



Co. A 399th Inf. Rgt. 100th Division

Dedication

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THIS COMPANY WHO DIED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. IT IS ALSO DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT THEY DID NOT DIE IN VAIN, AND THAT THE IDEALS AND STANDARDS FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT AND DIED WILL BE CHERISHED AND PROTECTED BY US, THEIR EVERLASTINGLY GRATEFUL BUDDIES.

James Adair Jr.
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Foreword

It is impossible to describe the horrible hell and misery of infantry combat. No man in his right senses wants the job. It is the most lowly, the most dirty, and certainly the most thankless general assignment in all warfare.

The infantryman is at the end of the supply line and human nature is human nature.

Due to the great technological progress of modern warfare, most soldiers wage a cold, highly-skilled, impersonal part in today's mechanized armies. However, this is not true of the infantryman. He still must fight the bloody, barbaric, age-old man to man battle. For him, the fight is continuous. There is no concept of time in his miserable existence. Because of these things, the psychological strain upon the mind of civilized man engaged in this type of warfare is beyond comprehension. Comprehension can come only through experience.

Yet, due to the egotistical nature of man perhaps, he takes fierce pride in this experience. The combat infantryman is proud of himself, his comrades, and his unit. He knows that no one would change places with him, and in that knowledge rests his feeling of combat superiority and pride.

Introduction

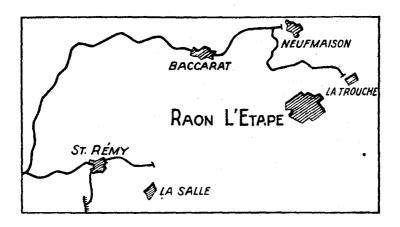
This work is an attempt at a brief combat history of Company A 399th Infantry Regiment of the 100th Division. It is primarily intended to be of interest only to the personnel of this organization and to each man's friends and relatives curious as to his combat experience.

No men are mentioned by name in the body of the history. A roster of all men who have been with the Company at any time during combat will be found in the back of the volume. Combat infantryman know that individual merit and glory should come to most of them, but does not. They also know that such recognition is for the most part unfair and impossible. Because each man will only too well remember his part in this history, the endeavour has been to make this record as honest, fair, and correct a picture of the organization's experience as possible.

The history has been divided into four separate phases or chapters. Each phase represents a definite period with its own individual men, tactics climatic conditions, living conditions, and other factors.

There has been no attempt to recall especially humurous incidents. It is expected that those incidents and the happy ones will be those most easily remembered. It is also thought that the places and events mentioned in this record will recall most omitted experiences immediately to mind. As an example of this, one can never think of the garrison without immediately recalling Captain Young with his pants down. It seemed that he could never perform that natural function without the Jerrie's bouncing in a round on him at the critical moment. Once or twice he was in serious danger, but the incidents never failed to delight everyone immensely. It was easy for us to laugh at each other's misfortunes, for they were all common misfortunes, and we all ex-

perienced them, or most of them, equally. This record, it is hoped then, will serve to bring back all the many individual occurrences impossible to relate in an organizational story. The 100th Division was activated on November 15, 1942. This was the beginning of Company A. The unit was then at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. It participated in the Tennessee Maneuvers during the winter of 1943—44 and then moved to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in January of 1944. Most of the men that came overseas with the Company joined and trained with it at Fort Bragg.



PHASE I

The Hill

D. W. BRUNER

The wonderful, goldbricking days of crating, clothes-stamping, showdown inspections, and all those easy details that made the last few weeks at Bragg as pleasant as possible (considering such surroundings) finally came to an end. The outfid was alerted, and after a couple of dry-runs to facilitate loading, the real thing occurred September 31. With the band playing, the Company marched off as a part of the Regiment, across the old Division Area for the last time, and onto the train. The loading went off without a hitch and the outfit was on its way. Rumors had been flying as always, but by train-time most men were convinced that the Division was headed for France.

After a day and night on the train, the men disembarked at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. For most Able Infantrymen, this POE proved to be the nicest camp experienced in the army. Many of the men, looking ahead, began to understand why.

For the first time, these combat-green men really took note of how combat veterans appreciated the common comforts of good American living. The true meaning of total war was slowly beginning to dawn. However, the food was good, there was plenty of recreation and excitement, and a large part of the men in the Company were able to see America's greatest city, New York, for the first time. The few days at Kilmer passed as if by magic, and with mouning tension they again marched through the POE's gates and back onto the train. The World's Series were being broadcast from St. Louis.

After straining and tugging equipment off the train and down to the ferry, everyone had a final "good look" while moving up the Hudson. The lights of Manhattan were magnificent in the crisp clear night. After docking and checking aboard, with the exception of a few early risers the next morning, that last sight of America was of Manhattan that cool clear night of October fifth. The next morning, the outfit set sail. The last order given fifteen minutes before the ship's engines were started was: "All men Below decks! Close all ports and hatches, and secure!"

Life aboard ship was pleasant, and after the first excitement—uneventful. Only special units and the first battalion of the 399th Infantry were on the ship, the S. S. McAndrews. The food was good, but the chow line was so long that it wound about all over the ship. Only two meals a day were served. Not many men in the Company were sick until the ship hit a storm in the mid-Atlantic, and everyone was held below decks for 24 hours. There was plenty of time for talking, basking in the sun, reading, playing poker, and chess, besides sleeping. There were a large number of Chaplains aboard and many services. A variety show was held every evening, as well as movies, and even a boxing tournament one or two nights. One of the Company's chief characters, "The Rip", tock over as M. C. of the nightly variety shows.

The ship passed Gibraltar just at nightfall and docked October 20 at Marseilles. The march from the docks up through



the outskirts of Marseilles was long, and at that time, rugged. Yet, the sights of foreign streets and people were most exciting. Considering that the men had been on board ship for fifteen days, those ten miles with full equipment mostly uphill were hard to take. The bivouac-area was damp, and after the second day, wet and muddy. The first morning more than one man awoke in the middle of a very wet lake. This was a miserable time for many of the boys. Everyone was sleeping in pup-tents, and the mucky mud was everywhere and on everything. The nights were cold, and nervousness, change in rations, as well as the long boat trip all combined to make some very sick men. Some were much worse then others. This adjustment was to continue through the indescribable hell and torture of the next month. The Company, as well as the entire Regiment, spent the few days at Marseilles in feverish preparation and training. Little did the personnel then know that they were to set a record time for shipment from homeport to direct commitment into action. After short four-hour passes in Marseilles the outfit pulled out October 29 headed for the front. The trip up the Rhone Valley was made in open trucks with bivouacs near Valence and Dijon. The country was very beautiful, and people waved greetings to the American soldiers all along the route. They seemed extremely anxious to show their friendliness.

The night of October 31, behind our own lines at the front, near Fremifontaine, France, Able-men heard American artillery for the first time. Bewildered, green, and frightened, the sound of their own artillery gave them the sudden incentive to dig. They didn't stop digging until the Unconditional Surrender nearly seven months later.

"A" Company was one of the first companies of the 100th on line. The 399th Infantry Regiment was the first on line in the Division, relieving the 179th Infantry of the 45th Division. Able relieved Able Company of the 179th November 1, in the morning. The position was located near the small village of La Salle, France in the Vosges Mountains. The area was heavily forested and quite wet. For the first time, Able personnel encountered the real "Combat Joes", the beaten-up dogfaces, the characters who have learned by experience and misery just what combat fighting means. They were men of one of the finest, hard-fighting battle-experienced divisions in the American Army, and they did their best to reassure and advise the new men that were relieving them.

These men of Able Company soon learned that their outfit had been committed to one of the most difficult sections of terrain on the Western Front, and at probably the most miserable time of year. The cold and rain and mud were getting worse each day, and enemy opposition was bitter to the extreme. The first night on line, jittery as all men were, passed uneventfully except for one man who accidentally shot himself in the foot.

Orders came down to leave the position and advance the afternoon of November third. Moving out in column and carrying all the excessive equipment only a very green outfit will do its first days on line, skirting the town of La Salle, the unit finally moved into St. Rémy, tired, frightened, and not too well organized. Warm chow finally reached the town well after dark, but many of the men were not able to enjoy it, as contact between the platoons was still being established. Most of the men were able to obtain a few hour's sleep in farm houses and basements, but each house had a squad dug

in outside as security. It was here that the Company experienced its first shock of combat. The enemy shelled the town, causing casualties, and everyone felt the terrible loss keenly. Ordered to advance before dawn the next morning to take up new positions, it was necessary to cross open fields under enemy observation. The Company was delayed in pushing off, spotted by the enemy, and thus subjected to constant mortar fire. Fortunately, the enemy fire was not accurate and the new position was reached without casualties. The men commenced to dig holes. The position was just below the crest on a wooded forward slope facing the enemy. The ground was of rock and clay, making digging next to impossible. It was here under these conditions that the Company received its first real shelling. The area was blasted by "88" fire, having a terrifying effect on the men impossible to describe. Each long whistling round with its shattering explosive report was "sweated out" by the inexperienced cringing men in their half-dug holes. Finally it let up, and the men were able to continue their hasty digging. Another nervous tense night was spent. The only action was a regular contact-patrol sent every three hours over to the unit on the right flank.

On November sixth, at about noon, Company A launched its first attack. The objective consisted of two small woods, numbered five and six on the area map. They were both on high ground and defended. The Third Platoon jumped off in the lead, while the other platoons followed in close succession. No real resistance was met until a scouting patrol from the Second Platoon was fired upon by the enemy in Woods Six, its objective. As soon as the patrol withdrew, the enemy began to shell the woods in which the company was located. The men began to dig. The CO called for 4.2 mortars to fire White Phosphorous and regular high explosive rounds. The area was hit accurately by these mortars, and the Company weapons platoon fired upon the machine gun emplacements located by the patrol. At dusk, the Company launched a supposedly coordinated attack upon the position. The Second Platoon was pinneddown by grazing



fire from machine guns. The Third Platoon, by a flanking assault, took not only their own portion of the objective but moved on through the woods to take the left flank sector originally planned for the Second Platoon. Company went into the woods firing from the hip. The enemy was throwing a great deal of mortar fire from their prepared

secondary positions in the next woods. They also were firing rifles and machine guns as they withdrew. Further casualties were sustained by the Company on this operation. The first prisoner, taken by the Third Platoon, was captured in a small shack immediately after the Company attacked. Most prisoners taken were young Poles who claimed they were compelled to fight by SS leaders.

