction of the same name.

It was on March 5 that the Troop received orders to move the Forward CP to St. Louis de Bitche, continuing the same mission with 2nd and 3rd Bns., 398th. First and Third Platoons completed the movement about mid-afternoon, the former continuing the patrols and the latter outposting the town. The following morning Second Platoon relieved Third Platoon, which went into Division Reserve at Dehlingen. Six days later, the entire Troop was relieved of this mission and assembled in Dehlingen to work on weapons and motor vehicles.

REMEMBER!
IT'S A BOX STEP
THAT YOU DO IN
THIS CANDLE LIGHT
CHORUS!





THRU BITCHE TO THE RHINE

Two months after the German counteroffensive along the division front had been repelled, the entire 7th Army jumped off on a push that turned out to be one of the greatest fiascos in military history for the Krauts. Timed to work along with the 3rd Army to the North, an offensive was launched to push Jerry out of all the Rhineland south of the Moselle River. To the Century was given the original task of eliminating the obstacle of Bitche.

At 0500 on the morning of March 15, without the usual artillery preparation the 397th pushed out and took the high ground north of the fort. At the same time the 399th occupied Reyersviller Ridge on the southwest side. The following day, climaxing a

frontal assault by the 398th, the 2nd Bn., of that regiment marched into the city, thus shattering some 200 years of military history.

On that same day, the Forward CP, First Platoon, and 2 sections of Third Platoon moved to Rohrbach. Second Platoon had already moved to that location for the purpose of protecting the Division CP, and one section of Third Platoon was in Etting, maintaining liaison between forward elements of the 3rd Division and forward elements of the 100th. The following day, the Forward CP moved to the vicinity of Hottviller, and First and Second Platoons were assigned the mission of maintaining contact between the Division's left flank and the 106th Cavalry Group. Third Platoon remained in reserve at Binning with the Rear Echelon, which had been brought up to that location.

"On 17 March, 1945, ordered by the commanding officer, Capt. Walter S. Ross, to take and hold the town of Haspelsheidt, the Third Platoon proceeded on its mission at 1000 hours. Enroute, a group of engineers



were encountered sweeping the road for mines. Preceding the engineers, the platoon swept the road with a mine sweeper to clear the center of the roads for about a mile. The platoon reached the edge of the town. An armored car was brought up to cover the town. A six-man dismounted patrol proceeded, under cover of woods, to enter the town. Sniper fire was encountered, but before the location of the fire could be discovered it ceased.

"The Burgermeister was contacted, and instructions given him. Three prisoners were captured, and, from information gained from the Burgermeister, three tanks had just left from the other end of the town. The town being cleared, the platoon moved in and outposted it until armored units and infantry moved in. The mission was completed at 1245."

Thus reads a Unit After Action

Report issued by the Troop Commander.

That afternoon First Platoon sent a patrol into Germany in the vicinity of Roppeviller, that patrol having the honor of being the first element of the Troop to enter the "Promised Land". The CP moved to Haspelschiedt and Second Platoon was held in reserve there.

The following day the Forward and Rear CP's moved to Nousseviller and the Troop was relieved of missions by elements of the 71st Division, which had just gone into the line, relieving other elements of the Century a few days earlier. First and Second Platoons were assigned the mission of outposting the town of Robling and maintaining liaison between 121st Cavalry Squadron and Division left flank. Third Platoon was held in Division Reserve. The next day, First and Second Platoons were ordered to reconnoiter all roads to the left of the Division in preparation for movement.

In a giant pincer movement, intended to cut off all German troops in the sector between the Siegfried Line and the Rhine, the 3rd Army on the left pushed through the line and started a drive southeast towards



the river, while the 7th Army on the right pierced the defenses and pushed out to the northeast. Plans for the 100th in this scheme were for mounted elements of the Division to move through holes punched in the vaunted Siegfried by the 3rd Division troops, and speed toward the Rhine, mopping up stragglers and securing any bridges that might be left intact by the retreating enemy, over the river.

At 1300 on the 22nd, the Troop was assigned a mission of preceding the advance of the Combat Teams and reconnoitering a route to the Rhine. Each platoon was given a route of march, and, at approximately 1530, moved out to accomplish the assigned task.

Second and Third Platoons dashed out through the heavily - wooded

Hardt Mountains, passing through towns and villages with white flags hanging from buildings and windows. Silent, sullen, and frightened civilians peered out of shuttered windows and doorways, or stood in little groups, talking in whispers. Passing scores of burned-out, abandoned vehicles, freed Allied prisoners and German PW's which the columns had no time to take into custody, the two platoons raced on to reach the intermediate objective of Neustadt at 2400. First Platoon was held up by tire and motor trouble and had to spend the night in the mountains.

On the following morning, First Platoon reached Neustadt and, with the Third Platoon, took off again in an effort to reach the Rhine. Contacting elements of the 399th, which



had run into enemy resistance at the approaches to Ludwigshafen, the platoons were ordered to remain at Mutterstadt.

On the 24th, First and Second Platoons were given the mission of patrolling roads in the 399th area in Ludwigshafen, Third Platoon remaining in reserve at Maudach. The Forward CP moved to Mundenheim while Rear remained at Hochdorf.

After being relieved of all missions, the entire Troop assembled at Maxdorf, Germany, for reorganization on March 27, and, for the remainder of the month, devoted time to cleaning of weapons and personal equipment and maintenance of vehicles.

