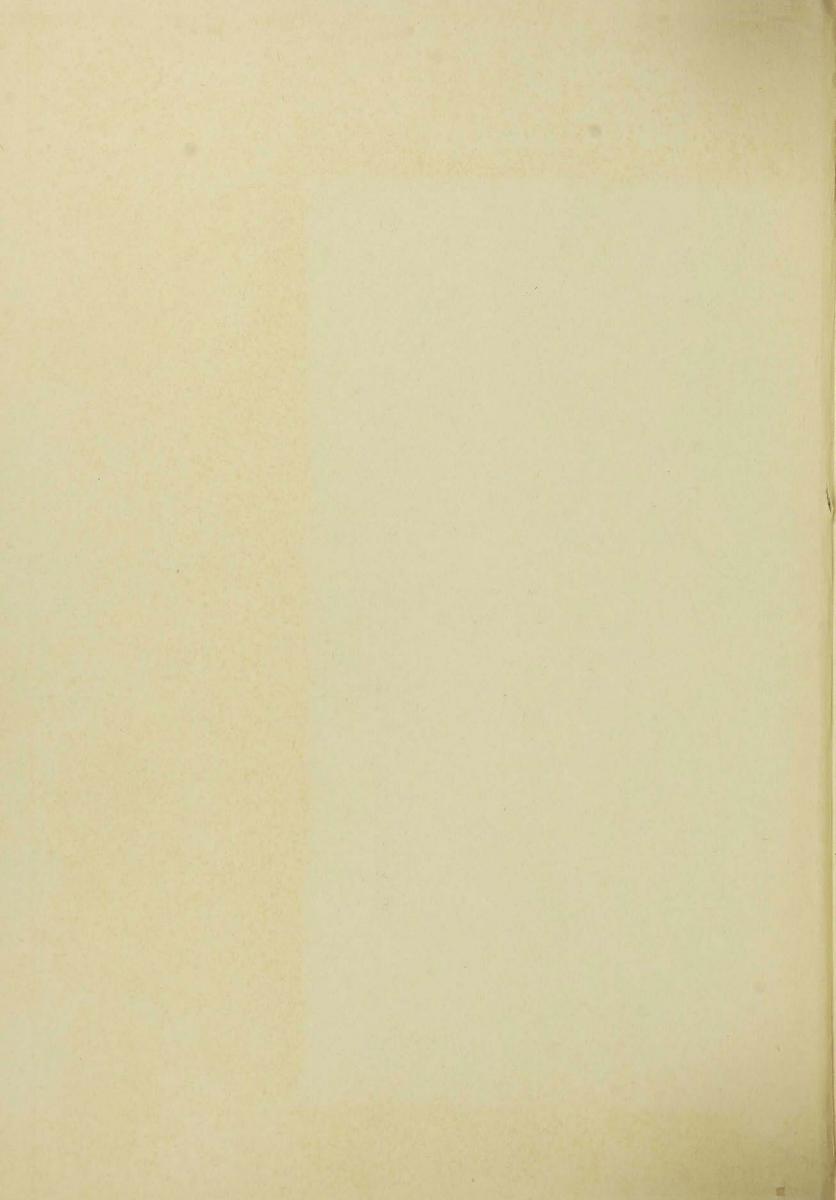
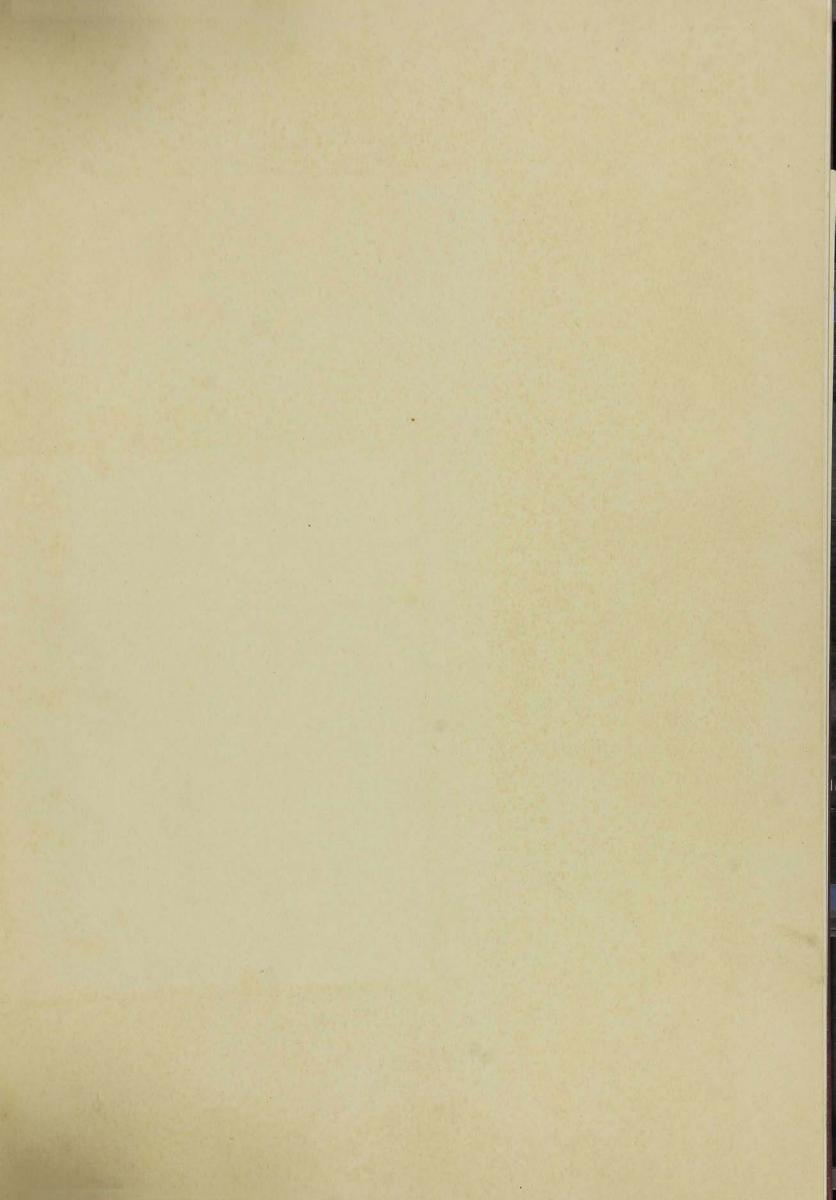


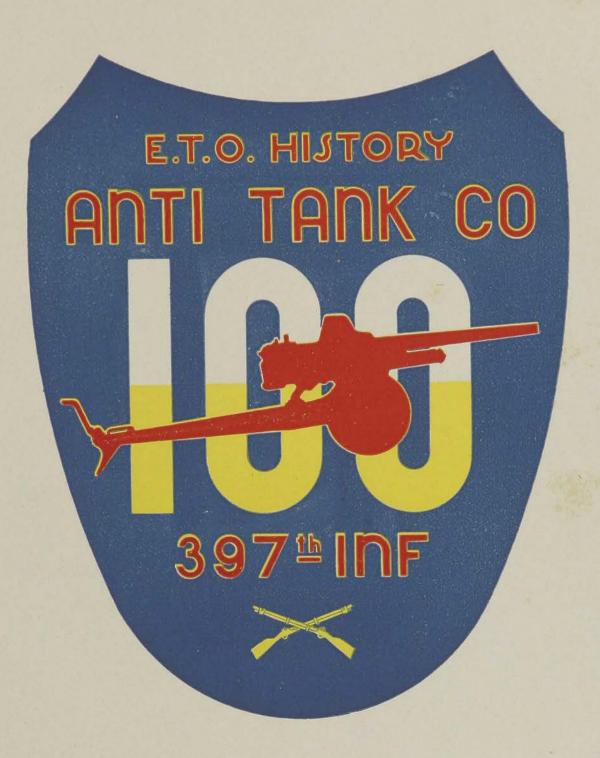
T A N K

.397 mINF.









This is an honest effort on our part to present, not an accurate account of military strategy and history, but rather a collection of impressions and photographs of this company's part in the fight for peace. We hope that in some way this book may help you recall some pleasent memories of a life, the likes of which we hope and pray our children may never experience.

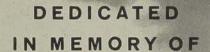
Edited and published in the field.
1945

Stuttgart

Germany

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Officer in charge of publication	Capt. Carl F. Cusanelli
Editor in chief	S/Sgt John J. Noor
Feature Editor	Pfc Kenneth M. Kaufman
Photographic Editor	T/4 Robert Wagoner
Art Editor and Designer	Pfc Edwin M. Ebur
Policy and Theme	Pfc Robert Witherspoon
Research Editor	T/5 John W. Flatley
Technical Advisor	Pfc Jack B. Lentz, Jr.
Regimental Photographer	Cpl Robert Gilbert



CPL. JOHN J. McCANN

Killed in action January 8, 1945 at Rimling, France

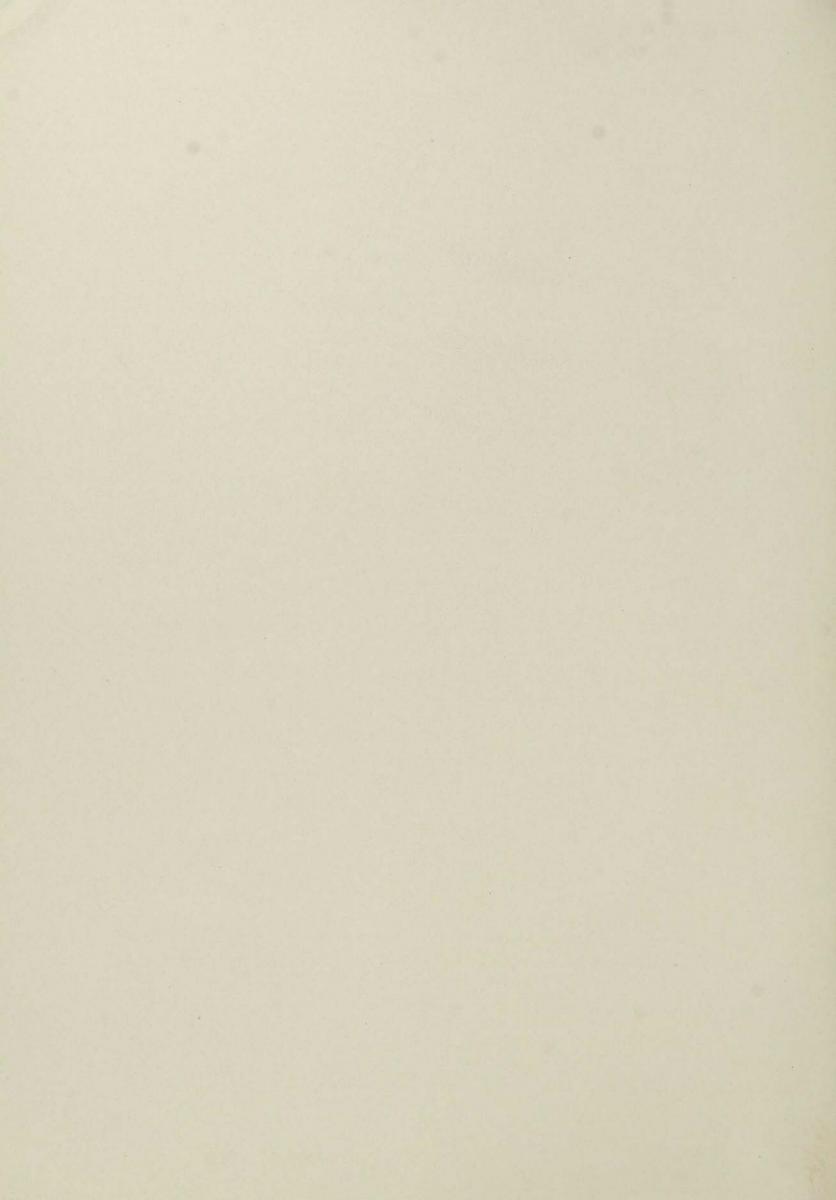
PFC. GEORGE W. SULLIVAN

Killed in action April 10, 1945 at Heilbronn, Germany

T/SGT. JOSEPH P. KIELBOWICZ

Killed in action April 10, 1945 at Heilbronn, Germany

WHOSE COURAGE, DEVOTION TO DUTY, AND COMRADSHIP SERVED AS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL.





GREETINGS!

I have considered it an honor and a privilege to have been able to command this Company during the most trying period of our lives. During the past year the Company was called upon to perform many and varied asks and I am proud to say that through your efforts and determination to win, they were accomplished in an excellent manner. My hat is off to all of you for a job well done.

Soon you will all return to a normal way of life and I wish to take this opportunity to wish each and every one of you all the happiness and success which you so richly deserve.

I salute the best Company in the United States Army.

Carl 7. Cusamelli



WILLIAM M. COREY, 1ST. LT.

Executive Officer

Having been connected with the Anti-Tank Co. both as a member and as platoon leader of the 1st Bn.Anti-Tank platoon since his entrance into the 100th Division in May of 1944. To the men of the company now with us and to those who have left I wish to extend my sincere congratulations for a job well done and the best of luck in the successes that I am sure will come your way in the future. Awards; Bronze Star, Purple Heart, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: West Rutland, Vermont.

No picture

EDWARD R. FRYER, 1ST. LT.

2nd Platoon Leader

Assigned to the Anti-Tank Co. on the 13th July 1945. He came from the "Blood and Fire" Division. A well liked Lt. he wishes to extend to the members of the company all the luck in the future and a speedy disharge. One last statement "Oh my aching back! only (60) points". Awards: ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Clarksburg, West Virginia.



CHARLES F. PRESTON, 151. LT.

1St. Platoon Leader

"Chuck" to the men who knew him. From his position of 2nd platoon leader to Executive Officer and then to 1st Platoon Leader, hts winning personality earned him many friends. Leading his platoon through its most hazardous days on the line he proved hs mettle, courage and good judgement. He knows how to fight; he knows how to relax and have fun when the fight is over. He wished the best of luck to the members of the company. Awards; Bronze Star, Purple Heart, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 71 Bank St., St. Albans, Vermout.



VAN L. ROY, 1ST. LT.

Recon. Officer

Ever since the first day I joined the company which was last July 12th I have not heard a word of se'f praise. This above anything else makes me beleive you have done some hard fighting. The best of luck and success to your efforts. A good track man he won the division shot put and discuss at the recent play offs. Awards; Bronze Star, Purple Heart, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Marksville, Louisiana.



WALTER H. SYLAK, 1ST. LT.

3rd Platoon Leader

He came from the "Blood and Fire" division about the 13 July 1945. He came overseas and landed in Italy in November of 1944 and was a section leader in the artillery. He will remember him most as Company Athletic Officer and for his softball pitching. He wishes the company the best of luck in the events to come. Awards, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Pittsburgh, Pa.



GEORGE W. BRAZIER, 2ND. LT.

4th Platoon Leader

Quiet gentlemanly qualities dominated by a virtous character have brought George from platoon surveyor to Platoon Leader. As an enlisted man he always insisted on taking part, if not leading combat patrols. Always has the good of his men at heart, his fearlessness in combat has inspired greaf confidence in his men. He extends the best of luck to the company in the future. Awards; Bronze Star, Purple Heart, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Kansas City, Kansas.

Anti Tank Company

A CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD

1944

SEPTEMBER

25--APO 447

Goodbye Bragg and Fa'al-burg; boarded at 2115, -- not bad! "Sgt., you can't take that dog." "But



sir, --yes sir."

26--Slept well, the first 5 feet of me, I pity the tall men. Arrived Camp Kilmer 1630, no band--strange. No trucks, short walk--he says.

OCTOBER

1--What a camp, what a mess hall, what food, -- what K. P.!! I've got a pass to N. Y., guys who live nearbye lucky, well I had my furlough. Camp show, Jin x Falkenburg, Candy Jones--I love con ly. More shots, "Take it easy Doc--sir!" Boat drill; how to live in an open boat, how to live on fish in an



open boat, how to fish. Clothes, equipment; turn it into the Supply room; draw it from the Supply room.

- 4--No mcre passes; restriction. What a crap game--ow!!
- E--On the train again, the band playing. What a load, who is going to push me up the gangplank, --how am I going to reach the gangplank. Took the ferry to Brooklyn, didn't see the tree; didn't even see Brooklyn; my, what a big ship. Coffee, doughnuts and checclate on the run, courtesy of the Red Cross. "Sgt., no dog!"

"---, yes sir."

6--Aboard U. S. Army Transport, left U. S. for foreign service at 0920. Port, starboard, bulkheads, bilge--throbing engines; yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

"How about a friendly game of poker--buddy."

7-18--Long days, long nights. The water is blue and smooth and clear and clean; what a helluva lot of water. Sticky bodies and clothes, salt water showers and shaves. Two aquare meals a day, -- pickles



and pickles. Candy and cokes; gas in the Baby Ruths. Church and shows and movies and books and, -- sick call

'Some more of those little pills please, parcon me a moment, I've got to ----."

"Eat pickles!"

"Sleep on deck!"

"Sleep in the hold!"

"Sleep!"

"Look at the water!"

"Me, I'm a born sailor!"

It's a beautiful day, I'm going to sleep on deck tonight.

"It rained last night."

Trouble to the starboard, she's smoking black. Boat drill,

"Keep your canteens filled at all times."

"That dice game has been going on for eight days and nights, straight."

Gambling prohibited by order of - - -. Blackout; no smoking.

"Watch the light soldier!"

'Our allies, the French are a proud, liberty loving people with customs and conventions which we must learn to understand and to respect. Always leave a tip."

19--Land! I see land on the horizon off the starboard bow; North Africa, small towns, white buildings. Spain to the port; picturesque fishing villages nestling at the feet of mountains, facing America over endless seas, Birds overhead, not gulls, pidgeions. The Rock, Brittania rules; just like the Prudential ad.

20--Disembarked from the U.S.S. George Washington at 1800, down the Jonas ladder, cargo nets, ropes, step by step, hand over hand, into the LCT!

"Here pooch, c'mon boy!"



Here pooch, c'mon boy!

Hit the beach at 1830; blackout, smokescreen, planes overhead. Full field equipment and horseshoe rolls; a ten mile hike.

"Cho-ko-la pour mama," "see gar ite" pour papa?"

"How are your feet?"

"My aching back, -- literally."

"We sleep here."

"Where?"

"Goodnight."



Cho to la pour mama

21-29--Staging Area No. 1 just outside of Marseilles, a few acres of land and a shack for a kitchen. Passes into Marseilles to see the sights, -- of neuter and feminine gender; catch the trolley on the run.



Rain, mud; every pup tent is an island, some islands sink. Equipment comes in, 57's are assembled. Orders to move up.

30-Leave staging Area No. 1 at 0800, arrive at Valence 1830; bivouac.

31--Leave Valence 0600 Dijon at 1830; bivouac.

NOVEMBER

- 1--Leave Dijon 0830 arrive St. Helene at 1630.
- 2-5--Bivouac, (1) mile east of St. Helene at 1630; weather cold, rainy. C rations; Meat and Vegetable Stew, Hash, torrid coffe, -- good.

"I'm wearing everything I've got now, what happens when it really gets cold?"

"The German Teller Mine is - - - ."

"The German S Mine is ----."

"The German Shoe Mine is a - - - ch."

- 6--Leave St. Helene 1115, arrive Baccarat at 1220. We relieve the 45th Division. Combat!!
- 7-17--Baccarat, France. Gun platoons in position; no tank activity; heavily wooded areas. Mine Platoon clearing-mines in Raon L'Etape.
- 18-20--Bertrechamps, France. Mine Platoon suffers first casualties while clearing Raon L'Etape.
- 21-22--St. Blaise, France. Gun platoons in position. Mine Platoon and 2nd Platoon at Moyenmontier; 1st Platoon clearing snipers in Senones.
- 23-25--Senones, France. Gun platoons guarding main supply routes; Mine Platoon clearing Champagnay. The shearing of collaborationists in Senones, a Thanksgiving dinner in Champagnay and the G.I.'s for the next 20 Kilometers.
 - 26-Company assembles at Raon L'Etape; we wipe the mud from our ears and weapons and move on to Dossenheim. "Will it ever stop raining."
 - 27-30--Dossenheim, France. Gun platoons in position. The medics orient us. The G.I.'s; APC pills; a cold--cough syrup; a broken leg--APC pills and cough syrup.

DECEMBER

- 1-5--Ingwiller, France. 1st Platoon attached to 1st Battalion; 2nd Platoon attached to 2nd Battalion; 3rd Platoon attached to 3rd Battalion; 4th Platoon takes security positions at Rothback.
- 6-8--Reipertswiller, France. 4th Platoon clearing mines from Rothback to Lichtenberg; 2nd Platoon remains attached to 2nd Battalion at Mouterhouse.
- 9-10--Hasselthal, France. Company assembles, moves into Mouterhouse.
 - 11--Mouterhouse, France. Company takes up positions as Rifle Co. NW of Mouterhouse relieving Able Co; releived by 100 Reconn Troop.
- 12-14--Mouterhouse, France. 1st Platoon in position north of town.
- 15-23--Company takes positions as Rifle Co. North of Mouterhouse in the vicinity of Bitche, relieving Co. B. Duplex foxholes, all the conveniences of home in Molehill Mansions.



24-29-Bining, France. 1st Platoon in position at Guising; 2nd Platoon in position NW of Rimling; 3rd Platoon NE of Rimling. The snow falls and falls,

- 30-8--Bining, France. No change in Company disposition. Heavy German winter offensive in the vicinity of Rimling. Everyone sober New Years Eve.
 - 9-Bining, France. General withdrawal from Rimling under cover of darkness; 3rd Platoon moves into Bining.
 - 10--Bining, France. 2nd Platoon remains in position; preparation of defensive positions.
- 11-18-Oermingen, France. AT Co. takes defensive positions; 1st Platoon at Singling, 2nd Platoon at Achen; 3rd Platoon N of Singling; 4th Platoon guarding bridges in and about Achen.
- 19-22--Petit Rederching, France. Company relieves AT Co. 255 Inf.; 1st Platoon takes positions at Petit Rederching; 2nd Platoon takes positions at Hoelling; 3rd Platoon takes positions at Hottviller.
 - 23-4th Platoon attached to E Co. for three days.

FEBRUARY-MARCH

- 14--Petit Rederching, France. Company in defensive positions performing usual combat duties. Comparatively little activity; light artillery, small arms and enemy planes strafing; patroling. Weather changes; three feet of snow; mud; cool clear days. 4th Platoon constructing roads vicinity of Guisberg. Hot chow from the kitchen; three meals per day. Hot showers available several times each week, daily shaves, clean clothes, entertainment, church services; many luxuries of civilization. Vigilance is the by word; big push coming.
- 15-Petit Rederching, France. Regiment attacks at 0500. Company mission to protect left flank of Regiment. 1st and 2nd Platoons in position east of Hottviller.
- 16--Schorbach, France. Attack continues. Gun platoons aid Battalions.
- 18-- Waldhausen, France. Attack continues.
- 19--Waldhausen, France. Gun platoons supporting Battalions in the attack; 3rd Platoon and one mine clearing squad of the 4th Platoon enter Gross Steinhausen, Germany, in support of the 3rd Battalion.
- 20--Waldhausen, France. Company relieved by AT Co. 66 Inf., withdraws under cover of darkness and assembles in Waldhausen.
- 21-22--Waldhausen, France. Regiment attaches all Company transportation to haul rifle troops. The ratrace is on. Mine Platoon is attached to Company A 325 Engineers.
 - 23-Hoheischweiller, Germany. Company enroute to Assenheim.
 - 24--Assenheim, Germany. Preparation for the attack.
- 25-26--Oggersheim, Germany. Company in Corps reserve carrying out individual and small unit tactical training, orientation and recreation.
 - 31--Plankstadt, Germany. Company left Oggersheim at 0500; crossed the Rhine River at Mannheim; not much left of Mannheim. Arrived at Plankstadt at 1030; 1st Platoon goes into position; 2nd Platoon goes into position at Eppelheim.

APRIL

- 1--Plankstadt, Germany. Regiment attacks at 0900; Company protects left flank.
- 2-- Weisloch, Germany. Attack continues.
- 3--Sinsheim, Germany. Attack continues.
- 4-7--Frankenbach, Germany. Regiment reaches the Neckar River. Company in support of the Regiment.