The night was a miserable one, wet and cold with heavy artillery and mortar fire. Most of the men had not eaten since the noon or the night before. Communications were not established with battalion until early the next morning. Due to heavy enemy fire, inexperience, and the inaccessability of the position, the wounded could not be evacuated. It was simple hell! Most of the men were so tired, cold, and hungry that they were exhausted. Equipment had been hurriedly discarded in the attack. Everyone was stripped to the bare essentials. The superfluous equipment was gathered up later by salvage men, but that was the last time A Company doughs were to be bothered with it. The next morning, November seventh, was the same, with the shelling and mortar fire scaling off. The wounded men were evacuated very

early, and well toward noon, rations came out and another company to take the position and relieve the tired men.

The trek back off the line to St. Rémy was about all most men could manage. Comparative momentary security, food, wet soaking clothes off wracked bodies, and sleep — fourteen hours of it — was the memory of St. Rémy that final night and day. After a good night's rest and plenty of food, the Company was ordered out of St. Rémy and back to a battalion assembly area. Two miserably wet and cold nights were spent in this area which had been heavily mined by the fleeing Germans. The choice of this area reflected the greenness and lack of judgment of the still comparatively new outfit. However by this short time on line, most Able men could be considered true combat infantrymen. They had learned shortly and quickly what hell frontline combat constitutes.

On the tenth of November, the Company moved by truck to another assembly area outside Baccarat. This location was memorable in that mail was beginning to catch up and even some packages came through. However, early on the morning of the eleventh, with snow covering the ground, cold, and a hard up-hill march to the line, the Company again went into the attack. The unit objective was a high hill in the Baccarat Woods sector, and the plan called for a coordinated drive with Charlie Company. "C" Company was on the left flank, and A Company on the right as the battalion jumped off. The enemy had located the battalion and pinned down the two companies by shell-fire just before the time to attack. The battalion had countered with American artillery and the heavy machine guns of Dog Company had sprayed the general area to be covered with overhead fire. The enemy was entrenched in good positions with cross machine gun The Company was pinned down by this fire and by enemy snipers. The CO called for artillery and the FO with the Company observed and directed the fire. After the barrage, and a few well placed hand and rifle grenades, the enemy ceased firing his machine guns. The Company again began to advance, but slowly, as rifle fire was being exchanged. A few prisoners were taken, but about fifteen or sixteen enemy in running away from A Company, ran into the Charlie men and surrendered to them.

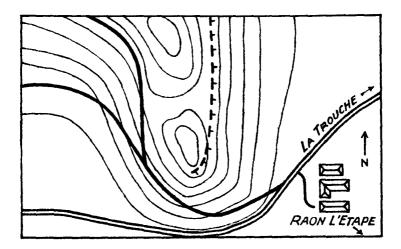
The top of the hill was taken, and the Company dug in for what it knew was coming. The enemy shelled the position heavily during the late afternoon and evening, inflicting some casualties. Another seemingly endless cold night was spent in muddy, hastily-constructed holes. The Company moved out the next day early in the afternoon, had their first warm meal in three days, and marched on again until after dark. Holes for the night were dug, and although none of the men knew it, they were directly behind the lines of the 397th Infantry. The next day, the thirteenth of November, the Company marched on up to the line and through the 397th. The entire battalion was to pull a sneak move out to the front of this regiment's lines. It was a daring and a dangerous move. The men were tired, cold, and just generally worn out. They had seen a number of their closest buddies wounded, and many had already escaped some of those close ones every combat man has experienced. Men's feet were becoming so sore that it was a continual agony to walk. Hands were beginning to numb, but not to the extent of a few days later. The sore feet in many cases were the beginnings of trench foot. A Company was in reserve as the battalion moved out through the foxholes of the 397th doughs. At a crossroad not far from the line the First Platoon was trapped and fired on by an outpost of the enemy. The Battalion CO sent up an order to clean the pocket out. The Company formed a skirmish line, and after killing or wounding five or six of the enemy, the remaining dozen or so surrendered. The Second Platoon took these and turned them over to doughs of the 397th. The enemy had been entrenched in an excellent position and the cost to clean out a "small pocket" was just another example of those things that make the front-line Joe's existence one of continual fear and tense apprehension. The march continued, and the Company struggled to catch up with the main part of the battalion. It seemed that A Company was always get"The bitter clash for the weapon-bristling wooded height that was Hill 462.8 typified the battle for Raon L'Etape and wrote one of the first important pages in the division's combat story. Coming only two weeks after the 399th lunged into combat, 1st Battalion stepped off on a line covering a thousand yard front in an advance across the clearing (It was not a clearing but a large woods) to the ominously silent bill.

"Even without opposition, the ascent up this rocky elevation would have been difficult for Centurymen, burdened with weapons and ammunition. As it was, they met deeply entrenched automatic weapon emplacements before getting halfway up. Taking the steepest grade on the assumption that enemy weapons would be directed to the more gradual incline, 399th doughs crawled through brush and overhead fire toward the top.

"By eliminating or temporarily silencing machine gun nests from the rear with hand grenades, Company A reached the summit first, fanning out to fight over three knolls.

"Companies B and C followed and joined in the battle to take and hold these commanding positions. On the center knoll, an enemy counter-attack developed from below but heavy fire-power maintained the hard won foothold. Then began the strength-taxing job of evacuating wounded and bringing up ammunition. By nightfall, 1st Battalion was perched atop the peak. Resistance was broken.

"With the occupation of that high ground, which was behind the enemy defensive line and allowed observation and fields of fire over the entire area, Germans were forced to withdraw. The 100th celebrated the second anniversary of its activation November 15 by surging forward again. The way now was open for VI Corps to cross the Meurthe and launch its drive toward the Alsatian Plain" (Taken from "The Story of the Century" — pp. 5, 6 and 7.)



Thus, on the morning of November 14, the Company filed down off the cliff-like hill where they had spent the night, and proceeded cautiously toward the hill that was to be the objective. A very few, if any of the men knew, understood, or cared about the big picture. To them it was just another attack with all the fear, nervousness, and misery that goes with each operation. It is a feeling impossible to describe, and one that the individual can never get used to or escape. Sometimes a man can resign himself to the idea of death, but then there is always the additional fear of the horrible and tortuous way one might die or be injured. He fears pain, and injuries that deform and cripple him. To some degree, this fear is impossible to control in any individual.

Working down through the woods in a regular skirmish line, the Company was ordered to hit the ground while the artillery started their barrage on the position. A tank was slipped in while the barrage was in progress up to a point near the departure line — the explosions of the shells prevented the enemy from hearing or detecting its approach. Baker Company was to attack on the left flank, while Able Company was to attack on the right. Charlie Company was in reserve. As soon as the artillery ceased firing, A and B

Companies jumped off. The line started to fire as it met opposition at the base of the hill. The tank shot a few rounds of overhead fire, then was no longer of any use. The long skirmish line slowly continued to advance. Firing was heavy or sporadic, depending on the opposition each squad found itself up against. The Germans would fire from their holes, then either wave a white handkerchief and try to surrender, or run up the hill to other positions. About half-way up, the Company captured its first German officer, a young sub-lieutenant. Because the hill was nearly straight up in places, it was difficult to hold the Company skirmish line together. Either the center sagged, or one of the flanks dropped too far back or went too far forward. There was danger of our own men firing upon each other, or that a part of the line might be subjected to enemy enfilading fire. The Third Platoon was the first to reach the top of the hill. The enemy had a couple of machine gun nests in the rocks, one firing up the draw between the first and second knobs of the hill. The Second Platoon had this second knob as a platoon objective. There was fierce opposition coming from the vicinity of the second knob, and from the draw between the two knobs. As the First Platoon was in direct support of the Third the First took over holding the top of the first knob, while two squads of the Third Platoon pushed through the draw — past the formeost enemy machine gun — and on up the right flank of the second knob. Meanwhile the Second Platoon was coming up from the left flank against the second knob. A terrible fight occurred here, the Second Platoon being compelled to pull back leaving the two squads of the Third Platoon out on the right flank of the second knob. Amid the fighting and confusion on top, many men had attached themselves to different squads and leaders. The Company also had a section of Dog Company's heavy machine guns and men. One gun was set up to fire down the draw, and the other to cover the open Company right flank.

As the CO saw the Second Platoon pulling back, he and the Platoon Sergeant of the Second Platoon quickly reorganized the platoon and reattacked. At a terrific cost the height was gained. However, the enemy kept bitterly counter-attacking til dark. The men were not able to dig in until then. Many had not eaten since the day before, and those who had, only one ration. They had fought bitterly the whole day, and then had to dig half the night. Besides, it was a very dangerous night, as the enemy kept sending out patrols. One of these patrols found a wounded Able man, fired three rounds into him while they could still hear him breathe. He was evacuated the next day - and lived. The German troops against the Company in this area were members of a crack unit with reportedly great experience in Italy, who fought bitterly and fanatically. By dusk the position was very critical. Although ammunition had been redistributed, due to the continual counter-attacking of the enemy there was very little remaining. The Company was spread over the two knobs thinly for the opposition against them. Casualties were extremely heavy and company strength was at a minimum. The shortage of ammunition finally became so serious that the men feared to fire the little they had left. In just what seemed to be the nick of time, Charlie Company arrived at dusk to strengthen the positions. Charlie Company took over defense of the first knob, leaving the second knob for A Company. This left A Company in the center of the battalion position, with Baker Company on the left flank. The next day after the attack, the enemy began to shell the position. "The Hill" was to be nothing but an enemy target for artillery and mortars during the next six days. This period was one long never ending day and night of misery after another. Each day, casualties were sent back. Men went back sick with battle fatigue, shock, and trench foot. Losses in wounded every day were common from shell fragments. Men prayed with all their hearts to be saved by a "million dollar one". Some thought that a "million dollar wound" would be the only way to ever get off the hill. The nights were bitterly cold, and everyone had to be especially alert as the enemy was very active. Men were wounded bringing up chow and supplies. However, it was possible to bring up dry socks, newspapers, and cigarettes, with the food and water after the first couple of days. Some men would rather