ACROSS THE RHINE

0400 Hours, April Fool's Day, found the organization assembled at Hochdorf, from which rendezvous point we crossed the Rhine in advance of the Division. Closing in Schweitzingen on the other side of the river, Third Platoon set out to contact the 63rd Division and report all movements to higher headquarters of the 100th. The next day, First Platoon, with one section of Third attached, operated in a gap between the 63rd and 100th and maintained liaison with the 397th Infantry, while Second Platoon kept liaison between elements of the 10th Armored and the 397th. To Third Platoon went the task of outposting the town of Nusslach.

Missions of route reconnaissance were assigned to all three combat platoons on the 3rd. The First Platoon reconnoitered along roads and in wooded areas south and east of Stein-



furtz to Frankenbach, and north of a general line from Massenbachhausen to Sandhof. Roads were swept for mines, and road blocks were bypassed, enabling the platoon to continue its mission. Second Platoon, preceding in advance of 397th from Steinfurtz to Frankenbach, reported mines, blown bridges, and the usual obstacles thrown up by Kraut. With a similar mission, Third Platoon covered the area south of, and parallel to that of the First.

Second Platoon and two sections of the First were working together the following day to block routes to the division's bridgehead over the Neckar River from the south. At 1200, the 3rd Section, First Platoon, was detached and proceeded to Schwaigen to establish liaison between the 1st Bn., 399th Infantry and CC-5, II French Corps. Continuing reconnaissance in the 399th sector, Third Platoon passed through Massenbachhausen and Gemmingen, encountering a road block covered by small arms, artillery and mortar fire. In an effort to recover a jeep and trailer which had to be abandoned, that Platoon engaged the



enemy in a fire fight which lasted an hour and a half. With the aid of tanks and infantry of the 399th, which were moving up to the rear, the jeep was recovered, and the platoon withdrew to Massenbachhausen.

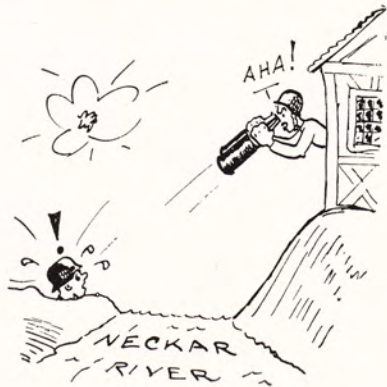
During the three days that followed, Second Platoon was maintaining listening posts in Klingenberg and Nordheim and keeping liaison with French units at Dürrenzimmern. Third Platoon was patrolling the right flank of the division from Zaberfeld east to the vicinity of Lauffen. First Platoon had been removed from Troop control and attached to G 2 for special guard missions. The Troop CP was in Fürfeld.

On the 9th of April, Third Platoon was attached to Dog Company, 824th TD Bn., to establish listening posts on the west bank of the Neckar River. One section of this platoon continued liaison with French elements and moved to Bennigheim. One section of First Platoon was attached to Second to assist in handling posts and OP's along west bank of the river. These posts were harassed by mortar,

small arms and A W fire. Mortar fire was returned to enemy positions on east bank of river at Nordheim. First Platoon continued guard over a factory at Obergimpern.

Three days afterwards Third Platoon was attached to the 398th Infantry to patrol road from Untereisesheim to Neckargartach. First Platoon investigated and placed guard over an airplane engine factory at Kochendorf. On the 14th, Second Platoon was relieved of OP's and listening posts at Klingenberg and Nordheim, and assigned the mission of maintaining contact between French forces at Lauffen and right the flank of the 399th. Third Platoon was detached from the 398th Infantry and reverted to Troop Reserve on the following day.

The Troop was attached to a Provisional Reconnaissance Squadron on the 17th, and the CP moved to Flein, Germany. Two sections from the First Platoon continued guard over the factory at Kochendorf and placed additional guards over a German military hospital at Heilbronn. The Second Platoon had one section attached to





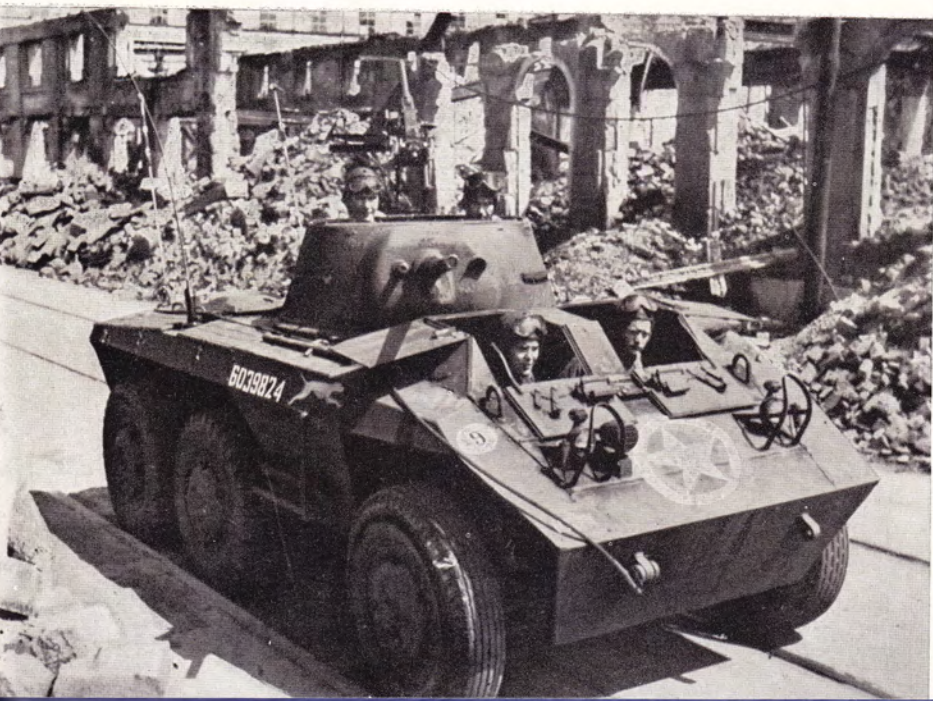
the 399th Infantry for liaison and one section maintaining contact between the 399th and the 3rd French Cavalry at Lauffen. Third Platoon was given mission of patrolling between the 399th Infantry and II French Corps. For the part the Troop played in the work of the Provisional Recon Squadron, it was highly commended by the officer in charge. On the 20th, the Troop was attached to the 117th Cavalry Squadron and Third Platoon to 824th TD Bn.

