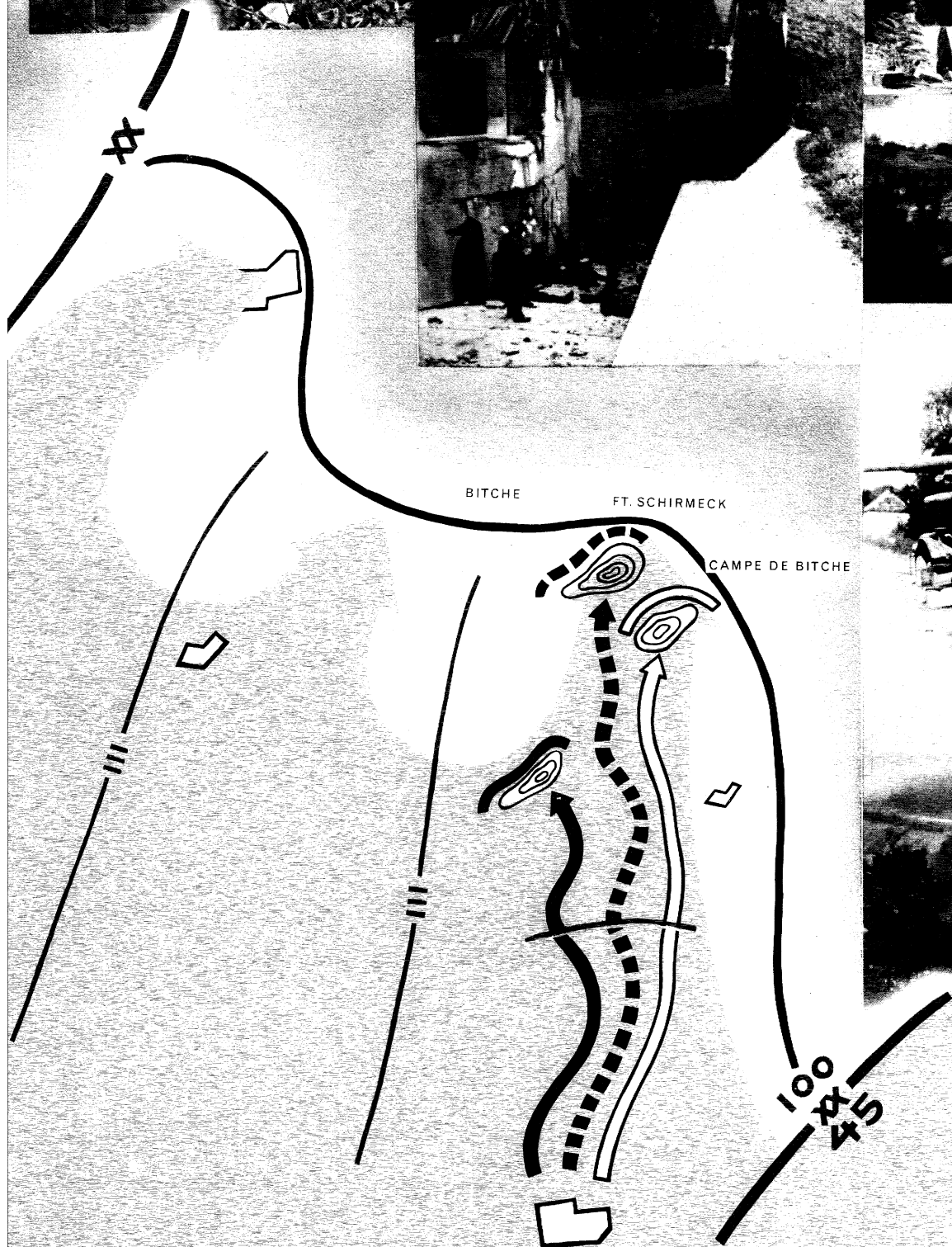
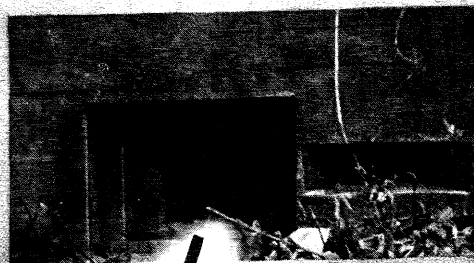