not eat than to come down from their holes to get the food. The boys from the kitchen did a wonderful job. The long steep dangerous route up to the company was brutal. took about two hours to haul up water and rations by hand. Many men from the Fourth Platoon volunteered to do this miserable task reguarly. To attempt to describe the eternity of hell and misery that was Hill 462.8 the latter part of November would be impossible. Hands were so numb that one could not button or unbutton pockets or light cigarettes. It was a painful process taking anywhere from five to ten or twelve minutes. Some men just left flaps open. In the mornings feet were so numb that a man would fall down trying to stand up or get out of his hole. There was the same old stomach trouble due to nervousness, cold, and concentrated rations. The greatest single indication of the hardship endured by the men was the blank vacant stare on the faces of each. Anyone who has seen the men of a rifle-company, weary and shocked from battle fatigue, can easily understand the term "dogface". The men sit around, looking out into space with a mournful empty look in their eyes which is exactly like that of a patient old dog. It is a look of incredulity and bewilderment to the extreme of complete mental resignation. But when this state is ended, it is followed usually by extreme bitterness. A common feeling while cringing at the bottom of a foxhole is, "Why did this have to happen to me - to us!" Thoughts of home and future were the only things that could soften the hard sensation. Mail meant everything. Usually, it provided the only instinct to go on, and the main stimulus to think.

On November 23, Thanksgiving Day, the Company pulled off of 462.8. It had been strengthened by a large number of replacements, who already were becoming an integral part of the outfit.

HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION

Office of the Commanding General APO 447, U. S. Army

GENERAL ORDERS) NUMBER 206)

23 July 1945

BATTLE HONORS / CITATION OF UNIT

By direction of the president, under the provisions of Section IV, Circular Number 333, War Department, 1943, and with the approval of the Army Commander, the following named organization is cited for outstanding performance of duty in action:

THE FIRST BATTALION, 399TH INFANTRY REGI-MENT is cited for outstanding performance in combat during the period 16 November 1944 to 17 November 1944, near Raon L' Etape, France. Overlooking the important Muerthe River City of Raon L' Etape, in the thickly forested foothills of the Vosges Mountains, is a hill-mass known as Tete Des Reclos. This high ground, affording perfect enemy observation, barred an assault upon the vital communications city. On the rainy morning of November 16, the first Battalion launched an attack to clear the enemy from these strongly fortified hill positions. Fighting through the dense, pine forest under intense enemy artillery, mortar, machine gun and automatic weapons fire the First Battalion, after three hours of effort, drove across a trail circling the base of the hill mass. A withering, forty-five minute artillery preparation at this point proved ineffective against the deep, concrete

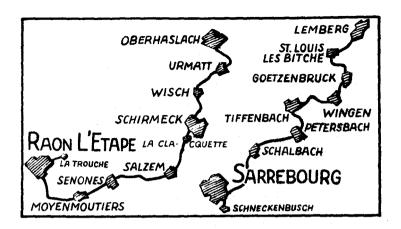
and log covered enemy bunkers built into the side of the hills, and it soon became evident that basic infantry assualt was the only feasible method for driving the enemy from their positions. In a fierce close-in, small arms fight, which increased in fury as they climbed the precipitious slopes, the First Battalion wormed their way toward the top of hill 462.8, key to the enemy's defenses. Battling against fanatical enemy resistance, they finally reached the crest. Bitter, handto-hand fighting developed as the enemy hurled repeated counterattacks against the inspired infantrymen. Once the First Battalion was driven from the hill-top, but rapidly regrouping, they regained their positions. At dark, the enemy finally withdrew, leaving the First Battalion in possession of the high ground. Throughout, supplies had to be hand carried up the steep slopes under continuous enemy fire. Only the teamwork, coordination and determination of all elements in this heroic Battalion, made the sucess of this attack possible, opening the gateway through the Vosges Mountains to the Alsatian Plains beyond.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MURPHY:

J. O. KILGORE
Colonel GSC
Chief of staff

OFFICIAL:

/s/ Byron C De La Mater
/t/ BYRON C DE LA MATER
Lt Col AGD
Adjutant General



PHASE II

Victory March

A. D. HOLMES

Thanksgiving Day ushered in a completely different phase of operations for A Company. On that day the unit came from a world of woods, hills, mud, rain, cold, and indescribable hell to a world of buildings, towns, fires, sufficient food, clean clothes, and occasional relaxation. Thanksgiving Dinner was served in dirty buildings formerly used as stables which were located several hundred feet from the top of "The Hill", it might have been served in hotels several hundred miles from there and the contrast could not have been greater. Dinner itself was unforgettable with the quantity of hot, delicious food, and the fires built in tubs on the floor, and the wonderful peace that comes only to an infantryman when he has no fears for the coming hour or two. Lots of packages and mail left the men with high spirits and satisfied appetites, not to mention poignant thoughts of home. Motor transport took the company to billets in a

warm hayloft in Moyenmoutiers for the night. Early the next morning the unit loaded up and rode towards Strasbourg, dismounting after an hour's ride. Then commenced a long Victory March up the Bruche River Valley. Villagers stood by the wayside with wine, Schnapps, and apples for their liberators. Mist covered the picturesque valley as the unit marched steadily through small towns, meeting only the lightest of resistance. Toward evening, three platoons took shelter in a railroad tunnel outside of La Claquette, France, while the other platoon cleared the town. Sporadic mortar and artillery fire served to keep all men mindful of the presence of the enemy. The night was spent in houses in the town, which had been so rapidly overrun that water facilities were still operating. Some fifteen miles had been covered on foot that day, and warm stoves, dry rooms, and a few beds were blessings to tired men. The next morning, November 25, the men joined with civilians in investigating enemy warehouses located in La Claquette. A number of bedrolls destined for German officers were appropriated by the GI's and a few individuals managed to prepare eggs and potatoes as a supplement to their field rations. At noon, the march continued, passing through Schirmeck, Urmatt, and halting again that evening at Niederhaslach. The march was complete with welcoming citizens, drinkables, and many luxuries in foodstuffs. Milk, butter, cheese, and numerous delicacies from the well-stocked villages were presented to the doughs as they slogged along past small groups of Jerries coming down from the hills to surrender. Though orders had been sent to stop at Schirmeck, the runner carrying them never reached the Company till hours after it had been left behind. Had the Company had tanks, it was felt that the unit could have kept pace with the Third Division and reached Strasbourg. However, there were no complaints when trucks arrived to take the Company to the rear the next morning. Fine weather favored A Company as it settled temporarily in Movenmoutiers, where clean clothes and hot food were available. Sleeping and letterwriting filled the day, while cards and other occupations helped to relax the mind at night.

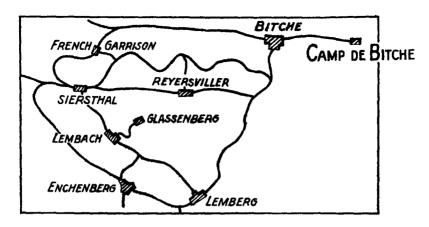


On 28 November the Division was moved from the VI Corps area to the XV Corps area up north. Company A moved into Schneckenbush, a small town outside of Saarbourg, where it rested and was strengthened by replacements. Final coaching in attack on fortified positions and the use of demolitions was carried out. For four days the men took things easy. Then, on the morning of December third, the Company moved to Schalpach in trucks. The 399th Regiment was in reserve. Sunday morning the men filled the village church, Steel helmets and weapons made a strange contrast alongside the Sunday clothes of the villagers. Sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows, which shook occasionally from distant explosions. The service had just finished when orders came to get ready to move out. There was a general tightening in the chests of the men, as there always was when the destination or mission of the Company was unknown. The sun had disappeared, and the Company marched out of Schalpach in cold dampness. Two columns, with a five yard interval between men, moved along the macadam highway over the rolling hills and through the numerous small villages of Alsace. Most of the men wondered whether they would get to sleep in buildings that night, or whether the dirt existence in holes would recommence. As the afternoon wore on, roadsigns were carefully examined, and speculations as to the chances of spending the night in one of the closer towns ran through the lines. Entering the small

village of Petersbach, a battery of 105's let loose and the column hat the ditches. Rather shamefacedly, the men fell back on the road when they realized that the explosions were our own artillery, outgoing. But then, an infantryman hits the ground first so that he can ask questions later. The unit continued into Petersbach and took over houses for the night. Chow was served at seven o'clock the next morning, 5 December, and the outfit moved out at seven thirty. Raincoats were worn as protection against the damp, chilly air. Beyond that there was little uniformity in the mud spattered columns. Each man carried his bedroll in his own way, and various types and sizes of bags were beeing used for personal articles, giving the Company a nonedescript air that became readily associated with a combat-wise outfit. Steady marching trought the unit to Tiffenbach, where small arms fire sent everyone to the security of walls and buildings. Just how much of the firing was the shooting of locks off doors was not determined, but there were no casualties and no prisoners taken; the affair was quickly put down to SNAFU. The night was spent in Tiffenbach, with hot food in the morning, 6 December, and the SOP of moving out a 7:30. A Company had progressed only about three miles when it was told to dig in in a wooded area beside the road to Wingen. The weather was still wet and cloudy, and men lost no time in digging holes and covering them with logs from the everpresent woodpiles. A hot meal was served at noon, and immediately afterwards, the company continued towards Wingen which was reached after passing through sunshine and snow. Again the unit was billeted in the town for the night, hot food was served in the morning and Company A started a long climb into the hills near Wingen. Goetzenbrock was reached before noon, and the platoons moved into buildings to wait for further orders. Then the enemy laced into the town with 88's, the first heavy shelling sustained by the Company since "The Hill". There Were no casualties in the Company that day, which was spent in sweating out orders. Towards evening the Third and Second Platoons sent out listening posts to dig in on the cutskirts of town while the rest of the Company doubled its guard.