 Preparations for assault crossing of Neckar into Heilbronn. 4th Platoon on combat patrol.
- 8-13-Heilbronn, Germany. Company crosses Purple Heart Bridge at 0700; bridge knocked out after crossing. Mission: to reinforce the 1st Battalion as a Rifle Co. and assist in clearing bridgehead area of snipers and infiltration parties. German counterattack repulsed. Platoons go into the attack on the 1st Battalion front. Company ordered to take high ground NE of Heilbronn and establish patrol contact with 3rd Battalion 398 Inf. on left. Break through to the East, enemy resistence crumbles.



14-15-Lehrensteinfeld, Germany. Company assembles, establishes road blocks. 1st Platoon moves to Oberheinriet, establishes outposts; 2nd Platoon moves to Unterheinriet, establishes outposts.

4th Platoon moves into Unterheinriet, patrols. We liberate chickens and the Company feasts,

- 16-18-Etzlinswenden, Germany. 2nd and 3rd Platoons establishes outposts; 1st and 4th Platoons move into Kaisersbach, establish outposts and patrols.
 - 19--Spiegelberg, Germany. Company secures town; 1st Platoon secures hill NW of town; 4th Platoon moves into Davernberg, secures town.
 - 20--Backnang, Germany. Company secures town; mopping up of wooded areas; sporadic fire fights.
- 21-22--Geradstetten, Germany. Company secures town; sporadic fire fights on routes of communication and supply.
- 23-25--Plochingen, Germany. Repairing and cleaning of weapons and equipment.
- 26-30--Stuttgart, Germany. Company moves into block of homes in Stuttgart for a rest. Unit training, orientation and recreation. We meet the French, cognac, and an accusing finger--wrong man.

MAY

1-10-Eislingen, Germany. Division continues rest. Displaced Person: Russkys, Polskys, allies; happ/folk. Entertainment, showers, clean clothes. Deutchland Kaput; "the kreig is fertig, --- Prima!"

JUNE

11-11-Risstissen, Germany. Occupation begins in a rural area, billetted in a school. Company engage 1 in guarding vital installations and in patroling all towns in Company area. Swimming in the Danube, sports, grenade fishing-sportsmanly like, and a minimum duties. Food, during meals, before, meals and aftermeals.

"Haben sie eier for Americanish soldat?"

"Haben sie schnapps,"

"Haben sie ----?"

Non fraternization, the sixty-five dollar question.

"But Americans love babys naturally; children I mean, naturally!!"

"Hello Baby, vo gayen sie hoyta?"



My German is improving; nouns like spazieren, adjectives like schoen, verbs like kommen, and pronouns like du and mir.

"What do you men think of the German people?"

"Handsome, --but insidious."

"Clean, - -but crafty."

"Good workers, ---for no good."

"Be hard; be tough; be careful!"

"Guten morgen fraulein."

No fraternization!!

JULY

12-7--Rechberghausen, Germany. Company arrives in Rechberghausen at 1130. Billeted in a school. Training, orientation, recreation guarding of vital installations, and the patroling of all towns in the Company area. The first group of high point men leave the company for the 63rd Division and eventual discharge.

"Good luck men, - - - lots of luck!"

The scene of the first company party since Fort Bragg. Orchids to the kitchen crew. Dance band;



displaced females; beer, wine, cognac, champagne, and, -- soft drinks. Big heads, sensitive stomachs, and a motor movement.

AUGUST

8-31--Stuttgart, Germany. Company arrives in Stuttgart at 1530: billeted in the school on the hill. Company engaged in guarding vital installations and patroling all towns in Company area. A full training schedule, lots of malaria lectures. Occupation; shakedown of civilians, patrols. Rumors: occupation; redeployment to the Pacific; in the states by August, September, October, - - -? Trucks leave daily for the Century Theater, the Little Century, at 1930. Opera, concerts, USO shows, movies; coffee, doughnuts and cokes at the Red Cross Canteen. Passes to England, France, Switzerland, Belgium,



Holland; tours of Germany. Venereal Disease: pamphlets, lectures, movies, leniency, harshness, appeals; the Colonel speaks. Curfew.

"We're alerted!!"

Home, and then to the Pacific. Turn in all excess equipment, draw shortages from supply. Home, home! The wife and the kids, the girls we left behind; -- the United States of America! Peace feelers, atomic bombing; Russia declares war upon Japan!! Japan quits; shipping orders cancelled. The I and E Program; occupation; the point system; sweating out a discharge.

KMK.



● GEISLINGEN GOPPINGEN SULZBACH UHINGEN BACKHANG STUTTGART SINSHEIM FRIEDRICHSFELD GERMANY NEUSTADT IRANCI THALEISCHWEILER BITCHE PETITE PIERRE ZWEIBRUCKEN ST. BLAISE SARREBOURG MOYENMOUTIER RAON L'ETAPE **EUROPE**

Ed Ebur -

BACCARAT



Company Headquarters



Kitchen Crew

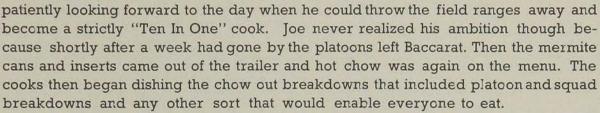
COMPANY HEADQUARTERS.

 $B_{
m fondest\ memories\ company\ headquarters\ have\ of\ Baccarat,\ but\ actually\ Baccarat}$

was the first place that our company hit under combat conditions. "What's going on here" was the common question. "They call this combat yet we are living in houses with all the comforts of home. Even electricity, SOMETIMES".

We were only in Baccarat a short time though, and some of the gang realized thingswere beginning to pop. Gerry Kearney and Harold Clark were two of the first to realize this when they got the "Turn Em In" order for the two and a half trucks and then the inevitable "Draw Em" order for the one and a halfs. It wasn't very long however and they had the new trucks in shape and ready to roll.

The "Kichen Krew" was enjoying a slight bit of paradise dishing out Ten In One rations to the company. Joe Reardon was



After ten days of Baccarat and wine company headquarters rejoined the rest of the company in Bertrechamps. The platoons had left the day before and when headquarters rolled into Bertrechamps the platoons were all on hand to welcome the "Rear Echeloners". The kitchen, maintenance, supply, communications and C. P. were set up shortly in an old Bakery. It didn't take the French kids long to find the kitchen and get in everybody's way. Jimmy Major was the only one who could chase them with his famous "Allon", which means scram in any language when Major says it. Bertrechamps wasn't a very long stay and after three days the entire company was off on the road again.

The company rolled into Raon L'Etape after a short ride. The C. P. was set up in a house that had survived the terrific shelling the town had taken. Capt Cusanelli was at his maps before long, planning our next move. Bill McGrath celebrated a birthday that night and he had plenty of help in his celebrating being ably assisted by Glenn Mechlin, Calvin Archambault and John Flatley. That little incident took place in a house of a swell French family who dished out some mighty good wine and cognac. Raon L'Etape

was just a one night stop, the first of many more to come and early the next morning the company started out for Senones.

Most of headquarters didn't quite make it to Senones. The convoy was held up on the road because a bridge had been blown by a mine. The boys quickly assumed the sit and wait attitude until dinner time came around. Before long the Coleman Stoves were going and Herman Swenson began dishing out the "K" rations. It was raining and pretty cold that day and very crowded trying to eat in the trucks. Before long some of the boys were off the trucks and looking for





a warm place. Frank Shanahan and Gerry Kearney began investigating a house that was still smouldering from an artillery hit a few day previously. There was'nt much left to the place, but it was without a doubt the warmest place in the area. Before long the whole gang of headquarters was batting the breeze in the cellar place. After a few hours of waiting it was decided that we were to stay in Moyenmoutier for the night before going to Senones.

Company headquarters left Moyenmoutier early the next morning and again rejoined the company in Senones. Senones was quite a place as most of the fellows agreed. It was there that we witnessed the hair cutting exhibition performed on some French female collaborators. That was quite a sight and one which no one will forget for a long time. Everything was going along normally until Bob Dorsett met with an unfortunate accident. Bob's rifle was accidently set off and he got a slug in his leg. Bob was taken to the hospital shortly afterward.



After a few days in Senones the entire company left on Thanksgiving Day and headed for Champagnay. The kitchen remained in Senones to finish the Thanksgiving dinner. The dinner the cooks turned out was really swell, complete with turkey and all the trimmings. The company didn't remain long in Champagnay and it wasn't until we returned to Senones that night that most of us learned that we were the first troops to enter Champagnay. Company headquarters was again billeted in the same factory in Senones that they had left in the morning. In few days the entire company was off again.

This move was one of the longest the company ever made. After a six hour ride we came into the German speaking section of France. Finally we stopped at Dossheim. All of headquarters was in one house except the kitchen. The kitchen was set up in a barn a short way from the C. P. The cooks had a lot of work to do cleaning out the place and getting it in shape to do the cooking.

Dossheim was another of those one night stands and the next day company headquarters was off with the company. This time the new home for headquarters was in Ingwiller. The kitchen supply, radio section and C. P. were billeted in a very nice house. The house was formerly occupied by some Nazi bigwig. There were beau coup souvenirs collected in Ingwiller, most of them were Nazi officers' caps and knives. This little haul put Joe Reardon way out in front in the souvenir collecting department. The maintenance section was billeted in a house a short distance from the C. P. John Landon was kept busy in Ingwiller issuing the new sleeping bags that had finally come to the company. The cooks were kept going constantly getting the hot chow out to the platoons every day. Jimmy Savignano always had plenty of work keeping the weapons cleaned and in shape.

After a week in Ingwiller company headquarters was again on the move. One night was spent in Reipertswiller and the next day headquarters moved into Mouterhouse. The kitchen, maintenance and supply sections were set up in a foundry on the edge of town. The C. P. and radio section were set up in a house about a half mile out of Mouterhouse. The company was on the line as rifle troops and



this was probably the closest that all of headquarters was to the lines up to that time. The town was being shelled at irregular intervals, and our troops had mortars set up in the rear of the foundry. Reggie Fulton was returning from Service company one day in a truck with John Landon, Herman Swenson, and Ralph Butler when a shell dropped in the road about twenty feet in front of the truck. No one ever knew

Reggie could ever get up so much speed as he did when that shell landed. The truck hadn't completely stopped and Reggie was out and running like a deer to the nearest shelter leaving Landon, Swenson, and Butler eating his dust.

When the company came off the line preparations were made for a move to another sector. This move took company headquarters to Petit-Rederching. It wasn't a very long stay however and in two days company headquarters moved to Bining. It was in Bining that Bernard Broster had a very tough break. He was injured in an automobile accident and he had to be evacuated. Headquarters was in Bining only a few days when two of our P-47's bombed the town by mistake dropping a few 500 pounders uncomfortably close. Christmas day was spent in Bining and again the kitchen put out another swell dinner. After more than a week in Bining company headquarters again rejoined the platoons in Oermingen.



In Oermingen headquarters stayed in barracks that were originally built be the French and later used by the Germans. It was the first time that part of the company had been in barracks since leaving the States. It was a nice setup with movies every night but as usual the stay there wasn't very long. In less than a week company headquarters moved again. This move brought headquarters back to Petit-Rederching for the second time.

This stay in Petit-Rederching wasn't a short one for a change. At this point the whole division was on the defensive and headquarters remained here for over two months. Bob Dorsett came back to the company here from the hospital with an expert knowledge of French. Bob started right in to learning German just as he had done with French. Company headquarters acquired some new men when Joe Mahkovec and Peter Wolff were transferred into the kitchen to help the cooks. Ludwig Strauss also came to headquarters about that time to act as an interpreter for Capt Cusanelli. Ted Hehman also came to headquarters in Petit-Rederching to be the driver of the radio truck. Most of the time spent in Petit-Rederching was spent in the routine duties that company headquarters had to perform. Occasionally a few shells dropped in and once a Heine plane strafed the town but in general things were rather quiet most of the time. It was a welcome break when the orders came to move out of Petit-Rederching.

The move from Petit-Rederching brought us to the Maginot Line town of Schorbach where we stayed only one night and were off again. The next place on the route was Briedenbach and this was another one night stay. After that headquarters landed in Waldhausen. The stay in Waldhausen lasted for six days and on the next move we crossed the border into Germany.

The first town in Germany that headquarters hit was called Assenheim and it was another one night stand. At this point the Jerries were in head long retreat and the rat race was on. After leaving Assenheim the company approached the Rhine but before crossing the Rhine the company came to a halt at Oggersheim. It was in Oggersheim that Jimmy Savignano acquired a small automobile that suited his needs perfectly. With this little bus Jim could easily carry his tools and the extra weapons that he had. After a few days in Oggersheim the rat race was on again. On this move the company crossed the Rhine at Mannheim. We got a good idea of what sort of damage the Air Corps had done when we passed through Ludwigshafen and Mannheim. The next three days the company traveled at a fast clip stopping over-night in Plankstadt, Weisloch and Sinsheim. In Plankstadt Gus Bierhalter came into company headquarters from the first platoon to be Capt Cusanelli's driver.

In Sinsheim Reggie Fulton made a rather nice collection of the "liquid stuff" and when company headquarters pulled out of Sinsheim Reggie could easily be seen toting a large suitcase full of the "stuff". There was so much of it on the supply truck that Reggie had to get rid of the "inferior" wine by dumping it out the truck during the move to Frankenbach.

It was in Frankenbach that our company received the first reinforcements since we had been overseas. Al Aho came to company headquarters as a radio operator. Headquarters was in Frankenbach a few days when the platoons left to advance on Heilbronn. Lt. McNee led the company over the Neckar River and the next day Capt. C. moved his C. P. into a cellar amidst the blazing battle of Heilbronn. Andy Androlowicz along with Glenn Mechlin, Calvin Archambault, and Bob Dorsett also went with Capt Cusanelli



to set up the forward C. P. in Heilbronn. Mechlin and Dorsett were later awarded the Silver Star for the part they took in defending the company C. P. from a number of Jereies who had infiltrated throught the lines. The rest of company headquarters remained in Frankenbach. Herman Swenson personally delivered the chow to the company daily. He did a swell job crossing the river each time and on several of his return trips he brought back

some of the many Jerries that the company had captured. Just before the move into Heilbronn company headquarters welcomed Joe Borusiewicz. Joe was transferred to headquarters after being with the second platoon through most of their combat time. Joe was with the second platoon in Heilbronn but his injured foot could stand the strain no longer and it was decided that he should be transferred to company headquarters.

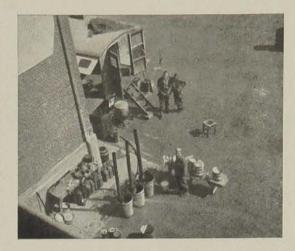
Headquarters only stayed in Heilbronn for one night and was off again the next day to again catch up with the company. It was in Lehrensteinfeld that the company was all together once more, and for a day or two the company lived the life of Reilly in that swell estate in Lehrensteinfeld. Headquarters stayed in Lehrensteinfeld for more than a week and then the company moved out in convoy. This move carried headquarters through a number of towns and finally the convoy came to a halt in Backnang after staying a night in Spiegelberg and Etzlenswenden. Headquarters remained in Backnang for three days and then the entire company was again assembled in Plochingen.



About this time everyone was sweating out the end of the war. The Jerries were going completely to pieces an all fronts and it looked like the war would end any day. The company only stayed in Plochingen a few days and then the next move brought us to Stuttgart. At this time the division was placed in reserve for the first time since we had hit combat. Gerry Kearney and Ralph Butler went out hunting one day and came back with a German trailer that looked like a house on wheels. It was just the thing that the kitchen was looking for and it was promptly converted for use as a rolling kitchen. The supply of cognac in Stuttgart at the time was much more than the company could drink at the time and after a week the company was again on the move.

This move brought us to Eislingen and the long awaited day all had been waiting for. The war with Germany was over. There was quite a bit of celebrating that day and the many bottles that were acquired in Stuttgart helped make the celebration a huge success. It was in Eislingen that we received the first indications that some of us were to become civilians some day in the deep, dark future. The point system of demobilization was born! Everyone was hepped up at first but when the critical score of eighty-five was announced many hopes faded fast. Eighty-five points! WOW! It will take

years was the immediate thought of most, but amoung the many gloomy faces there were a few guys who began to beam from ear to ear. These selected few began to count the days and hours till the day when they would be taking that boat ride. The stay in Eislingen also brought two new members to company headquarters. Guy Gowan came to headquarters from the fourth platoon to become the driver of the Reconnaissance jeep. Guy had been with the fourth platoon since Heilbronn, but his mechanical experience with vehicles prompted his shift to headquarters. He has been a big help to Harold



Clark in helping to keep the vehicles in shape. The other new member to come to headquarters was Joseph Algarin better known to everyone as Chico. Chico's addition to the kitchen was a move that made a big hit with all the company. He is considered by many to be man who can turn out a good meal under any circumstances and with any material he has on hand.



With the end of the war many thought that our traveling days would be over, but that was not so. The company was in Eislingen for eight days and the order came for us to move out. After a forty mile ride we came to the town of Ristissen. The entire company was quartered in a building that was formerly used by the Hitler Youth Movement. The company was then assigned to patrol and guard a large area and this caused the company to be billeted in a number of towns. Company headquarters remained in Ristissen however. The stay in Ristissen was like a summer vacation to many and most of the fellows took advantage of the warm weather be going

swimming and fishing in their spare time. The accepted method of fishing was to first find a stream full of fish and then toss in a few grenades. Out stay in Ristissen lasted a little more than a month and then once more the order to move came.

Rechberghausen was the next stop. The whole company was set up in a school house in this pleasant little town. It was here that the many days of sweating for the eighty-five pointers was finally brought to an end. Herman Swenson, Andy Androlowicz, Ralph Butler and Lt. McNee were transferred to the 63rd Division. This was their first step on the long road to becoming civilians. A few days after they left the "two youngersters" of company headquarters, Reggie Fulton and Gerry Kearney left to go to the 36th Division. They were both approaching the forty year mark and the Army had finally decided to let them once more have a taste of civilian life. Soon after these fellows left there were many changes made in company headquarters. John Landon assumed the first sergeant's duties with the transfer of Androlowicz. Angelo Scali replaced Herman Swenson as the new mess sergeant. John Byrne became motor sergeant in Gerry Kearney's place. George Pieper became number two man in the supply room when Reggie Fulton left. George Siltzer returned to company headquarters taking over the truck left vacant by Ralph Butler. After spending more than a month in Rechberghausen the moving orders came again.

This latest move has brought us to our present stay in Stuttgart. Since our arrival here in Stuttgart Henry Spinks has assumed the duties of Supply Sergeant. Charles White was transferred from K company to replace Spinks as company clerk. White was with K company through a lot of their combat experiences as a rifleman, and later he

worked as a clerk with K company. Another new man to come to the company is John Augustine. John took over the mess sergeant's job when Angelo Scali piled up enough points to take that boat ride back to the States.

Since our arrival here in Stuttgart our company is once more all together. This therefore seems to bring the history of company headquarters to a close. Each man gave his best to benefit the company at all times and it was these efforts together with all the others that enabled our company to come through combat victoriously.

JWF

WE'RE SORRY.

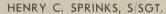
Since the edition of the book, Anti Tank company has been awarded the Presidential Citation for action from 9 April to 14 April 1945 at Heilbronn, Germany. Consequently, it was impossible for us to cover it in our book as we had already gone to press. This will serve as a reminder that the "Tankers" fought and fought well, in one of the most trying periods of their lives.



COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

JOHN C. LANDON, 1ST. SGT.

A former Supply Sergeant turned 1st Sergeant. A man who could do most any job when called upon. Awards: Bronze Star, Good Conduct Medal, Combat Infantry, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Grace St. Crisfield, Md.



Supply Sgt.

A boy of many abilities. A former clerk and now a combination chaplain and supply sergeant. If Henry has it you can get it from him if your story is sad enough. A swell guy who would do anything for a buddy. Awards: Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Chipley, Ga.





GLENN MECHLIN, SGT.

Communications Sqt.

The huba-huba communications chief from the Smokey City. He climbs telephone poles with the grace of a lineman. A man of many abilities. Glenn can do a "mean" polka when he get in the right "mood". Awards: Silver Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars, HOME: 186 Hill. St. Fair Oaks, Pa.

ROBERT A. DORSETT, SGT.

Reconn. Sgt.

The boy from the Hoosier state who thinks he is very good looking and is getting more so daily. Grower of farm products and large mustaches. Got any junk? Bob will take it. Someone please hide that accordion. Awards: Silver Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: RR. 4 No. Vernon, Ind.





JOHN M. BYRNE, SGT.

Motor Sgt.

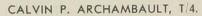
The Anti-Tank Squadron Commander. The man who can give out ten trucks even if he has only five. Soft spoken and easy going and a guy that everyone likes. Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 29 Lake St., Somerville, Mass.



LUDWIG STRAUSS, PFC.

Basic

Another man of many trades. A former ammo bearer and later an interpreter. Louie was the man who secured most of those nice billets that the company lived in after entering Germany. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 6808 Old York Rd., Philadelphia, Pa.



Radio Operator

A happy go lucky guy. A regular family man who always thinking of the wife and kiddies back in Mass. Awards; Purple Heart. Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 18 Florence St. Haverhill, Mass.





JOSEPH ALGARIN, T/5.

Cook

Chico's reputation as a cook was known the world over. Some one was always praising him. His favorite subjects: Philosophy, psychology, and the ponies. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 354 Cathedral Ave., New York, N.Y.

AUGUST M. BIERHALTER, Pfc.

Driver

The captain's right hand man. He keeps that jeep shined like a new penny. Gus does things in a big and fast way. His big ambition: To make that jeep do 90. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 313½ Broadway South Haven, Mich.





JOHN AUGUSTINE, PFC.

Mess Sgt.

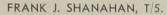
John is tops at his trade. His tireless efforts are the big reason that our company eats such good chow. A new man in the company but already a favorite with all the men. A real go-getter who is always striving for perfection. Awards: Combat Infantry, ETO with (1) star. HOME: Lowell-ville, Ohio.



JOSEPH A. REARDON, T/4.

Cook

Joe has the makings of a great politician. His constant chatter on world affairs keeps his buddies in a trance. Joe's big ambition at present: to get 80 points and get them fast. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 460 E. 141st. St. Bronx, N.Y.



Con

A big hearted guy who would give the shirt off his back. Frank has always been a favorite with everyone in the company. Sometimes serious but Frank knows when to laugh. His motto: work and play don't mix. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 429 E. 156th St. Bronx, N.Y.



GUY S. COWAN, PVT.

Drive

Guy knows his automobiles inside out. His mechanical knowledge has been a big factor in keeping the company's vehicles in shape. His big ambition: to become a civilian and fast. Awards: Combat Infantry, ETO with (1) star. HOME: 124½ W. 14th St. Elmira Heights, N.Y.

JOSEPH A. MAHKOVEC, PFC,

Basi

Joe is quite an expert when it comes to the pasteboards. Anybody want any lessons in Knock Rummy? See Joe. If anyone is interested in a free drink drop in Joliet someday at Joe's Gin Mill. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1319 N. Broadway Joliet, III.





GEOEGE F. PIEPER, PFC.

Basic

The man who keeps the boys happy by supply them with plenty of "Joy Juice". A real go-getter and a man who isn't afraid of hard work. George is now sweating out that twenty year mark. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 3334 Hutchinson St. Chicago, III.



CHARLES WHITE, CPL.

Clerk

Whitey is a former rifleman turned clerk. Our Mister Five by Five has been with us only a short time but already he is a well known man in the company. If you have point trouble Whitey is your man. He will gladly gyp you out of a few. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Wiggins, Miss.

JOHN W. FLATLEY, T/5.

Mail Clerk

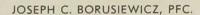
The man whose life is threatened almost daily when the mail is slow in coming in. A combination chaplain and what have you. Feel like crying? Do it on Flatley's shoulder. He's used to it by now. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO (2) stars. HOME: 432 So. Galvez St. New Orleans, La.



HAROLD H. CLARK, T.4.

Automobile Mechanic

The man who kept them rolling. If it's a broken gas line or a demolished vehicle Clark is your man. Every night is 4th of July for Clark. We wonder where he gets all those fireworks. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 33 Maple St. Glastonbury, Conn.



Basic

Wherever you find Joe you will find laughter. Joe is good for a laugh anytime from reveille to taps and sometimes later. An all around man who can do anything and do it expertly. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 185 9th St. Jersey City, N.J.





JAMES SAVIGNANO, T/5.

Armorer Artificer

Hey, Jim got some ammo, got a sling? I broke my firing pin! Where's my bayonet? Got any grenades for fishing? Such questions came everyday to our armorer artificer. He takes them all in turn and gives what he can. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 37 Booth St. Needham Heights, Mass.



CLIFFORD OLIVER, PFC.

