

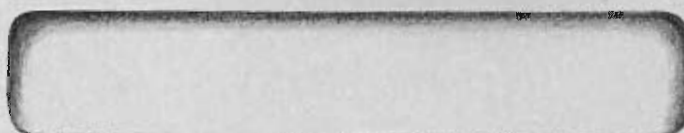


Robert Preston
6201 Halstead St.
Spring Hill, FL 34606-4726

100th Division Signal Co.



EX LIBRIS



TO THE MEN OF THE COMPANY WE
DEDICATE THIS BOOK, TO KEEP MEM-
ORIES AND FRIENDSHIPS EVER ALIVE
AND TO ADD A LUSTRE TO THE MIRROR
OF OUR YEARS IN THE SERVICE.

"33"
MONTHS

with the

ONE HUNDREDTH
SIGNAL COMPANY

100th

INFANTRY DIVISION

Compiled and Edited by Members of the 100th Signal Company.
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1945

HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION
Office of the Commanding General
APO #147, U. S. Army

TO: THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 100TH SIGNAL COMPANY.

When your Company was formed, it was given two basic missions:

First, to become combat soldiers;

Second, to provide dependable communications for the Division regardless of the tactical situation, adverse terrain and weather.

You have accomplished both of these missions in a superior manner, and thereby made a vital contribution to the success of this Division.

I can recall many occasions when our superb communications net enabled us quickly to bring supporting fires effectively upon enemy resistance and enemy attacks, thereby saving the lives of many. There were protracted periods in combat under the worst conditions of mountainous terrain and winter weather when there was no rest for the Signaller. Day and night he stuck continuously to his task in order to enable the team to function. Enemy ambushes, snipers and mines failed to retard his work.

Your courage, spirit, ability, and devotion to duty have been magnificent and, I am certain, a source of great pride to all of you.

Please accept the thanks and appreciation of the remainder of the Division for the vital task you have performed so well.

W. A. Burrell

W. A. BURRELL
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.



WITHERS A. BURRESS

MAJOR GENERAL

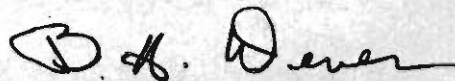
U.S.A.

COMMANDING GENERAL, 100th INFANTRY DIVISION

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 100th SIGNAL COMPANY,:

This booklet relates the chronicle of the Division Signal Company, 100th Infantry Division, from activation through the various training periods; embarkation, combat in France and Germany to its present role in performing occupational duties in Wurttemberg, Germany. As is true of any History, all of the deeds of the Signal Company cannot be set forth in any single publication. The bravery and loyalty of the men through the long days of combat; the hardships endured in the cold, wet days of fighting in the Vosges and Alsace; the ordeal by fire at Heilbronn and the initiative and good spirit of the officers and non-commissioned officers were a gratifying tribute to the training and discipline of a fine organization. The story told is truly a soldier's song that will remain forever in the hearts of the men who served with the Signal Company.

In the chapters to be written in the future, I am confident that the traditional, high standard achieved in the past will be carried on the best of the ability of every soldier in this company.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "B. A. Dever". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "B" and a long, sweeping underline.

B. A. DEVER
Major, Sig C
Div Sig O



BERNARD A. DEVER
MAJOR
DIVISION SIGNAL OFFICER

Major Bernard A. Dever entered the Service June 1937 and was assigned to the 55th Signal Battalion, Fort Monmouth, N. J. In November 1938 he was transferred to the 1st Radio Intelligence Company also at Fort Monmouth. His training was that of Signal Corps and from September 1939 to January 1941 he was at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, with the 2nd Signal Company and the 3rd R. I. Company. He attended Field Radio School at Fort Monmouth for one year after which he entered O. C. S. and was commissioned in April 1942.