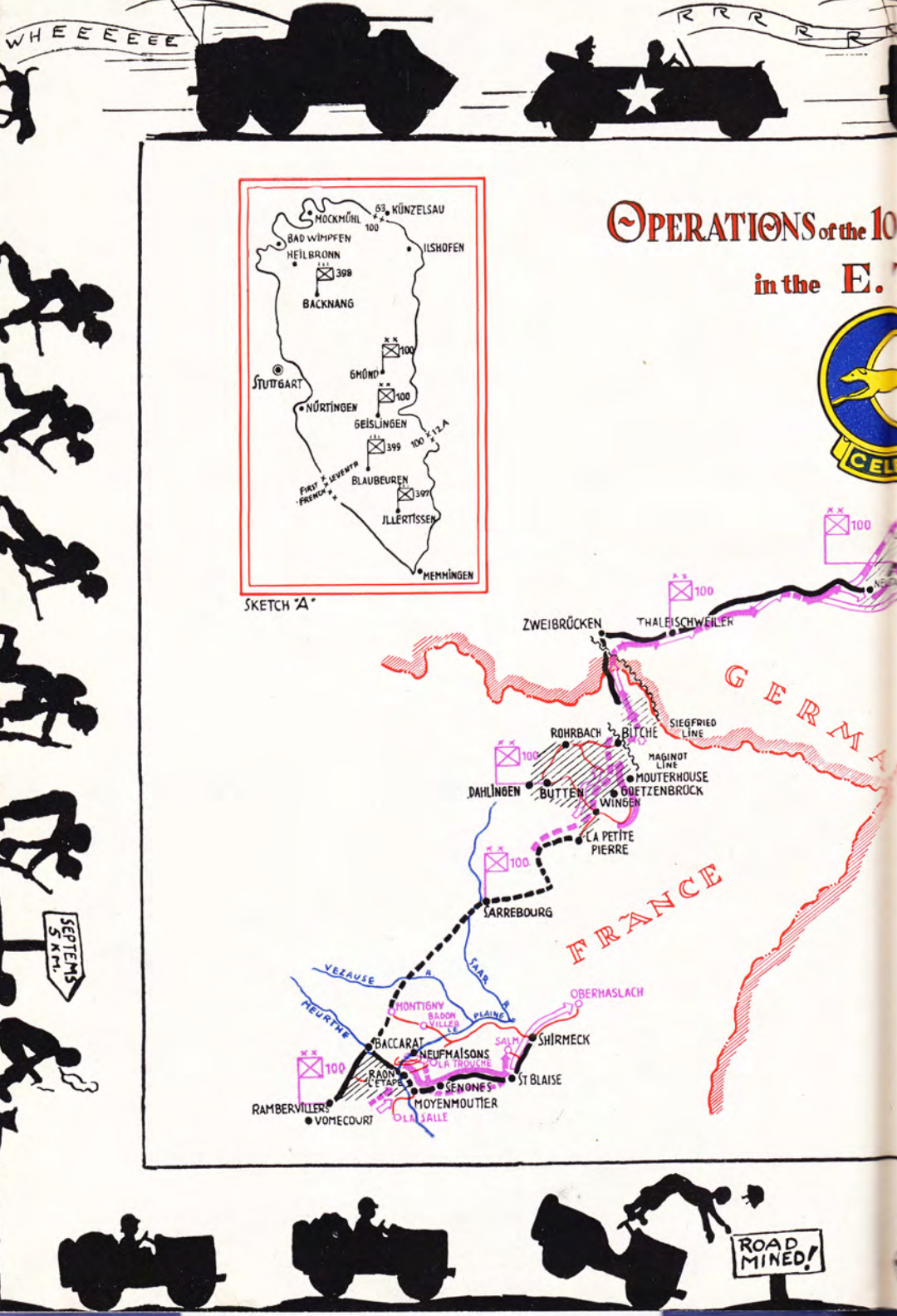
April 25, near the end of the division's participation in combat activities of 7th Army, all platoons were relieved of previous assignments, with the exception of one section of Second which continued liaison with 3rd

French D.I.A. On the following day the Troop CP closed in Münster. First Platoon went into Troop Reserve in vicinity of Bad Cannstatt. Second Platoon was attached to the 397th and Third Platoon to the 398th Infantry, both platoons patrolling roads in their respective areas.