Pioneer

Ever optomistic about the situation on hand, he keeps the blues away. "Ollie" is a little bashful about the extra wide part in his hair, but we think it is very becoming. His rebel marksmanship made him a welcome man in the platoon just after Heilbronn. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (1) star. HOME:

GEORGE SILTZER, PFC.

Driver

He doesn't drive fast, but sometimes that No. 19 looks like a P 51. Got anything wet- George will drink it from H 2 O to 100 Octane gasoline. Egal! Good boy who can do anything when called upon. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 334 Locust St. Wrightsville, Pa.



THEODORE H. HEHMAN, PFC.

Driver

Pilot of No. 3. Quite adept at wire laying with the Huba-Huba wire crew. Ask Ted what the speed limit was on the road into Frankenbach. A quiet spoken lad who would do anything for a friend. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Box 166 St. Bernice, Ind.

ALVAR A. AHO, T/5.

Radio Operator

Before AI joined the wire crew they needed ladders-no more. Tall, handsome lad who can wield an iron like an expert. Al takes care of his dithappy buddies like a mother. Awards: Combat Infantry, ETO with (1) star. HOME: 208 Marquette St. Ishpeming, Mich.

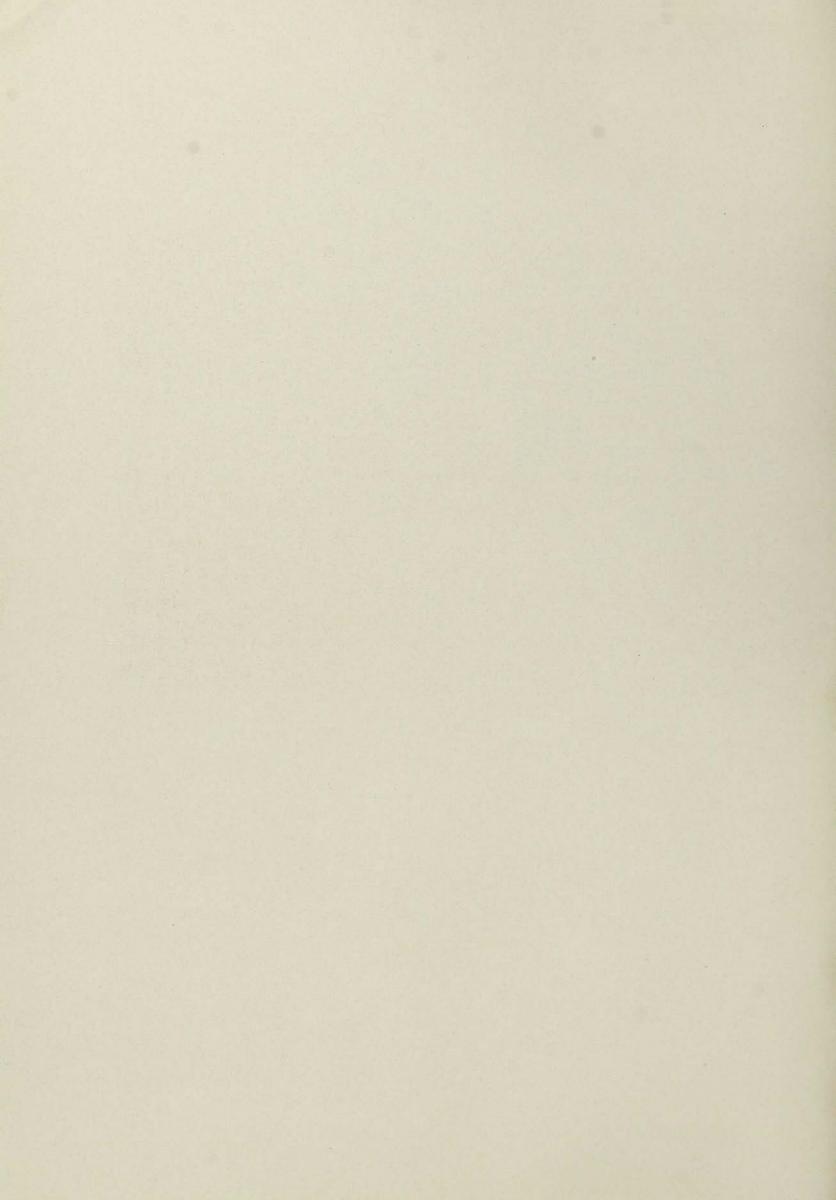


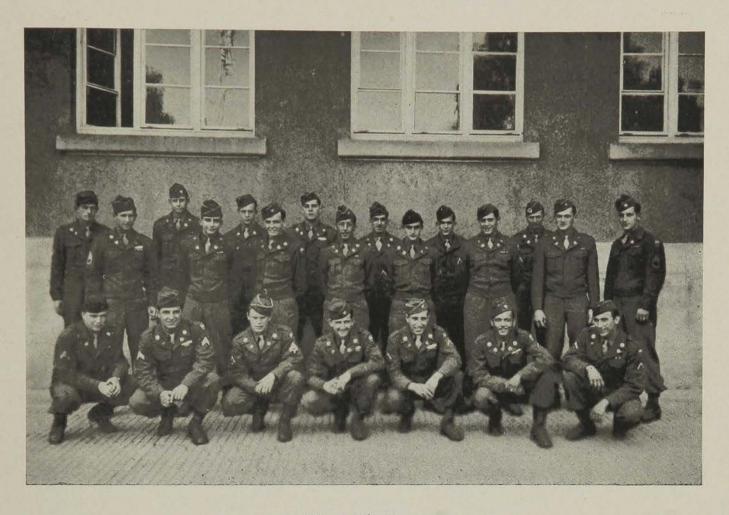




SILVER STAR MEDAL

The Silver Star medal is awarded to any person who, serving in any capacity in or with the Armed Forces of the United States of America, distinguishes or has distinguished himself by gallantry in action above and beyond the call to duty in combat with any enemy of the United States of America.





First Platoon

FIGHTN' FIRST.

his account of our part in the company's travels in Germany is our honest attempt to bring to you some of the incidents, funny or serious, that have happened to us. To say that this is all of it, would be a gross exageration, for words could never tell what is locked in our minds and hearts. To inspire us in our efforts to prevent another war. Being here and having seen what we have has been bad enough, but to have missed being here would be worse. This is not a report, but only an attempt to bring back, some memory of the days you and I spent in Europe and of men we fought, slept, sweated, and marched with. There are many platoons in this man army, over 100 in the regiment, but there is really only (1) "Fightn' First."

Our platoon's history as a unit seperated from the company-began in the French town of Baccarat. We were getting our first taste of combat, having first moved up from Marseilles. I don't think our first impressions of "combat" were exactly like any of the ideas we might have had-and there were as many ideas as there were men in the platoon. Everyone expected it to be at least a little worse than what we found.

French barracks and no sign of the enemy. Coming up from Marseilles through Septimes, Aix, Lyon, Dijon, Epinal and those last few days we spent at St. Helene before the regiment jumped off. We thought alot about what to expect. We were a little surprised finding ourselves in large buildings within ear shot of our artillery. We soon accustomed ourselves to the way of war, though, and before long we considered ourselves veterans. Veterans in many ways. Soldiers have a strange way of seeing to it that they have enough to eat. The French soldiers billited near-by,



provided an adequate source of tenin-one's for us. And one night, a case of (C) rations was missing from the kitchen. The captain asked that it be returned, but somehow, it vanished into the stomachs of the first platoon. After about (3) weeks without any electricity, you can imagine our delight after "Slug" repaired the lights in the buildings. One night the CP caught fire, and Lt. Donovan put it out with his underwear flapping in the open breeze. It was here we had our first talk with some of our own infantry returned from the lines. Beards an inch long, and covered with mud. They hadn't been out of their hole for (7) days. With this impression, we anxiously awaited our first brush with the enemy.

We didn't have to wait long for our first close-up of the fighting. From points in Betrechamps we could see the attack on the next town along the regiments road-Thiaville. We watched the planes dive bombing as we took turns at an improvised bath tub and washed our clothes in the cold water at the corner pump. It was from this little village that an honor guard was selected to go to Epinal for the burial of Colonel Ellis.

About this time, the potent drink of Europe . . . Schnaaps . . . was discovered by one of the boys. And intensive search of the town uncovered many bottles of this

precious liquid. After "beaucoup" litres of it had been disposed of, we also found that it worked well in cigarette lighters and squad stoves too, producing a blue flame much the same as canned heat. The day everyone left for the detail with the Graves Registration crew, old man Kenny stayed there to watch our equipment and to keep and eye on our private stock. To this day he will swear that he never touched a drop of the three bottles that were missing.

The division had by now taken its first large town-Raon L'Etape and we were beginning to realize that it was good to have men like Deroy and Deschenes along-



men who could talk to these French people. From here we moved on to St. Die, Moyemontier and Senones. At Senones we witnessed the shaving of the heads of women-collaborators, something we had read and heard about. Sgt. Stauffers's third squad will always remember Senones for the heart warming farewell party given hem by an old French couple-complete with wine that had been hidden for years from the Germans. Meanwhile the second squad was celebrating the liberation by having dinner in the apartment of a greatful French widow and her small child. After Senones, we went through Le Petite Raon. Belval and we ate our Thanksgiving dinner at Champagny. And really a complete dinner it was!! Complete

with after effects that kept us running for some time.

Near Wimmeneau, the platoon ran into their first concentrated shelling. It was here that we lost our first platoon leader, Lt. Donovan. Sgt. Sikorski took over the platoon for the time being and his first decision was a hard one-the platoon had to be moved under the intense enemy shelling. Sgt. Gerow and his men will not forget that lonely cross-road in France. They returned after the platoon had withdrawn and recovered maps and equipment that had been left behind. We were due for alot more shellings and plenty of spots that were more



dangerous than the one we were in at that time, but it was the first time most of the men had heard the whine of an incoming shell-and it wasn't a pleasant sound.

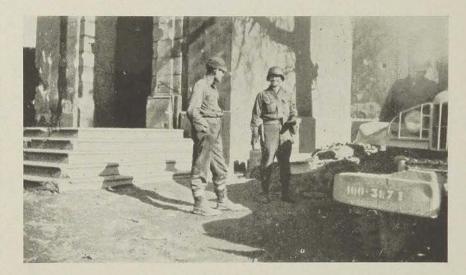
About this time men started going to the division rest center for (4) days rest. Bernal and Meerbott were the first to go and the rest was a welcomed one. The passes were slow at first, but soon they came in regularly, two or three men leaving at a time. One of the best spots that this rest center had, was at Saarburg. It was really something to go back, get clean clothes and eat from tables with waitresses serving you. Later, passes to large cities in France began-Nancy being the first. That was really something swell. The men who went to Nancy will remember the beauty and friendliness of the French girls. The platoon roster was starting to change now — the third squad receiving George Siltzer from Company headquarters. Ed Lynch had left the platoon at Raon L'Etape, going back to division Special Service as a movie projector operator.

Reipertswiller and Mutterhouse were next — with the company acting as a rifle company for the first time. Just before we moved up to the lines, we welcomed a new platoon leader, Lt Matta. He came to us at a time when we were all on edge, doing a new and dangerous job, and he showed he had what it takes by excepting it and carrying out his duties as our leader to the best of his ability. We had been staying far enough behind the lines to at least feel safe — so you can imagine our

feelings when the platoon was ordered to send out a patrol in search of snipers. We returned without mishap however, and with all the serious aspects of our position, we still managed to find a laugh in the proceedings. It was during one of the nights we spent in fox-holes as riflemen. The holes were close together and as one hole, with Licalsi and Hennessy in it, wasn't wired for the latest electric clocks, the boys were changing guard whenever either Andy Calvi or Oaks (in a hole just a few feet away and armed with a wrist watch) would throw small pebbles into their hole. At this particular time, Oaks didn't get an answer to his pebble throwing won't say who was supposed to be on guard — so he reached into his hole for

another pebble.

Calvi, thinking he wanted the watch handed it to him. As you can imagine, Levi, thinking it was a pebble, threw it! The rest of the night was spent in guessing the time-the watch being recovered in the mor ning. After being releveid here we moved around the area Rothbach, Bining, Gui-



sing, and Singlingen. At Guising, Sikorski was wounded and evacuated. At present he is recuperating in a hospital in the states. Chet Martin took over the pla-



toon with Pop Kenny getting Chet's job as squad leader while John Ginard moved up to the corporal's spot in the second squad.

We spent Christmas, in Guising, Father Burke saying midnight mass in the small room that Stauffers squad was staying in. As many men as possible from the first battalion crowded into that room on Christmas Eve - thankful for having a man like Father Burke for their chaplain. The platoon lived in a couple of houses along with the civilians. Apples and potatoes were to be had. And the Christmas packages started to come with the hard candy and hot chocolate. At night we would play cards or write letters between tours of guard duty. Chet Martin was the platoon

champ in cribbage. Three hot meals a day, and mail. Wat more could we have asked!! New Years Eve. was more exciting, if not less to be remembered. The platoon was alerted right after mid-night to help stop the German counterattack thrown at the regiment.

On New Years day, the second and third squads moved into positions just outside Guising. For two weeks, and everyone swears that these two weeks fell during the coldest part of the winter, they lived in foxholes which were beautifully camouflaged with the winters heaviest snow. When enyone in the third squad talks of that two weeks, they alawys mention the night Joe Medeiros and Ceyrolles were pulled out of their holes about mid-night to go back to the CP and wash their feet! Everyone else in the squad was told to change their socks right away-supposedly in an effort to check an outbreak of trench foot. They talk too, of the way Balaban walked out to a "Jerry" half-track that had been just knocked out and with the vehicle



still burning, "liberated" two cameras, just missing a luger by a few seconds. Those cameras provided us with the means of taking our first pictures in combat. The second squad ate ice cream in weather that was below zero. Chet Martin and Sheppard got the brillant idea to make the stuff from clean snow and cocoa mixed with canned milk. During that two weeks, we sweated out what most men agree was the most intense shelling we have ever received — and found later that it was by our own artillery, in one of those unexplained mishaps that occur in war.

After those two weeks of bitter winter we moved to Singlingen and were grateful for the chance to see a movie — our first overseas. From Singlingen we moved to

Petit-Rederching where we stayed for the longest period in one place, up until our arrival here in Stuttgart. The whole 7th Army was on the defensive and we were set up just behind the divisions main line of resistance. Few men will ever forget the acquaintances made in this small French village. The first squad was set up in a home with a family that they came to know as their own. Letters are still finding their way back to the family and there is always the thought of getting back there on a trip to France. The second squad also lived with a French family and some of the boys have managed to drop back for a visit. The third squad, while set up in a pill box out of town, were not out done in making new friends. Alone in that pill

box for about a week, they soon had plenty of company. An ack-ack outfit moved in one day and a few days later an artillery crew set up outside the pill box door. Friends were made easily between the different outfits and soon everyone knew everyone else. The telephone wires were strung up by Bill McGrath, then with Company headquarters, but since transferred to our platoon, and the place took on a resemblence of any small town in the states.



On March 15th we left Petit-Rederching as part of the huge offensive aimed at clearing all the Germans from the territory west of the Rhine. The night before the push, we witnessed the most intense bombing we had seen up to then. Big (4) motored jobs dropped tons and tons on high explosive and incendiary bombs on our path. The flames and flares lighted the place well enough to read a paper. The artillery started at about mid-night and soon after, the planes came. We knew that the division on our left had started. At 3:30 we got up and went to the first squad house to eat breakfast and to get the latest poop on our mission. At 5:30 the trucks started to roll towards Hottviller. We pushed from Hottviller, and you couldn't get anyone to laugh by saying "Hottviller" is really hot!! We waited in this small ghost town all day, moving up to positions after dark, under continous rocket fire all the time. And for the platoon, the only cover they had while waiting to move was in a building where an Engineers truck full of TNT was parked. We learned the condition of the fighting up ahead from the medics, who were bringing back the wounded, and the Germans had not wasted the two months of inactivity by allied troops and the Engineers were clearing the mine fields ahead of the infantry. The Germans had laid elaborate mine fields and had them accurately zeroed in with their artillery. At least (30) men were wounded during the first day and not one had been shot at. The amount of (Shu) mines the "Jerries" had laid was amazing and our platoon knew that they had to move into this area under cover of darkness to set up their guns. We did get two guns in under heavy fire and by the next day, our line companies had moved ahead toward the German border. We were nearing it now — stepping up the pace every day. Shorbach, Briedenbach, Waldhausen, and Pirmaisons all passed by quickly, following the rapid advance our regiment was making. At Waldhausen, our trucks were taken away and we waited (2) days for them to get back. Finally the trucks from Cannon Company came and moved us up. Most of us were glad for the opportunity to wash in the small creek there, and to look around. Oaks and "Doc" Kupstas took a little sight-seeing tour and never did get back to us for over (5) days. We moved

out before they came back. Ossenheim came next, where it seemed everyone had found a German motorcycle or truck-some were even riding horses just for the fun of it. We started to live a little better now that we were in Germany. We could pick our place to stay and tell the Germans to move out-before, we looked for some place where no Frenchman were living, any little corner we could find.



Eventually the division was placed in reserve and our company set up in Ogersheim, just outside Ludwigshaven on the Rhine. Volleyball nets were set up, a softball diamond laid out, and it looked like we would enjoy our selves for awhile. But it was a short lived rest — in a few days we were back in action. We soon crossed the Rhine to Mannheim and took up the fight again. Wieblingen and Plankstadt were next. At Plankstadt you could look across the plains and just barely make out the famous town of Hiedelberg. Here we lost Gussie Bierhalter and added Lanier to the platcon-Gus is now driving the old man's jeep.



Soon the company was to be used in a new way - the 57 mm gun being practically no use so far, we were used as holding forces in small towns along the regiments now really rapid advance. We could move three or four towns in one day, staying in each as the rifle companies would move out. Suddenly, the regiment was stopped at Heilbronn!! We were in Frankenbach just across the Neckar river. The company was again called on to act as a rifle company, minus one squad used to guard a railroad bridge that might have prooved to be a "Jerry" escape route, the platoon went across the river with the company. After fighting from house to house, the company was called back to a large factory only to be called out again to occupy a hill. There the platoon was pinned down, with drawing under cover of dark-

ness. We had a few men hurt in the fighting for Heilbronn, but they have all returned. The platoon added another man here — Ed Ebur coming to us in a group of replacements sent to the company. Here also Merritt returned after a long stay in the hospital. I don't think he will forget his return-it seems the "Jerries" must have been celebrating it too, from all the noise they made.



After leaving Heilbronn, we returned to our job of following up the line companies. Many times the advance was so rapid that our trucks were used by the rifle companies along with tanks to form a task force. Thats the way it was through Neustadt, Backnang, Weinsberg, Plochingen, Esslingen and Stuttgart where we were again put in Corps reserve. We moved out of Stuttgart to Esslingen and were there when the war ended. Most of the members of the fighting first platoon celebrated in an appropriate manner fitting to the occasion. Acting as occupational troops, we moved to Risstissen, Oepfingen, and then to Rechberghausen, just outside of Göppingen.

At Rechberghausen, Moyer and Reese came to the platoon after a stay with the regimental training company. After a

few weeks in the Göppingen area, we moved back to Stuttgart.

The platoon under went a gradual change during all this time. We lost Chet Martin, Pop Kenny, John Stauffer, and Andy Calvi through redeployment. Later, Lanier was transferred when he left for home on a furlough. Noor is now squad leader of the

first squad with Hennessy as corporal, Ventimeglia, with the second platoon through combat, now had the second squad with Ginard as his gunner and a new man in the company, S Sgt. Romanack now has taken over Ceyrolles job as squad leader of the third squad with Licalsi second in command. Dudley Gerow is now platoon sergeant with Lt. Preston as our platoon leader. Lt. Matta, having left from Rechberghausen to take up duties with the Military Government, has paid us frequent visits. The trucks in the platoon are still kept on the road by the company's best dri-



vers — Deroy, Sheppard, and Darby with Vic Sungila still behind the wheel of our jeep.

Life here in Stuttgart has been pretty good, the men finding plenty of versions to take up their spare time. Rios found and old friend among the new men just arriving



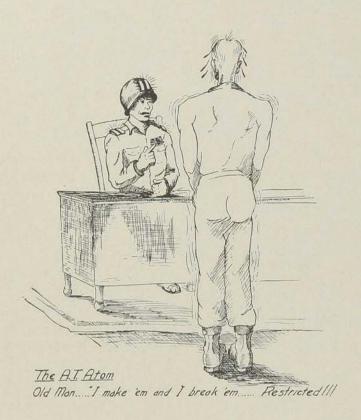
in the platoon whom he can show the town to. Bell goes to the regimental dentist each day, oriis it to see the pretty frauliens up there and Alper is running a watch repair business. Other ways of getting away from the routine can be found in the gym (we are living in a big school) where the basketball talents of McGowan and Jack Lentz are brought out. Lentz is our new medic, replacing Jack Roeper, who was lost through redeplyment. The I & E program has sent Bob White to England to

attend school and from his letters, he seems to like it.

Since the end of the war our platoon has again become a part of the company — but to every man in it, the platoon will always be thought of symply a "great bunch of guys." We are looking forward to getting out of this army sone day, but these memories that we have of the many experiennces we had, both in France and Germany, will live with us and probably be told to many gernerations to come. Not spectacular in action, nor outstanding in name, the first platoon went thru this war as a team with a mission to accomplish. We are not trying to blow our own horn, but

we had a job to do and we dit it. We know that in some small way, we contributed to the winning of the war. It was our own good fortune to have been able to do the disagreeable task of fighting the war, in such highly agreeable association. It really was and is "a great bunch of guys!!"

GRH. JJN.





FIRST PLATOON

DUDLEY F. GEROW, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

"Joe" as he is most commonly called, has acquired his name from his likeness to the average American Gl. Quiet, determined, his ever present courage and leadership served as a help to his men all thru combat. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1205 Maple Ave. Peekskill, New York.

VICTOR C. SUNGAILA, PFC.

Platoon Messenger

Coming fresh from the movie industry, "Vic" was the platoon messenger and jeep driver through combat, bringing food, mail, and what-have-you under all conditions. Always ready with a smile, he has won many friends among the "Tankers" ranks. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1510 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.



JACK B. LENTZ, JR., PFC.

Platoon Medic

Jack is new to the boys, coming from the "Blood and Fire" division when the war was over. But all agree that he is a good medic. Small, but full of energy and enthusiasm, his sportsmanship has won him many friends. Awards: Bronze Star, Combat Medic, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 132 Maple Street, Ashland, Ohio.

JOHN J. NOOR, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

"J. J." a hunk of Dutch, Michigan's Pride-as good a buddy as he can be. Having been made a zebra in charge of the 1st Squad, he's pretty busy keeping his men in line and the situation under control. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1029 Spring Street, Muskegon, Michigan.





GEORGE R. HENNESSY, CPL.

Gunner

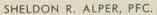
Courage mixed with enthusiasm is the best way to describe "Hennie". Alert to do his duty, he has been an inspiration to all in the dark moments. One half of the "Gold Dust" twins, he will be remembered by everyone. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 513 48th Street, Union City, New Jersey.



JOSEPH MEERBOTT, PFC.

Cannoneer

"Joe" is one of those guys that is never blue or downhearted. With a sharp wit and an Irish brogue, he made the laughter come in the tight spots. His big smile has made countless friends and buddies. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 86—59 91st Street, Woodhaven, New York.



Cannoneer

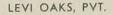
We know that the mail man had his share in making "Don" another popular member. Seeing all his combat with the first platoon, he was always ready to lend a helpling hand, or give a word of encouragement. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 4607 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



JAMES J. McGOWAN, PFC.

Cannonee

Aggressive to the last, "Mac" is the other half of the "Gold Dust" twins. Smart and resourceful, with determination to get the thing done, he has helped to carry the load, making a marked place in the ranks. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 839 Willow Ave., Hoboken, New Jersey.



Ammo Bearer

"Oaksie" has the courage and fearlessness that all admired. Ready to go anywhere, his conduct under fire was an example to be followed by many. Coupled with undying loyalty, he made friends through out the company. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Bulan, Kentucky.





FRANCISCO E. BERNAL, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

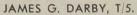
Always complaining of the army, "Spic" never failed in his job or duty. His presence, no matter what the mission, could be felt as a helping hand in the inevitable hardships of war and combat. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. Home: 1215 S. 11th Ave., Tuscon, Arizona.



WILLIAM J. McGRATH, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

Adept at communications, "Mac" worked with the commo section all through combat, never failling to come up with the right answer. Resourceful and efficient, he repaired wire, kept contact, and got through at all times. Awards; Combat Infantry, God Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 38 West Street, Hadley, Mass.