# BITCHE

## *The 16<sup>th</sup> Century Citadel*



## BITCHE



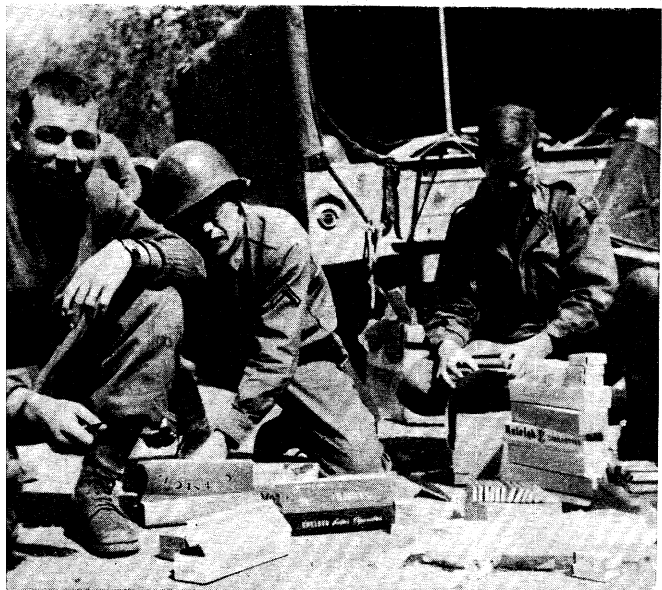
Here was a place that lent itself to a re-christening had it not already been so fittingly stigmatized as "Bitche." We seemed to be hitting the hot spots and the core of enemy resistance with consistency. When the entire front was advancing almost unchallenged, the sector in which we were engaged was the one that the enemy had decided to defend at all costs.

The initial hint that we were not just another outfit came when we learned that we were the first to enter as a convoy into the Mediterranean Sea and dock at Marseilles. Then we established a record for moving up to the front — a dozen days or so after debarkation. Soon we found ourselves in the Vosges Mountains battling German defenses which were widely acclaimed as impenetrable. We had met all of these challenges with marked success. And now we faced still another.

In the annals of modern warfare no army had taken this fortress town. There was an ancient myth of impregnability built up around this 16th Century Citadel. The massive forts and pill-boxes, which formed the strongpoint of the entire Maginot Line in the Lorraine Sector, were historical. Long after the enemy broke through northern France in 1940 the French garrison in Bitche had held out capitulating only after the French Government ordered it to withdraw, allowing German troops to complete the occupation. It was Bitche's proud boast that the imposing Citadel overlooking the town had never been entered by a conqueror.

The Regiment was to play the all-important role of a great blocking back screening the main Divisional attack and guarding the northern and western approaches to the city. This was a big order, and though it lacked the glory of entering the city itself as conquerers, we prepared and did our part. The fight for Bitche really began on December 13th after Mouterhouse had been secured and we moved out toward the general direction of Camp de Bitche, the military garrison north of the city. The activity for that day was described as mere "holding" with little enemy operation.

We spent the comparative lull with some new found friends—our weapons. We cleaned them thoroughly, caught up on letter writing, and read "Stars and Stripes" and "Yank," recent enough issues to satisfy our foxhole craving for reading matter. The day marked our first fresh egg issue



since landing overseas, done up to-order right behind the lines. An addict could not have taken more enthusiastically to long-denied dope. Each day, whenever possible, we were given a pack of cigarettes, a stick of gum, a tropical chocolate bar and a box of wooden matches. We, who had not smoked or chewed before, smoked and chewed now. Remember the first white fur-lined parkas and field jackets with the fur lining and loop button-holes brought to us? Who can forget those bulky shoe-pacs thrust upon us at Camp Kilmer!

Our first Christmas packages began arriving during those days outside of Bitche. The sight of the gay wrapping beneath the brown paper and special overseas boxes touched our hearts. Each time word got around that "packages are coming up with chow tonight" all of us awaited the special treat that someone, thousands of miles away, prepared just for us. The monotony of K Rations was thus broken with fruit cake and nut-and-fruit-filled pastry. Christmas candy, cookies and nuts also rated high, being those things associated so intimately with the season.

Toilet articles were duplicated again and again. We had not yet written to say that we had ample soap and shaving cream and when the added burden became too much we simply threw them away.

The Regimental postal section kept constantly on the move to insure that the packages were properly relayed from the battalion to the company on down to the platoon and squad. Sorting,

sacking and transporting were efficiently accomplished in rapid time. Always good for a laugh was the hastily opened parcel which revealed lounging slippers, blitz cloth, khaki tie, silk socks, dress shoes and similar relics of the late civilization we once knew. "Yeah, mom, the package came; and it was just what I needed."

One of our companies had captured a road junction near Bitche when orders came down to secure and outpost the position. It was a clear, cold day. The terrain was the typical open kind with the rolling hills that made enemy fire so accurate, especially the time-bursts which we were encountering for the first time in greater and greater amounts. Suddenly the enemy started shelling the outpost and the men were pinned down. When one man was killed, a Pfc. edged his way inch by inch dodging shrapnel and machine gun fire. He managed to clear the sector and head back to the Company Command Post where he reported the situation. He asked for more men, with whom to organize a patrol, and his request was granted.