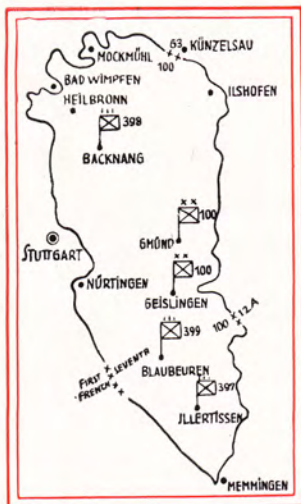
Early in the morning of the 30th, after having been relieved the previous day of all missions, the Troop moved to Faurndau. After ousting a number of Kraut civilians from their homes, quarters were acquired for the entire unit.

The month of May opened in the usual manner. The Troop was still occupied patrolling roads in the Division Troops area. During any





OPERATIONS of the 10 in the E.

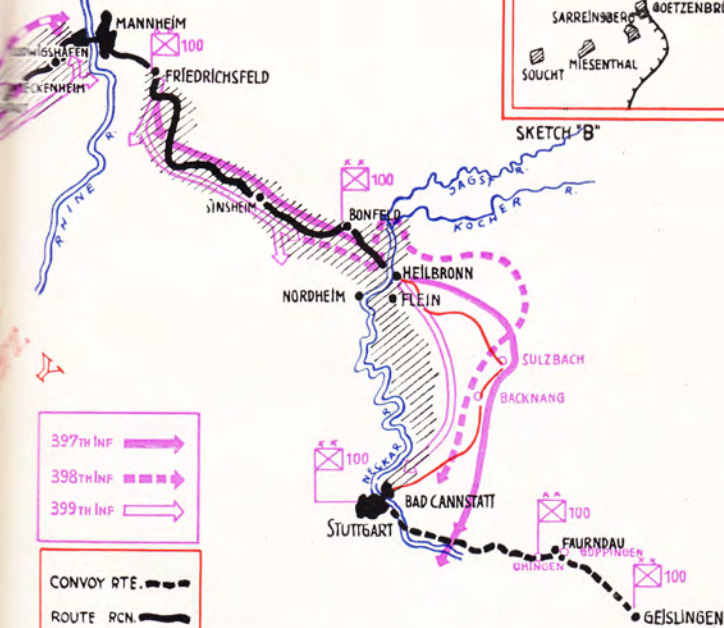


SKETCH "A"



100th CAV. RCN. TR.

U.T. ©.



SKETCH "A" - Area Occupied.
SKETCH "B" - On the Defensive.

Prepared and Edited by G-3, I & B
Revised by 100th CAV. RCN. TR.
Scale: 1:500,000 (Approx.).





HEADQUARTERS
781ST TANK BATTALION
APO 758
US Army

23 April 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

THRU : Commanding General, 100th Infantry Division,
APO 447, US Army.

TO : Captain Walter S. Ross, 100th Infantry Division
Reconnaissance, APO 447, US Army.

The contribution of your organization to the recent Prov-
isional Reconnaissance Squadron was most gratifying and commen-
dable.

The dispatch and dependability of the lateral tie-in of
your patrols not only did much to insure the stability of the
line held, but gave the three strong points that had been form-
ed an assurance that they were not isolated and alone. Patrol
reports verified the systematic dependability of this liaison
during dangerous daytime runs under direct enemy observation
as well as vague blackout conditions during the periods of dark-
ness.

I also wish to thank you personally for your efficient
and cooperative attitude toward the Squadron's problems.

Harry L. Kinne, Jr.
HARRY L. KINNE, JR.,
Lt. Col., Cavalry,
Commanding.

spare time, which was very little, we maintained a rugged maintenance schedule. After the many months of rough and ready treatment, it could not be denied that such a program would prove beneficial. The Troop motor park, located in the shade of blossoming apple trees, proved a picturesque spot for so much humming activity, and the men found working conditions here not too unfavorable. Classes were held in motor maintenance, radio, and weapons maintenance daily for all those not engaged in the patrols. One platoon was assigned the task of guarding a textile factory in Ugingen on May 5, adding a bit of variety to our schedule.

The cold weather and rain that began on the 6th played havoc with

our schedule of maintenance and also made our motor park a sea of slithering mud. The Troop, because of the unfavorable weather conditions, was now confined to their quarters for the



bigger part of the next two days. The fine orientation schedule, so capably handled by Sgt. Charles Singer, proved very interesting and tended to break the monotony of routine patrol and guard duty. Here now we could air our views on the rapidly crumbling situation in this theater of operations relative to our stubborn enemies. During the period of the 6th and 7th, maps were dug out from almost everywhere, and the Troop relived the days from Ludwigshafen on the Rhine, which was the beginning of the final drive, to the entry into the present sector of operations.