Bitche was not too far off, and the Jerries were showing streaks of meaness in their operations in the area. The night passed with only one unusuad incident; wires runing to the listening posts were cut necessitating all night vigilance by the wire crew. In the morning hot chow was served and the Company moved out towards St. Louis les Bitche under intermittent shelling from 88's. The Company objective for that day, 8 December, was to move onto the high ground southwest of Lemberg and secure it. Advancing rapidly through St. Louis les Bitche, the unit started the ascent of the St. Louis-Enchenberg Road. The First and Third Platoons moved off the road and, across the valley towards the high ridge that was the objective. Suddenly, 88's, 20. mm. Flak guns, and mortars smashed onto the road and the valley through which our troops were advancing. Flak guns fired into the lines as they mounted the hills that formed the objective. To add to the difficulties booby traps and mines were encountered. Despite casualties, the Company secured its positions and dug in, finding that their holes filled with water immediately. Meanwhile, Baker and Charlie Companies had been so severely handled that part of the Fourth Platoon and Headquarters formed a protective line in a part of their sector and aided as much as possible in the withdrawing of the two companies from the trap they had entered. Positions that night, an exceptionally dark, cold and wet one, were held along the ridge with the First Platoon along the left flank, the Third in the center, and the Second to the right. noon, the ninth of December, a battalion of the 398th relieved the company and it returned to St. Louis Les Bitche for a four hour rest to dry out and eat. At four o'clock the Company moved out to the south of the St. Louis-Lemberg road in the attack against Lemberg. Supposedly, the Third battalion had secured the high ground above the town and Charlie and Able would push into the town, Baker in support. However, the high ground was still being used by the enemy for observation and when the Company entered the town at dusk, it drew heary fire of all kinds. Understrength, the unit could progress only so far, and finally established outposted houses for the remainder of the night. Due to

error, the Company had lost contact with C Company and entered the town ahead of where it was supposed to. This, however, proved to be a favorable event, for C Company's drive into town met with A Company and the pincers movement thus resulting enabled easier clearing of the encircled section of Lemberg. The clearing of this area was carried out by the Second Platoon which had been detached from the Company the day before. The Platoon rejoined the Company slightly before midnight of 9 December. During the night. Jerry snipers and burg gunners swept the main street which was illuminated by burning buildings. 88's laced the town adding th the destruction caused by our own artillery. On the morning of 10 December the Company moved through the town clearing it of snipers and taking some prisoners. Interdictory fire from enemy 88's continued through that day and the night, which was spent in houses on the north edge of Lemberg. Following an uneventful night, the Company maintained its positions in the town and rested, recieving hot food and mail. At four in the afternoon the Company recieved orders to move back to St. Louis for rest and reorganization. The night of December 11-12 was spent in houses in St. Louis and the next three days were spent in resting, reorganizing, and training for the drive on the bastion of the Maginot Line, the city fortress of Bitche.



PHASE III

Sons of Bitche

D. W. BRUNER

On the morning of December 13, the Company was ordered to move out toward Bitche. The march was made in the morning by way of Lemberg, and the heights on the outskirts of Bitche were taken without opposition. The Company dug in. About noon, a patrol from the Second Platoon was sent into the city. They successfully made their way down into the outskirts as far as the colleg. Here they were detected and fired upon. They were forced to withdraw, leaving one man behind, who is still listed as Missing in Action, the only such status in the Company. The patrol captured two prisoners, and returned to report that the enemy defensive positions were strong with many enemy troops. Toward evening of the same day, tanks began to crawl up to the positions. It looked as if the unit was getting ready to jump off for Bitche.

Before continuing with the Company's history, at this point it is a good idea to again look at the "big picture". The division situation is quoted from the Division History as follwos:

"The famous town of Bitche, into which the 100th was to drive, nestled in a valley formed by a number of high hills. A natural strongpoint, the hills housed the four strongest forts on the entire Maginot Line — Simserhoff, Schiesseck, Otterbiel, and Grande Hohekirkel. With the exception of Simserhoff the forts were directly in the path of the 100th. In addition, several smaller one pill-box forts, including Freudenberg, were scattered in the "Ensemble de Bitche", filling gaps between the larger installations. This system of fortifications never before had surrendered. In 1940, the French had held out here against Germans until the Armistice was signed.

"When 2nd Bn. 398th Inf. occupied Reyersviller December 13, the last obstacle before the Maginot Line was removed. The plan called for the 398th to reduce Fort Schiesseck, then move around to the hills north of Bitche. With such protection, the 399th was to move into town while the 397th, remaining on the Division's right flank, would be poised to occupy Camp de Bitche, a military camp to the east." (The Story of the Century — p. 12)

The company was well dug in and the weether cold, and the men sweated out each of the first days outside of Bitche. After dark of one day, everyone would expect to attack the following morning at daybreak. Then, after not shoving off in the daylight, everyone would expect an order to attack at dusk. Meanwhile, the tanks changed around with the curse of drawing fire on the infantryman who must stay put in his position. Each night it was necessary to spread out to cover more ground. This necessitated digging new holes adjacent to the old ones. Naturally, this was disgusting from the point of view of the doughs — especially those of the Second



FOXHOLE AT BITCHE

Platoon. For four days and nights in a row this Platoon was compelled to change its positions at least once every day. The Company did not enter Bitche.

The reason for the 100th Division's drive stopping outside Bitche was the now famous "Bulge Battle" up north. Because of the strength shifted to the north, the Seventh Army took over part of the Third Army's sector, and this necessitated the Seventh's going strictly on the defensive.

The Company found itself with a terrific yardage of front to cover defensively. Many of the men's holes were as much as fifty yards apart. On December 23, the entire Company shifted its positions so as to be able to cover additional frontage more adequately. Just before Christmas, warm winter clothing arrived up front. It was something very much needed, and the only trouble was that there wasn't quite enough of it. The weather was by then extremely cold and miserable. Practically all men had trenchfoot to some degree. On Christmas Day, the boys in the kitchen were able to bring a wonderful meal up to the men on line. It was a meal most men will never forget. At midnight, the Germans attacked several regimental positions. A Company had no serious trouble, and even captured two enemy pri-

soners. On December 27 the CO ordered the Company CP moved to Reyersviller. The men had now been existing in holes for fourteen days in brutally cold weather.

At exactly midnight of December 31, the Germans started the New Year with a banging attack. Against many units, this attack was bitterly and fanatically fought by the Germans. With our thin, long-stretched lines, it was necessary to withdraw. A Company commenced the New Year with a bitter pill to swallow — its first loss of ground to the enemy. New positions were started the night of New Year's Day on a commanding hill back from Reyersviller toward Siersthal. The general plan of the withdrawal was for each platoon to move back separately, the Fourth and the CP group moving together. In the general confusion, A Company's First Platoon was cut off by the enemy.

As a special assignment, this platoon had been ordered to an advanced position on the line to cover the withdrawal of units on their flank. By the time enemy opposition was so overwhelming that they had to move to save themselves, all contact had been lost. The platoon finally managed to work back to three houses in Reyersviller. The town was then covered and held by the Germans. Miraculously, under the cover of darkness, the Platoon managed to slip out of the houses to the rear and make their way back through American lines. This Platoon finally found the Company at about three or four o'clock the next morning, and took their positions in the defense at that time.

The Company defenses have always been referred to by the men as the "Splinter Factory". The name came from the location of the Third Platoon on the wooded side of the hill that formed the right flank of the Company line. These positions were right above the Reyersviller-Siersthal road, and were continually under fire from German artillery and mortars. There was so much shelling and so many trees that the result was an abundance of newly manufactured splinters every day. Even after the position was quite old, the enemy continued to shell it regularly each day at about four or four-

thirty in the evening — just about the time the men would be eating.

The Company was not relieved from its position at the "Splinter Factory" until the eleventh of January. The whole area was covered with from two to three feet of snow. It was bitterly cold. The men had been on line in holes continuously for twenty-seven days. While at the "Splinter Factory" they were not able to have hot chow. They had lived on rations the major part of those twenty-seven days. Everyone was bearded, dirty; but there was not much to fight except the weather. For the most part, the line remained somewhat silent with the artillery pounding away. This animal existence seemed to never end, but one night after waiting through its cold miserable entirety for relief, F Company relieved Able. The tired, dirty, unbelieving men marched back for a short rest in Siersthal.

Existence in a foxhole at this time became a series of rituals, the most important of which was conversation. Men learned to know each other extraordinarily well, for they talked of the past, the future, their plans, their friends and families, politics, sex, hobbies, and anything else they could think about. Each man's hole was his little home, and friends would pay regular social calls — bringing their canned

rations iff they wished to stay for dinner. Preparing each meal also became a ritual. One always had to discuss the time to eat, which can of rations to eat, (if there was a choice), the best way of heating, etc. As always, mail was the big event of the day, and if men received packages, they



would share them with fellows from neighboring holes. Everyone read avidly anything he could lay his hands on. The "Stars and Stripes" was eagerly pounced on each day. However, these things could not relieve the continuous tension of necessary vigil, nor could they help pass the endless numbingly cold nights. Then, too, there were always the long moddy periods of depression and utter discouragement. The longer the time stretched out, the dirtier, the more discouraged and weary the men became. It was a happy morning, January 11, when the Company pulled off to go back to Siersthal.

The rest at Siersthal lasted four days. The men shaved, showered, wrote letters and saw a show. Most of all they slept. For the first time in a month they were able to sleep the entire night through. However, there was one "joker" to those four days. The Third Platoon was sent out on a combat patrol near their old position at the "Splinter Factory". Their mission was to knock out an enemy machine gun nest that had been threatening key positions of the battalion. The job was well done. Not only were all the enemy killed, but the machine gun and ammunition were brought back to Siersthal by the patrol. This action occurred while the Company was in back of the line for a rest.

January 15, Able relieved a company from the 3rd Battalion on the line above Glassenberg. The CP was kept in Glassenberg. The Third Platoon and part of the First were in position on the right along a ridge, while the Second and remainder of the First Platoon were to the left. The Fourth Platoon manned an outpost and prepared defensive mortar fire.