Chauffeur

"Cagey" is a good description of a good driver. With the first platoon all through combat, he kept his truck going at all times. Generous and amiable, his ability to take things as they came made him many friends. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. Home: St. Ignace, Michigan.

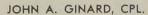




JOSEPH J. VENTIMEGLIA, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

With curly jet-black hair, "Blackie" is new to the first, having seen all his combat with the second platoon. Happy-go-lucky, with a serious side also, he has made friends fast and in numbers. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 8914 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, New York.



Gunner

Quiet and determined, "Gingo" is always in the backgorund, ready to do his bit. A gunner with a good eye, he is a good man to have around, quick to correct, but not to critsize. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 425 East 6th Street, New York, New York





WILLIAM A. BELL, PFC.

Cannoneer

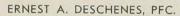
Typical of the kind of man that make up the backbone of this mans army, "Brother" Bell is the soft-spoken infantyman. Never much to say, but efficient in his job, he does his duty in good rebel fashion with no comments. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: R.F.D. 1, Hobgood, North Carolina.



JOHN B. MERRITT, PFC.

Cannoneer

Appropriately named "Speedy", it is just not in his nature to hurry. Coming from below the Mason-Dixon, he takes what comes and is always there to see it thru, in a leisurly way. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 203 Wentworth Drive, Greensboro, North Carolina.



Cannonee

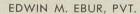
Over (4) years in the army has not changed. "Frog" from a kid to a man. I never serious, always laughing and talking, or pulling off some practical joke, he is the nemis of the first, but everyone's buddy. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1631 Pleasant Street, Fall River, Mass.



JOSE I. RIOS, PFC.

Cannoneer

Determined and willing, "Hosie" is the most in ernest in the platoon. Willing to learn from anyone who will teach him. Joe has earned the respect of everyone, in combat and now. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 514 W. 136th Street, New York, New York.



Ammo Bearer

From his quiet manner, one can tell that he is intelligent, capable and talented. "Ed" in the short time he has been with us, has impressed everyone with his sincerity and friendliness. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (1) star. HOME: 557 Senaca Ave., Norwood, Pa.





OTTIS P. REESE, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

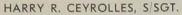
A Pennsylvania home boy at heart, "Gabby" really proved himself a man his first night with the company. Coming from the Regimental Training Co. after the war was over. Big and likeable, he is well liked. Awards; ETO ribbon. HOME: R.F.D. 1, Smithfield, Pa.



CHARLES E. SHEPPARD, T/5.

Chauffeur

Quiet and amiable with a Southern drawl, "Shep" typlifies the civilian soldier. Modest but very determined, he never has much to say, but what he does remark about is worth listening to. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Sandersville, Georgia.



Squad Leader

Quiet and unassuming, "Cy" is one of the most cool under fire. Serving mostly as a gunner in combat his ability to think clearly and to act accordingly in the heat of action, gave his men the confidence to go ahead. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: R.F.D. 2, Coraopolis, Pa.



ROCCO J. LICALSI, CPL.

Gunner

Never made to be a soldier, "Rockey" was heard for miles around with his endless chatter. Always good for a joke to ease the tension, and making friends by the dozens, he was with the first platoon from the start. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 300 Clinton Street, Hoboken, New Jersey.

ROBERT B. WHITE, PFC.

Cannoneer

A gentleman is the best term to use in describing "Bob". With a keen mind and ideas of his own, he has made his own place in the platoon. Went to school in England. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 207 East Oak Street, Watseka, Illinois.

no picture



STEPHEN BALABAN, PFC.

Cannoneer

Never in the same mood for over 5 minutes, "Honkey" is a picture of bliss. A jack-of-all-trades, he took everything in his stride, making the best of every situation and content with things as they were. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: R.F.D. 1, Dunbar, Pa.



JOSEPH MEDEIROS, JR., PFC.

Canoneer

"Obie" is one little package of dynamite, even with some of his hair gone. The affiable "old man" of the third squad, he is able to get along with anyone, making friends by the dozens. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 126 Orange Street, Fall, River, Mass.

EDWARD D. LYNCH, PFC.

Cannoneer

"ED" got a lucky break in combat, leaving us shortly after we saw action to work a movie projector in the division rest center. Likeable with a good personality, he made friends wherever he went. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Huntington, Long Island, New York.

no picture



RAYMOND MOYER, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

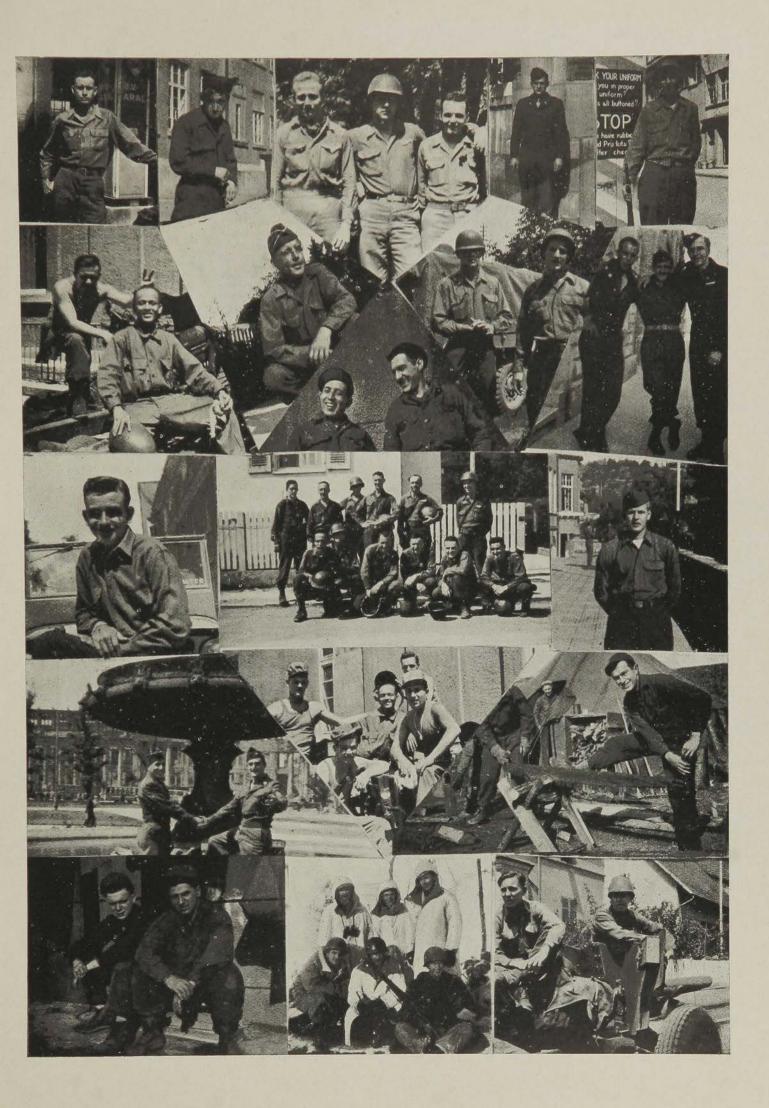
"Ray" came to us after Heilbronn and missed out on most of the heavy fighting. In the short time he has been with us he has impressed everyone with his sincerity and affability. Awards; ETO with (1) star. HOME: 514 West Spring St., Frackville, Pa.

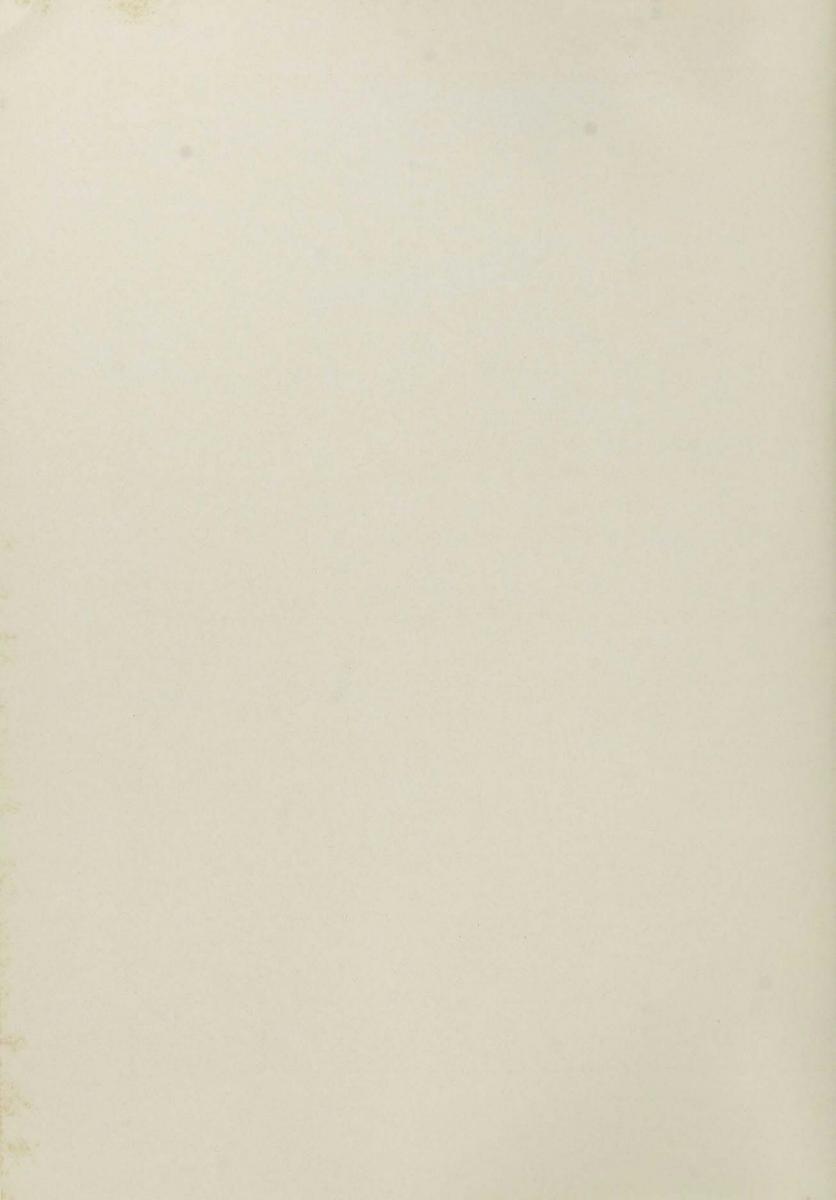
WILLIAM J. DEROY, T/5.

Chauffeur

A versatile mechanic and truck driver, by reason of civillian experience "Toby" is continually talking of his wife and baby, William Jr.!! Good for a laugh at any time, he is just a nice guy to know. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 24 Douglas Pike, R.F.D. 1,





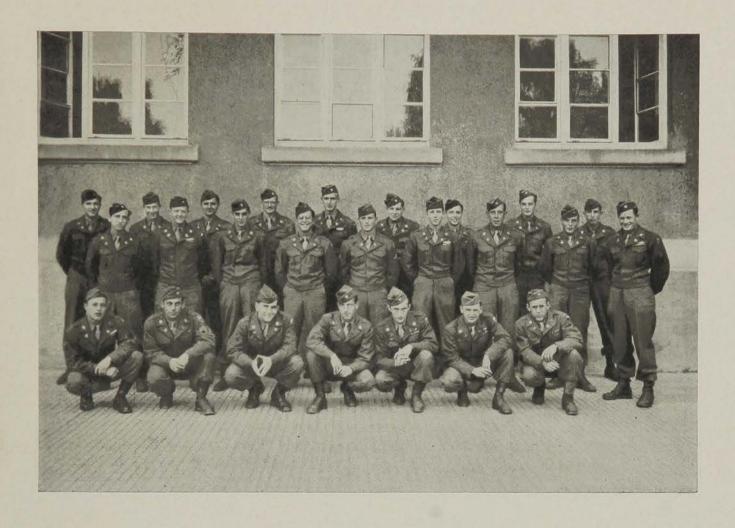




BRONZE STAR MEDAL

The Bronze Star medal is awarded to any person who, serving in any capacity in or with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marine Corps of the United States, distinguishes or has distinguished himself by heroic or meritorious achievement or service in connection with the military or naval operations against any enemy of the United States of America.





Second Platoon.

RUGGED SECOND

his is the story of the second platoon and their actions which occured during the month of November to August. Our actions can be sumed up into the words "We helped win the fight." How well we remember the treacherous hours and that it was not all in vain.

We were scared at times; there's no denying of that, but ours was a fear born of ignorance and rumor with compacency and experience. The sounds of war were still just something out of a nightmare.



It was a cold rainy afternoon in early November as we moved into Baccarat to relieve the 45th Division. Every now and then a shell would come in to break the silence that lie over the town. Naturally we thought we were in the thick of battle or very close to it, because it was our first taste of combat. We spent a few days getting oriented, but most of our time was divided between shaping up our equipment, standing guard, cooking, and finding time to write letters home. The weather was very cold and with it raining continuously, it felt like an ice box. Little did we realize that there were days ahead that would make these look sick. And the sun would make only a few appearences throughout our entire days of combat. After being here for (10) days and having encountered our first air raid and shelling, orders finally came down for anti-tank protection. We moved to the outside of town covering the roads to the north. Here the regiment jumped off in the attack and the following week was a haze of speeding jeep loads of wounded and our eagerness to learn what the score was. Our notions and thoughts of war were quickly arranging themselves in our minds, and we were aware of what was to come. We had realized the ways of war, methods of battle, but defenses were not logical in ways we could not understand. The idea of hitting the ground at the instant of hearing a shell had become the habit of everyone. The art of camouflage was becoming a science and the protection of the individual was learned very quickly.



We moved out of Baccarat at day light. There was a heavy snow and the weather was freezing cold. We moved past an ammo dump moments before it blew up. As the platoon moved into Beitrechamps we came under concentrated mortar fire and all ten men in the first squad tried to go through a door way at once. There we also saw our first (4.2) mortars in action. During this period the object of the regimental attack was the town of Raon L'Etape. It was surrounded by steep mountains and for us it was a tough nut to crack. As soon as the town was

taken and thought to be cleared, we moved in to give protection. It was here we first encountered sniper fire which we soon eliminated. Then the old familiar sound came again — out of action, load up, and we were off again.



The system of jumping from town to town was used by the second consistently throughout the squeeze play for Strasbourg. We ran into something new and interesting at Petite Raon — the shaving of the heads of all the colla-

borators and friends of the Germans. We took no end of delight in this and we were to see more of it as time went on.

We were now moving more rapidly and were not staying in places for any length of time. For this reason we were not seeing much of the Germans except when we met their rear guard. As we moved into St. Blaise at the end of

our drive we were quite surprised at the giant Thanksgiving dinner with all the possible trimmings including candy, cigarettes, table cloths, and all the finer things that could be arranged for. After dinner we were visting



with the members of the company, and it seemed for a short time as if the war was over. It all went smooth until later when we found out that the town hadn't been taken. At this point we were sent back and given a new sector.



As the wheels of fortune turned so did the second platoon, and Weinburg was our next stop. Here we had a "Schnaaps" mill only thirty yards from our gun position. How well we will remember that day. Rothbach was our next memorable location. As we moved into the town in the early morning hours, snipers opened up on our trucks. As usual, Harkins thought he was piloting a P-47 - anyway, we were flying pretty low to the ground. The "krauts" had a road block a mile out of town and were determined

to hold it with all costs. The battle raged all around us with tracers criss crossing in the sky and all sizes of shells coming in at us. The first squad suffered a couple of direct hits on their house, one of which eliminated their precious beer rations that they had received a few minutes before. The second squad also had five direct hits on their house.

From there it was an open road into Mouterhouse where we moved in and releived Able and Baker company on the line. Those were (8) days of hell that none of the men will forget. Here we had our first casuality. One of our boys—Gent—was wounded. There was ack-ack, mortars, artillery, and combat patrols—everything the "jerries" had, they used. The day after we were releived, the area was taken back by the "krauts."

Our next move was to Petit-Rederching where we releived elements of the 44th division. Little did we know how much



we would be seeing of this place in time to come. We soon advanced our positions outside of Rimling, which was laid seige by the Germans for a week. All the guns were actually set up well forward of the M.L.R., but at the time, not knowing this, we felt safe. Our positions were taken over by the third battalion antitank platoon and we moved over on the flank of the regiment. Here the Germans began

their attack in the greatest full scale offensive of the war. We sweated out many barrages, alerts, and attacks. This was the coldest part of the winter and we were over joyed when the 398th infantry regiment releived us temporarily.

At Aachen, we saw a few movies, had plenty of "Schnaaps," and ate better than we had for quite awhile. For the first time the men were able to relax as much as possible.



All good things must end and we returned to Hollingen to take up defensive positions for the winter. The winter brought a change of tactics. It was dedided the attack would wait for spring and more favorable weather. We set up defensive positions in Hollingen and there we spent about (6) weeks on an inactive front. I doubt if anyone will forget the turnip shed that was as much home as the building in town. The small storing place, right on the front line was converted into housing soldiers. The boys began to look a little cleaner. Two and three week old beards began to disappear, clean clothes began to come through, and time was plentiful and the volume of letters was approaching mass production. The art of cerlinary with Eldridge Beattie's skill and civilian raw materials was blossoming forth. "Doc" Keowan was having a picnic washing dishes and eating, then washing the dishes again. Even the division moved up to within 14 miles of the front line; miracles were happening everyday. There were showers once every two weeks and also occasional movies and USO shows. Every other night there was a call for coffee and doughnuts. It was swell to receive some good old U.S.A. doughnuts from the dainty paw of a Red Cross girl.

Each day brought its tales and humor. Joe Kielbowicz was always the first up. He used an alarm clock to wake the others up and especially a certain Don Hesprich and Joe Callery who needed the bells of "Big Ben" to wake them up and seperate them from their dream girls. Then in would come Jim Miller with the chow and then the scramble for plates would start. "Whose got my spoon" demands Rosenberg. The silence is deafing. "Any seconds" yells Dick Bland and Bill Jordan. "Can I have some more of the juice" asks Irwin Ress. "Thats all there is, order of J. C. Smith" as he pours in the last spoonful of powdered eggs. "We've got to save some for Lt. Preston if we can ever get him out of that bed" yells Kielbowicz. With the plates licked clearly clean the group disapears. Daniels starts combing the town for eggs, Griffith has his twenty-two adjusted on some chickens. Virgil Mink had old reliable Frank Weger in town trying to get shaped up with a girl. Callery was sleeping as usual and Panny Deavers and Pop Ramsey declined the invitation of going out and hit the sack if a certain Arthur DeFabio didn't catch them as he looked up from his FM 21-100. At precisely seven bells as darkness was covering the town, two patrols set out in the quest of some "schnaaps." The three drivers Jim Hawkins, Whitmore, Wilhelm seemed particularly equiped for this type of operation, but Bob Witherspoon and Johnny Madak did alright to. The house intown turned into a reading and discussion room. Brezinsky invariably couldn't understand why the war shouldn't be



run different. Bob Komarow and Joe Smith added to the confusion. "Say whats your idea on the matter" says Smith. "Shall we interogate or ask Callery about Mulligan. Just about now Joe Ventimeglia and Leone would start singing "You are My Sunshine" and the boys would start singing. About this time Sullivan would spill some gas and somebody would drop a match and the was complete. It was a busy day and the thought of war never entered our minds.

Finally the call of mount trucks was heard and the company jumped off at 0300 from Petit-Rederching in support of the regiments left flank. The final drive was on and no power on earth could stop us. We entered Hottviller in the early morning hours. While subject to intense rocket and artillery fire we didn't escape unscarred. Lt. Preston and Tommy Leon became casualties. T/Sgt. Kielbowicz took over the platoon and we were off again. We then moved on line in support of King and Love company. The company later assembled and we moved into Waldhausen. The second platoon was held in reserve and the company was later relieved by the 71st division. At this time the division was given a seven day rest in Oggersheim after 146 straight days of combat. There we had movies, plenty to drink, and felt relaxed again. It was here that we saw Marlene Detrich and her famous legs.



On March 31st we were off again and at 11: 30 we crossed the Rhine River at Mannheim. It was something we had been looking forward to since we first landed in France. We were now well into Germany and the civilians as well as the soldiers were our foe. We took up positions at Eppelheim and on a memorable Easter Sunday the attack was renewed with increased intensity. From there on it was a rat race through Wieslock and Sunsheim and on April 4th we pulled into Frankenbach on the banks of the Neckar River. Little did we realize what lie ahead.

We jumped off on April 8th and crossed a pontoon bridge under heavy artillery fire, minutes later the bridge was knocked out, but we had our foothold. The second

platoon took up positions on the companys left flank. There followed grinding type of warfare and it was rough. Heilbronn was a mass of wreckage and tunnels. It offered ideal cover for snipers. We had to clear it foot by foot and yard by yard. Darkness brought the threat of infiltration. Every possible pathway to our positions had to be guarded. Sleep was impossible. We lost two of our finest men to sniper fire. Joe Kielbowicz and George Sullivan paid the maximum price that could be asked of any man. They paid the price of death and will long be remembered for the part played that took courage and fortitude for every American soldier. Not only will "Joe" and "Sully" be remembered but men like Bland with his B.S.R. and Maydak with his bazooka, and also Frank Weger and Danny Deavers with Joe Smith taking pictures while bullets were practically glancing off his camera. There were many others in a lesser wy that deserve mention, but each man knows what he did. All heros do not receive metals. On the 12th of April the company withdrew, reorganized and took the high ground northeast of Heilbronn. Later all the company assembled at Lehrensteinfield. Here we secured the town and put our road blocks. We had





plenty to drink and eat and for the first time in two weeks the men relaxed. At this time S/Sgt. Miller became our new platoon sergeant and the new men who came to the company were assigned to the platoons.

After leaving Lehrensteinfield the company jumped from town to town setting up road blocks and more or less securing the town. After much sweating our division finally went into Army rest in Stuttgart. Here for the first time every one breathed a sigh of relief. We were soon to find out though that the army was still the army and hikes, close order drill were scheduled. No one seemed to mind too much though for we were happy to be out of combat. It was here in Stuttgart however that Phil (Fire Bug) Brezinsky won the name of "Ed Wynn" the fire chief, but now Ed knows that fire and gas just don't mix. It wasn't long our sorrow that we found Stuttgart wasn't our permanent home. Eislingen was our next stop, but only for a week or so and on to Risstissen. Here the company was seperated and each platoon was given a town to patrol.



From Risstissen we moved back to Rechberghausen and all of the company assembled in a large school house. Here again we went back to regular drill and classes in the morning with mass athletics in the afternoons. We then began to hear rumors about going back to Stuttgart. Finally our orders came and back to our old familar haunts, but as you know in the army you are always sweating something out and this time it was those orders that read "STATESIDE."

Our part of the warfare has ceased to exist. Now our task is to prevent the coming of another war and may there never be another. The platoon is changing gradually as members are returning to the states and being discharged. New men's faces appear, but the original men will never be forgotten and their pride and deeds will always live in our hearts. The job was well done and without the help of each man it couldn't have been accomplished. We were part of a "Great fighting team."

RW. BK.

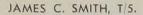


SECOND PLATOON

JAMES H. MILLER, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

Jim is a Pre-Pearl Harbor man. He has been with the 100th since activation. He plans to make the Army his career. Right now he is sweating out the first sergeants job. Awards: Pre-Pearl Harbor, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Rockbridge Baths, VA.



Platoon Messenger

Jimmy is another Carolina boy. He has been with the division ever since it was started. Jimmy has won many friends and he will not be forgotten. He is an A-1 jeep driver and one of the best. Plans to go back to old job after the war. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) siars. HOME: Pelham, South Carolina.





HAROLD KEOWN, PFC.

Platoon Medic

"Doc" joined the 100th Division just after the Tennesse maneuvers. A steady customer at the Red Cross here in Stuttgart he will start campaigning for bigger and better doughnuts after the war. "Doc" plans to own his own Filling Station when he is handed that white slip of paper! Awards: Bronze Star, Combat Medic, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Route 2, Clinton, Indiana.

JOHN MAYDAK, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

John (bazooka) Maydak, better know as in his combat days. He's a top man in the platoon and hails from the Keystone state. He has been with the 100th since activation. There are no plans in his future as yet, but we wish him all the luck. Awards; Bronze Star, Pre-Pearl Harbor, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 933 Washington St., Braddock, Pa.





PHILIP BREZINSKY, CPL.

Gunner

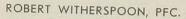
Phil is another member that was with the 100th since activation. He is known most of the squad as "Ed Wynn". He has given us alot of humor when it was needed. His plans after the discharge are: just settle down with his dear wife. Award: Combat Infantry, God Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1006 Freman St., New York City, New York.