In June 1942 Major Dever was assigned to the 78th Signal Company, 78th Infantry Division, Camp Butner, N. C., where he remained until October 1943 when he assumed the duties of Commanding Officer with the 100th Signal Company, 100th Infantry Division, at Fort Jackson, S. C. Following maneuvers Major Dever was appointed Assistant Division Signal Officer. It was in this capacity that he served with the 100th Division during combat days. In June 1945 Major Dever was advanced to the capacity of the Division Signal Officer, 100th Infantry Division.



1st Lt Alphonse Enneking
Supply



1st Lt William L. Rice
Telephone and Telegraph



WOJG Joseph F. Bradshaw
Message Center



1st Lt Roy S. Tucker
Message Center



CWO William L. Ehrling
Transportation



1st Lt Daniel Dreith
Signal Center



WOJG Joseph McAndrew
Division-Signal Supply



1st Lt Elliott Wolheim
Radio



1st Lt Raymond G. Elwell
Wire Operations




WOJG Philip V. Fleming
Message Center



Captain RAYMOND J. MORAN
Assistant Division Signal Officer



1st Lt HARRY V. DRINKARD
Company Commander



An army still has to travel on its stomach, just as the little Corsican said. But if it's going to travel very far, it's got to have a strong right hand in infantry . . . a powerful left in artillery . . . and engineers, tanks, TD's and Recons . . . and if you're going to get the punch where it's needed, when it's needed, you've got to have signal. It is communications that make the sinews for this mighty mailed fist.

In the American Infantry Division, communications are the job of the Division Signal Company. In the 100th United States Infantry Division - the honored "Century" Division - communications are the job of the 100th Signal Company. A big bill, for a few men. The story of how those men were fitted for their job and how they've accomplished it goes back nearly three years, to the Fall of 1942.

For our Nation, 1942 was a year of building. While a handful of trained men held our frontiers, the country went about the long job of building planes, ships, tanks, munitions and divisions. It was mid-'42 when Major General Withers A. Burrell was called to the War Department in Washington and assigned the task of organizing what was to be the 100th Infantry Division. On October 15th, ten officers, and twenty-one enlisted men from the 76th Division Signal Company arrived in Fort Jackson, South Carolina, to serve as a Cadre to train the 100th Signal Company for the Division.

It was November 15, 1942 when the 100th Infantry Division was activated and the Division flag passed into the hands of Major General Burrell.