The patrol went around the flank of the enemy automatic weapon. By using the age-old element of surprise, the patrol knocked out the machine gun, killing one enemy and wounding another. The radio observer was taken, and the artillery ceased. By this display of courage and initiative, the Pfc. made our outpost secure and we could dig in unharassed.

This is one of the better stories that they wouldn't let us talk about in our letters home. This is a particular view of all that we did, with a break here and there to pull aside the veil of generality and peer at some little action which typifies a large operation, such as this one at Bitche.

Although things were quiet on December 13th, Company A saw a little activity when a group of enemy attacked in an attempt to dislodge the company from its position atop an important hill. The enemy might have succeeded, were it not that sorely-needed ammunition was brought up and used to repel the attackers at the most critical point of the action. Along with this attack there







was a fourteen-hour barrage of artillery and mortar fire which played havoc with our wire lines. These lines were indeed expendable as were the wire men. Called out of a sleeping bag at any hour of the night to look for a break on a wire line, to splice it while under fire, and to return to be sent out soon again on another break.

The Second Battalion siezed better positions on it's high ground, and the rifle companies sent foot patrols to the north to feel out the enemy. The companies were sent into Mouterhouse to spend a night beneath a roof, to shower and change clothes. This holding action continued through the next day although we could sense something big brewing in the air. We were still under artillery fire coming in from the north and northwest, falling most heavily in the early morning and then decreasing as daylight broke. We realized that the sight of one of our little artillery liaison cub planes in the air put a complete halt to the enemy artillery. Jerry did not want to give away his position while under this scrutiny. Whenever "Junior" appeared in the sky, we silently cheered him on and were grateful that his presence alone produced the reverence of enemy silence.

Main roads, and especially road junctions, were targets for the enemy artillery. The Kraut knew the section he had just left and was employing such knowledge to good effect. We had numerous excellent maps, tons of them, but even the map cannot show accurately a minute sloping in the ground or a slight hidden turn in a road. A good deal of the enemy mortar fire seemed to be coming from the village of Stockbroun.

"Rout The Kraut," a weekly newspaper, rolled off the mimeograph machines for the first time in early December. Sponsored and executed by the I & E Section, this small four page paper was distributed to each

Death Before  
Dishonor

397 INF.

**Rout The Kraut**

VOL. 1 NO. 15

18 MARCH 45

SUNDAY  
EVENING  
EDITION

---

## 7TH ARMY JUMPS OFF

### RED FRONT

Bitter fighting is still going on in the south, where German forces are fighting savagely to reach the Danube. A German prisoner reports that they had been ordered, on direct command of Hitler, to reach the river by last Saturday, no matter what the cost. German forces again have lost several many thousands of men, but failed to reach their objective.

As forces of Marshal Rokossovsky close up to the Baltic, latest reports say they are within sight of the suburbs of Danzig. They report huge fires burning in the city, and say the Russians are destroying many factories, supplies, and equipment.

## BITCHE FALLS

Staff Article  
The 7th Army has made several mile gains all week on a 50 mile front.

## JAPS WORRIED

Super Fortresses have attacked the Japanese city of Osaka, which produces one-half of Japan's manufacturing goods. They dropped more than 2,000 tons of incendiaries on this city which is crowded with war factories and industries.

The Japanese government had ordered evacuation of a large part of the population from five of its largest cities, including Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka. Only those doing essential work will be allowed to remain.

(From a line.)  
For a drive along the motor highway to Berlin, directly to the west. However, officially, it is said nothing without German reports of crossing the Oder.

### WEATHER REPORT

WILKESBORO STATION  
DIED 11:15

### SINGLE'S FLANIER

Our transition from the defense to the attack has taken place most satisfactorily. I take this opportunity to thank the

company through the message center. Although primarily an educational publication, "Rout The Kraut" presented its news in such a novel way that it had the punch of a current weekly. It was intended to keep those on the line abreast of the latest developments in the world. Despite the gory details of our existence, bits of humor were gleaned from our doings and made a part of the publication. The first and second pages were devoted to a concise digest of the events of the week and the last pages used straight down-to-earth language and illustrations to present detailed information on enemy weapons and tactics. Combat tips from our regiment were furnished and individual contributions were encouraged.