Adding up Points

Although the Troop, and the division as a whole, had been withdrawn from the line some time before and placed in Army reserve, the long-awaited announcement of V-E Day was received with a sense of relief by all concerned. In New York and other principal cities of the States it was a signal to close up shop for the day and stage one of the grandest victory celebrations in history. The men from this organization who had



the good fortune to be on pass in Paris, Nancy, or Brussels will never forget the riotous demonstrations by civilians and personnel of the Allied Forces in the street and squares of the cities. In London and Moscow, there were parades and gun-salutes to herald a new era of peace in Europe.

To us the day meant something a little different. It was accepted with a silent prayer and relief of a gigantic task half completed. In the minds of all of us, were the questions "What now?" and "How long before it will all be over and we can go home for good?" For there was still the ponderous job of bringing Japan to her knees in another settlement of unconditional surrender. The majority of us realized that although the



past had been rough, we had not been in combat as long as the men who had fought in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and Southern France. Though not much was said about it, it was felt that sometime in the not - too - far - distant future we would be on our way to the Pacific — maybe not all of us — but the greater part. And when, a few days later, we filled out our forms for discharge under the point system, most of us were brought face to face with the reality of just how “point-poor” we were.

Word was received at noon on May 8, from higher headquarters, that Pfc Munguia was to be present at Division Headquarters at 1330 for presentation of his Silver Star, won for gallantry in action on the night



of 21 February 1945, in the vicinity of Goetzenbruck, France. Munguia's courage was an outstanding example of gallant soldiering, when, with the chips down, he covered the withdrawal of his wounded buddy, braving possible death or capture by the





enemy ambush patrol encountered on a reconnaissance mission. At colorful ceremonies, General Burress pinned the Silver Star on his tunic at approximately 1400 hours. He was the first trooper in the unit to be so honored.

Two days later the Troop, minus Third Platoon, was ordered to move to Geislingen, Germany, to be assigned new targets and duties. The new location was very scenic, being located in a valley surrounded by foothills of the Schwabische Alps. T/5 William E. Place and Pfc Melvin L. Sincler were awarded the Bronze Star by General Burress in the early afternoon of May 12, for their contribution in the action that took place on 21 February '45, near Goetzenbruck, France. It was they who half carried, half dragged Sgt. Grant H. Bessey to the safety of their own lines when he suffered wounds as a result of

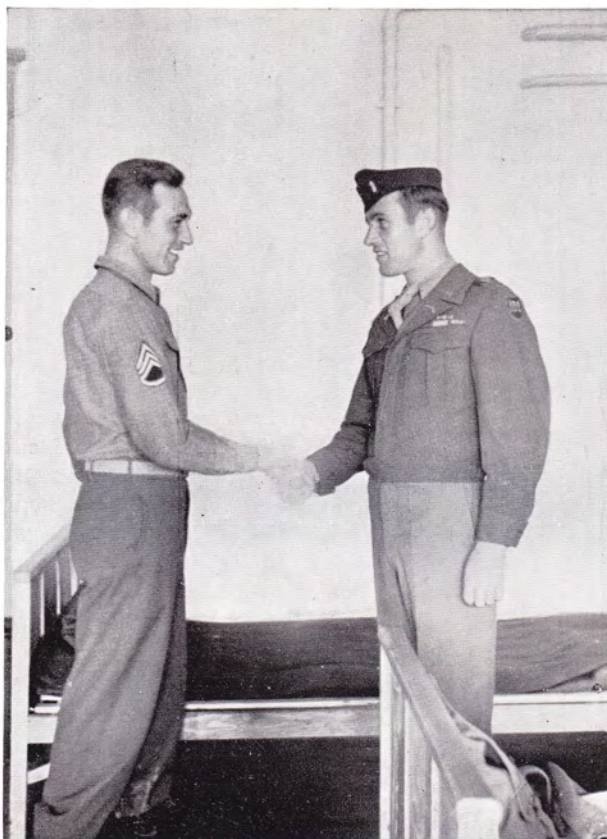
contact with an enemy ambush patrol. This was the same action for which Pfc Munguia was cited.

By this time the Troop had moved into a school building in Geislingen, and settled down to a garrison existence, with the routine task of guarding critical targets within the new area and minor patrol duties. A day or so later, the Third Platoon was relieved of guard duty in Uhingen and joined the rest of the unit.

On May 25 S/Sgt. Howard F. Cox, popular Platoon Sgt. of the Second Platoon, shed his stripes and donned the bars of a 2nd Lieutenant. After official ceremonies at Division Headquarters, Lt. Cox returned to the Troop to receive the well-wishes of his former buddies. He was assigned as Platoon Leader of his former platoon. S/Sgt. Frank A. Fogarty was the lucky man who received the customary "buck" for a first salute.

Life in garrison, as we were living it at that time, far surpassed anything we had seen since we came into the Army. We had German civilians doing the "housework", KP, keeping fires in the furnace, and even caring for the grounds around our quarters.





In addition, we had two showers, three private baths with tubs, and equipment for washing a limited amount of laundry in the basement; kitchen, mess hall, and dispensary; "Weazel's Barber Shop" operated free of charge by Pfc Wilfred Parquet with the assistance of T/5 Virgil Prater; a photo lab operated for our convenience by T/4 Fielder Clark. Most important of all, tho, was the large Day Room on the third floor which was used as a bar in off-duty

hours. Employing only men in the Troop, a bar was built at one end of the hall and was ready to open in less than two days' time. On one side of the room they erected a bandstand, complete with music stands for the Troop orchestra. The bar was named "Lefty's Room", and, at ceremonies on opening night, was dedicated to our late comrade "Lefty" Ennis, who was killed in action near Senones, France, on 22 November, 1944. We had many envious guests from other



units in Special Troops, and the spot received much publicity, even to a front-page picture and article in the division paper, "Century Sentinel". Later it was to be the scene of many a gay evening of dancing with comely lasses from DP Camps as guests for the evening.