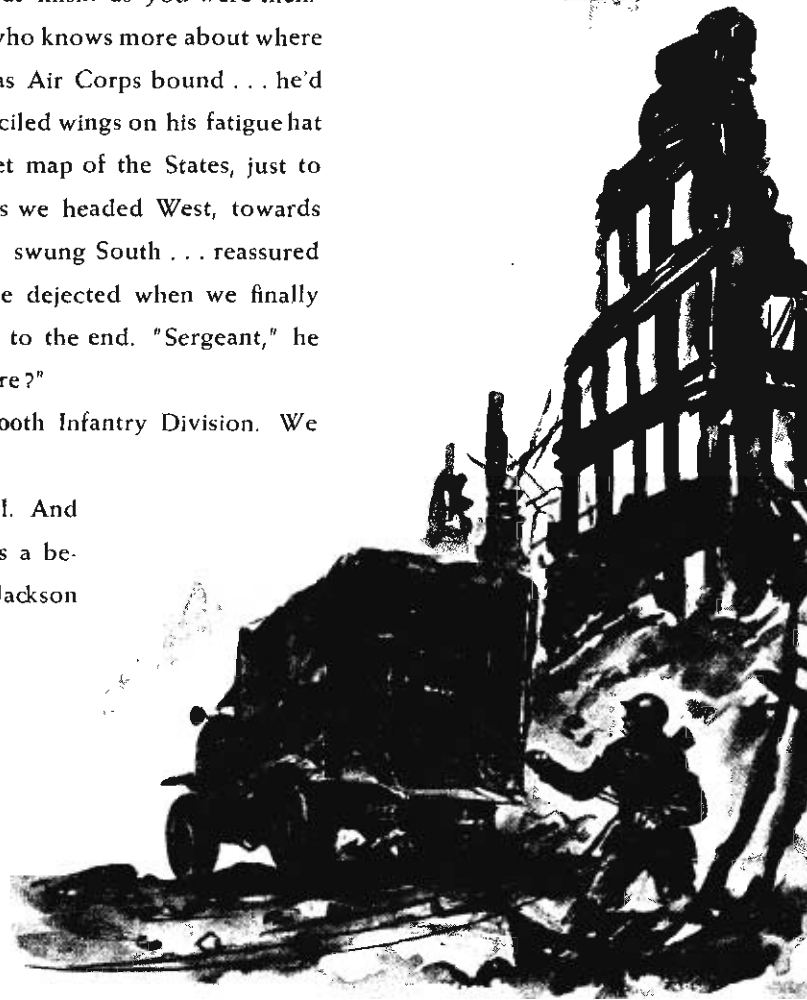
Months

The railroad sidings at Fort Jackson were humming, during November and December. Train after train rolled in, unloaded and pulled away only to make room for another. They'd come mostly from the North, those trains . . . New York and New England . . . but also from other sections of the country too. So had their occupants . . . a tired and disheveled looking lot now. Just days ago, these khaki-clad rookies had been in mufti. Then . . . they were whirled away . . . through the long line of doctors who seemed to see everything, but didn't seem to care what they saw. On to the end of the line, where a super-doctor, with an air of impartiality and a vestige of doom, stamped "ACCEPTED" on the papers, making them soldiers of the United States Army. There came the time then, when you raised your right hand, gulped a little and felt very proud as you swore to defend your Country. But you didn't look so proud when you emerged from the Quartermaster warehouse. You'd stripped away your last things civilian there and yielded to the mercies of the Pfc experts. You found out soon about the Army's two sizes and you labored under your barracks bag out the door, amazed at the munificence of the Army, wondering if you'd always be as misfit as you were then.

There's one on every troop train . . . the fellow who knows more about where it's going than the train commander. This one was Air Corps bound . . . he'd fixed it with the classification interviewers and penciled wings on his fatigue hat to cinch the deal. And he'd brought along a pocket map of the States, just to be sure things went all right. He was beaming as we headed West, towards Texas . . . a little skeptical, but still assured, as we swung South . . . reassured as we passed by the Columbia Air Base . . . a trifle dejected when we finally crawled into Fort Jackson, S.C. But he was game to the end. "Sergeant," he pleaded, "there's an Air Corps outfit here, isn't there?"

"Oh sure," replied the sergeant. "This is the 100th Infantry Division. We have all that stuff here."

North to South is a pretty long way, as troop trains travel. And it's pretty tiresome, the way troop trains travel. So it was a bedraggled lot that tumbled from the trains on the Fort Jackson



sidings. By then they were a little too disinterested to worry about the significance of the trucks they were heaped upon, or the barracks they were ushered into. But a shower, fresh clothes and a visit to the PX, revived interest. Soon the barracks sergeant . . . most times a veteran of three months . . . was busy spinning tales and answering many questions.

One question led to another, out of the bewilderment, the misgivings and the homesickness. They learned that Fort Jackson was the Nation's No. 1 Infantry camp . . . the largest and best equipped training grounds for the Queen of Battles. They learned, too, how they were then in the process of being screened and were shortly to be reassigned to various units of the Division. But the barracks were infantry, the atmosphere was infantry and more than one rookie wrote home of his coming life amongst the dough feet.

The scene was one of Fort Jackson's mighty Rec Halls and the center of it was a "stripe happy" new buck sergeant.

"All you men who enlisted for the Signal Corps, stand up," he hollered. Out of the mass before him, rose the many who'd joined the Army, to be amidst the mysteries of wartime communications. "Okay," gloated the sergeant. "Meet the man . . . the only man . . . who made it."