FRANK WEGER, PFC.

Cannoneer

Frank, the gangster, better known to his squad. He comes from the "Windy City". He came to us shortly after maneuvers. He says plenty of rest is what he needs when the big day comes. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. Home: 1148 Ontario Si., Oak Park, Illinois.



"Spoon" better known to the boys is a happy go lucky guy. Always good for a laugh. He hails from the "Sand Lapper" state. After the war he plans to take a six month break and then finish college. Awards: Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 615 Carteret St, Beaufort, South Carolina.

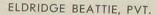




JOSEPH CALLERY, PFC.

Cannoneer

Just plain "Joe" everyone calls him. He came to the 100th just before if left Bragg. "Joe" is a natural crooner, but wants to settle down with his wife after the war. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 20 Fulton St., Lowell, Mass.



Cannoneer

Beattie came to the 100th just before it left the states. He never has any worries and when he does, he takes them seriously. All he wants to do Settle down with his wife and his old job. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 20 Rayner Street, Blackstone, Mass.





WALTER KOSINSKI, PVT.

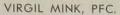
"Walt" as the boys called him joined us at Heilbronn. He is the silent type of fellow and keeps things to himself. His hope and desire is to get home. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (1) star. HOME: 2036 Daly Ave., Bronx New York.



VERNEY E. BOYETT, PVT.

Ammo Bear

Verney is a new member of our outfit. He came to us at the closing stage of the war. He is a quiet type of fellow. His plans are to get back to hs wife and child. Awards: ETO ribbon. HOME: 316 Foster St., Nashville, Tenn.



Chauffeur

"Virge" is known as "slim" to the boys. He hails from the "blue grass" state. He ahs that old familiar southern drawl which is very hard to understand. His plans are to get back to the old farm. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. Home: Crab Orchard, Kentucky.

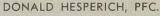




ERNEST DANIELS, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

"Dan" was just made S/Sgt. and is quite happy about it. He came to the 100th from a TD outfit in the early part of 1944. He speaks very good Deutch and has helped the company very much. His plans and he hopes soon will be to return to his old job in the states. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1818 N. 21st St., Omaha, Nebraska.



Gunner

Don is known as "shoulders" to the boys. He came to the 100th in the early part of 1944. He is another fellow whose education was interupted and he plans to go back after discharge. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 4417 North 37th St., Milwalkee, Wis.





JOSEPH SMITH, PFC.

Cannoneer

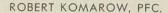
All the boys call him the ex-mailmen. He gave up his mail career for a crack at the "krauts". He came to the 100th in the early part of 1944. He expects to return to school as soon as he can break away from the army. Awards: Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1239 Hillger Ave., Detroit, Michigan.



IRVIN RESS, PFC.

Cannoneer

Irvin is another one of our Brooklyn boys. He plays in the regimental band Is tops at this. He plans to make it his career. He has found it hard to get around-if you get what I mean, but when it was time, he got there. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1348 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, New York.



Cannoneer

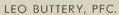
Bob has been with the division since Bragg. He is slow and easy going. He has claimed to be the best pistol shot in company and has proved it. He plans to return to school after discharge. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 30 Rogers Ave., Brooklyn, New York.



CARL R. MALLORY, PVT.

Cannoneer

Carl came to the 100th at the closing status of the war. He is one of those quiet boys never says much, but gets things done. He hopes to get back to his old job when the army gives him his chance. Awards; ETO with (1) star. Good Conduct. HOME: Pressmans, Tenn.



Ammo Bearer

Leo came to us when we were in Stuttgart. He is pretty good at this game they call basketball and plenty fast. He is serious minded and takes things as they come. Awards; ETO ribbon. HOME: Route 2, Nashville, Tenn.





CHARLES CONRAD, PFC.

Ammo Bearer

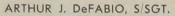
Charlie hails from the Carolinas. Just a little bit "North of South Carolina" to be exact. He came to us in the midst of our bloodiest fighting at Heilbronn. He is now acting as assistant Co. Clerk. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (1) star. HOME:



RICHARD BLAND, PFC.

Chauffeur

Dick came to the 100th at Bragg in the early part of 1944. He hails from the "sunshine" state. He is very cooperative and is always willing to help. He plans to go back to his old job after discharge. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 3502 Woodruff Ave., Oakland, California.



Squad Leader

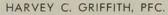
"Artie" is another old-timer with the division. To hear him talk you'd think he was a member of the local Chamber of Commerce. Called G. I. Joe at times, Artie intends to study agriculture when he gets out of the army. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 211 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass.



ROBERT A. COLLIGAN, CPL.

Gunner

Enlisting, Bob spent a year in the artillery before the draft began. A civilian for (14) months until received the well known "Greetings" and joined the 100th. A salesman in pre-war days he is anxious to get back to his old job. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1325 Waltnut Ave., West Collingsworth, N.J.



Cannoneer

From the deep South, "Griff" is another of the original Centurymen. He attended Bakers and Cooks school at Ft. Benning. A terrific "Hill Billy" singer, he really gives out on the Wabash Cannon Ball. "Griff" hopes to have his own farm after the war and would like to get out of this darn army. Awards; Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Route 2, Nauvoo, Alabama.





WILLIAM M. JORDAN, PFC.

Cannoneer

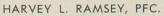
One of the many ASTP boys to join the division. He was fomerly with the Chemical Warfare Service. He is a big fellow and loves to eat. He holds the company record for eating corn on the cob. Bill plans to return to school after discharge at Cincinnati. Awards: Signel, Hill, Springfield, Ohio.



GEORGE CLIFFORD, PFC.

Cannoneer

"Cliff" has been with the 100th since its activation. He has been a very active member of the Regimental Drum and Bugle Corps. He was one of the first "85" pointer to leave. Awards; Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Pre-Pearl Harbor, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1124 1st St., Muskegon, Michigan.



Cannoneer

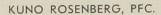
Known to all as "Buck" he came to the 100th just prior to P.O.E. His favorite past time over here was to drive for Johnny Byrne. Its a good thing that the Jap war is over as he said that there would be two pulling and three pushing him up the gang-plank. Awards Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 4100 Kirkland Ave.; Chattanooga, Tenn.



MELVIN D. DEAVERS, PFC.

Ammo Bearer

"Danny" hails from the wonderful (so he says) Shenandoah Valley. He is one of those fellows who makes hay while the sun "doesn't shine". Undecided about his post-war plans he says he might go back to college. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Browntown, Va.



Ammo Bearer

"Rosey" with the division since he first came into the army. He is one of the few men who speak "Deutch" and has come in very handy. He was born in Cologne, Germany. His plans for the future are still in the dark, but he would like to get into the Military Government. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 4260 Broadway, New York, New York.





JOHN J. NAGLE, JR. PFC.

Ammo Bearer

Coming to the division in April, 1944, John was assigned to I company and in June of the same year came to Anti-Tank. He is a bug on card tricks and has more than once subjected us to sessions on "The hand is quicker than the eye". A student before the war, John, plans to go back to college. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 41 Ludlow Ave. Spring Lake, N.J.



WILLIAM WILLHELM, T/5.

Chauffeur

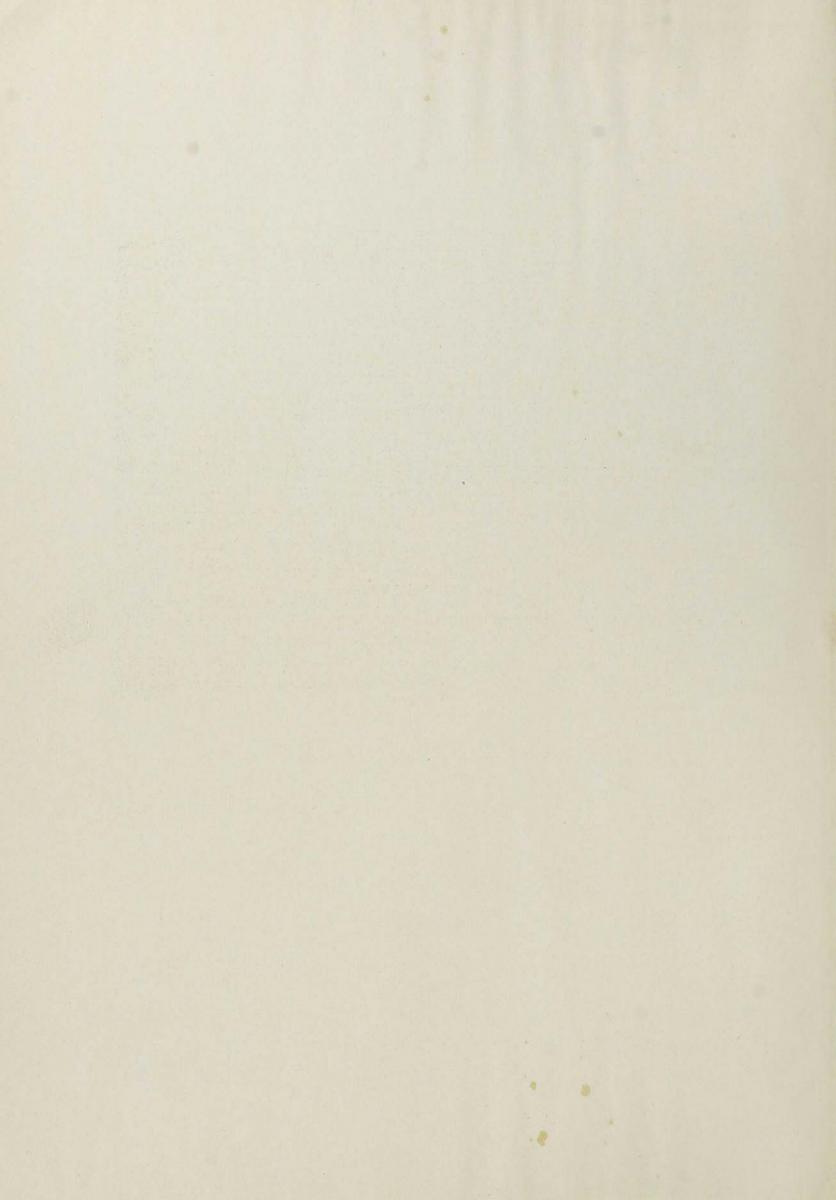
"Will" cow-puncher from Texas, was formerly with the 8th division before coming to the 100th while on manuevers. He is one of the best "pilots" in the outfit. He expects his wngs any day now. "Will" plans to live on a cattle ranch after the discharge comes if it ever does. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Plainview, Texas.





PURPLE HEART MEDAL

The Purple Heart medal is awarded to any person who, in any capacity in or with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marine Corps of the United States of America, sustains or has sustained a wound in combat with any enemy of the United States of America.





Third Platoon.

OUR COMBAT HISTORY

There is a 3rd Platoon, Antitank Company in every Regiment of every Infantry Division. On paper and in the books they are all alike. Its Table of Organization calls for a Platoon Headquarters, consisting of the Platoon Leader, Platoon Sergeant and Platoon Messenger and three gun squads of ten men each. Their principle weapon, around which the majority of their training has been centered, is the 57 mm. Antitank Gun. The records will show the platoon to be always existent by producing a surname for each title and position within the unit, even though the men who give the platoon its guts and lifes pulse change from campaign to campaign. This is unfortunate because we feel that ours was unique, better than all previous and future combinations of men, not just another hackneyed numeral. There is a bit of California sunshine in it, and a Chicago wind, a Texas drawl, and a Jersey marsh, the heat of the south and the snow of the north, the plains of the west and the skyscrapers

of the east; it is representative. Assembled for a common cause, fused under the burst of an 88 and the whine of a sniper's bullet, this is the story of the men of the 3rd whose job was to help protect the men of their Regiment from assault by enemy tanks and armored vehicles. This mission, and others, they successfully accom plished during their 163 days of combat duty which began in the Voges Mountains of France and carried them into the heart of



the German Reich and the industrial city of Stuttgart, capital of southwestern Germany.

Platoon Leader: Zalewski Platoon Sergeant: Younger Platoon Messenger: Wright

	1st Squad	2nd Squad	3rd Squad
Squad Leader:	Scali	Mazalewski	Smeltzer
Gunner:	Kidaloski	McCann	Kardian
Cannoneer:	Dalesandro	Raczka	Coligan
Cannoneer:	Karbosky	Tofani	Oberlander
Cannoneer:	Bullough	O'Brien	Kaufman, K.
Cannoneer:		Hoppman	Spence
Ammo Bearer:	Stokely	Ball	Michaelson
Ammo Bearer:	Peters	Kaufman, A.	Mitchell
Ammo Bearer:		Scheffler	Strauss
Driver:	Byrne	Heman	Obert
	Platoon Medic:	Mauriello	

This was our platoon set up when we entered the town of Baccarat during a cold, drizzling rain on Nov. 6, 1944 as part of our Regimental Combat Team to relieve the 45th Division which had recently taken the town and established defensive positions on its outskirts. Our 1st Squad was short two men; Weber had succumed to arthritis

in the cold and wetness of our wooded bivouac area outside of St. Helene the previous week, and King was on detached duty with Service Company.

We were green, talkative, and mildly exhilarated when we relieved the antitank men of the 45th Division, veterans of North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. The vivid stories these men told caught our fancy and imagination, for we were to experience the trials of combat ourselves and every bit of first hand information we could acquire would help. In Baccarat we learned that combat duty didn't always mean incessant action, especially for an antitank unit in a heavily wooded mountainous terrain not suitable to panzer operations and mechanized warfare. We were to spend almost two weeks in Baccarat while the Regiment prepared to take the offensive, its first. Civilians had not yet returned to this combat area in any large numbers and we were fortunate enough to have occupied the homes of industrious housekeepers who had their winters' wood supply neatly cut and stacked. The case of the vanishing woodpile was a mystery we all knew the answer to. Scali assumed control of the kitchen for his squad, assigning the usual potato peelers and dishwashers; Hoppy and Raczka accomplished culinary magic for the 2nd while in the 3rd a cooperative was established under the auspices of Strauss who had a way with the garden vegetables in the backyard. Hoppy and Raczka had their hands full satisfying the ravenous appetites of their squad members. When the Lord created hungry men he put them all in the 2nd Squad, 3rd Platoon. National pride blossomed in the 1st with Kid concecting stuffed cabbages Polish style and Scali sneaking in a spagetti dinner whenever he could. Younger, an old Mess Sergeant, baked a pie in celebration of Johnny McCann's birthday. Sleeping facilities usually meant the floor, though the few beds available were occupied. The 3rd Squad utilized their two double beds until they got itchy.

Our first baths since coming overseas were taken in a bucket of hot water, but finally showers were made available.

During this time the platoon was guarding vital installations in and about the town from possible infiltrating enemy patrols.

Two on and four off was as much a part of the day as the nightly letter or V-Mail home to the folks. Those nights were the blackest we've ever seen; drivers drove by instinct alone. Passwords were as important as life itself during the night when guards relied on their sense of hearing and trigger fingers. Mail went out regularly and some of the fellows

were still sweating out those first letters from home. Zalew was a wicked censor, according to later reports from home, though he subsequently proved to mellow as we spent more time on the line.

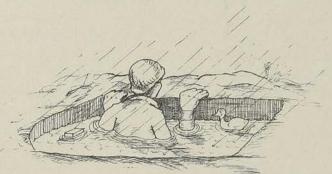
Lieut. Zalewski assembled the platoon in his CP and from the midsts of his maps and charts oriented us on the planned attack. The Regiment was jumping off in the morning supported by Flights of P-47's; we prepared to move.

Nov. 18th we moved into Bertrichamps on the heels of our advancing rifle troops and immediately occupied one of the few habitable structures in the town. The owner, a women, met us as she struggled up from her celler haven, bitterly complaining about the accuracy of American artillery. We were not in a parleying mood. The squad cooks, their elected responsibility in mind, spotted a cow which had fallen during the recent shelling. Scali got a side of beef, Hoppy retrieved a liver feast, and Coligan, mindful of the 3rd's sensitive palates acquired both beef and liver. That night Spence successfully blitzed a beehive and the platoon added honey to its list of delicacies. At Bertrichamps the platoon drew sleeping bags supposedly possessing the warmth of two blankets; most of us sewed in extra blankets. The

heavens seemed to be weeping continuously over the world's plight and General Mud enveloped the land.

We received our orders to move into positions outside of RaonL'Etape as a perimeter guard for Regimental artillery. We moved into outpost positions over previously reconnoitered routes, bypassing mine fields and taped off sections along the roads. That night we expected an artillery barrage followed by infiltrating patrols but none materialized. It was one of those nights for which the Infantry draws the sympathy of the masses; a waiting night of continuous guard, a cold wet night with the rain beating upon the sides of your faces at a 45 degree angle. The 2nd and 3rd Squads dug in about midnight while the 1st Squad, in reserve, found pretection from the dismal weather inside of a farmhouse. Two men were on guard at each gun while the others prepared foxhole positions and caught catnaps. The holes in which we

took refuge that night were meant for amphibious foxes. In the morning, Hoppy, Ball, and Alex had to dive into their private pool to retrieve their equipment, Spence and Ken looked like sponges, capacity filled, while mud, water, and Mitch had fused into a single being. We pulled into Raon L'Etape and while the 1st Squad pulled guard the 2nd and 3rd re-



The holes were meant for amphibious foxes

covered their dignity and dry underwear.

Nov. 22nd found us spending the night in Moyenmontier where we pulled guard in the vicinity of the first good Germans we had encountered, dead ones. The next morning Mazz and Smeltzer prepared a 10 in 1 Breakfast for their squads. Before we could complete this repast Younger blurted out the movement orders in his inimitable staccato. In the ensuing rush to limber the guns and entruck Mazz forgot a load of fresh meat he had been cherishing; his stomach refused to forgive his minds laxity for weeks to come.

Nov. 23rd we reached Senones, the first real French town in which we received a liberators welcome. Taking time out for a Thanksgiving Dinner in Champagnay, which resulted in the GI calamity of GI's, before going into position in defense of the main supply route. All three squads were housed in homes with French civilians. Stokely organized a glee club to accompany his talent with the harmonica, while Karb flirted with the housekeepers daughter through the aid of her mother, the housekeeper, who translated his broken German into fluent French. Alex and O'Brien were inducing the local womanhood to do their squads laundry for chocolate, while Raczka dusted off his Polish in conversations with the owner of the house in which his squad lived. In the 3rd Squad, the fellows were enchanted with Michelle. a 14 year old French Miss who developed a crush for Chestaire. Coligan and Ken were being entertained by a family who dug up the wine and cognac they had buried in their garden during the occupation, for the occasion, while Chuck and Obert celebrated a Frenchman's homecoming with champagne. The FFI were busy rounding up collaborationists for their daily shearing exhibition in the town square. Sudden orders to move out on a Sunday morning disintegrated the 1st Squads plans for a party while the fellows in the 3rd missed a berry pie the woman of their house was baking for them.

We regrouped in a hospital in Raon L'Etape, and unloaded our trucks. That night Byrne, Hehman and Obert hauled rifle troops from their line positions. The following day we moved into Dossenheim where Strauss and Ken shaped up a 10 in 1 Dinner for the platoon in one of the local homes. We slept in a hayloft that evening to escape the drenching rain. Mitch went on the platoons' first three day Division Rest in Rambersville, guaranteed showers, clean clothes, a place to sleep, three hot meals a day, and a chance to write letters; in Mitch's case it meant 39 letters.



We entered Ingwiller Dec. 1st in support of the 1st Battalion. The 1st Squad went into reserve and found shelter from the elements in a local stable. They did'nt mind the horses and the horses were equally unconcerned. Tanks were reported operating in our sector and the 2nd and 3rd Squads went on the line with Item and Love Companies under cover of darkness. That evening Wright brought hot chew up to us in the jeep for the first and last time. We had just filled our mess kits when Jerry artillery opened up on our hill positions. Mess kits, spoons, knives, chow and cans of tomato juice went flying in all directions. The under side of the jeep was like Times Square during rush

hour. Coligan found, unhappily, that Younger, Spence, Michaelson, Obert, Ken, and Smeltzer had beaten him in the race for cover.

At Ingwiller, artillery meant tree bursts anywhere from ten to fifty feet above the ground, showering shell fragments down into your holes. Foxholes were minature fortresses covered with several feet of logs and packed earth. Two and three men bundled together in each hole to facilitate guard and contribute to each others warmth during the bitterly cold and wet nights. Company aid men and stretcher bearers were constantly passing through our positions evacuating the wounded. Often we would help carry the casualties to the rear and lend our brawn to disengage a bogged down evacuation jeep from the sucking mud. Younger, Hoppy, Scheffler,

McCann and Tony each earned the Bronze Star Medal for heroic action in voluntarily leaving the comparative safety of their foxhole positions and evacuating wounded riflemen in their sector under heavy small arms and artillery fire. Our ears became sensitive to the whine of enemy artillery and during the seconds preceding the burst we would decide whether it was wiser to continue stirring the coffee, hit the ground, or dive for that foxhole and the protective arms of mother earth.



In three days the line Companies broke through the Jerry defenses and we were withdrawn into the city to set up antitank defenses on the roads leading into town. We received a rush order for antitank defense and the 1st Squad was elected. They spent the next few days in foxhole positions covering a vital road junction. Short of men, the 1st was reinforced by Tofani, Alex and O'Brien.

We moved into Reipertswiller on Dec. 6th and out again the same day. The 3rd Battalion was about to enter Mouterhouse and wanted antitank protection. Just outside of Reipertswiller where the water trickled off the narrow road down an 80 degree incline for a drop of 20 feet, the bank gave way, catapulting the 1st Squad truck and gun over the side, revolving them in mid air and setting the truck on its back. Fortunately no one was injured though Karb and Bullough found themselves sitting where they should have been thinking; all had to be dug out. Smeltzer leading the rescue crew, hacked away at the binding canvas with an axe until everyone was right side up and the canvas was anything but water-proof. The 1st was forced to remain at Reipertswiller and make emergency repairs on their vehicle while the

2nd and 3rd moved on. We attempted to enter Mouterhouse that evening via a trail through the surrounding woods, the main roads still being under Jerry control; but we ran smack into a wall of automatic fire. As usual, it began to rain, and we spent the night sleeping in and beneath the trucks. In the morning Jerry artillery started searching the valley for our positions. We made the dash into the city with wide open throttles.

The house we moved into possessed a bathtub and hot water heater; the find of the month. The line of men that formed outside the bathroom would have complimented a Hollywood premier. Dalesandro located some barber tools and the platoon had its first baths and haircuths in twenty-six days. Mike Company set up their stovepipes in our back yard and from that moment on our house was hot, with shell fragments whooshing from one room into another. Outside, Byrne and Karb were digging trenches with their noses underneath a jeep while Ken, previously standing guard at the truck, was flying towards cover inspired by an artillery barrage that hit his vehicle detonating bazooka rounds and burning powder charges. It was at Mouterhouse that our platoon received special training in the service and use of the flamethrower in preparation for the assault on the Siegfried Line, and McCann singed his beard in a simulated attack on a pillbox.

From Mouterhouse we went on the line as rifle troops in defense and spent five days and nights as self-elected moles. Smeltzer, Chuck and Oberlander held the left flank with a 50 caliber machine gun. During the long nights everything was

quiet with the exceptions of Jerry artillery and Charlie's familiar snore. Roy would waken Charlie whenever he became too boisterous; by the time we were relieved you could have put the squads' bazooka ammo into the bags under Charlie's eyes. Karbosky and Stockely composed the platoons favorite bazooka team; Stoke couldn't hear and Karb couldn't see, according to the then current fable. The day after we were relieved, Jerry counter attack-

ed in strength retaking the positions we had held.

The return to Mouterhouse was rather pleasant. The shower unit was braving intermittant artillery fire and everyone got a clean change of clothing and a shower.



The shower unit was set up out of doors in somebody's backyard, probably for the psychological effect upon the local inhabitants. Not many people have the courage to run about in the raw in mid December.

From Mouterhouse we went into position along the 3rd Battalion front in Hottwieller, a deserted shambles appropriately called Ghost Town. While helping to place his squad's gun into position O'Brien fell up to his waist into a sump hole which upon investigation proved to have no bottom. Zalew received his liquer ration and passed the bottle around, and we listened to Berlin Sal, featuring Bruno and His Swinging Tigers, over another outfit's radio. That was the night we first learned of the early success of the German Ardennes offensive, the night we were

alerted during an artillery barrage due to a false report that enemy paratroopers were dropping behind our lines.