A Regimental rest center was established a little behind the lines, offering us a place to go when we had had just about too much, or if some minor physical ailment such as dysentery or frozen feet plagued us. The rest center featured all the little conveniences that we missed on the lines, many of which we had almost forgotten existed. There was the opportunity to sleep and live away from mud and danger under a roof of other than logs or sky. The rooms were heated and there were quiet days and nights of lounging around, seeing a movie, reading magazines and writing letters. There was electricity, radios, phonograph machines and records — old records, true, but nevertheless a touch of home.

Harassing artillery and mortar fire was still falling on the First Battalion along the road on December 15th. There was no resistance offered the Second Battalion, however, as it made slight gains to consolidate its positions west of the Third Battalion Area. Through our alert patrols we discovered that Hills 355 and 388 were occupied by the enemy in well-made positions. There was a flak wagon firing during the afternoon with its own peculiar grunt and screech and odd-looking explosions. From IPW and patrolling reports we discovered that the entire Maginot Line in the Bitche vicinity was strongly defended by approximately 1500 enemy in fortified positions capable of firing interlocking fire across our entire front.

From Simershoff in the west across to Grand Hohekirkel in the east there were a series of blockhouses with underground connections. These blockhouses had rising turrets manning twin



75 mm. and 135 mm. guns as well as embrasures from which machine guns could be fired with the utmost safety. Between these larger forts were smaller ones equipped with 75 mm. guns, but nonetheless fully manned and able to produce deadly accurate fire, mostly to the northeast and west. There were several blockhouses with a 360° traverse turret which could easily bring death to troops approaching from any angle.

We became fully active on 16 December and took the disputed Hills 388 and 355. Company B captured the summit on its second try and immediately dug in to make the stay last until further advancing was ordered. There was a little rifle fire encountered in this move, and while most of the enemy fled, we managed to net a few prisoners. When we began preparing our positions atop the slope we found ourselves subjected to accurate small arms fire from the north, but this was not of sufficient magnitude to deter us in our efforts. Company C took the heavily-wooded Hill 355 at 3 o'clock that afternoon, materially improving our positions and providing a more cohesive front line from which to jump off toward Camp de Bitche. The method employed by the Company in its maneuver was one which had been tried in the past.

The Second Battalion's Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon went forward in the morning. A hostile machine gun was located in the house north of a small lake. A platoon of Company E tried to take up a defensive position on the left flank of Company G to protect the attack, but was pinned down by sniper and machine gun fire from a position about 300 yards away. Despite this snag in the plan, the company went forward at the appointed time, knocked out the machine gun position which had been discovered by the A & P Platoon, went on up the slope, ferretted out small enemy groups, and provided its own flank security as it did so. We had learned to meet emergencies as they arose.

We had yet to discover actual enemy activity in Stockbrunn, but there was much enemy patrolling to the east where large groups, forming into active forces, were operating aggressively against and into our lines. Our attack was scheduled for 17 December. As our part in the important scheme of events, we were to conduct a diversionary attack on Camp de Bitche. We laid down our covering fire at 1130. Hundreds of dive bombers, attached to the Seventh Army, swooped over the military garrison and dropped their eggs. All the artillery and mortar that could be



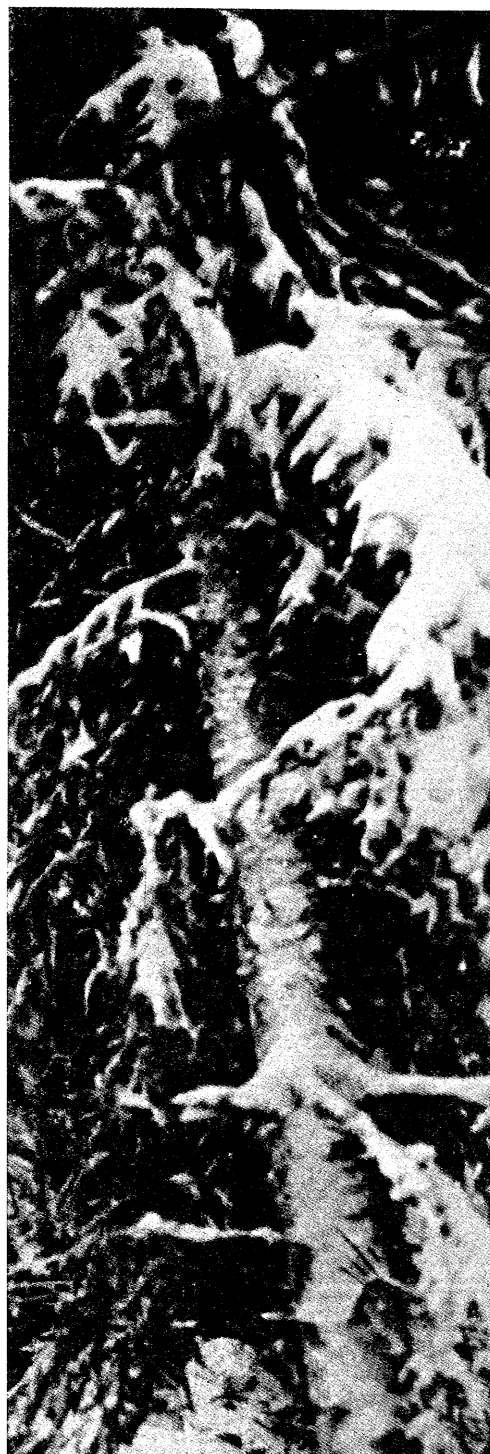
mustered was used in support. The din was terrific, and as we strode ahead, we could not help being impressed with the insignificance of an M-1 when contrasted with the thunderous display of armed might going on around us. Yet, strangely enough, it was the M-1 bullet that was the final force in the actual conquest.