That man was John (NMI) Albuquerque, of East Providence, R.I., soon to be the Division's youngest sergeant and always to be its shortest.

The daily list of assignments, was one of the first things the new soldiers "sweated out." New-found friends were separated as the long lists of names were read daily and the units of the Division were formed. Waiting to learn just what Uncle Sam had in mind for them was far from being pleasant, and plenty hard on the nerves. Then, finally, after a long list of men had been told to go here and a longer list to go there, you . . . and maybe one or two others . . . were told to tote your stuff over to that pile. In a few moments, a truck came along . . . you threw your bags in and then scrambled over the tail-gate, lent willing hands by those already inside. You got to talking with them during the ride, made friends quickly and had "buddy-ships" by the time the truck swung around a corner and you piled out to a new area and a new experience.

There was a young, pleasant-faced fellow to meet you, when you piled out and to direct you along your way. Most of the neophytes knew where they were, or at least, where they were supposed to be. But one of the new-comers sought assurance.

"This," echoed the young, pleasant-faced fellow, speaking slowly, but forcefully, "This is the best damned outfit in the United States Army . . . the 100th Signal Company."

The speaker was Ernest Troutman, of Statesville, N. C., whom the rookies were to see very often during their Army careers.

By Christmas time 1942, the Signal Company was practically at full strength. But if the Company was at full strength, its members that day were far from it. On the previous day, under the command of the Company Commander, Captain James R. Harty, the men were given their first real taste of Army life . . . a taste of which they later were to get the full flavor.

The day before the day before the big day, Supply was busy issuing all the new and unfamiliar gear. The cadre had a busy and pretty discouraging night, explaining which side of the cartridge belt was up, how the harness fitted and how to sling a field bag so it would carry comfortably and which side of the leggins were the outer side.

Early the following morning, the men fell out with the curtailed version of a full field pack . . . musette bag and shelter halves . . . and hit the road for their first hike of 12 miles. The formation poured out of the Company area, full of pep, wisecracking and melodious . . . for the first mile.

At the end of the second mile, a realization was growing that there's a distinct difference between civilian walking and that of marching by the numbers. At the end of the third mile each step was torture. The "Hup Tuh" intonation became increasingly monotonous and the men began putting their griping privilege to its first real use. By the time the hikers had returned to the Company area, charley-horses, blisters and newly-coined phrases were the topic of the day.

It was Christmas Eve then, though far from a joyous one. A tired group of soldiers scrubbed themselves to their sharpest appearance and hobbled to the quarters of Lt Col Charles L. Olin, then the Division Signal Officer. For half an hour, they regaled him with carols of the season - sung warmly, if not well.

"This is The Army," Irving Berlin's show, was the hit of that season - and its title tune was on everyone's lips, particularly those of the Signalites.

Christmas Day 1942, was a holiday - but spent far differently than previous ones had been. Lolling on bunks . . . reading the letters that now had begun to arrive . . . answering them . . . "chewing the fat" . . . or just dreaming of the Christmases that used to be . . . Yes, this was, for sure, the Army.

If the embryo Signalmen had any illusions that they were to escape the trials of a foot soldier's training, they soon lost them. Signalmen they might be, but to be good ones, they had to become intimate with the wonders of hiking, wielding a bayonet, digging a hole, and all the other lore of the Infantry soldier. Nor was there any escape on the higher IQ levels of signal training. Emblazoned in the lecture halls was a phrase soon to haunt them - "First A Soldier, Then A Specialist."