About this time, our vehicles were repainted and the stencil of a yellow greyhound was placed on all the jeeps and M 8's as a distinctive insignia identifying the unit. Someone must have foreseen the events to come, for, not many days later, we were called upon to furnish the first formal guard that we were to perform on this side of the Atlantic. The occasion was an entertainment given by Gen.

Withers A. Burress, CG of the division, for 14 general officers of the 7th Army, at Salach, Germany. We were called upon by G 2 to furnish continual security from 1730 until 0100 the following morning. The Second Platoon participated in this honor, and the rest of the Troop was held in reserve.

The second occasion for us to show our "spit-and-polish" appearance was a formal escort for high ranking French officers from Stuttgart to an airport in the vicinity of Göppingen. One section of the escort picked up the visiting party in Stuttgart, and was inspected by the French officers. The visitors were then escorted in style to the appointed place with serens

screaming and the Troop guidon streaming from our point M 8. The other part of the escort met Maj. Gen. Morris, Commanding General of the 6th Corps, on the Göppingen—Lorch Road and brought him to the field in a style befitting his rank. Following the review by the 397th Infantry which featured the presentation of Bronze Stars to the French officers, the visiting dignitaries were guests of honor at a buffet dinner at the 397th Regimental CP. The escort then accompanied them back to their original pick-up points. For the soldierly manner in which the task was carried out we were commended very highly by Lt. Col. Reinecke, Division G 2.

At Independence Day ceremonies for presentation of a Presidential Citation to the 3rd Bn., 397th Inf., a group of our Armored Cars and crews escorted Gen. Morris, Corps Commander, from a rendezvous point outside of Göppingen to his reviewing stand in the downtown section of the city.



STUTTGART

On Saturday afternoon, July 7, the Troop left spacious quarters at Geislingen to the 36th Recon and moved by motor convoy to temporary quarters in an old school building in Stuttgart. French troops had been withdrawn, since definite boundaries had been worked out for different occupational troops, and elements of the 100th were taking over the administration of the city. Since most





among lindens at the end of a winding drive, was a picturesque affair. Here were quartered the three combat platoons, the orderly room, day room, photo lab, bar, and some headquarters elements. One of the wooden barracks to the rear housed Supply and Radio Maintenance and attached personnel. The other was quickly arranged as a kitchen and mess hall, with mess personnel living in a small house near the kitchen. On a hill to the rear of the villa was located the officers' quarters and the former servants' quarters by the gate was turned into garage and billets for Motor Maintenance and attached medics. All in all, it turned out to be an ideal set-up.

of the first night was spent battling a tenacious specimen of vermin that crawled out of the walls and wood-work, it was decided to look for more suitable quarters.

The city of Stuttgart had received more than its share of bombing during the air war carried out by our Air Force, and a building suitable for housing personnel of the unit was difficult to find. The most likely prospect turned out to be a villa that once served as headquarters for SS troops. Located on one of the hills overlooking the city, it was in the process of being renovated for use by French officers. Despite the condition of the building, most of the Troop moved in on Sunday afternoon and the remainder the following day.

Once known as Haus Regina, the villa, and outlying buildings were adequate to take care of the organization. The principal structure, nestled

After several weeks' work by carpenters and interior decorators, the place was in shape. Engineers and civilian workmen constructed a paved motor pool on the grounds to the





rear of the villa. Civilian personnel were employed to take care of the cleaning of living quarters, and to assist in the kitchen and mess hall.

During this period, we were employed in guarding a large factory that had been engaged in the manufacture of airplane parts in the suburbs of the city. The task also included a patrol of certain areas in this locality. A training schedule was

set up and we settled down as garrison soldiers again.

To commemorate the storming of the historic citadel of Bitche in the Maginot Line, an organization was formed in the division known as the "Sons of Bitche". Separate chapters were formed in the different organizations, embracing the men who participated in action with the division from December 15, 1944 to March 15, 1945.

A meeting was held and officers were elected for our chapter in the Troop. Later it was decided to name the chapter "ReconSOBitche". Membership cards came down from the parent organization and were distributed to those concerned. In order to welcome the men who joined the Troop after March 15, a motion was made to annex them under the title of "Step-Sons of Bitche" and plans were carried out accordingly.

On the entertainment list; we had movies at the Century Theatre in the Opera House in downtown Stuttgart,

and occasional USO shows. On different occasions the Jack Benny and Bob Hope troupes played to huge crowds at the Century Stadium in Bad Cannstatt. The Red Cross opened a huge canteen known as "Rainbow Corners", and many pleasant hours were whiled away there drinking cokes and coffee, and nibbling doughnuts. For those who cared, there was the opera several afternoons each week. Working with the MP's, a number of parties were held in their spacious quarters on the outskirts of the city.

"ITS' ALL OVER"

Now we were really sweating out redeployment to the Pacific Theater, either direct or via the States. Around the first of August all kinds of rumors began to fly thick and fast. We knew something was in the wind, but just what could not be determined.