The Third Battalion was under light enemy artillery for the early part of the morning and afternoon, but our mortar fire on Hill 344 soon drove the enemy off. Our combat patrols met small arms fire during the afternoon but succeeded in making an important discovery. They ran across a concrete pillbox and a log-earth unoccupied bunker with only a few signs of recent occupancy. The fort became ours.

Both First and Second Battalions undertook such vigorous patrolling in conjunction with the diversionary action that each group which went out must have impressed the enemy as being a new assault force, fresh from the ranks. These patrols were routed to the north and northeast. The Third Battalion remained attached to Division in reserve. It was anticipated that the taking of Bitche would be costly. The Third Battalion was to be sent wherever stiff resistance was met. The combined efforts of our air force, artillery, and foot troops resulted in the almost complete destruction of Camp de Bitche, with only the southeast corner remaining undestroyed. This was a real demonstration of the power that lies behind fighting teamwork.

In order to get a better idea as to the "big picture" let us see what the other regiments were doing as we distracted large enemy forces in our area. Poised on the heights overlooking the bristling, sunken emplacements, was the entire division, trying to do what the Germans themselves had failed to do in May and June, 1940, when the French resisted all out efforts of the Boche to reduce the Ensemble de Bitche.

Freudenberg, one of the seven major forts, was first believed to have been put out of action by another division, but it suddenly resumed machine gun fire. Our artillery was laid on this. Eventually, explosives blasted in its four-inch steel door, crumbling part of the wall.





the southern roadway bridge and entering the four enemy fled. A fire forces formed outside the

The enemy fought story deep cement case-pedestals periodically, 75's upon our hill po-deadly fire from 88's occasion, Fort No. 7 rais-

toward the occupied hills. Fort No. 8 raised up to spray our positions with machine gun fire. A direct 240 hit upon one of the blockhouses was observed from an outpost. The burst of exploding shell on steel-topped surface flashed skyward, but shortly thereafter, the resumption of enemy fire indicated the failure of even this huge shell to cripple the fort.

Some idea was gained of the solidity of the defense network. The capture of Fort Freudenberg revealed the real strength of the four foot thick ferro-concrete interlaced with horizontal iron bars and supported by quarter-inch steel plate inside, the steel doors with four-inch armor plate, the passageways through which the defenders could disappear during artillery attacks. We knew now how the crouching giant was able to hold up against us.

We then went after Fort Schiesseck. After a fifteen-minute barrage from our Field Artillery, softening-up the objective, the 398th Regiment took possession of six blockhouses in the fortress and the engineers followed through with the sealing of the passageways to the fortifications. In the next two days the 398th continued its operation with additional artillery barrages on the

With this, a Nazi N.C.O. and six other enlisted men, waving a white flag of surrender, ran from

the fortress. Troops of the 398th Infantry finished off the interior with the dynamiting and sealing up of the escape passageway. The 399th probed to Bitche, crossing a small town's college, from which fight developed as the Jerry long interconnected structure. back doggedly from their four-ments. Raising the mechanical they hurled shells from French sitions, supplementing this with placed to the rear. On one ed up a periscope and peered



enemy emplacement paving the way. Then another hard won block fell, and finally the last fort unit was taken, placing the entire fortress in our hands.

On 11 December Camp de Bitche was considerably levelled. We still feinted to the north occupying many enemy who would otherwise have been employed to defend the city creating additional burdens for the other Regiments. Enemy artillery and mortar fire continued light in our sector, with only an occasional heavy spurt. We noted much enemy movement, but were still holding back our main effort to use in case of emergency. Combat patrols sent to the north and northeast found large forces well dug-in and waiting for us. The shower unit was knocked out of action again, as it stood parked and ready for operations near the Regimental CP, and the tent was completely destroyed. In two hours service was restored.