On January 23, the Company moved back to Enchenberg for a short rest. As the town was over-crowded, Able was moved back to Glassenberg the next day. The Company remained in houses in Glassenberg until the 30th, when ordered to take over positions at the French Garrison.

At the Garrison, the line was built out around the fortifications of the French, so that it was possible for some of the men to be in buildings or pillboxes. The weather was beginning to break from snow to rain, and the snow on the ground vanished leaving only mud and water.

On the night of February 2—3, an attack was ordered by the battalion CO. A Company was the only unit in the battalion



to participate. One platoon was to attack a certain enemy hill, and if successful to move around back toward the American line where the rest of the Company would push out to meet them. Then the whole Company would dig in new positions. It was a beautiful idea, for if the platoon failed, it could be termed merely a "combat patrol" action. The First Platoon was chosen to make the attack, and they were turned back by heavy opposition. There were three enemy machine guns firing interlocking or cross fire-well situated high on the hill-with plenty of rifle protection. Because of the darkness and the difficult terrain, as well as the heavy fire of the enemy, the Platoon split up and lost contact. Meanwhile, artillery rounds fell on the rest of the Company while they were waiting to change their positions as a result of the combat patrol. The Company finally moved back to its original place in the line. Except for more miserable rain, and occasional limited patrol activity, nothing particularly important happened until the Company was relieved on the fourteenth and went back to Siersthal. By this time both sides were well acquainted with each other's lines and strong point of resistance. On the 20th, the Company was back up on line, the Glassenberg flank this time. On March fifth, the Company was pulled back for another rest and then sent up again at the Garrison on the eleventh.

Throughout the latter part of December and the months of January and February there was a continuous flow of men in and out of the organization. Many men were lost due to all types of sickness, and as the Company kept losing strength more and more replacements came up to the line to fill in. Trenchfoot and Yellow Jaundice were the most common maladies. Both the latter were quite serious and would keep men off the line a long time if not permanently. Also, men men went back as a result of combat fatigue due to mental strain and miserable climatic conditions.

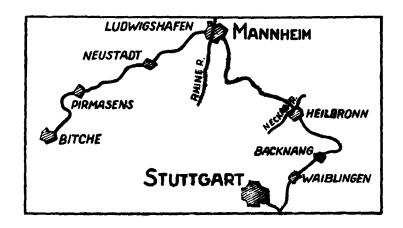
Back in the garrison on the eleventh, everyone knew something big was in the air. Men from the rear brought tall tales of feverish preparation, such as the massing of units, building up of supplies, etc. By the 14th the Company knew that the big push was about to start. On March 15 Able moved into the attack retaking the old positions of December 15, outside of Bitche. Some of the men moved into the same holes they had left. Only light resistance was met. That evening, a patrol of the Second Platoon was sent out from the positions to learn enemy points of resistance. At a distance of approximately 500 yards, this patrol was pinned down by machine-gun fire. It looked as if the morning's attack would be rough.

The following morning, March 16, the Company shoved off. Proceeding cautiously, the enemy strongpoints encountered the night before were found to have been evacuated during the night. The men moved all the way down into Bitche without meeting resistance. The Germans again were on the

Bitche showed many signs of the winter seige. The first thing most men saw in entering the main part of the town was a huge Tiger tank of the Germans knocked out at an intersection. The XII Tactical Air Corps had done a terrific job of smashing important targets, and many evidences of the effect of Corps Artillery were present, too. The French still remaining in the city were over joyed to see the long awaited entrance of American troops as well as an end to the seige and destruction of the city. This was the first time in history since the 17th Century when Louis XIV had the bastion built that its defenses had failed. The city had held out against the Prussians in 1870, again during the First World War, and finally against the Nazis in 1940.

Able men did not get the chance to look around the interesting spot upon which they had focussed their attention for so long. The orders came down to continue on toward Camp de Bitche. A Company was to advance directly along the main route from Bitche to the camp. Tanks were to be sent after the Company. Fire was opened upon an enemy OP, but no resistance was met until the edge of the camp was reached. At that time, the tanks were not available. The enemy had detected the unit's approach and has plastering the general area in which the men were deployed with mortars and SP guns. It was decided to go in without the tanks, squad by squad. A squad from the Second Platoon stealthily worked its way into the first building in the camp. Each squad advanced man by man, until the Platoon was holding the building. Finally, the enemy spotted the new position, and concentrated mortar fire on the first building. Only about half the Company had worked its way into the camp at that time. As soon as the entire unithad moved into the camp, the platoons began to spread out. Prisoners were taken. Meanwhile, a unit from the 397th had worked up to the left flank of the camp, and moved in with the aid of the tanks. The enemy was firing on the Company with tanks. Rapid action by a bazocka team and an few other men from the First Platoon succeeded in destroying the lead tank and its crew. Pushing steadily in conjunction with other units, A Company fianlly secured the greater part of the garrison.

Chow was brought up after dark and the Company relieved. The march back to Bitche was a real opportunity for reflection. Fires dotted the countryside dispelling the tired thoughts of loneliness as each dough trudged through the all encompassing darkness. Houses were ready at Bitche. After fighting all day, it was the greatest of luxuries to roll up on the floor and sleep.



PHASE IV

Heilbronn and the Payoff

R. J. BUTLER

The night of March 16—17, apparently as some sort of a reward for the past three months and two day's action, A Company was ordered into Regimental Reserve and spent the better part of twelve hours in the city of Bitche. In the morning, while units of the 71st Division relieved part of the 100th, the First Battalion, 399th moved northeast, through the defenses of the "Ensemble de Bitche", and to a ridge of hills beyond Roppertswiller at the German border. No exact hour is known, but at some time late in the afternoon of the seventeenth, A Company had crossed into Germany. The little resistance encountered took to its heels and fortuneately no casualties were reported. The move on Roppertswiller was undertaken to keep the momentum of the March Drive going, and to form some sort of a line along the border while the remainder of the 71st Division could complete its relief of the 100th.



By virtue of action against the Siegfried Line by the 44th and 63rd Divisions, the 3rd and 45th were able to breach the fortifications and proceed into the Saar. The direction of attack all along the 7th Army front was shifted north towards Kaiserslautern, because of the Rhine Valley drive of the French and the encirclement of the Saar by the 3rd Army. At first, momentum was slow; when the 3rd and 45th swung east at Kaiserslautern and headed heel for-leather toward the Rhine, the 7th Army moved with the fastest.

After being relieved at Rappertswiller, the First Battalion was bivouced near Breidenbach, back in France, while other units of the 100th held the line to the east. On March 22, in the morning, after sufficient word had been recieved from the 3rd and 45th as to where they were and what roads they were using, with Charlie Company as the Task Force and Able forming the main striking force, the First Battalion became mechanized and headed for the Rhine on tanks, trucks, bulldozers, and jeeps. This type of movement, later

becoming so typical, was a tactic of the Armored Forces where engineers are carrig along to build bridges and repair roads, where artillery FO's are attached and seldom know where their batteries are, and where mopping up-sometimes on large scale, is left to the rear echelon because the location of the spearhead is seldom definitely known.

The tank ride was continuous through lines of "Kriegs Gefangenen" Germans marching to the rear without guards, through towns of all sizes, and past the ever-present white surrender flags until the Lauter River was reached halfway to the Rhine. The highway bridge across the river had been blown and the task force engineers with their bulldozers, a few dozen Mongolian slavelaborers from a camp by the crossing, and several civilians, were rebuilding before A Company had detrucked. A foot-bridge was discovered and utilized, and the drive continued. After a two-hour march, the tanks and trucks arrived and the movement was again mechanized, complete with bulldozer and a few Allied conscripts from the prison camp. The radio was so jammed with messages from all kinds of outfits heading for the Rhine, that it was decided best to stop at Deidesheim, a few miles west of the Rhine. In the morning, the ride continued through Mutterstadt to Maudach where Charlie Company, still in the lead, reported itself on the outskirts of Ludwigshafen making contact with the 94th Division of the 3rd Army. Thus was the Saar isolated in less than 24 hours with no casualties within the unit.

A Company was not the first organization of the battalion to see the Rhine. In fact, it is not known if the First Battalion was the first unit of the 100th to see it. At any rate, on March 24, Charlie Company took up positions along the west bank among the ruins of Ludwigshaven while A Company relieved a battalion of the 94th in Mundenheim, forming a line with the 3rd battalion to the south along the river. Mundenheim is a residential suburb south of Ludwigshaven which had survived the air-blitz as well as any German town. Because of its location it was a vital link in the line, whereas

the territory to the north and south of it, although urban, could easily be defended whith patrols. The Germans, for the most part, had pulled as many of themselves as possible back across the river, and since A Company was still quite mechanized, connecting patrols became routine "Wacht am Rhine" affairs. Tankloads of doughs, dirty as only dusty, creaking tanks can make them, were in abundance, and the task of guarding became almost pleasant. The loot was quite abundant and there where at least the air-blitz sights to see. In fact, souvenirs were accumulated in such quantities that the mail orderly spent half a day in package wrapping, addressing, and postal-regulations orientation.

Meantime, the rugged 3rd and 45th, ten miles to the north had forced a crossing and were spreading out in true "General Patton" style. The situation forced time to be on someone's hands, and as a result, A Company withdrew to the better housing facilities offered by the Maudach Chamber of Commerce. From the 26th to the 31st of March the Company waited in Maudach while Mannheim was cleared and a pontoon bridge thrown across the Rhine. Then the race began again. The French had not as yet crossed to the south and as a result of pressure from Patton the natural tactics for the Jerries were to withdraw southeastward. The delay caused by the bridge building task gave the enemy sufficient time to reorganize along the Neckar River. The night of March 31st was spent by A Company in a German barracks disguised as a hospital. The forest south of Ostersheim, where the barracks was located, was cleared the next morning and Reilingen was occupied that night. The French had caught up now and it became A Company's task to maintain the right flank of the Seventh Army front, Liason was difficult and it was seldom known definitely who was on the right-whether it was the mortars or the First Company of Free French Fusileers! Definite contact was established at Reilingen, however, and the direction of attack swung eastward. In quick succession on successive days, and with no opposition, the Frankfurt-Karlsruhe autobahn at Walldorf was breached and the town of Steinfurt at the

head of the approaches to Schweigern — an outpost of the German defences along the Neckar, was occupied.