— turning in equipment and holding show-down inspections. We were advised to get rid of all our "loot". The mail orderly's business picked up accordingly. Billfolds were censored to eliminate photos of "Maisie of Columbia", "Gertrude of Nashville", "Marie of Paris", and "Ingrid of Geislingen", in anticipation or an early



Then, official word came down that we were to clear our present area not later than August 27, and that we were to sail for home by September 10. Naturally the news was greeted with cheers and celebration.

About this time, too, Japan began to put out peace feelers. The first atomic bomb raids were made and Russia entered the war. We continued our preparations for movement

return to the "Old Country". In a word — we were all set.

Then, climaxing a four-day period of negotiations concerning the fate of Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, the Tokio Radio announced on the morning of August 14 that the terms of the Potsdam Conference had been accepted. On the following morning, came the announcement that all peace-loving people in the world had been waiting

so long to hear: the Japanese were ready to quit! Gen. Douglas MacArthur was named Supreme Allied Commander. Although President Truman stated that Victory Day would not be officially proclaimed until after the formal surrender of Japan, the war-weary world could wait no longer. The Thursday and Friday that followed gave birth to the biggest mass celebrations that the world has ever seen.

There were no organized demonstrations among the troops stationed in Stuttgart and vicinity. Naturally, there were innumerable private parties to celebrate the occasion, and everywhere there was more or less a holiday spirit. It was almost impossible to believe that we would never have to see combat in the Pacific. For such a long time we had been thinking in terms of "When?", and now it was a "WHEN?" with much more feeling. Visions of "points" and new suits were taking priority in our thoughts. It couldn't be so long now.

On Saturday, then, we were told that all immediate redeployment orders had been cancelled, and we would have to wait a while longer. Even tho it had been more or less

expected, sighs filled the day-room and faces fell all over the place. We were assured that every effort was being made to get us home by Christmas, and that tempered the disappointment a little.

As this document goes to press, changes in personnel are being made daily. Men are arriving from the 63rd Recon, and some of our men with "beaucoup" points are going out. To the new men in ranks, we welcome you — to the old who leave, we're sorry to see you go but we're glad to see you civilian-bound.

This brings to a close our story, as far as it goes, of the 100th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop. However, history-making will not stop as long as the Troop is on active duty, whether it be "over here" or "over there". In a few months, we will be sifted and scattered to all parts of our United States from whence we came. Regardless of the place and position to which we return, each of us will carry with him the satisfaction of a job well done, and the memory of experiences which time can never erase. It is written there, in the indisputable Book of History.



THE 2ND WORLD WAR IS OVER!

“ROLL

CALL”

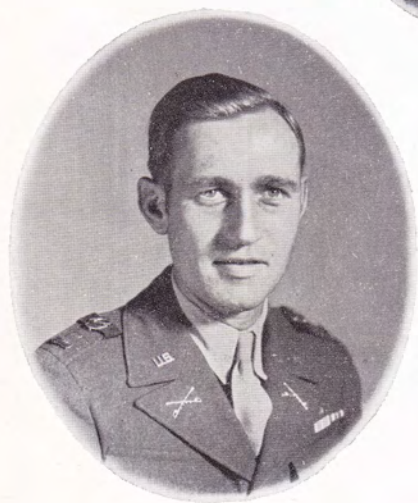
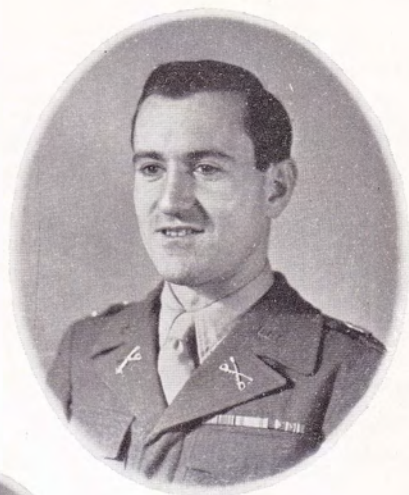
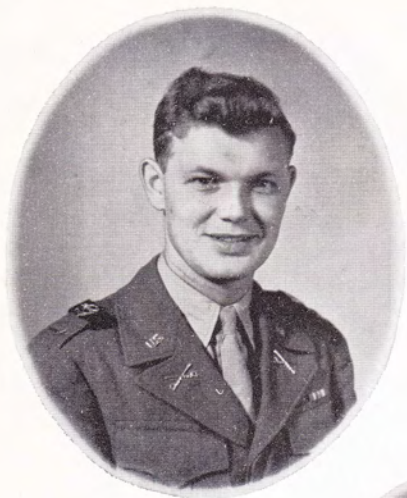
1st. LT. HERBERT E. MUNGER

1st. LT. BAYARD B. HERRICK

CAPT. WALTER S. ROSS

2nd. LT. HOWARD F. COX

1st. LT. RICHARD H. MOSS





FIRST PLATOON



SECOND PLATOON

FIRST PLATOON

(Standing, l. to r.)

Sgt. Schwind, Pfc. Norman, Cpl. Neilsen,
Cpl. Turnipseed, Lt. Hoberg, S/Sgt. Scharfetter,
Sgt. Fegles, Pfc. Treible, T/5 Sokolowski, T/4 Atwater

(Kneeling, l. to r.)