We entered Rimling Dez. 24th, the ground was frozen but snow had not yet begun to fall. Earlier that day, Zalew, Younger, and Wright had entered Germany on reconnaissance, the first men in the Company to cross the border. Our three well camouflaged gun positions, about 100 yards apart and 50 yards behind the riflemen in their foxholes, had excellent fields of fire. The 1st and 3rd Squads lived together



in the right flank farmhouse while the 2nd bunked alone in a house on the left. Everyone slept indoors except Kid, Bullough, and Dal who preferred their covered foxhole which they had fitted with a stove. Guard Changed every two hours. During our first nights in position Engineers took down a bridge directly to our front which lead into our sector of town, while our own 4 th Platoon laid a mine field to our front which later proved to upset Jerries' plans and earn our gratitude.

We weren't expecting defensive warfare but it began to appear as though ours would be

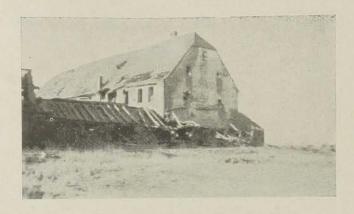
a holding force in conjunction with American and British efforts further north to smash Rundstedt's mammouth winter offensive in the Ardennes sector. G-2 issued reports of German Divisions massing in our vicinity and orders to hold at all costs came down through channels. Our Battalion had an important mission. Christmas packages began to arrive from home, morale was excellent. Wright had an unfortunate accident and Wagoner, 4th Platoon jeep jockey and radio operator replaced him. Church services were held for Christmas and snow fell and fell and fell.



At midnight, New Years Eve, Jerry began to celebrate with artillery in our direction; it was the greatest concentration of artillery, mortar and rocket fire that the Battalion had ever experienced. Every squad sped to their gun positions; breach blocks were up and gunners in position ready to fire. The nights frosty silence erupted into weird shrieking voices; the anguished cry of wounded men; the emotional profanities of the victors; the pleading, gutteral "Comrade, Comrade!"; all fused into a symphony of close combat whose beat was the monotonous rat-tat-tat of automatic weapons. Tracers flew oberhead, tanks roared back and forth, Jerry had entered Rimling to our rear and a pitched battle was raging all about us. Enemy tanks refused to accept the challenge of our mine field and the overlapping fields of fire of our three 57 mm. Antitank Guns; our line held.

From then on none of us caught much sleep. We spent long nights lying in the snow waiting and watching. Vigilance was synonymous with life. Zalew's helmet didn't come off once during the next nine days. Jerry tried every trick; he wore our snow capes, used our vehicles and aircraft, but he never did take all of Rimling. Immense craters materialized about us, our houses lost their second and third floors. Jerry attacked incessantly trying to cut us off. Corps, Division, and Regimental artillery were at our disposal. We used hundreds of phosphorus shells alone. Lines were so

close that-our own artillery fell upon our positions. Wire communication was of vital importance. We had lines to Battalion, Love Company, their morter sections, the artillery forward observer and our individual gun positions. Wagoner spent many long nights on his SCR 300 kepping his channels open. His "Easy three to Easy two" was as consistent as the ticking of a clock.



His jeep no longer hauled rations from the Company CP; it was too hot on the



roads and Jerry patrols were operating along the only supply route still open. Byrne was hit by shrapnel while sleeping.

Enemy tanks came up on the high ground to our rear; coming over the crest of the hill they looked huge, they were huge! The 44th Division on our left flank had fallen back and had failed to retake the ground lost. We ran to our guns swinging them about into firing positions, waiting

for the enemy to come within range of our guns.

The Tigers' 88's belched forth direct fire upon our positions. Bullough was buried in earth and snow when a shell hit the parapet of his foxhole; Kid claims that when the smoke cleared, Bullough was soaring through the air four feet above the ground, towards another hole. Kid, Karb, and Peters were covered with powder burns from exploding shells. We lay low in our foxholes that morning.

That afternoon, Johnny McCann was hit while at the gun preparing to fire. Tony dashed to his aid, but he was beyond human assistance. A big part of the 3rd left with John, he wasn't only liked, he was loved—by all who ever knew him. Posthumously he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for his heroic actions in the defense of Rimling during the German winter offensives.

Our positions were becoming more untenable each day. On the map we were a lone thumb penetrating into enemy territory, facing the possibility of being cut off permanently from the main body of troops. Kid and Peters estored wire communication to the artillery forward observer under sniper and mortar fire while Coligan was constantly patroling the platoons communication lines, repairing all breaks caused by shellfire.



.. restored wire ... under sniper and mortar fire

The night of Jan. 9th Coligan and Ken slipped through their outposts to the rear to locate and guide into our part of town a platoon of tanks and tank destroyers which

were scheduled to cover the Battalion's withdrawal from Rimling. At 1830 Coligan arrived with tanks, at 1900 Ken brought the tank destroyers up, at 1930 we were on our way out of Rimling, and at 1945 a tremendous concentration of artillery was laid down by Corps, Division, and Regiment on the positions we had evacuated, to cover the withdrawal. Though we had orders to destroy our trucks and guns and withdraw on foot, we got all of our equipment out, working noislessly and quickly under cover of darkness. Why Jerry did not open up with artillery the night of the withdrawal, as he had done every previous night will always remain a mystery to us. For his courageous actions and valuble accomplishments at Rimling, Coligan later received the Bronze Star Medal for gallantry in action.

At Bining we slept, dined and shaped up our equipment. The 3rd Squads gun had suffered several direct hits and was sent to ordnance for replacement.

January 11th the platoon took up defensive positions along the massive steel reinforced concrete structures of the Maginot Line. Two squads remained in position in the vicinity of Singling while the third retired to the Company CP at Oermingen for a twenty-four hour rest, hot meals and a movie, the first entertainment since coming into combat. We rotated in this manner for eight days. The countryside was blanketed in snow varying in depth from two to four feet. The entire front went into the defensive and on Jan. 19th, we moved into positions near Hottviller during a blinding snow storm. We were to remain in these positions for almost two months until the Regiment again took the offensive.

The 3rd Squad originally lived in a house near their gun position while the 2nd occupied a small pillbox directly behind their gun position. In the pillbox, however, there was not sufficient floor space for sleeping purposes to accommodate the big men of the 2nd like Spence, Hoppy, Tofani and the Mazz, so the 3rd, composed of men of shorter stature changed positions and quarters with the 2nd. Meanwhile the 1st had established themselves in a musty celler of a bombed out farmhouse



where they bedded down until the snows melted and the floods came, forcing them to seek higher levels. The physical makeup of the platoon changed when Younger left to accept a commission; Smeltzer, 3rd Squad Leader, made T/Sgt., Kid,

1st Squad Gunner, made S/Sgt. and Dal made Cpl.

The Company CP and kitchen were established at Petit Rederching. We received two hot melas and one of C rations each day. Our stomachs almost regained normal digestive functioni during this period. Religeous



services were held regularly satisfying the souls' desires. The Regimental Shower Unit was in daily operation and we could boast of quite civilized bathing habits. Bullough shot a young buck and we feasted on venison for a week. Scali served deer soup and deer stew for a longer period of time. Stockely shot a fox on the run, and Coligan and Mitch both lay claim to a single crow which proved to be ine-dible. Ball, Hoppy and Alex worked for almost a week transforming an empty supple-

mentary P-47 fuel tank into something slightly resembling a kayak. Ball tested its seaworthiness in what he erroneously assumed to be a shallow stream. He capsized suddenly and for several minutes all that could be seen belonging to Ball was a steady stream of rising air bubbles Mitch reached his all time high in letter writing, knocking them off assembly line fashion, by candle light.

Passes to great European cities came through and Hoppy drew the first one to Paris. Going on pass meant leaving with very little cold cash, a tangible asset of negligible value, and a great deal of everything else contributed by the squad. Themen of the third were always able to take in a foreign city in the grand manner expected of American tourists.

Occasionally an enemy shell would hit close, and several times enemy planes strafed and dropped their eggs, but this was a comparatively restful period. The snow melted, mud came, and on March 15th we prepared to support the 3rd Battalion going into the attack.

We pushed through Schorbach and Waldhausen, and established another Company first by entering a hot little town called Gross Steinhausen, across the pre-war French border into Germany. Aside from the perspiring doughboys and the stray barnyard animals dazedly wandering the streets, the town was deserted. Civilians were noticeably absent and the photographs of Hitler in many homes got their first facelifting and disrespect in twelve years. We were relieved from our positions at 2300 by an antitank platoon of the 66th Infantry and we began our withdrawal to Waldhausen where our Regiment was assembling a task force. The 2nd Squad truck was hit by artillery during the withdrawal though the fellows made it back with a red hot radiator after some swift and adroit work on the engine by Spence and O'Brien. March 21st, Obert, Spence and Byrne took off in their vehicles loaded with rifle troops. Jerry was running towards Berlin with all possible haste and our line troops were going after him on everything that would roll. We had scored a breakthrough. The next day Service Company hauled us to the front. We passed through the seemingly unpenetrable defenses of the Siegfried Line. Pillboxes, barbed wire, mine fields, antitank ditches and trenches stretched to the horizon. Two days later we had reached the Rhine River; the Division went into Corps Reserve and our Company

went into its first rest after 140 consecutive days of combat. We spent four days at Oggersheim in reserve, participating in sports and seeing an occasional movie. We chased the shower unit almost 40 miles only to learn that they had exhausted their supply of clean clothes. The USO honored us with a show and some of us got the chance to gawk, whistle and hoot at Marlene Dietrichs famous gams. Germanys' cupboard was well stocked. In France, food was indeed a rarity; in Germany however, every celler seemed capable of feeding a platoon of men for weeks. Some of us started to regain the weight we had lost during the winter months, while such gourmets as the Mazz, O'Brien, Hoppy and Alex were in abdominal ecstacy for the first time since they had left the states.



March 31st we crossed the Rhine River at Mannhem. Mannheim was our first example of the combined destructive power of the Air Force and Artillery. It was Kaput! We picked our way through narrow lanes bordered by masses of rubble. We hit the famous German Autobahns and made good time. The Regiment was attacking constantly, advancing as fast as it could move forward. We were always in position ready for the ever present threat of counter attack, moving from Plankstadt to Weisloch to Sinsheim to Frankenbach. The fellows were picking up souveniers. O'Brien



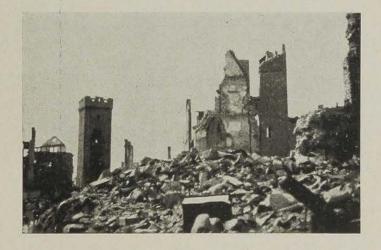
had enough medals to turn Goring green with envy. Hoppy, Ball and Scheffler got small caliber automatics; Michaelson took a P-38 from a dead Jerry, and Roy got a luger.

By April 7th we had reached the Neckar River. Jerry was making a determined stand on the eastern bank in the city of Heilbronn; the Division found going tough. Scali, Dal, Karb, Kid, Michaelson, Coligan, Aguilar, Bullough and Bradsho formed a detail to service flamethrowers which the Battalions expected

to require. The drivers remained with their vehicles at the Company rear CP in Frankenbach while the rest of the Company drew automatic weapons and rifles and prepared to cross the Neckar River. We were going into Heilbronn as rifle troops to reinforce the 1st Battalion, expand and help safeguard the Division bridgehead in the center of the city where the most bitter fighting was raging.

We began to receive artillery fire about 2000 yards from the river point to be crossed. Shells whined and burst along our route of approach. We were marching in column formation lining both sides of the road approximately ten yards apart. Suddenly a high velocity shell burst 15 yards to the right of the road. Stokely called for the medic. Tony administered first aid to a large and nasty fragment wound the size of a mess kit while Kardian and Ken gave him wound tablets and supported him. They carried him to an evacuation jeep and placed him in medical hands. Twenty yards from the ponton bridge we started the 150 yard dash into Heilbronn. Artillery shells were dropping into the water on either side of the narrow bridge as we dashed for cover on the opposite side. Ball, caught in a heavy barrage, hit the wooden planking halfway across, while Scheffler, deciding to keep going, jumped completely over him. When we regrouped on the other side many of the men in the otherplatoons had been hit by shrapnel. Chuck came closest to being hit during the crossing. A hunk of shrapnel about the size of a half dollar had torn through his gas mask and a can of C rations which he had been carrying on his left hip.

That first evening we made four trips to the river front under artillery fire, to bring back rations, ammo, and bedrolls for the entire Company. A mule would have been a blessing that night.



The platoon spent three days in the center of town under continuous artillery and sniper fire, patroling the streets for snipers, stragglers, and infiltrating enemy units during the day, and going into the 1st Battalion line at night to establish outposts.

Mazz and Burr picked up shrapnel wounds and Purple Hearts during this period. We stumbled upon a celler containing thousands of bottles of champagne and acted as a central distribution agency for three units. Because of a shortage of water we enjoyed the experience of washing in that costly beverage. The men who were servicing flamethrowers rejoined us in time for our attack on Jerry hill positions NW of the city after we were relieved from the 1st Battalion line. Hoppy and Ball were lead scouts while Dal, Karb, Coligan and Michaelson were the flank guards. The platoon was to make a frontal assault upon the hill.

We advanced along a narrow ditched road. Hoppy and Ball had reached and were investigating the platoon objective when Zalew halted the column calling for the BAR team. It looked too easy, something was wrong. Ken and Mitch moved up with the BAR, received a fire direction order and sprayed a shack covering the length of the road. Jerries hopped out of foxholes and started to run; they didn't get far. Then everything broke loose at once and we hit the dirt. We had missed being sucked into a grazing crossfire of automatic weapons. The scouts on the hill and the men up front were pinned down by fire, making like snakes. Hoppy and Ball crawled with their faces in the dirt two hundred yards down the face of that hill. Unable to get any supporting mortar or artillery fire we were forced to withdraw. Karb, raised himself too far off the ground, got a machine gun bullet in his foot and a Purple Heart; Zalew won a Purple Heart that afternoon also. The next day we went in and took that hill.

On April 13th, the German defenses cracked wide open and we broke through on another rat race. The Company reformed at Lehrensteinfeld where Scali put his talents to work hustling up a chicken dinner for the entire Company. We pushed on through Etzlinswenden, Spiegeberg, Backnang, and Geradstetten setting up antitank defenses. Jerry was completely demoralized. We bypassed piles of equipment and scores of German dead on every highway. We had moved so quickly that large bodies of enemy troops had been isolated behind our lines taking to the wooded areas for refuge. We organized jeep patrols and went out after these enemy, armed to the teeth. Zalew, Oberlander, Scheffler, Kid, Coligan, Ken Aguilar, Mitch, and Hoppy, on combat patrols, engaged the enemy in several firefights, and returned to the Regimental PW cage with a load of spiritless prisoners.

When the Regiment pushed into Stuttgart we were ordered into a much needed rest. During this period we were billeted in Plochingen, Stuttgart, and finally in Eislingen where we received the long awaited word that Germany had surrendered unconditionally.



Peace hadn't come as a surprise but rather as an anticlimax. There were no riotous celebrations in the platoon though there were several extra bottles being passed from hand to hand, and men who had never drank before took a shot or two. Combat was a memory now. We had learned a great deal. We had experienced all of the basic emotions of mankind together. We had become interdependent

upon each other. We had a knowledge of each other that comes only from close

and continuous association. We had huddled together in foxholes to keep warm; we had massaged each others feet to restore circulation; we had shared all of our worldly possessions; laughed at each others jokes and sympathized with each others hardships. We had been a closely knit team and a good one.

During the next few months we moved to Risstissen, to Rechberghausen where we were awarded the Presidential Citation in an official ceremony in Goppingen, for



our part in the defense of Rimling, and back into Stuttgart again. It was a garrison life filled with occupational duties, entertainment schedules and training programs. We were always sweating something out; the Pacific, the point system, a third battle star, a fraternization problem. Everyone was anxious to get home, though when the time came to leave, it was hard, like saying goodbye to your family. Men left on points, on age, and some were transferred into other outfits. Replacements came in to fill the TO and the 3rd was on its way to being just another number, a list of positions with a surname opposite each.



THIRD PLATOON

LEROY M. SMELTZER, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

A soft spoken, unpretentious man whose sense of responsibility towards his men and gentlemanly qualities have earned him the respect and admiration of all who work with him. Always the first in and last out of every hotspot. Awards: Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, Pre-Pearl Harbor, ETO wth (2) stars. HOME: 1259 Hancock Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.

ARTHUR W. OBERLANDER, T/5.

Platoon Messenger

Nicknamed "Speedy" because of his slow, deliberate mannerisms and unexcitable nature. Always cool, calm and collected during the most taxing moments of combat. Awards; Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Pre-Pearl Harbor, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) battle stars. HOME: Beulah, North Dakato.

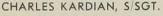


6

ANTHONY MAURIELLO, T/5.

Platoon Medi

A very little man with a stutter, a big heart, and a big job. A friend to everyone, he proved his courage and medical skill under the most trying conditions of combat. We can never forget what he has done nor the spirit in which he did it. Awards: Bronze Star, Combat Medic, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 20 North Jay Street, Schenectady, New York.



Squad Leader

"Chuck" is of medium stature, even temperment, and the possessor of perpetually twinkling eyes. The instigator of many a practical joke, his sense of humor has been a bulwark of morale to his unit. Awards. Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 941 North Duncan Street, Baltimore, Maryland.





ERMAN J. DALESANDRO, CPL.

Gunner

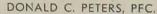
Nicknamed "The Voice" he possesses the ideal temperment. His verstility ranges from cooking to barbering. His passions are sports, dancing and women. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 23 North Genesee Street, Geneve, N.Y.



JOSEPH BULLOUCH- PFC,

Cannoneer

Barrel chested, aggressive, this ex-mine forman from West Virginia plans to gonto mining engineering upon dscharge. A natural woodsman, he was a valuable assest during combat. Awards; Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stark. HOME:



Cannonee

Thrifty is "Petes" middle name. A farmer by occupation who has been analyzing European techniques. He plans to return to his farm in Dakota, and put his new theories into practise. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Thunder Hawk, S.D.

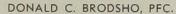




FREDERICK P. HOPPMAN, PFC.

Cannoneer

Six feet six inches of affability, he makes friends quickly and easily. His sound judgement and intuitive sense proved itself in combat. The original big time operator, he plans to return to the fast life of his big city. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1161 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Cannoneer

A quiet, soft spoken fellow whose middle name is dependability. He joined the outfit during combat and capably performed his duties, making new friends fast. Working on the railroad prior to entering the army, he plans to attend school upon discharge. Awards; Combat Infantry, ETO with (1) battle star. HOME: Bainville, Montana.





RUFUS H. KING, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

A tall gangling lad with a drawl. Completely relaxed at all times. He is our chief exponent of Texas lore and femininty. On detached service during combat he worked with the Graves Registration and Burial Service. Awards; Combat Infantry, Meritorous Service Wreath, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Huntington, Texas.



THOMAS K, BOSWELL, JR., PVT.

Yammo Bearer

Tom joined the outfit after combat having experienced the terrors of a Repple Depple: He plans to attend school upon discharger. Taking advantage of the G!I. Bill of Rights. Awards; ETO with (1) battle star. HOME: 501 Greenwood Ave., Savannah, Georgia.

WILBERT H. OBERT, PVT.

Driver

"Bunny's" vim, vigor and vitality, have always been an intregal part of his squads motivating force. Fun loving and unpredictable, his primary thoughts for the future center about his lovely wife and baby boy. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Cleveland, Ohio.



STANLEY J. MAZALEWSKI, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

The "Mazz's" powefully knit body belies his gentle nature. Everybodys' favorite, he is a good sport capable of laughing at himself. He loves to eat, and lots of it. We hope he makes good at the races when he doffs the khaki and dons that pin stripe. Awards: Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, Pre-Pearl Harbor, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 2217 Bank Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

MICHAEL J. KARBOSKY, CPL.

Gunner

A ready smile, a winning personality typifies "Mike". A great kidder, his repartee has earned him a name. He plans to return to Penn. State College and loaf for a few years while he gets fat on his dad's prize chickens. Awards: Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) Stars. HOME: 964 Chestnut Street., Freeland, Pa.





JACK S. O'BRIEN, PFC.

Cannoneer

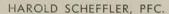
His unbounding energy is unparelled and mystifying. He is Anti-Tanks answer to the atomic bomb. Jack's spirit and eagerness to participate has earned for him an enviable reputation for accomplishment and capability. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 305 South 2nd Street, Globe, Arizona.



HELTON L. BURR, PFC.

Cannoneer

Our own bugle boy who worked efficiently during combat in the field and equally as efficient in garrison as a member of the Regimental Drum and Bugle Corps. Originally a driver, he joined a gun squad during combat. Awards Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. Home: Route 2, Hartsville, South Carolina.



Cannonee

A voluble and vigorus personality whose cooperative spirit is always evident. Mayor Hagues own contribution to the Army and Anti-Tank Co. He plans to return to his engineering studies pre-war position at Keuffle and Esser. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) battle stars. HOME: 61 Collard Street, Jersey City, N.J.

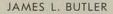
ENIATXENIENR



ALEX KAUFMAN, PFC.

Ammo Bearer

Alex is a tall athletic fellow possessing a technically adroit mind. A master cynic, he could be a successful critic, but he plans to return to his engineering studies upon discharge from the service. Awards; Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 10614 Garfield AvAe., Cleveland, Ohio.



Ammo Bearer

A little bit of sunshine from Georgia way who claims he did nothing before the war and whose postwar plans are equally as vague. Possessing (11) points, what else can he say!! Awards; ETO with (1) star. HOME: Stong Mountain, Georgia.





EUGENE V. SPENCE, PFC.

Drive

Very capable, very strong, proficient at a variety of duties within the company. Nicknamed "Shorty" because of his extreme height, his easy going manner, winning charm and common sense have won him many lasting friends throughout his army career. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Anthony, West Virginia.



CHESTER A, KIDALOSKI, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

A resourceful man whose common sense, equity and light hearted spirit has ensured his popularity rating throughout the company. In "Kids" squad there is always a laugh to be had, especially during combat when one proved invaluble. Awards; Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1096 Spring Street, Old Forge, Pa.



Gunne

"Al" is overyones' friend possessing a sharp, witty mind, his presence acts as a stimulus to every conversational group. Keenly analytical, his level headed opinions are highly regarded. His postwar plans include South America possibilities. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1825 Morris Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

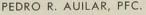


36

KENNETH M. KAUFMAN, PFC.

Cannonee

Ken's ever present smile and hearty greeting hides the aggressive soldier that he is. His good judgment, keen understanding, and quick interpretation of a situation, are intellectual qualities that have won him the admiration and friendship of the entire company. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1553 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Cannoneer

"Pete" is a quiet consienscious man whose phisique and energy belie his age. A master with tools, carpenter extraordinary, his willingness and capacity for work have proven to be valuble assets to his unit. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 108 Washington Street, Venice, California.





CHESTER W. MITCHELL, PFC.

Cannoneer

"Mitch" is the rugged little man who has put Princetion on the map. Naive, energetic and highly enthusiastic, his ever present smile and good humor has contributed highly to the spirit of his unit. He plans to return to a Hoosier school house. Awards: Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 130 East Glendale St., Princeton, Indiana.



MALCOM A. BALL, PFC.

Ammo Bearer

Considered a character by some, and individual by others, Mal exemplifys the esthete turned soldier. Courageous and alert, he is a capable dramatist and should go far in theater world. Awards; Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 127 Third Street, Libertyville, Illionois.

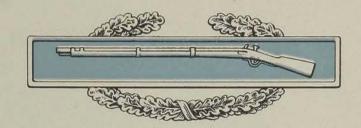
MILLARD SLONE, PVT.

Ammo Bearer

A tall, loosely joined, powerful man, Millard joined the outfit after combat. Making friends quickly, his easy going manner and good judgement are recognized by all. He hopes to return soon to his wife and two lovely children. Awards: ETO with (1) star. HOME: Pippapss, Kentucky.







COMBAT INFANTRYMAN'S BADGE

This badge is awarded to infantrymen only, who have shown satisfactory performance of duty in ground combat against any enemy of the United States of America. The right to wear the Combat Infantryman's badge may be withdrawn by any unit commander only if individual fails to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against any enemy of the United States of America.





Fourth Platoon.

COMBAT FOURTH.

The following narration is an attempt to describe our experiences while in combat. We've tried to tell you in words, but words cannot tell everything, words cannot describe the thoughts that run through the mind of a man who faces death day after day in all its most horrible forms; neither can words do justice to the men who made the supreme sacrifice so people could be free. We are not trying to make ourselves out as heroes, ours was a job that had to be done which we did in the best of our ability. So read on and meet some of the men who were part of a team that did their job well.