Schweigern is a little town on the rail and road route from Mannheim to Heilbronn. It is approached from Steinfurt along a macadam road which is graded for perhaps a mile before it enters the valley floor west of the town limits. Most of this grade is flanked by wooded ground which rolls downward half way to the bottom and then cuts away into ploughed fields and tree-lined lanes. If Schweigern were to be held, the defense could be organized in either of two ways: the woods flanking the road at its graded approach could be enveloped; or the town itself could be fortified by utilizing automatic weapons on the good fields of fire offered by the ploughed ground and lanes. Actually neither method was used completely.

Able Company, light tanks, and TD's halted a mile short of the woods in front of the town, and proceeded to probe ahead without a general commitment of any great part of the Company strength. Three light tanks and two armored cars of the Reconnaissance Troops were sent ahead into the grade. They drew small arms fire from the right or south side of the woods and withdrew. Apparently there was organization of the wooded grade but not on both sides of the road. The assumption that only half the woods was occupied was bases upon negative information. However, roadblocks had prevented the probing party from going more then halfway into the woods.

The information at hand was very scanty, but because of the type of enemy tacties encountered after the rout in France, it was considered advisable to send a platoon ahead under 81 mm. mortar protection in an attempt to force an avenue through the wooded terrain to the edge of the open ground where tanks could be used. The First Platoon went ahead on this mission. Using logical deduction and the less dangerous appearing movement, the First headed into the woods north of the road encountering no initial resistance.

The remainder of the Company followed up, and C Company, in rear of Able, took to the right into the woods from which had come the small arms fire. There had been no organization of the left side of the road and no resistance was encountered until the leading elements approached the cleared ground before Schweigern. Then harrassing fire from 88's firing direct fire from the right and rear (from what appeared to be the French sector) commenced, and although inflicting few or no casualties, had the moral effect that only direct 88 fire can. The first phase was over at least, and now the task was that of "sweating out" artillery while waiting for the tanks. No more than three light tanks materialized to support the advance on Schweigern itself, and it was an inspiring sight to watch the First Platoon spread out down the open slope toward the town with three insignificant but very courageous looking little tin boxes with 37 mm pea shooters scattered along the column. Schweigern was entered without resistance, and the medium tanks, when they finally appeared, were of considerable value of the defensive organization of the town. For you see, the whole of Schweigern was held that afternoon and evening by A Company and attached tanks, and the situation was relaxed only when C Company, suffering heavy casualties, was able to force the right side of the highway and enter the town.

It required most of the night of April 5—6 for A Company, relieved of Schweigern by the Second Battalion, to occupy Böckingen across the river from Heilbronn. The platoon-leaders on their reconnaissance made, in effect, a single-handed capture of the town, for it is believed that they were the first Allied troops in.

Heilbronn, on the Neckar River southeast of Frankfurt, was, before Air Corps attacks and the arrival of the First Battalion with the rest of the Division, a vital rail and communications center whose marshaling yards and switchboards served the whole of Würtenburg and connected the redoubt of Southern Germany with Cologne and the Ruhr. It's strategie value was not underestimated by higher echelon, for

the 10th Armored and 100th Infantry were ordered on it from two directions while the 44th, held in reserve, was to be called on for support. In addition, as the action became tougher and German tacties more tenacious, much Corps Artillery, mainly the 250 and 36th FA Battalions were called on to help the howitzers of the 100th and the 10th Armored Artillery level the town. The 10th, in typical armored tactics. had swept around the town from the north and had holed up in Crailsheim, behind Heilbronn, waiting for the Infantry to clear the place. But the Germans had blown the bridges, and prearranged artillery fire covered most of its lenght. The 397th, however, crossing in assault boats, secured a foothold north of the outer town and was followed shortly by the 398th. The First Battalion, in Böckingen all this time, had one of its companies. Charlie, committed in assault boast in the southern section of town, after which the 36th Engineer Battalion threw a half-dozen pontoon bridges over the river. At one time every combat unit of the 100th was fighting in the streets of Heilbronn save the Third Battalion, 399th back guarding Corps Headquarters While at Böckingen, slight fire from the enemy was encountered.

On April 8, the Second Battalion arrived in Böckingen. Able and Baker, moving from two directions, arrived simultaneously at the foot bridge. There was much confusion resulting from a considerable store of "Weinbrand" found in Böckingen, and also from the fact that the bridge was under a heavy Jerry barrage at the moment. The state of confusion, reflecting not in the least upon leadership, is best demonstrated by the fact that Company Headquarters of Able, spearheading as it were, crossed the bridge into Heilbronn in the midst of Baker's Third Platoon, And in fact, some of Dog mortars were on the other side abead of the riflemen. In due time the disposition of troops was straightened out in the cellar of a factory which Charlie had taken the day before. Dog's mortars were recalled. Charlie was sent to the top of the factory, and what was left had to be Able and Baker. Orders were to attack and clear the southern half of Heilbronn up to the apartment houses before the garrison at the city limits. In short order this was accomplished with little disturbance except to the civilian population and a few Russian factory workers who were hanging out their washing during the attack. Then the placed was organized defensively, First Platoon on the right near river, Second in front and the middle straddling the main street, and the Third joining with Baker across the railroad tracks; the tactics became passive, the mortars and artillery commenced tearing hell out of as few quite innocent appearing houses, and "sweating it out" was the order of the day. Then came the "Screaming Mimis", Hitler Jugend snipers, French fries, and the order to clear the rest of the town.

The First Platoon, having the most trouble, spread out and moved forward until they held the stretch between the river and Main Street at the edge of town looking towards Flein. The Second Platoon captured three rows of two block long apartments with hack yards, no electricity, and connecting cellars. The Third swung left and faced the hills beyond the Heilbronn garrison. At the same time, Baker occuppied the section of town at the front gate of the garrison. And Headquarters Company — they deserve a little credit here — suffered heavily from the Mimis giving the pontoon bridge another flat tire.

Meantime, higher echelon had interrogated a few of the youths captured at Heilbronn. G—2 had decided that a general counter-attack was to be launched against the city on April 10 or 11. Consequently, A Company made readjustments. The Second Platoon outposted its apartments and picked out supplementary positions along the railroad tracks, the First spread thinner and formed strong points, the Third fortified the left flank, and the mortars and artillery zeroed in fire to the front. Reliably typical, G—2 made a wrong guess and on the twelfth of April, after the Second Battalion had taken its positions, Able occupied Heilbronn garrison jointly with Baker. The edge of town was in the rear now, and in front were hills and woods, and Crailsheim.

The 10th Armored, it was reported, was having trouble in Crailsheim; the 44th had been sent in to relieve them, and the 100th had broken out eastward in an attempt to relieve pressure. Before dawn on April 14, Charlie and Able jumped off into the woods straddling the hilly roadbed toward Crailsheim. It was a very rainy day, there were a number of enemy automatic weapons, and the woods was a large one. The attack progressed to the crest of the hill. The tanks arrived to cover the road, Charlie contacted Able by patrol, the positions were consolidated, direct fire from 88's commenced, and orders came through to withdraw.

Unknown to the First Battalion, the 10th Armored had pulled back from Crailsheim, the 397th had moved around in front blocking any eastward attack, and the French had headed south towards Stuttgart failing to cross the Neckar. Therefore the direction of attack moved southward. After the 44th retook Crailsheim, the left flank began to move. Pressure on the right flank had to be relieved, for the drive on the southern redoubt begun. A Large crescent-shaped woods spread along the hill crest from south of Heilbronn at Flein eastward to Untergruppenbach. It was the task of Able and Charlie to clear these woods. Charlie remained in position and outposted the positions vacated by Able who in turn withdrew to the town of Flein where Baker was forcing a toehold in the edge of the woods. The next morning, April 15, Able jumped off through Baker and, straddling the crest of the ridge, headed for contact with Charlie coming around from the other side. Considerable 88 fire was encountered and a heavily defended road block slowed pro gress. TD's artillery, and 81 mm. mortars helped somewhat and the drive was continued. Just before dark, contact between the two companies was made, Baker and the tanks came up to help with the defense, and the first night spent in the woods since Briedenbach was survived without bedrolls or hot chow.

The next day the Second Battalion spread from the river to Flein Woods, began attacking parallel to the Neckar. The

Third Battalion was in the area already. Therefore, the 397th was relieved of its right flank by Able and Battalion Head-quarters in a hilltop castle at Untergruppenbach, and a pincers movement on a huge woods beyond a long low plain to the south was planned. The Third and First attacked from the east and the Second hit south and to the west. A Company was assigned the task of taking Helfenberg at the edge of the woods.

A series of wooded noses leading into the plain north of the large forest defended the approaches to most of the roads leading southward. These noses were very well zeroed in and grazing fire from automatic weapons further interdicted their approaches. The attack on Helfenberg moved across one of these noses. There it stopped. No amount of artillery and small arms fire could force a wedge into the town during the afternoon of April 17. The order was to dig in and wait. But the position was decidedly too precarious, something like a thumb about to be thrust unknowingly into a bowl of damn hot soup. A withdrawal back to Unterheinriet, carrying casualties without litters, was accomplished after dark.

The next morning another try at Helfenberg over the same route was successful. Jerry had pulled out because of pressure from the Third Battalion who, suffering heavy casualties in the effort, were threatening to cut him off from the rear. The night of April 18—19 was spent peacefully in Helfenberg. The next night after a motor movement to Nassach, where the Third Battalion was fighting, was not so much so. Jerry artillery caused considerable loss of sleep. But after clearing the woods to the bottom of the valley and a little village called Keerzuch, the Company had seen its fight finished. All that followed now were the rip-roaring, loot-accumulating rat races, and that's the next story.