We continued our protection of the Division flank on 19 December and successfully relieved the First Battalion with the Third Battalion as the former reverted to Division reserve. This shifting of units enabled the First Battalion troops to get showers, a complete change of clothing, and a hot meal — the first in some days. There was little actual contact with the foe who continued active with artillery and mortar fire. Mouterhouse again received shelling, about 20 rounds of 105 HE from the north and later another twenty rounds from the northeast. It seemed that Jerry was bent on catching us lined up for chow.

Enemy patrols were not as active as ours which harassed the foe wherever possible keeping him on his toes. Each of these patrols was a story in itself. We could not do this with justice, neither could we do it with accuracy. To adequately tell the story of our patrol activity, we would require a separate book, and for that reason we have to be content with a mere blanket statement, the sum and substance of which is: "We sent out patrols."

On 20 December there was the lull before the storm. This so called lull was not without





incident. Our combat achievements to date had been so full that we rated anything short of a full-scale attack or counterattack a "lull". Up to this time it had not been very often that we spent two nights in the same hole, and on occasion we had dug several positions in the course of one day. So here, in our position on the Division flank, we were prone to think, mistakingly of course, that we had little part in the general action.

"The eyes of the world" were upon us. At home we often appeared in the headlines, as the newspapers waited to see if we would be the ones to crash tradition and capture the French town. We stayed in our position, sweating out the artillery which continued to fall too often and too close for comfort. The road running southwest from Stockbrunn was interdicted far west. From prisoners we had learned that we were facing the 7th Company, 953rd, called the BG Bastion, and especially trained for the mission of defending this sector and the city of Bitche in particular.

We had since come into the Alsace-Lorraine section of France, and were surprised to find that the civilians spoke a language so closely akin to German that it was impossible to tell them apart. Although this led us to believe that the people were German and should be treated as enemies, we were soon informed by posters, bulletins, and so on, that they were French, with French sympathies, and wished to be treated as friends and Allies. A few of us were, nevertheless, on our guard, and it was, perhaps, just as well in many instances. The Regimental CP personnel noted that the enemy had an uncanny way of finding its exact location as a target for shelling, and attributed this fact to the possibility that it would be extremely easy for a German soldier to move among the civilians in civilian clothing and radio the information.

We had seen, now, that our hardest fighting in connection with the Bitche campaign was the securing of the positions in which we were located. These commanded an excellent view of our objective, and although they had been difficult to wrest from the determined grasp of the enemy, they had proven their worth. The bitter fighting we had done to get them was not easily forgotten. For the First Battalion there was "Bloody Ridge", where platoon after platoon had become pinned down and cut off, and only the most persistent and courageous efforts of other units were able to extricate them from the hazardous situations into which they had fallen. There was one place in particular, a deep gulley surrounded by almost inaccessible rocky slopes. It was while moving through this gulley in an attempt to attain a route to the top of one of the



*"The third battalion left ..."*

hills that three platoons were suddenly cut off. With what might be termed "American ingenuity" by some, and "sheer guts" by others, the leading platoon struck out to attract the entire attention of the foe while the remaining two platoons slipped back in the direction from which they had come and attacked from a different route, completely subduing him.

We were continually kept busy driving off the enemy patrols which approached our positions. We captured one in its entirety on December 21st by laying low and quiet until the group was so far into our lines that a retreat would have been impossible. We derived a certain amount of satisfaction from this victory, as we remembered in our first weeks of combat, we had fallen victim in just this manner. Another patrol, on the same day, put up a real fight, and only by our combined use of small arms and artillery were we able to drive it off. We had captured the one in the early morning, but at various hours throughout the day we were bothered by these groups which seemed to have more of an harassing effect than anything else. They rarely, if ever, did any real damage, and it was thought at the time that their mission might have been a demoralizing one — or even, ludicrous as it sounded, one to make us expend our ammunition needlessly.

Every hint we could glean as to the enemy's thought processes and purposes would be put into use by someone, somewhere. It was this great sensation of being a part of something so tremendous that affected us at times. We were doubly alert and observant, thinking that perhaps it would be some one of us this time who would notice something that would be a clue to something much bigger. We were ever aware of the importance of noting these seemingly little things, and it was a help to us in keeping our minds from other, and perhaps less active, channels. We had often been told that the war was a large jig-saw puzzle, with each man able to supply one or more of the fitting parts. And it was for these parts that we were ever on the alert. Noticing that a captured Jerry had on a pair of beat-up shoes might indicate to the discerning observer that supplies were running low in the enemy camp. This would also indicate that there might be a lack of supplies with a consequent loss of morale.