T/5 Grandeury, Pfc. Crismon, Pfc. Stresser,
T/5 Ridlehuber, Pfc. Overland, T/4 Attlee,
T/5 Pugliese, Pfc. Alexander, Pvt. Dunham

(Sitting, l. to r.)

T/5 Banks, Pfc. Mills, Pfc. Gould, T/5 Smith,
Pfc. Rutka, Pfc. Paterno, Pfc. Byrk, T/5 DeChiara,
T/5 Welles

SECOND PLATOON

(Standing, l. to r.)

Cpl. Alesia, T/4 Johnson, Pvt. Balerna, Pfc. Munguia,
Lt. Cox, S/Sgt. Gill, T/5 Place, Pfc. Trammell,
Pfc. Craycraft, Pfc. McAuliffe, T/5 Spiegelglass

(Kneeling, l. to r.)

Sgt. Morongell, T/4 Marcoux, T/5 Kordys,
T/5 Kowalski, Pfc. Salmon, Pfc. Muller, T/4 Winston,
T/5 Watson, Pfc. Biederman

(Sitting, l. to r.)

Sgt. Monks, T/5 Baldwin, Pfc. Poulos, Pfc. Seibert,
Pfc. Tijerina, T/5 Underwood, Pfc. Primas,
Pfc. Wilkins, Pfc. Sincler, Pfc. Watson

THIRD PLATOON

(Standing, l. to r.)

S/Sgt. Bessey, Sgt. Boll, Cpl. Pilioglos, Cpl. Perkins,
Pfc. Paszkiewicz, T/5 Mosher, T/5 Edwards,
Pfc. Schochet, Pvt. Singleteary, T/5 Prater

(Kneeling, l. to r.)

Pfc. Hill, T/5 Jaeger, Pfc. Bowers, T/4 Fisher,
Pfc. Thayer, T/5 Lynam, Pfc. Maciolek,
T/5 Roderick, T/4 Drewry

(Sitting, l. to r.)

Pfc. Byrum, Pfc. Bondiskey, Pfc. May, Pfc. Orick,
T/5 Rundell, Pfc. Eng, Pfc. Gately, T/5 De Lisi,
Pfc. Dawson

ADMINISTRATIVE and LIAISON SECTIONS

(Standing, l. to r.)

T/4 Clark, T/5 Lahman, T/5 Key, 1st. Sgt. Prezioso,
Pfc. Denton, S/Sgt. Holbrook, T/4 Bennett,
T/4 Truchsess

(Kneeling, l. to r.)

T/5 Lacouture, Cpl. Berrie, Sgt. Sooy, Pfc. Hartman,
T/5 Stone, T/5 Harmon

(Sitting, l. to r.)

Sgt. Singer, Cpl. McGee, Pfc. Grillo, T/5 Lyons,
Pfc. Burnson, T/4 Olsen



THIRD PLATOON



ADMINISTRATIVE and LIAISON SECTIONS



MESS SECTION



SUPPLY SECTION



MOTOR MAINTENANCE SECTION

MOTOR MAINTENANCE SECTION

(Standing, l. to r.)

T/5 Sykulski, T/Sgt. Conners, T/4 Fitts, T/4 Fairbanks,
Pfc. Catanzaro (Medic)

(Kneeling, l. to r.)

Cpl. Chromy, S/Sgt. Gemza, T/4 Eitleman, Pfc. Brown,
T/4 Condon

MESS SECTION

(Standing, l. to r.)

T/5 Morrison, S/Sgt. Zimmerman, T/4 Daly, Pfc. Tona

(Sitting, l. to r.)

T/5 Riker, Pfc. Johnston, Pfc. Sewell

SUPPLY SECTION

(Standing, l. to r.)

T/5 Youngfeldt, Pfc. Williams, T/5 Burton, T/5 Walton

(Sitting, l. to r.)

Cpl. Waller, Cpl. Boyd, S/Sgt. Leavy, Cpl. Uhrig

IN MEMORIUM



JOSEPH "LEFTY" ENNIS

BATTLE FOR THE VOSGES

SENONES, FRANCE

NOVEMBER 22, 1944

AN UNFORGETTABLE TROOPER

AWARDS

SILVER STAR

(For Gallantry in Action)

Munguia, Gilberto

BRONZE STAR

(For Heroic Achievement)

Atwater, Robert L.

Bessey, Grant H.

Place, William E.

Sinclair, Melvin L.

White, Walter B.

(For Meritorious Achievement)

Camann, Donald W.

Cox, Howard F.

Eng, Suey W.

Fogarty, Frank A.

McIntosh, John

Meholcz, Alexander P.

Moss, Richard H.

Munger, Herbert E.

(For Meritorious Service)

Boutin, Paul E.

Herrick, Bayard B.

Holbrook, James R.

Olsen, Arnold O.

Prezioso, Salvatore V., Jr.

Riley, John A.

Ross, Walter S.

Sooy, Donald M.

PURPLE HEART

Bessey, Grant H.

Brockmiller, John C.

Camera, Chero J.

Gately, Thomas L.

Johnston, Stanley A.

Margraff, Donald H.

McIntosh, John

Monks, George F.

Parkin, Charles F. *

Pavlat, Robert K.

Steele, Charles W.

Waller, Grover C.

Welenc, Walter J.

* Oak Leaf Cluster

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