The rat races were perhaps the best remembered of the campaigns of the Company. And yet noone seems to know exactly the names of all the towns which were swept through

or in which the Company stopped. There was the sweep around the hills to Backnang during which the engineers were helped with road-blocks by liberated French: where the trucks carrying Company Headquarters and the mortars got stuck in the tank tracks trying to ford a stream and pulled down the telephone lines trying to "winch" out; the town that was on fire and the woman bucket brigade: the cute little French girl in Backnang and her polish friend-she of the beautiful posterier. Noone was able to get much sleep those days. In the town before Winnenden, where we had stopped because it was getting dark and the tankers were getting scared, most everyone slept where he had jumped off his tank. When the "old man" woke up after midnight we found the town full of the Colonel and his rear echelon, so we had to set Winnenden on fire and capture it to have a quiet place to sleep. That was on April 20. The next day we thought we were stopped by a river. But instead one of the Sergeants in the Company and a few riflemen with two BAR's rode bicycles up to the bridge, kicked the charges off, and we rushed across. Five times during the day we recieved orders to hold up and defend. When it happened the fourth time, everyone gathered at the beer hall and a huge song-fest commenced, to stop only when the Colonel walked in to tell us to be on our way. We occuppied Lobenrot at midnight, April 21. The town was so small we used every house in it and even then we were crowded. Everything was a big rush southward. Picture a TD loaded with dusty dog-faces, a few carrying radios, others with derby hats or toppers, one guy nearly falling off waving a lady's panties at some "milch bucket fraulein", the artillery and chow trains capturing towns for themselves. When we rolled into Oberesslingen about noon on April 23, we were all glad to hear that the French had taken Stuttgart, that we'd been pinched out and probably would not see combat again. But we were sorry that Captain Young was going to Corps, that there were only a few of the 190-odd originals left, and that there still was a war on the other side of the world — still a long way from home.





Epilogue

November 1, 1944 to April 23, 1945 — 4,416 hours of combat existence. They are over, so much history. In the story of the war, they write but a few words. But to the men who are left of the old Company A, each one of those hours is impressed indelibly on their minds. Terror, suffering, death — one cannot end their psychological effect on a man by the signing of a document. That is the greatest result of the war; the experience on the front has given us a great insight into the deeper aspects of human relations. Our comrades who are gone will aways be remembered. Those purposes for which we joined in this struggle must be culminated in a better world if only because the price paid for their establishment was very dear.

The future is still very hazy. The one thought, almost a dream, of the doughfoot is to return to his home and to live the rest of his life in peace. Occupational duties are a vacuum, a state of suspended life, from which will one day come the orders to send him to that life he left a world away. Vague thoughts of fighting in the Pacific, more of the hell he has just endured, aren't quite assimilated in his mind. He hopes his job is done.

1:03 A. M. 15 August 1945. AFN News — Peace! — —

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BATTALION 399TH INFANTRY

APO 447 US ARMY

26 August 1945

To: Officers and Men of Company A, 399th Infantry

To you men of A Company I express my deep appreciation for the splendid spirit and high devotion to duty you carried with you through all the days of our struggle against severe hardships and, what at times, seemed insurmountable odds. To you, in these few words, I give my heartfelt wishes for success in the future just as you have brought it to us together in the past. From one who knows your magnificent courage and ability to follow through to victory-GOOD LUCK AND GODSPEED.

E. M. Zehner
Lt. Col., 399th Inf.
Commanding.

COMPANY "A" 399TH INFANTRY U. S. ARMY

16 August 1945

1. The following listed men have been transferred out of the Company since 1 November 1944:

HOME ADDRESS

NAME RANK

NAME	KANK	HOME ADDRESS
Abbot, Harrison L.	Pfc	Rt. #3, Seymour, Tenn.
Accardi, Frank P.	Pfc	154 Johnson Ave, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Akin, Lewis C.	Pvt	Rt. #1, Box #250, Roswell, N. M.
Aksamit, Edward M.	Pfc	4744 So. Rockwell St, Chicago, Ill.
Alberts, Androw	Pvt	9722 Mayturn Ave, Detroit, Mich.
Anselmo, Bernard T.	Pfc	3816 Avondale Ave, Pine Lawn, Me.
Appleman, Paul E.	Pfc	Wayne St, Dunkirk, Ohio
Ash, Owen C.	Pfc	Box #52, Virginia, Minn.
Back, Carson	Pvt	Jeremiah, Ky.
Bacigalupo, George J.	Pfc	16 Patten St, Watertown, Mass.
Bartman, Ralph G.	Pfc	39 Frissell Street, Middletown, Conn.
Bauer, Robert R.	Cpl	518 High St, Napoleon, Ohio
Beasley, Harvey C.	Pvt	Rt. #1, Willow Springs, N. C.
Beschler, Raymond W.	Pfc	671 Lyndon Ave, Greenfield, Ohio
Bilbee, Benjamin W.	Pfc	124 Chelton Ave, Morrisville, Pa.
Briggs, Frank M.	Pfc	1673 Blue Rock St, Cincinnati, Ohio
Carey, James F.	Pfc	736 Blaine St, Greenfield, Ohio
Childs, Phillip R.	S/Sgt	Gen. Del., Wynnewood, Okla.
Colone, Angelo K.	S/Sgt	319 West 26th Street, New York, N. Y.
Currier, Claude	Sgt	417 Harriet St, Flint, Genesee, Mich.
Daledovich, Carlos E.	Sgt	1217 So. Washington St, Harrisburg, Ill.
Davis, Edward C.	Pfc	930 W. Broadway, Maryville, Tenn.
Davis, Leslie A.	Pfc	743 S. Champion Ave, Columbus, Ohio
Davis, Randell E.	Pvt	Rt. #1, Duncan, Okla.
Day, John W.	Pfc	2814 NE 37th Ave, Portland, Ore.
De Chambeau, Kent L.	Pvt	4848 Imperial Hwy, Inglewood, Calif.
De Rubeis, Julius Jr.	Pfc	Toluca, Ill.
Domblewski, Ignatius J.	T/Sgt	1710 Carrie St, Schenectady, N. Y.

Doyle, John W. Pfc 80 Main Street, Macedon Wayne, N. Y. Dutch, Reginald F. Sgt 35 Getchell St, Brewer, Maine Eckblom, William C. Sgt 27 Allen Court, Staten Island, N. Y. Erwin, George M. Pfc Box #205, Center, Ala. Esler, Edwin H. Pvt Rt. #3, Wayzota, Minn. Evans, John H. Pvt Gen. Del., Selma, N. C. Fassnacht, Ralph B. Pvt 310 N. 9th St, Hiawatha, Kans. Ferguson, Raymond M. Pfc 1003 Choctaw, Alva, Okla. Fox, Harland G. Pfc 145 S. 8th St, LaCross, Wis. Gardner, James J. S/Sgt 517 E. 146th St, Bronx, N. Y. Gardner, James S. Pfc 214 Pine St, Crossett, Ark. George, Donald M. Pvt 1217 Liberty Ave, Barberton, Ohio Geis, Robert W. Pfc RFD #1, Barrington, Ill. Goatz, Robert E. Pfc 1705 Blue Bonnet Drive, Ft. Worth, Grandusky, Howard J. Pfc 19 N. 6th St, Allegany, N. Y. Guntsch, James L. Pvt 4029 Asbury Drive, Toledo, Ohio Harris, John Pfc Sunrise, Wyoming Haskoll, Carlyle B. Pfc Deer Isle, Maine Hatter, James L. Pfc Route 1, Martinsville, Ind. Hendershot, James W. Pfc 5272 Beaconsfield, Detroit, Mich. Hershberg, Leonard Pfc 601 W. 184th St, New York, N. Y. Hoffman, Arthur R. Pfc 2494 Daisy Ave, Long Beach 6, Calif. Hoffman, John L. Pvt 16 Lawn St, Dayton, Ohio Holloman, Sam E. Pvt Rt. #1, Farmville, N. C. Holstein, Herbert C. Pfc 518 So. Diamond St, Deming, N. M. Jannotto, Andrew J. Sgt 198 Conover St, Brooklyn, NY. Jeske, John F. Pfc 2074 N. Hoyne Ave, Chicago, Ill. Johnson, George F. T/514 Ormond St, Worcester, Mass. Johnson, John W. Pfc 514 Hickory Ave, Sanford, N. C. Kaplan, Jerome Pvt 728 Mollbore Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa. Katchmar, Jack A. Pvt 20181 Hull Ave, Detroit, Mich. Kelly, James P. Pfc 410 E. 51st St, New York, N. Y. Kickham, Michael D. Pvt 4021 Greer Ave. St. Louis, Mo. Kiwior, Henry S/Sgt 27 Elmwood Terrace, Caldwell, N. J. Klein, George A. Jr. Sgt 3 Glade Ave, Baltimore 6, Md. Korozynski, Joe S. Pvt Gen. Del., Robstown, Texas Kreiger, Donald E. Pfc 110 Calver Parkway, Rochester, N. Y. Leahy, John E. 1207 Michigan Ave, La Porte, Ind. Pvt Lenz, Joseph W. Pfc 24 Benton St, Hartford, Conn. Logan, George W. Pvt 4206 Second Ave, Dallas, Texas 1395 So. Bellevue St, Memphis, Tenn. Loosier, Clyde M. Pvt Madon, Walter L. Sgt Pineville, Ky. Marks, Harry W. Jr. Pfc 385 East St, East Mampton, Mass. Pvt Rt. #1, Elkhart, Ind. Meredith, Wilbur D. Moore, Ralph N. Pvt Coal Fork, West Virginia Mutter, Bernard A. Jr. Pvt Box #74, Covington, La. Nails, William C. Pfc 850 Pryor St, Atlanta, Ga. Sgt 290 E. 148th St, New York, N. Y. Natelli, Vincent M.