A startling bit of news was spread about. Somewhere north of us, in Belgium, Ardennes to be exact, the enemy had launched a terrific counterattack and our forces were falling back due to the unbeatable combination of surprise, overpowering numbers, and materiel. It seemed incredible at a time when most of us were predicting the end of the war by January, but we knew that it was true. The Krauts had pulled a fast one, and we were caught short. As the reports

continued to come, the situation became more and more serious. There was talk that one of the German generals had promised Hitler that he could have Paris as a Christmas present, and at the rate with which the attack was going, it did not seem improbable. It certainly knocked a lot of us for a loop and undermined a large amount of unfounded optimism. We had been so sure that the Wehrmacht was ready to collapse that this sudden phenomenal display of strength set our hopes back six months.

It became evident then that our plan of attack on Bitche would have to be deferred. The Third Army, to our left, turned northward to come directly under the penetrating foe leaving large gaps which it was necessary for our Seventh Army to fill. This meant a general thinning of the lines along our front and inevitably a change in our positions. It was with no little remorse that we left our immediate job and turned to another which we expected would be much less dramatic and compelling. Our move, though we should have expected it, took us for a real loss and those of us who had passed off the situation in the north as being of a temporary nature had now to admit it was serious.

The reports continued coming in about the magnitude of the action. Displaying a might that no one had thought possible, many of Hitler's best-trained SS Divisions were thrown into the assault. German air power, which had been thought completely impotent, supported the drive and added the vigor which made it so successful temporarily. It was boasted in the Nazi press that Hitler himself had planned the Belgium offensive and that it was the German answer to the American, British and Russian power. We had surmised the enemy to be almost in a state of collapse, but this assured us that we could never be definite in assumptions regarding him. It made us more cautious than ever in our future planning, knowing that while it was easy to underestimate this confusing enemy, it was difficult to overestimate.

While American forces in Belgium were facing one of the worst set-backs of the entire war we too came in for one. Little as it may have seemed when viewed merely as part of the front, to us it seemed a brush-off to be ordered from the Bitche Campaign and plunged into a situation where the existence of enemy troops was doubtful. Nevertheless, that is what happened, and we were destined to find out that in our new position not only was there definitely an enemy, but also a strong and determined one.

The mechanics of our move were really put into motion on December 20th. The Second Bat-

talion was in Division Reserve at the time, and at 1415, Company A left its positions by foot and by truck en route to the city of Mouterhouse, about 4½ miles away. Company B remained in the same place, while Company C left Mouterhouse at 1430, changing position with Company A. No enemy action was encountered while these changes were being made. The Second Battalion showing no indication of the impending reversal, held its positions, 1500 yards in a southeasterly direction from Bitche. The Third Battalion remained in status quo.

By December 21st complete plans had been formulated and we received our mission to relieve the 114th Infantry Regiment of the 44th Division. The First Battalion left Mouterhouse and vicinity at noon by truck to Petit Rederching, thirteen miles northward. The change took almost five hours due to the innumerable delays for blown-out bridges and blasted roads. The Second Battalion relieved the First Battalion of the 114th Infantry in Petit Rederching. After detrucking at Petit Rederching, the Battalion marched to the town of Kleinmuhl. The Third Battalion left the Mouterhouse position and relieved the Third Battalion of the 114th in Hottwiller.

Antitank Company took over the positions of its counterpart in the 114th Regiment in Petit Rederching. Our Combat Team was relieved by the 106th Cavalry. There was no enemy attempt to interfere with our new sector. While Kraut artillery and mortars had been active, the 114th Regiment told us that only one light shelling had occurred that day and that two enemy patrols were observed with no incident. The foes had dug in at various strong points and appeared to be extending their positions. Our area now seemed permeated with an ominous quiet. The last move to be made in this maneuvering was by Cannon Company, which left its gun positions in Peter Phillip and made the 14-mile trip to Petit Rederching to set up its weapons.

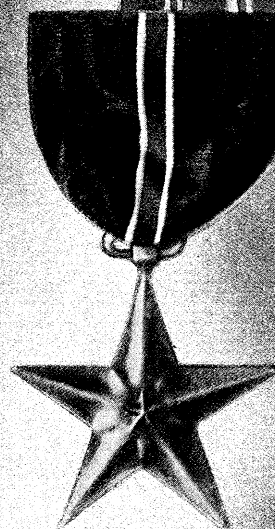
For the time being, the Bitche Campaign was ended for us. We refused to believe that it had ended unsuccessfully. We rather contented ourselves that it had ended in a draw. We looked back at our experiences around Camp de Bitche, remembered the buddies we had left there and said, "Some day ... you just wait and see ..."