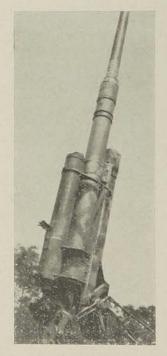
"Damm rain, gets your butts all wet and they taste like so much cow ... look out here comes one!"

A shrill whistle culminated by a crashing roar that echoed through a hollow, seemingly deserted town, broke up the conversation as the boys ran for cover. "Jerry" had spotted the trucks moving into

town and was making life miserable for us in the cold wet November downpour.

It was our first day in combat so we didn't quite know what to make of it all. Our mission was to clear a road to the woods just north of Raon L'Etape for one of the battalions. Somehow the Engineers got the same mission and had beat us to it. We sweated out most of the morning under jeeps, in ditches, a few were lucky enough to get in cellars.

Remember the (4.2) ammo dump that caught fire the next day? Man, what a racket when the magazine went up in smoke. More rain and cold, chicken to eat, cognac the favorite drink, and G.I.'s with a very limited capacity for disposal... or was it unlimited. Sunshine for the first time in days! We got a job, "clear a field in Raon L'Etape for a motor pool." P-47's strafing all over the place. A Messershmitt zooms over the town and we all stand there goping at it with open mouths before it dawns on us that we may get strafed. Dive for cover . . . the Messershmitt is miles away by now. "Achtung



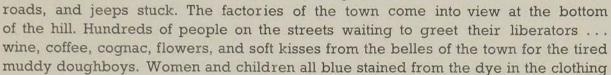
Minen!" (Shu) mines all over the place. Lumps of sod covering, (S) mines, "Frogs" babling all over the place... Reis and Goodman... Medic! Medic! someone get a Medic. What was it? (Shu) mines, two of 'em. "Red" take over the squad.

Got to clear some road blocks in the woods north of town for a route for supplies. Nazi propaganda... boxes and boxes of leaflets... "Why do you fight Americans?" The winter in the Vosges was the coldest and bitterest of winters. There are lots of (4 F's) sitting by nice cozy fires in your homes... perhaps with your wife or sweet-

heart and you sleeping on the cold ground with snow and death as your bedmates. They found "The old man" up by the road block, cut to ribbons by a machine gun. A truly great soldier and a personal friend of all those who served under him. "We salute you Colonel Ellis."

"Sweep the road from Raon L'Etape to St. Blaise and stone quarry to road detour, sniper or two." Bell and Shorty go on a sniper hunt. Shorty brings back a prisoner. (S) mines all along the road side, barbed wire entanglements to be removed . . . "look out for booby traps." George gets quarters to sleep in and also his pea shooter with an air mattress and other hurriedly disposed of "Jerry" officer equipment. Sleep in a big farm house on the outskirts of St. Blaise . . . panzerfausts, ammo, helmets, and rifles all over the place.

Rain again . . . "sweep the road from St. Blaise to Moyemontier" . . . mud, road blocks, winding dirt





factory where they took shelter from the attack. In the far end of town dead "krauts" all over the place. "Wag" finds a little "kraut" trailer for the jeep. That night the civilian hosts brought out wine and what little they had to offer for a feast to celebrate their liberation. "The Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" were sang with all the pent up emotion and feeling that the French had felt for (4) years. Tears streamed down their cheeks. Before the night was out we were all singing a little off key and not too steady on our feet, but we were made one

of the family.

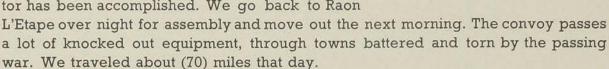
Set ip the radios in the jeeps and start off for Sennones, another warm welcome. Find quarters. Lulu offers us her hospitality so we set up in the lower end of town. The company moves into town and sets up in and old factory. Hang around town for a couple of days and watch the boys shave the girl colaborationists. "Pack up and be ready to move out at five in the morning," was heard. Cold and miserable, everybody wet through. We run all over the sector trying to find the right road to sweep. Find the road about nine in the morning and de-truck. Second squad out ahead as security, first squad and third squad sweep the road. Remember the dead "kraut" hit by a (50) caliber, and had a luger on him, but no one got it. Four "krauts" tried to give up and no one would take them. First battalion was finally talked into taking them. The boys beat the infantry into to town by two hours. Boy! what a welcome that was. People running up and down the street kissing everybody. Raining and cold, but "schnapps" helped out the situation. The French flag was raised in the town circle in an impromptu ceremony. Find quarters for the platoon.

Man these farmers daughters are rugged. Smell those manure piles. It's a good thing those cows can't fly.

Thanksgiving dinner, the whole company moves up for the feast. Chicken today and G.I.'s tomorrow. About ten that night the first call was made on the toilet, and by 10:30

the toilet was full. Dark forms could be seen squatting in the streets and all through the barn. Reardon's ears must have been red from the profanity. Two days later a fire broke out at five in the morning. Someone filling a gas stove and it caught fire. Machovec threw the blazing can out in the street. Bell went out a small window a good five feet off the floor. Brown was the only causality.

Moved out in the morning, our mission in this sector has been accomplished. We go back to Raon



Dossenhiem was the first stop. "Wag" gets civilian seat for the jeep. Hall, Federici, and Plourde raid the Gestapo headquarters and get bronze eagle with a swastika, pistols and etc. German speaking people entirely.

Ingwieler was the next stop. First modern homes and good German beer. "Pete" gets German officers dagger.

Platoon moves up on a hill by Rothbach as riflemen. The 88's, 4 m.m. flack wagon, keeps us up all night. Troyer finds a celler full of "Schnapps". During a barrage Troyer gets drunk and wanders up out of the celler to the doorway of the house. Wheee!!! crash and 88 hits the house and a chunk of tile shingle drops right into Troyers hand. "The bloody bums ain't got any more ammo so they're throwing rocks at us," he said.

Riepetswieler was next and boy how those trucks were full of "Schnapps" with men and German made apple pies. Troyer asks for water and Ben gives him "Schnapps", so sorry.

Move into Mouterhouse during the first snow storm. It was thick and wet. We all ended up in the cellar that night. "Boy how they came in that night and all night long." "Two down on the road and two in the yard." "Hey move over!" Joe Padawer, Mutascio, and Red go out with a Lt. who didn't know the password. (B) company boys help them remember it the next time. "Close eh Joe." Man how those mortars pounded for five days and nights. Both trucks and the jeep were hit in the motor pool. Then came the day we were to move up on the hill as rifletroops with (A) company. We could look right down into Bitche if you didn't mind the flack wagon, mortars, 88's and sniper shooting at you. Those (K) ration boxes were used for other purposes than holding their contents. We were pretty glad to turn that hill over to the Recon boys and head for another sector.

The 44th Division was still in Petit-Rederching when we pulled in that afternoon. We doubled up on houses and were relieved to sleep inside for a change. Padawer talked himself into a nice house while Reds and Mutacio's squads stayed in a house with no roof on it. It was here the Maginot line started. We were quite curious about the queer structures at first and oh! brother if we only knew then what we know now.



We moved into the houses on the hill in Binning. Padawer talks himself into a house down the street. The next day was Christmas Eve and Pete brought out his liquor ration for the boys. We all sat around the table and sang carols. Padawer slept till the bottle was being passed around. "My what a big nose you have grandma" "All the better to smell with," my dear.



One night Pete gets the boys together and tells us we have a job. "We must lay a mine field in 'No mans land." The engineers, our buddies, had the mines and all we had to do was to dig them in. Digging those mines in frozen ground was like drilling for oil with a toothpick. We finally got down to the last five mines and were getting proud of our job when all of a sudden we heard that jittery whine of a close bullet. That did it . . . ten men were in the ditches before you could bat an eye. It wasn't that we were scared, but after all a lot of people get hurt with those things. Slowly we raised our heads and searched the surrounding woods and fields. Nothing could be seen. Oh well, we couldn't stay there all day. Reardon was cooking our chow and at that minute the word came that chow was ready. We started back to

finish our almost complete job. Just about the time we got out of our ditches the air seemed filled with flying lead. Needless to say the ditches were once again filled with men in a flash. After taking all we could of that monkey business we got up our courage and made a mad dash for our tools and then zipped up the road. We felt like ducks in a shooting galley as we tore up that road for shelter. About half way to a barn when our boy Ludovic tells us that he had to take a break. Red almost blew his top and Plourde decided it was easier to face sniper fire than to face a Sgt's wrath. Another volley of lead over our heads and we all took off a little faster, even Plourde shook his fannie with a little more vigor.



We moved back into Petit-Rederching in a dreary rain, which by this time was nothing new to us, because it rained practically every day since we hit France. The house that we got was in sad condition and we set to work shaping it up so we could live in it. We didn't have much to do at first. It was a racket 'till one day we got orders to move out and go on the line with (E) company in their ready made, up to date foxholes. Of course that made everyone dance with joy to know that we were going to leave our nice warm house for a few days to live in foxholes?? We all came through that all right, except for our moments of praying in those holes to the "All Mighty" to keep those shells a little farther away from us. Having nothing else to do, we set out to repair a road that was supposed to be quite important to the regiment. We spent about two weeks working on that road and thought that after we finished with it, it looked pretty good considering that we never had any experience at such a job. Mutascio, Cooper, and Troyer went crazy cutting down trees to cordouroy a section of the road and what a job that was. They sweated and strained to make a good job of it and when they finished "Ole' Pete" came up to inspect the work and told them that they should have used smaller logs??

Our recreation in the evenings consisted of football and movies. We played football in a torn shell open field. The shell holes and a couple of 240 m.m. rifles set up in the field provided ample obstacle. The movies however old were always a relaxing luxury. On several occasions just when we were getting interested in a picture someone would come running in and breathlessly report, "German paratroopers in the vicinity." Then came the mad scramble of men tripping over tables and chairs in the dark while going for their weapons. We never did encounter any paratroopers.

Our fine stay in Petit-Rederching came to an end one night when Pete got us together to tell us that a very big moment had arrived. An attack by practically the whole front!! Each squad was assigned to a gun platoon and thus at about 11 o'clock that night we moved out for the attack the next morning. The first squad went with the



second platoon, the second squad went with the first platoon, and the third went with the third platoon. Sleep was next to impossible that night with the entire 7th Army artillery preparing the Maginot Line for entry by the infantry. The 240 m.m. in our football field would lift us bodly off the floor and turn us over. The artillery fired everything from a 105 m.m. to a 240 m.m. in unison. At four the next morning we said goodbye to Petit-Rederching and took

off on the attack for what would take us into 'DER FUHRER'S" "Sacred Soil." Our jump off spot was Hottvieler, an old ghost town that was vacated in 1940 when the Nazi's were fought to a stand still in the sector by the French. Once again the walls of the decaying buildings were subjected to the unmerciful pounding of modern war. The "krauts" had sensed the attack and had spotted the troop concentration in town and were zeroing in the town with "Nebelwerfers" (a 280 m.m. rocket propelled projectile) that was a close day for John W., George Alma, and Pop Troyer. A rocket blew the wall of the house in on them and didn't do a thing, but

shake them up a little bit. Remember how those rockets would give themselves away by winding up before they went off into the air. It would start with a low growl and gradually work itself



up into a roar like that of a freight train and then off they would go with a swoosh, five rockets at a time. Each rocket was 40 m.m. bigger than our biggest field piece the 240 m.m. "Long Tom." Remember those mine fields that" Jerry" had planted all winter. Man what a sight, the whole hillside



covered with (Shu) mines and those plastic mines. Acres and Acres of 'em. It was in Waldhausen that the fourth platoon was assigned to a task force to work with the Engineers. The destination was Ludwigshaven. The Engineer first sergeant started out with his little car, but before we had traveled ten miles he had three flat tires and we had to tow him back. When we finally got to where the task force was supposed to assemble they had already taken off. Where? When? How? We just took off in the general direction of the way we figured that they would go. Our travels that day took us all over southwestern Germany. Dead horses by the hundreds, wrecked cars and trucks by the thousands, town after town with the first white flags

we had seen flying from each and every house. Kaiserslautern and Homberg were the two big towns we hit and man how the air corps had hit them first.

We picked up two or three cars and ditched them when they couldn't keep up with the convoy. Smashed houses and beaten people. Lines of German prisoners trudging along the dusty roads. A true picture of dejection. We passed through some towns that were by passed and not taken yet. Some of the people scurry for cover and others hurriedly hang out white sheets. We double back and end up just outside of Pirmaseons just (8) miles from where we started. It was here we contacted the task force that we were assigned to. Tanks, dusty infantrymen riding the turrets, and trucks of infantrymen go rolling by. After that little joy ride all over the country we ran into a long hard road ahead.

It was all rather confusing the next three days. We passed through the Hardt mountains and beautiful they were indeed. The mountains with their endless tell tale convoys of German vehicles knocked out suddenly gave away to a beautiful plain. We were a tired dirty lot when the orders came down to break up the task force



and shack up as units. By this time we were all ready for a real feast and a good bed. Our home was a typical Rhine River Valley town complete with red tile roofs and cobbled stone streets. The cellars were full of Rhine wine, potatoes, eggs, and all that we needed for a good feast before we took up the attack again. The Brown boys took over the guard duties for the platoon after twelve. It's nice to have a couple of virtuous boys around in a time of need.

After a couple of stays in small towns we ended up in Oggeshiem. Here we had our first rest in 140 days on the line without a let up. All the teachings of basic training were brought out and dusted off. You would have thought we were back in Bragg with inspections, close order drill, and

chicken knee deep. We had our lighter moments too, with movies and company softball tournaments. We had to march in formation down to the movies. Of course it's needless to say that the old 4th platoon retained their championship that they won at Bragg undefeated. No thanks to George.

A week later we packed up and headed across the Rhine. The dull dark morning that we past



through Ludwigshaven and Mannheim we could see the havoc brought by the Air Corps. It was an uneventful trip down to Plankstadt, another agriculture town. After a couple of days we reorganized and pushed off again.

From Plankstadt to Frankenbach was a nightmare of task forces and mines for the fourth platoon. One rat race after another. It was on the road by Heidelberg that we saw our first jet-propelled "Jerry." He swooped down over the task force before we even saw him, then he circled and came back. We couldn't hear him, but Jones and Cober really pumped the lead into him with their B.A.R. The first night we spent in a small hotel in Wiesloch. We all enjoyed George Alva's chicken dinner and drank some of Germany's best beer. Mines were encountered on the road to Simsheim, where Pete and the George had the pleasure of blowing the mines we found. It was in Simsheim that we had to clear several cross roads loaded with mines and Pete and George decided the best place to blow them was under a bridge where the shrapnel would be kept to a minimum. The idea was good, but when the bridge went up with the mines the Captain wasn't so pleased. On the road again with the task force into Ittlengen where we shacked up with the third platoon. That night a report came in that three jeeps had hit mines on another road into Ittlengen. We were called out at five in the morning to clear the road. More mines and for the first



time we encountered "Panzerfaust" handles loaded with T.N.T. Man that artillery jeep was a mess with parts strewen all over the road. We moved into Frankenbach about five in the afternoon.

The saga of Heilbronn and Anti-Tank Co. is written in the minds of our men for life. Words alone cannot describe the multi-complex feelings of fear, horror, joy, and the thoughts passing through the minds of men facing death.

What they accomplished in the ruble and ruin of that battle scarred city is a living nightmare in their memories.

Lets begin our story in the town of Frankenbach. Upon entering the town we soon realized that things were "hot" and promising to become more so. A jeep, or should

I say what was left of it was the first thing we encountered. The jeep had receved a direct hit from an artillery shell and it didn't take much thought to guess what had happened to its occupants. We found quarters in the town and then didn't have anything else to do except to watch men and supplies pour into the town. German artillery continued to fall in and ground the city.

We didn't have to wait long to see action. That night the second battalion encountered enemy mortar fire believed to be from their rear right flank which was a peninsula on the east bank of the Neckar. Pete called us together, oriented us and we set out on a combat patrol to locate the mortar. We ducked, crawled and ran through railroad yards, houses and buildings. We either kicked open doors or blew them open with hand grendes, continually ducking sniper fire from the west side of the Neckar. After six hours of continious patroling we found no mortar. When we returned to Frankenbach that night we did manage to carry back with us a couple of cases of choice liquor found in the railroad station. (Banhof to you.) The next day was the same story. Mortar from the peninsula so we set out on another expedition ducking sniper fire, mortars and this time we encountered our old friend the "Nebelwerfer."

Once again we found nothing. We picked up a few German pistols, flags, daggers, and our usual choice case of liquor and returned to Reardon and his chow.

The next night the company received orders to proceed to the bank of the river and provide covering fire for one of the battalions as they crossed the river. We started out with heavy hearts, but soon were overjoyed to get the order to turn back, because we weren't needed. Our

joy was shortlived for on the following day we were given the order to cross the river and mop up behind the first battalion.

We approached the river in a company column, the fourth platoon was following the third. The company stopped at a road junction when without warning a shell landed in our midst. Luckily we suffered only one causality and we took off again and about 100 yards from the river we broke into a run. It's no easy matter to run with grenades flopping around on your lapels and extra bandoliers across your back, besides your rifle. The memory of that last shell lent wings to our feet. Joe Padawer with his bum leg kept up with the fastest man as he dashed across that pontoon bridge. Half of the platoon got across the bridge when the warning whine of an incoming shell reached our ears, where 27 men were standing, 27 men were laying down!! The shell landed about 10 yards from Ted Jones, one thought went through each of his buddies minds, poor Ted, he was a good guy!! But wait a minute, the smoke clears and there goes Ted up on his feet and dashing across the bridge



hell bent for election!! That was mighty close, inifact, that it tore Teds ammunition case all up. As we lay there two more shells came whistling in, spraying water, dirt, and shrapnel all over the place. The "Jerries" had direct observation on the bridge. As the last echo of the explosions died away, each man was up on his feet and once again racing forward. We all assembled in a large factory which was serving as the battalion Aid station. Our platoon picked up three Purple Hearts crossing the Neckar.

After a brief rest, we were again oriented on our job. We were to mop up the cellars and buildings after the rifle troops moved through. We started out on our job and



all through the day. We ran into no opposition or trouble. Night found us occupying positions between (A) and (C) company right on the front lines.

Details of the entire battle would take too long to enumerate, but the experiences that we best remember are: George, "Willy" and "Coop" in an outpost with George standing guard when a patrol of twenty-five "Jerries" came face to face with him and his famous carbine. He

coughed up flame and lead three times and then it jammed. The "krauts" fled in confusion. Later that morning Fred captured a wounded enemy and his buddy that George had shot up. Interogation disclosed that the enemy patrols mission was to blow the pontoon bridge that was crossed the daybefore.

The most fun we had was the day that a strong "kraut" patrol infiltrated through (A) company's outpost and attacked the company C. P. over by the church. After exchanging a few shots, grenades, and panzerfausts with "Wag" and the boys they decided to try and find a softer spot to break through. Pete was just taking off to try and get observation on the patrol when they opened up on him with burp-guns, rifles, and panzerfausts. He just had one foot in the doorway of a building when a panzerfaust goes off against the wall just over his head. That was the last we saw of Pete until the scrap was over. In the meantime the boys weren't letting any grass grow under their feet. Burp-guns were answered with with tommy guns, rifles, M-l's, and Jones! 22 cal. pistol. Actually the picture was not one of men fighting for their lives, but rather one of boys back in the states playing cops and robbers. The

gang was shooting all the ammo they wanted to and generally having the time of their lives. Everybody was throwing grenades and shooting like mad. When Jones expended all his ammo he took out his little pistol and yelled "Look I'm the Lone Ranger". The pop of the little pistol heard against the crack of the rifle and roar of the panzerfaust was actually comical. After about half and hour of this the "krauts" dropped their equipment and took off down one of the many tunnels of the underpasses of Heilbronn.



The "Jerrys" pulled out the next day and we pushed ahead cleaning out buildings, cellars, and tunnels. We took a ten minute break at all the wine cellars. "Ole Pop" Troyer was in his glory. That night we were pulled back to the first battalion and went out to a new position on the left flank of the regiment. We slept in a clothing factory that night. The next day Pete told us that the company had the mission of taking the hill just ti the north of Heilbronn. We were at the bottom of the hill just ready to start up when the "Jerrys" opened up with a well placed automatic weapon field of fire. We took to the ditches and returned their fire for two hours. We had no communications or supporting mortar or artillery fire. When the "Jerrys" cut



loose with mortars and artillery we were ordered to drop back as the hill would be too costly to take without the aid of artillery. We spent the night back in the clothing factory and then went out to secure a road junction on the regiment's left flank. We ran contacting patrols all night from a farm house in a down pour of rain. The next morning we had the pleasure of seeing the hill pounded for twenty minutes by artillery. Finally (E) company went up and found the hill deserted.

We occupied the hill about ten that morning, dug in and were pulled out at five that afternoon to start out on a ten mile hike to Weinsberg. After waiting for three hours the trucks came along and took us to the town of Lehrenstienfield.

It was in Lehrenstienfield that the Captain showed his admiration for the company's fine job in Heilbronn by liberating a wine cellar and (38) chickens for the company's exclusive use. Pop Troyer started the day out by doing more than his share of cleaning and picking the chickens and ended the day by drinking more than his share of the wine. He ended up in the woods that night behind the German lines and was captured with a "kraut" by (A) company the next day. Pete had to get him out of the stockade as his story sounded kinda fishy. We pulled out of Lehrenstienfield after about four days and headed north east to Unterheinriet.

Here in Unterheinriet the town was being shelled by a weapon from a hill top. That's right the batallion C. P. was located in town and took just so much of it when they volunteered the fourth platoon to go out and locate it and if possible direct cannon fire on it. Melnyk did himself proud in leading the patrol up through the woods to the hill top. His old army training in scouting and patroling led him to investigate every suspicious spot for a possible "kraut" ambush. He kept the patrol concealed at all times and took all possible advantage of cover. It was not until Byrum with five men went on up to investigate a castle on a hill top that we were fired on by a few

rifles and then a (40 m.m.) S. P. gun. The fire was so concentrated that we were un ble to get observation, however we did locate the guns approximately by sound. After picking up (4) polish refugees we returned to town. Later it was learned the Poles gave regiment valuable information as to the location, strength and movement of the enemy. Then the next stop was Kaiserbach.



By this time the task forces had cut Germany to ribbons and were meeting only spotted resistance. We moved into Spiegelberg and set up in a tavern with the first platoon. From somewhere the boys got some special service records including some of Frank Sinatra's latest hits. We would have enjoyed them more if the 88's hadn't kept coming into the town all day. Late that afternoon the fourth again was called out on a patrol to take over a town that was on a hill. The hill was about two and a half miles long. Boy what a climb that was. Poor "Brownie" with that SCR 300 on his back!! The town had been cleared of "krauts" the day before so we got houses and set ourselves up in fine style. The name of the town was Davernberg. We pulled out the next day and moved to Backnang.

From Backnang we moved to Geradstetten. The company secured the town and the fourth platoon set up road blocks in the north end of town. That was the first night that Red offered to stand guard all night. The fact being a French and Russian D. P. camp was located just fifty yards from the outpost. "Wag" was sent out on a Jeep patrol to contact the 103rd Division in the vicinity of Plochingen. That night the "krauts" staged a feeble counterattack that consisted mostly of raids on artillery outposts and stray jeeps and trucks passing through the woods.

In Plochingen we were ordered to Corps rest. For Anti-Tank Co. combat was finished. We were to get a well earned rest. Of course all the guns had to be cleaned up, trucks and jeeps washed and greased and all the personal equipment cleaned. Most of us wished we were back in combat.

Stuttgart, the first really big city we had seen since we came over was the next city we encountered. Unfortunatly the Air Corps got to the city first and there wasn't much left but rubble and smashed buildings. However we did find some good private homes to live in and thus we settled down to a well earned rest. George went

back to get his commission, which he well deserved. Our first night in Stuttgart was one for celebrating and to help our celebration along we got our liquor rations that day.

Our stay in Stuttgart was short lived however, because it seemed that the French had the same idea of staying there and as we didn't want to cause and international affair we had to move out. By this time much to the happiness of everyone the war had ended in Europe and we had a trip to the States to look forward to before tackling the Japs. We now began our occupation duties and so moved to Eislingen where once again we moved into some pretty sharp private homes. Once again orders came to move out and we took to the road once more. This time our trip took us to a little town of Risstissen. Each platoon was given a surrounding town to occupy, the fourth staying in Risstissen. Each platoon was C. P. guard and sent out on patrols.



After a stay of six weeks, the familiar call went up again, "load up", so we were on the move. This time to a little town called Rechberghausen where we continued our occupational duties. It was here in Rechberghausen that we got our first full field inspection in almost a year. The army did it again!! Rechberghausen is memorable, because of a company party that was held there. It was a lulu!! George had his hands full that night trying to get all his boys home. "Shorty" Moore had a gay old time and he carried his gaity far into the night!!! It was in this town that we welcomed Bronzie Peppers and John Rednak into the platoon and what a welcome they were given.