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Neal, Willard V.	Pfc	192 Kenna Drive, So. Charleston, W. Va.
Nipper, Hugh C.	Cpl	112 Oakland Ave, Battle Creek, Mich.
Noel, Roy L.	S/Sgt	RFD #1, Tazewell, Va.
Pannell, Levi H.	Pfc	Rt. #1, New Albany, Miss.
Pars, Peter G.	Pfc	14 Jean St, New Bedford, Mass.
Pearson, Donald H.	Pvt	East Burr Oak, Athens, Mich.
Plesher, Charles J. Jr.	Pfc	E. Monongahela, Pa.
Pitzer, Thomas L.	Pfc	Rt. #1, Bushnell, Fla.
Plouffe, Francis A.	Pvt	27 Hollywood St, Worcester, Mass.
Polio, Salvatore C.	Cpl	265 St. John St, New Haven, Conn.
Portale, Elio J.	Cpl	1553 79th St, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Powell, John A.	Píc	143 Vine St, New Martinsville, W. Va.
Proctor, William S. Jr.	Pvt	
	Pfe	c/o H. D. Hall, Kilmarnock, Va.
Provonsha, Eugene		2572 Blaine St, Toledo, Ohio
Richolson, Orville I. Jr.	Pfc	907 Brown St, Lafayette, Ind.
Riley, Norman O.	Pfc	504 Gage St, Akron, Ohio
Rule, Kenneth O.	Pfc	1717 W. Warren Blvd, Chicago, Ill.
Salmi, Floyd C.	Pfc	3820 E. 6th St, Superior, Wis.
Samplawsky, Marvin J.	Pfc	Rt. #2, Stanley, Wis.
Schlussel, Leonard	Pvt	781 6th Ave, San Francisco, Calif.
Sanfacon, Lewis	S/Sgt	RFD #6, Caribou. Maine
Saunders, Cleveland M.	Pfc.	1304 Orange St, Forth Worth, Texas
Schapiro, Henry	Pvt	9910 Holmar, Detroit, Mich.
Schoch, Brewster A.	Pvt	230 King St, Syracuse, N. Y.
Schutz, Edward R.	Pvt	Box #695, Houghton, Mich.
Schweda, Rufin L.	Pfc	2206 W. Mitchell St, Milwaukee, Wis.
Scott, Harry	Pfc	2519 N. Waco, Wichita, Kans.
Scruggs, Charles W.	Pfc	Rt. #4, Washington, Ind.
Sholes, Raymond A.	Pfc	5336 Harvey Way, Long Beach. Calif.
Siems, Peter A.	Pvt	118 Lincoln Ave, E. Paterson, N. J.
Simon, Arthur S.	Pvt	315 N. Highland Ave, Los Angeles 36,
Sluder, Ellahugh	Pvt	Tookland, Va. [Calif.
Schmitt, Paul	Sgt	460 Bradford St, Brooklyn, N. Y.
	S/Sgt	221 Marion St, E. Boston, Mass.
Soldano, Frank J.	~ ~	Star Route, Kernersville, N. C.
Stack, Richard E.	Sgt Pfc	
Stewart, Ralph L. Jr.	Pvt	117 Belmont St. Panea City, Okla.
Swanson, Albert A.	-	Rt. #2, Box #10, Due Bois, Pa.
Talley, L.C.	Pfc	Rt. #1, Cooper, Texas
Taylor, Richard C.	Pfc	1015 Romine Ave, McKeesport, Pa.
Thomas, George C.	Pfc	Rt. #3, Hannibal, Mo.
Thompson, Worth H.	Pfc	Simoda, W. Va.
Tippery, Ralph T.	T/5	920 W. Kemp Ave, Watertown, S. Dak.
Wagner, John H.	T/5	Box #123, Lancaster, Ohio
Watkins, Robert W.	Pvt	Gallup, N. M.
Webber, John A.	Pfc	Creston, Ohio
Welch, William	Pfc	9500 Laurel St, Los Angeles, Calif.
Wiskup, Leon A.	Sgt	36 Brooklawn Ave, Bridgeport, Conn.
Woolsey, William R.	Pfc	805 W. Gift St, Peoria, Ill.
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2. The following listed men were killed in action since 1 November 1944.

Adair, James Jr.	Pvt	3524 Kentucky St, Louisville, Ky.
Beam, Jasper N.	Pvt	616 N. Chickasaw St, Pauls Valley,
Christensen, Sigmund	T/Sgt	1817 E. 5th St, Sioux City, Iowa [Okla.
Cook, Edward D.	Pvt	Rt. #3, Sedalia, Mo.
Flatt, Clay D.	Pvt	256 W. "H" St, Colton, Calif.
Ford, Curtis G.	Pvt	Gen Del., Grubbs, Ark.
Fraley, Lester	Pfc	Rt. #1, Hornbeak, Tenn.
Galiazzi, Joseph	S/Sgt	16 S. 33d St, Camden, N. J.
George, Robert H.	Pvt	110 Ellison Ave, Roosevelt LI, N. Y.
Gilbert, Woodrow W.	Cpl	215 Pear St, Roading, Pa.
Harmon, John E.	Pfc	22733 S. Main St, Torrance, Calif.
Hofmann, Joseph A. Jr.	Pfc	121 W. Tabor Rd, Philadelphia, Pa.
Karibian, Sarkis	Pvt	522-2d Ave, New York, N. Y.
King, Leo L. Sr.	Pvt	1304 Gillam, Coffeyville, Kans.
Klein, Frederick M. Jr.	Pfc	350 Central Park West, New York, N.Y.
Lee, Roy M.	Pfc	216-7th Ave. S. Moorehead, Minn.
McCarthy, John	Pfc	20 Dix St, Waltham, Mass.
McIntiro, Raymond J. Jr.	Sgt	17 S. Cherry St, Richmond, Va.
Pappas, John O.	Pvt	3248 Longshore Ave, Philadelphia, Pa.
Parenteau, Real L.	S/Sgt	16 Walnut St, Biddeford, Maine
Peterson, Elmer J.	Pvt	524 E. 2d St, Concordia, Kans.
Pondrom, William A.	Pfc	2724 Hazel St, Texarkana, Tex.
Savage, John W.	Pfc	1227 No. Warren Ave, Tucson, Ariz.
Sutton, Clarence L.	Sgt	Rt. #2, Concordia, Kans.
Swartz, Eugene E.	Pfc	331 St. Anns St, Fremond, Ohio
Wodell, Robert G.	Pfc	320 S. Lawn, Kansas City, Mo.
Zarlenga, Lucian A.	S/Sgt	2319 Macklind Ave, St. Louis, Mo.

3. The following listed man was reported missing in action since 1 November 1944:

Cox, David M. Pfc Star Rt, Box #76, Ashland, Orc.

4. The following listed officers have been transferred out of the Company since November 1, 1944:

Young, Richard G.	Capt	Northfield Road, Watertown, Conn.
Ballie, David	1st Lt	Honolulu Plantation, Honolulu, T. H.
Black, William W.	1st Lt	660 Carpenter Street, Akron, Ohio
Damewood, Lloyd	1st Lt	East 115 Liberty Ave, Spokane, Wash.
Fuller, George W.	2d Lt	406 Cove Road, Panama City, Fla.
Gullborg, Harry E.	2d Lt	5827 So. Sacremento, Chicago, Ill.
Kaladjian, George A.	2d Lt	133-28 222nd Street, Springfield, Long
		Island, N. Y.
Stanley, Charles	2d Lt	1549 Beach Street, Huntington, W. Va.

5. The following listed officer was killed in action since November 1, 1944:

Plante, Thomas

2d Lt

925 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.

6. The following listed officers are presently assigned to the Company:

Lee, Bernard F. Kile, William S. Shemwell, Elwood H. Bull, Walter L. D'Arpino, Samuel F. Davis, William L. Hathaway, Charles C.	Capt 1st Lt 1st Lt 2d Lt 2d Lt 2d Lt 2d Lt 2d Lt	1932 Dayton Ave, St. Paul, Minn [Okla. 1925 NW 36th St, Oklahoma City 6, 719 Hobson St, Walla Walla, Wash. 2511 Yorkway, Dundalk 22, Md. 109 S. 8th St, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. RFD #2, Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Apt #25B, Manchester Garden Apts., Manchester. Conn.
Landis, Raymond B.	1st Lt	340 Glen Echo Rd, Germantown, Phila, Pa.

7. The following listed men are presently assigned to the Company:

Mulligan, Thomas O.	1st Sgt	2540 Blvd, Jersey City, N. J.
Herron, Vestel L.	T/Sgt	Rt. #2, Baxter, Tenn.
Kitterman, Harry	T/Sgt	1225 E. Lincoln Ave, Ottumwa, Iowa
Sorter, Jacob L.	T/Sgt	2511 W. Lafayette Ave, Baltimore 18,
	•	Md.
Amoroso, James J.	S/Sgt	241 Oakdene Ave, Cliffside Park, N. J.
Capola, Frank D.	S/Sgt	160 E. Liberty, Conneaut, Ohio
Fraley, Chester	S/Sgt	Box #554, Triptonville, Tenn.
Print, Charles R.	S/Sgt	87 Park Ave, Caldwell, N. J.
Hambrio, John W.	S/Sgt	Box #406, Flaine, Ark.
Herman, Ernest C.	S/Sgt	1033 Segal St, Camdon, N. J
LaBrake, Stanley D.	S/Sgt	Rt. #3, Malone, N. Y.
Monis, Gilbert B.	S/Sgt	110 Fruit St, New Bedford, Mass.
Mumbower, Murel G.	S/Sgt	2601 Pino Ave, Mattoon, Ill.
Porter, Chester D. Jr.	S/Sgt	403 Mallory Ave, Hampton, Va.
Wilson, Woodrow	S/Sgt	Phono #78, Philipsburg, Montana
Adkins, Leonard D.	Sgt	913 N. Blvd, Edmond, Okla.
Butler, Robert J.	Sgt	301 Oak St, Pullman, Washington
Caler, Otis E.	Sgt	Conterville, Maine
Finn, James F.	Sgt	15343 Biltmore Ave, Detroit, Mich.
Gersich, Matt H.	Sgt	322/1st St, SW, Chisholm, Minn.
Grant, George D. Jr.	Sgt	Rt. #2, E. Edison Ave, China, Calif.
Haefele, Edwin T.	Sgt	Herrick, Ill.
Higgs, Winston M.	Sgt	Box #147, Martha, Okla,
Lawson, Charles T.	Sgt	RFD #1, Eidson, Tenn.
Madon, Walter L.	Sgt	Rt. #1, Pineville, Ky.
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