# Bronze Star Medal

for Heroic achievement in action

AWARDED



S/Sgt. Morris O. Alexander . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 1st Lt. William R. Bosworth . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 T/Sgt. Roland G. Fecteau . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Harold C. Gormsen . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Anthony J. Gonsalves . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Eugene W. Herr . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 S/Sgt. Phil Hinton . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 S/Sgt. William G. Henze . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 S/Sgt. Robert L. Kadri . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 S/Sgt. Paul V. Kilfoyle . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
 S/Sgt. Felix G. Kuncas . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
 T/Sgt. Samuel W. MacBride . . . . . 17 Dec. 44

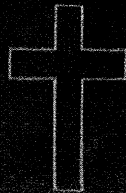
Cpl. Stanley A. Sanfilippo . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Carroll E. Thomas . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Chester O. Waller . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Sgt. Harry Young . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
 Pfc. Richard J. Zink . . . . . 18 Dec. 44



# *Purple Heart Medal*

*posthumously*

AWARDED



*Pvt. Herbie T. Antley*  
*Downsville, La.*

*Pfc. Calvin D. Brown*  
*Charlotte, N.C.*

*Pvt. Aldino J. DeNino*  
*Hartford, Conn.*

*Pfc. Anthony J. Gonsalves*  
*Stoughton, Mass.*

*Pvt. Cruz Gonzalez*  
*Mercedes, Texas*

*Pfc. Joseph L. Hutton, Jr.*  
*Nashville, Tenn.*

*Pvt. Lloyd E. Jester*  
*Mt Vernon, Ill.*

*Pfc. Kostas P. Kriaris*  
*Cleveland, Ohio*

*Pvt. Isadore Lewitter*  
*Newark, N.J.*

*Pvt. Harvey E. Trammell*  
*Cazenovia, N.Y.*

*S/Sgt. Francis J. Wayte*  
*Bayonne, N.J.*





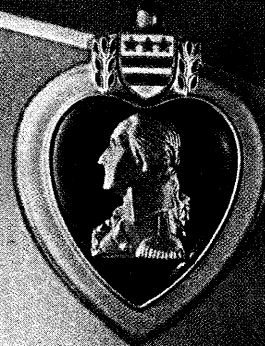
# Purple Heart Medal

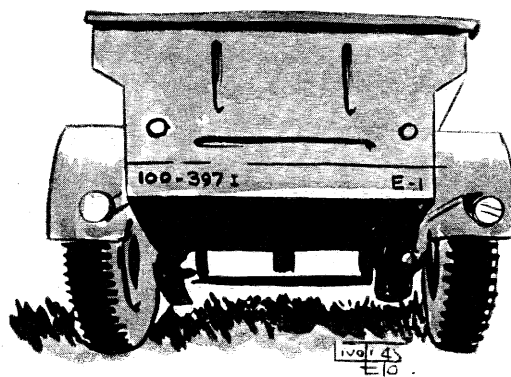
*These men sustained wounds due to enemy action*

AWARDED

Pfc. John A. Albrecht . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Richard J. Bond . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
T/5 Frank F. Bruzzese . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
T/5 John Cairns . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
S/Sgt. Irving Cooper . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
Cpl. Arthur C. Culbert . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
T/5 Sam J. D'Agostino . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Stanley M. Donnally . . . . . 20 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Charles H. Downing . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Bertrand D. Foix, Jr. . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Robert E. Franck . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Thomas W. Gent, Jr. . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Norris A. Griffith . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Elijah M. Haigler . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Carroll S. Hartley . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
T/5 Wilfred J. Jondro . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Philip N. Jordan . . . . . 13 Dec. 44  
Sgt. Paul E. Kane . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. John E. Lesko . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Louis N. Locsmandy . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Lucas C. Magpantay . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Earl M. McCammon . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. James A. McDarment . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Wesley B. Miller . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Frank V. Motyka . . . . . 17 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Milton W. Mumme . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Wiley H. Neese . . . . . 13 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Edward W. Petrich . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
Pvt. William N. Postlewait . . . . . 20 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Leroy L. Putt . . . . . 16 Dec. 44

Pfc. Theodore F. Raymond . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Whitbury J. Stelly . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Arturo G. Trijo . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
Pfc. Thomas E. Walgamott . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Claude C. Wallace . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
Pvt. James F. Walsh . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Doran G. Wilbur . . . . . 19 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Warren A. Wilder . . . . . 18 Dec. 44  
T/Sgt. Herman F. Zinn . . . . . 16 Dec. 44  
Pvt. Edward G. Zunker . . . . . 18 Dec. 44









*” . . and the most horrible of all, the feeling of final desperation, that we must stay here to die.”*