Our next trip took us to our old stamping grounds, Stuttgart. This time however, we moved into a spacious school building, where this book is being written. Here in Stuttgart our travels in Germany have ended and we hope this is the last stop before the states???

J. M. R.W.

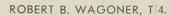


FOURTH PLATOON

JOHN W. MELNYK, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

Quiet, soft spoken, easy going with a fearless air of cunning that lead his boys through combat patrols without a casualty best decribes our platoon sergeant. The mere presence of his utter fearlessness and unroughled dignity always paid off when the chips were down with the boys. Awards; Bronze Star, Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, American Defense, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 76 Martin Street, Rochester, New York.



Platoon Surveyor

Valuable and aggressive, "Wags" ever present smile and optimistic outlook is at once both contageous and inspirational. His unparelled ability for coming through in tight spots with his battled scared jeep in combat really paid off for the platoon. Awards, Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Combat Infantry, Presidential Citation, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 17 High Street, Alexandria Bay, New York.

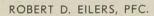




WILLIAM A. HALL, T/5.

Platoon Mraftsman

"Willie's" true nature is aggressive, whether it be with a truck, rifle, mine detector or on patrol. His ever willingness to lend a hand in time of need, and his cheery word of encourgement in dark moments have made him a friend of one and all. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 1717 West 80th Street, Seattle, Washington.



Platoon Messenger

The boys in the motor pool taged him "Sleepy". His slow determined way of doing things is sure to carry him far in the post war world. His natural capacity of intelligence stood him in good stead on the radio when the big push was on. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 335 South Gordon Ave., Kankakee, Illinois.





BENJAMIN C. ANSLEY, PFC.

Platoon Chauffeur

"Ben Crumb" is an easy going rebel that can make his truck do tricks when the going gets tough. Ben's battle scarred "Ready for Two" is a living symbol of how he brought the boys through snow, rain, steel, and lead, and never once let them down. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Route 2, Box 179, Selma, Alabama.



JAMES FITZPATRICK, PFC.

Platoon Chauffeur

"Fitz", whether he liked it or not, was always chosen to go on combat patrols, because of his calm and collected attitude under the most trying conditions. His ever present smile and packages from his wife have made life pleasant for everyone all through combat. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 5627 Emerald Ave, Chicago III.

GRAY THOMPSON, T/5.

Platoon Medic

"Tom" is another rebel boy whose drawl during his lectures on hygene got as much attention from the class as did the lecture itself. A real worker, he is ever willing to administer aid to his platoon any time of day or niglit. It takes a real good disposition to be hauled out of bed at two in the morning because combody has a bellyache.

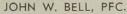




THOMAS A. JACKSON, PFC.

Pioneer

Tom, although he came to the platoon on the tail end of combat, has exibited real aggressive soldiery qualities. A real asset to any platoon when it comes to combat or garrison. Awards: ETO with (1) star. HOME: 6728 Linmore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pioneer

A rugged boy, always ready to accept or even volunteer for the toughest assignments in combat. He's a mean man on a B.A.R. when dealing with the "krauts". One of the few old army men in the company. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Route 3, Ashville, North Carolina.





GEORGE HELLWIG, PVT.

Pioneer

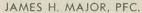
Our platoon's Mr. Five by Five, George, a jolly kid always ready to participate in a prank or joke, never lets a dull moment settle around him. Points 21!!, need we say more. Awards; ETO with (1) star. HOME: 710 11th Street, S.E. Washington, D.C.



FOREST O. ENGLER, PFC.

Pioneer

Forest's gentle, quiet, paternal, mannerisms steadied the tlatoon dominated by younger racious men. Always ready willing and able to help, makes it a point to get along with everybody. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 304 Kinney Street, Bellevue, Ohio.



Pionee

His own independence is the dominating factor in his character. Irreguard-less of the consequences that he brings upon himself he always comes out on top with a smile on his face. "Harry James's" latent qualties of a soldier were brought out during combat and has won him esteem of one and all. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 10 Pleasant St., Milford, N.H.



QUENTIN COOPER, SGT.

Squad Leader

No matter how strained the situation in the squad or platoon. "Coop" was always ready to do his share and more if necessary. He started out in combat as a Pfc., but after 6 months he was made a squad leader, a job which he justly deserves. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 54 Acquaduct Ave.

JOSEPH P. MUTASCIO, PFC.

Pioneer

The keynote to "Joes" personality are cheeriness and neatness. His ability to wisecrack and his immaculate neatness under the most trying conditions have helped to keep the morale and soldiery of the platoon on top. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 19 Mitchell Street, West Orange, New Jersey.



LUDOVIC PLOURDE, PFC.

Pioneer

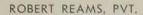
Ludovic's ability with the M-1 coupled with his ability to stalk his prey tenaciously has earned him the title of the company's "Champion Liberator". His salesmanship motto-You buy and I'll sell it cheap-will always be remembered. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Frenchville, Maine.



LLOYD L. MOORE, PFC.

Pioneer

"Shorty" came to us in Ft. Bragg and immediately put himself solid with all the boys. He's the most kidded fellow in the platoon, but he takes it all good naturedly, with his perpetual smile. If you don't him well enough you'll think he's crazy, but of course you have to know him. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 508 South Mill Street, Crawfordsville, Indiana.



Pionee

Bob is a well known camera fiend and his ability, as such has accounted for him getting nummerous cameras. He manages to keep himself quite busy taking care of his pictures and his barber shop. He's the Co. barber and has no competition at that job. Awards: ETO with (1) stars. HOME: Apex, North Carolina.





BRONZIE L. PEPPERS, PVT.

Pioneer

Bronzie wasn't in the Co. more than a few days before he was installed in the hearts of his buddies. Theres never a dull moment with Bronzie around. The only thing that gets him excited is if anyone mentions his 12 points. Awards; ETO with (1) star. HOME: Box 81, Social Circle, Georgia.

JOHN REDNAK, PVT.

Pioneer

"Red" is another new comer th the Company, but it didn't long to gain the good graces of his comrades. An all-around good fellow who gets mad only f you mention the Army of Occupation and his 12 points. Awards: ETO with (1) star. HOME: 1719 Popular Way, North Braddock, Pa.





EDWIN C. JONES, SGT.

Pioneer

A quiet mannered kid with lots of guts when it comes to dealing with krauts. Ted s always up on the latest rumors so we call him "Flash". He started out with the platoon as a pioneer, but his ability and guts moved him up to the position of squad leader. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 122 Ash Street, Dansville, Pa.



DONALD BROWN, PFC.

Pioneer

Donald is the faller of the two Brown boys, identical twins. His willingness to help out anybody any time has made him one of the best liked boys in the platoon. Quiet, pleasant mannered, easy to get along with. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Sadorus, Illinois.

RONALD BROWN, PFC.

Pionee

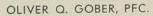
Ronald, is the more carefree of the twins and is also quiet, pleasant mannered and easy to get along with. As is his brother always ready to help anyone anywhere any time, from dealing with the krauts to picking chickens and has made him an invaluable asset to the platoon. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Sadorus, Illinois.



ALFRED BATAKIS, PFC.

Pioneer

"Doc" never has much to say and always a lot to do. He is one of the men in the platoon who you can always depend on to come through irregardless of the assignment. A very quiet kid always the first to volunteer for a tough assignment. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Randolph, Mass.



Pioneer

"Gobe" is undoubtedly the best humored kid in the company. If the situation is tight and the moment tense leave "Gobe" to break the tenseness with a timely remark. His cool skill at handling the B.A.R. has sealed the fate of many a kraut along the way. Awards; Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Monrose, Arkansas.





EVERETT FEDERICI, PVT.

Pioneer

Fred's steel nerves have lead him to do some of the nicest driving and shooting in the company. He could pass a truck on a one lane road at 40 miles per hour dragging a ton and a half of explosives in the trailer without batting an eye. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: 17 Linton Street, Providence, Rhode Island.



OSBORNE FALL, PVT.

Pioneer

"Rebel" used to be our company cook, but since has been transferred to the platoon. A reckless kid with a devil-may-care attitude that has made him a colorful member of the platoon. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: West Main Street, Statesburg, Georgia.

NORMAN E. COUTURE, PFC.

Pioneer

"Pappy" has been with the company since activation at Ft. Jackson. One of the most mentally alert men in the company, his snap judgment and keen mind have helped the boys out of many a tight spot. Awards: Combat Infantry, Good Conduct, ETO with (2) stars. HOME: Oakland, Rhode Island.





BATTLE CASUALTIES

FRANK C. SIKORSKI, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

Having been in the regular army for some time, "Slug" represented all that the regular army stood for. A soldier by trade, he came to the 100th when it was formed and stayed with the Anti-Tank Co. until he was hit. HOME: 23 Court St., Daner, N.H.

ALDEN W. POOLE, PFC.

Cannoneer

Intelligence and efficiency were the watchwords of this favorite son of the "Fightn" First. With a strong personality and high-strung character he made friends easily and kept them wherever he went. Combat fatique finally took him away. HOME: 196 Highland St., Tounton, Mass.

GAETON LEONE, PFC.

Gunner

Coming to the Century in Bragg from a Tank Destroyer outfit, he had also experience the life in A.S.T.P. A good dancer and possessing a magnetic personality, it was a loss for his platoon and the Company when he met with a concussion from the explosion of a shell. HOME: 1220 Herkemer Si., Brooklyn, N.Y. Awards: Purple Heart, Good Conduct, E.T.O. with (1) Sta:. Combat Infantry

JAMES E. HARKINS, PFC.

Chauffeur

Jimmy as the boys call him has been with the 100th since the activation. He was tops as a truck driver. While we were at Rechberghausen he was involved in a vehicle accident which sent him to the hospital. HOME: Halls Quarry, Maine.

GEORGE STROKELY, PFC.

Cannoneer

A strong little man, courageous and unpredictable. He served almost throughout combat with us before hit by shrapnel. An obstinate debater, he was the source of many humorous situation. He is a talented boxer and a master with the harmonica. HOME: 134 Arcenf, St., Lexington, K.

VICTOR REIS, SGT.

Squad Leader

"Vic's" good humor and continous high morale kept the boys in good spirits all the time. He always saw to it that his boys had the best food and quarters available. "Vic's" squad never went out on a job, but what Vic was right there to do the most dangerous part of it. HOME: 68 Forhom Ave., Torrington, Conn.

ROBERT GOODMAN, PFC.

Pioneer

Bob was right there when we needed a man to do a man's job. No task was to great nor any detail to small to fall before his virsital workmanship. Always in the best of spirits and a real contribution to the platoon. HOME: 99 Devon St., Roxbury, Mass.

BERNARD M. BROSTER, SGT.

Reconn. Sgt.

"Bun" as he was known to everyone was another all around man. A former gunner and later Reconn Sgt. "Bun" could always be counted on to do a job and do it good. A swell fellow. HOME: 129 College St., Clarksville, Tenn.

REDEPLOYED

JOHN T. ANROLOWICZ, 1St. SGT.

Sergeant

An expert in his line. Andy knew his administrative work inside out. No short timer in the Army Andy has traveled far and seen a lot. HOME: 532 S. Shawnee St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

HERMAN C. SWENSON, S/SGT.

Mess Sergeant

"Swede" was one of those boys who put his every effort into his work. A man who gained the admiration of anyone who he worked with. HOME: Petaluma, Calif.

GERALD J. KEARNEY, SGT.

Motor Sergeant

A tireless worker who never knew when to quit. A peach of a guy who could always be counted on when there was something to do. HOME: 66 Wyoming St., Melrose, Mass.

RALPH W. BUTLER, PFC.

Chauffeur

A truck driver extraordinary. Ralph was the only man who could smoke cigarettes as fast as they were dished out during combat. HOME: Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

PETER C. WOLFF, PVT.

Basic

Pete's constant thoughts were of the Mrs. and kiddies. He was always sweating out something and finally got started on the long way home. HOME: Chicago, III.

CHESTER MARTIN, T/SGT.

Platoon Sergeant

A man of the world, "Chet" was adept at most anything. He was equally as good at playing cribbage as he was discussing some deep theory. Coming to Ft. Bragg from the Aleutians, he soon acquainted himself with the men and, when the time came, he stepped into the breech as platoon sergeant and did a bang up job. HOME: 85 College St., Atlanta, Georgia.

ALBERT J. KENNY, S/SGT.

Squad Leader

"Pop" was the man of the hour. Everybody considered him as a buddy, and he was the first to help if the call came for him. Fearless and tedious, his work always a credit to his outfit and himself. HOME: 225 Oak Groove Ave, Springfield, Mass.

ANDREW C. CALVI, CPL.

Gunner

The man with the laughing face, "Andy" had a smile for everything. A lawyer by profession, he prompted many discussions, but was quick to to see the other mans point. Intelligent with a quick mind, he made many friends. HOME: 71 Marne St., Fairhaven, VT.

"Slim" was a tall, lanky southern boy that just didn't like war. Wounded twice and returned to the company, hs greatest diversion was having a good drink. Likeable and good natured, his friends numbered many. HOME: 923 S. Lafayette St., Shelby, N.C.

JAMES E. WHITMORE, T/5

Chauffeur

"Whit" came to us in Bragg from the Artillery in Panama. He was a truck driver by trade. He was one of the first to leave us on the point system. We all hope he will enjoy civilian life. HOME: Engle Rock, Va.

FRANK ZALEWSKI, 1ST. LT.

Platoon Leader

"Zalew" led us through combat; a friend as well as a leader to all of his men. His spirit and good humor kept morale high; his efficiency, keen judgement and aggressiveness kept casualties low. He fought for his men and with them. HOME: 63 St. Audrems Rd. E. Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH ADAMS, PFC.

Pioneer

"Joe" was rotated from the Pacific to the ETO. He joined the platoon during combat. Popular and capable, he won many friends during his short period with us. HOME: 1929 Borrows St., Toleoo, Ohjo.

FREDRICK E. BARRETT, 1St. LT.

Jun + mrs. F. C. Jahwe 26 Grady of E. Batton ma Platoon Leader

Persection was the keynote in "Pete's" personality. His appearance, frame of mind, qualities of leadership he displayed, and the type of work that he insisted his men produce all, under any circumstances, accentuated the word perfect. His close association with his men won for him their admiration and respect. HOME: 1631 Biltmore Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

TRANSFERS

ARNOLD A. MATTA, 1ST. LT.

Platoon Leader

Precision and straight thinking were his standards. His ability to anaylize any situation our platoon was in will be remembered. A good friend, his going left a definite break in our fighting team. His close association with his men together with his qualities of leadership will be missed. HOME: 30 Pacific Ave., Forest Grove, Oregon.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, 2ND. LT.

Platoon Leader

Young, but with a sense of responsibilty, "Jr" was our platoon leader when we left the states. He learned about combat along with us, taking his experiences with the thought that he benefited by them. In a jeep accident, he was hurt badly and left, thinking of his men. HOME: 55 South St., Somerville, N.V.

STANLEY YOUNGER, 1ST. LT.

Platoon Leader

A strong forceful personality, an aggressive leader, Younger left his position as Platoon Sergeant to accept a deserving commission. Assigned to the 36th Division where he fought the rest of the war in a rifle company, he has retained the affection and admiration of the men he first served wth. HOME: Natholie, VA.

SAMUEL S. MICHAELSON, PFC.

Cannonee

"Mickey" served through combat with us before being transfered in position to that of Chaplain's assistant. His broad field of learning, wit, and standard good humor will always be remembered by the men he associated with. HOME: III N. 9th St., Montevideo, Minn.

JOSEPH PADAWER, SGT.

Squad Leader

"Joe's" excellent salesmanship ability stood him and his boys in good stead as he talked himself into some of the best deals over here and out of some of the worst. A courageous squad leader, Joe always had the welfare of the boys at heart. HOME: Grace Church St. Gvion Rd. Rye, N.Y.

JOSEPH BOLCER, PFC.

Pioneer

A quick come-back to any wise crack was one of the many fine points in "Joe's" personality. He was a handy man to have along on patrols, because of his quick wit and fire shooting. Spoke Polish fluently, consequently helped the boys out on numerous occasions. HOME: 160 Lancaster St., Baltimore, M.D.

LEE TROYER, PVT.

Pioneer

"Pop" was one of the oldest men in the platoon. His prospecting days n Arizona made him one of the ablest men in the company when it came to living out in foxholes. When a detail for work came up "Pop" would always do more than his share. Home: 54 S. 6th St., Glendale, Ariz.

Bob could usually be counted on to keep most of the light sleepers in the platoon up half the night with his snoring and talking in his sleep. He had his good points too. Besides doing his share of work all day, he would come in at night and whip up a tasty snack for the boys. HOME: Monmouth, Oregon.

THOMAS KORHONEN, PVT.

Pioneer

Tom was a quiet kid, never had much to say, but he always turned in a good days work. He learned the sound of incoming "mail" early and was always able to beat the boys to the ditch. A mean man with a mine detector or rifle he was always welcome on a patrol. HOME: 3568 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

GOING ON PASS

Do you remember when your squad leader crawled up to your foxhole during that lull in activity and asked you whether you would like to go on pass? You thought he was kidding at first, but you did say yes.

Pass, then meant a Division Rest Center a few miles behind the lines, two or three hours by truck over a shell-pocked road, in some little, beat up town like Rambers-ville, Sarreunion or Neustadt. It also meant a chance to get rid of that three day growth on your face. A chance to peel off those month old long-johns and take a good hot shower with clean smelling, fresh clothes waiting for you afterwards. It

meant three hot meals a day, not just K's and C's or C's and K's. It meant undisturbed, anxiety free sleep for three nights in a row; perhaps it was only on a wooden bed fitted with a bulging straw mattress, but it was the best damned sleep you had had in a long time. You would write those long pro-

mised letters home and then get a haircut and let a barber shave you while you closed your eyes and relaxed in the chair. You would draw your PX rations and take in that 16 mm movie at Special Services. So what if the film broke twice and the acoustics were bad; it was entertainment.



That is what a pass meant during combat before the "good deals" like Paris and England were organized. It meant the very basic fundamentals of life; the things all of us had taken for granted at home, the things that assume gigantic proportions and seem always beyond the horizon to a com-

bat soldier. It put the exclamation point after the word morale and gave a soldier's hackneyed existence a meaning.

Uncle Sam does the best for his boys. There were times when Rambersville, Sarreunion and Neustadt were the best he could do, we know that; but it wasn't before long he was doing better. History book names like Paris, London, Brussels, Lyon,

the Riviera, Cantebury, Maastricht, Geneva, the Alps, Bertchesgarden became our Main Streets and Elm Avenues. We got a plutocrat's view of France, England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Italy. Uncle Same dined us and wined us, put Europe at our feet and a billion dollars worth of scenery and experience in our minds.

We've amassed a voluble repartee for the folks at home; stories, anecdotes, snapshots, and atmo-





sphere to thrill that date, the wife and the kids. We've stood where kings stood and slept where they slept through the courtesy of Uncle Sam and the United States Army.

We have learned also that what Europe has

got, we've got, only, we have got more of it, a little fresher and much more sincere. America, they say, is a great country; and they are right, it is a great country.





HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION Office of the Commanding General APO 447, U.S.Army

27 June 1945

General Orders Number 183

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 Third Platoon, Anti-Tank Company, 397th Infantry, while attached to the 3rd Battalion, 397th Infantry Regiment, is cited for outstanding and exceptional accomplishment in combat during the period 1 January to 5 January 1945 in the Bitche sector, near Rimling, France. The 100th Division was assigned the mission of defending this territory against an expected enemy attack in force. At midnight on New Years Eve, the enemy launched a heavy and fanatical attack, encompassing the 3rd Platoon and units on its left. For Five (5) days, the battalion was subjected to repeated attacks from the front, flanks, and rear by enemy tanks, and infantry, accompanied by mortar and artillery fire. Attempts by the troops of this division and other units to bring up the line failed. The 3rd Battalion, nearly surrounded, still held on, despite heavy losses. In doing so, it impressed upon the enemy the will of our troops to hold on, and further offensive action on this front by the enemy was discontinued. The extrordinary heriosm and courage, esprit-de-corps and effective fighting 4ec! We lock displayed by this unit in successfully accomplishing this unusual and rugged task and Rest Buck was an inspiration to other troops, and reflected the greatest credit upon the armed Gel. John. J.M. CANA forces of the United States.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MURPHY.

Have before the state of the United States.

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MURPHY.

THE REPLACEMENT

here has been alot of things in this war that have gone unhearled, such as the infantryman until Ernie Pyle brought the attention of the people to the doughboy and all the other ground combat arms which were lost, in the overwhelming publicity given to the Air Corps. This is another attempt to bring out one of those things that you never read about in your paper, or heard about in the news broadcasts except, maybe, a line or two now and then... the replacement. Just another GI, who trained at an I.R.T.C. somewhere in the states long enough to get in basic, and then was shipped over to become another slew-foot. In this book, much has been said about the travels of the Anti-Tank men, and rightly so, but it must be remembered that some of these incidents and experiences, at the last, just before "Jerry" gave up, were just as hectic and funny to us as they were to the old timers, for we also saw some combat. The majority of us came to the company in Frankenbach, just across the river from Heilbronn, and the war was just as real to us as to the other men in the outfit. Perhaps a little more so, for the life of a replacement is a confused one. Repple-Depple after Repple-Depple. Stories of combat that were so exaggerated and out of proportion that we were all set to see the worst when we first set foot on the "front." Equipment that we had never been told about thrusted at us in pitchblack night. Rumors about the Germans quiting, or attacking, or para-troopers dropping in the night. Stories of battle from the veterans that had been to the hospital, but were back to their unit. Mental pictures and word pictures painted a gory future for us.

The boat trip over was uneventful, except for the usual alerts and gunnery practice and submarine drill. We landed in Le Harve on a bright sunny afternoon that soon turned to rain and we got our first taste of that much publicised French weather. It rained and rained and rained some more. We slept in mud six inches deep, with wet blankets all the time. We received lectures by the hours. Our nights were spent

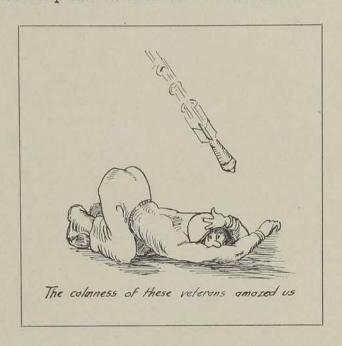


Equipment that we had never heard of.

in turning in equipment and drawing the same stuff the next day. Orders came to move and we came up to an advanced R-D. Once again we went thru the progress of orientation and listening to the tales of the combat veterans. Time spent in getting acquainted with then ew improvements on GI equipment that we had never heard of. Orders to move again and we found ourselves in Germany. At the most advanced Repple-Depple, we really ran into the boys from the line outfits and we learned the difference in being in a "letter" company and a special unit. From then on, it was a matter of sweating it out. The food was poor, but we didn't even imagine that a little later we would have given a months pay for that hash. No one seemed to give a damm if we got there or

not. No one seemed to be concerned with the fact that we were going into combat maybe to die. We didn't know that it was old stuff to them. Replacements came and went, many not even seeing action a week.

Finally, the big day came, and we shoved off in trucks for our respective divisions and that same day, we were placed in our own regiments. At service company, the first night we experienced our first air attack. The men that had been thru this before, never ran for a hole. It was usually a matter of casually walking to the nearest cover and waiting for it to pass. The calmness and coolness of these veterans amazed



us, and we were to learn in a few days that it was only a matter of nerves. Again we drew equipment and weapons and ammunition. But this time it was for good. By this time, we had a very confused and gory picture of the whole thing. That last night, we waited with all the anxiety a mother has for her little child, waiting and watching... waiting for something we were trained to take, but feeling so very unprepared at that last moment. In the morning at 4:30, we rolled out of our sleeping bags and into the grey dawn. It had rained the night before and it was still drizzling out. We ate our breakfast in silence, thinking to ourselves, but not daring to confide in our buddy, the fear we had in our hearts. We were to learn a lot about the buddy system.

The trucks came and we loaded up to be taken to our various companys. It was our luck to be chosen to go to the Anti-Tank company, and we left expecting to see tanks by the dozens. What we saw, you have read in this book. But the suspense, the agony of ignorance, the torture of not knowing what is coming, was enough to make an impression on us for the rest of our lives. Now that it is all over and we are buddies with most of the men, it is easy to look back on the thing and wonder how we did it. We are hoping that the change to civilian life won't be quite so confusing. JIN.