The Signal Company initiated its program of training on December 28, 1942. A rigid schedule

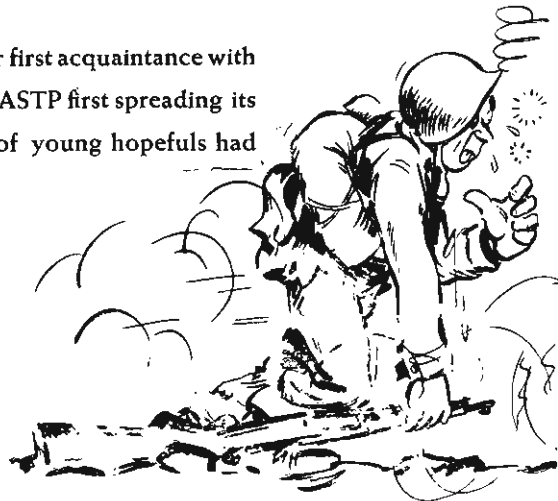
of military and physical education was undertaken at first. Many long hours were spent in the class rooms learning the rudiments of signal communication. Often those "classes" led into spirited discussions between the officer-teachers and the enlisted-men-students, touching on all phases of the broad and complicated network of subjects, which are required for the successful operation of communications. Telephone and telegraph set-ups, wiring, operation and repair . . . radio procedure, cryptography and Army organization - all these were covered during the first month.

Company organization then, was simple - take a convenient class-size number of men, call them a platoon, give the platoon a number and make some "old soldier" its leader. But the crowns rested uneasily atop the heads of some of those so exalted. There is hardly an old-timer in the Company who doesn't remember wondering whether he'd march through the side of the PX - or up the Reception Center bank - or into Twin Lakes, before "Iron Pants" Overholser, Mike Babalya or Mike Mashel bethought himself of the proper command to bring order from chaos.

The motto, "First A Soldier - Then A Specialist" was further stressed when first instructions in the handling and firing of the M-1 rifle were given. Any original doubts vanished, when in February 1943 the Company started the long march to the Leesburg Firing Range. Those 15-odd miles were the longest hike the men of the company had been subjected to up to that time. But they did the distance in the surprisingly good time of three and one-half hours. The living conditions there were the most arduous many of the men had ever experienced. Home for the week was a pyramidal tent (hardly a haven) amidst the bitter cold, rain and wind of that Carolina sector. Most men had their first trouble with folding cots, keeping the tent fires burning and shaving amidst the icicles - some had experiences, too, bitter ones - with what happens when tent ropes get too taut or the stove throws sparks from the chimney.

The wind and the rain and the cold weren't the best firing conditions for men unfamiliar with military weapons. Yet, scores were surprisingly good. Of all these new soldiers, 78 percent made scores qualifying them as marksman, sharpshooter or expert.

That week, too, gave many of the new-comers their first acquaintance with one of the legendary figures of the Company. With ASTP first spreading its blandishments before the American army, a group of young hopefuls had stayed behind to take the qualifying tests, then to rejoin the Company at the range. They early discovered that the leader delegated to march them from camp to Leesburg, was one Gordon B. Franks, who,



later in Fort Bragg, established an Army record for the classic 25 mile hike. Franks and his platoon - now shrunken to three men - completed the distance in 150 minutes.

"Basic Training" was near its end now. Honors began to come to the new soldiers - those who had shown aptitude and leadership qualifications were called before the Company at Retreat formation and awarded the first of its ratings. Adjustments and reassignments of personnel took place at this time, following careful observation. The process of screening out the men according to their proven ability and their background of civilian work was also begun. They were formed into the various sections to which they had been assigned... their leaders were selected... and the ground was laid for the second phase of training, which was to weld the men into specialized teams to handle all branches of signal communication.

But first there was a check point to be passed... the MTP tests to be conducted by XII Corps under whose jurisdiction the Division and its Signal Company came. The Corps Commander... Lt Gen William H. Simpson (later to win fame as Commander of the world's largest Army, the Ninth)... found the Division to be "very satisfactory." The Signal Company was now ready to proceed with the next phase of training.

For the records, those were MTP tests. But for the Signalmen who participated in them they'll always be the "on-again-off-again-on-again" tests. Anxious to impress the inspectors with the precision of their "hasty" preparations, they pitched their tents in taped-out orderliness the night previous to the big day. But they reckoned without the vagaries of Carolina weather. Came morning and they marched field-ward to lay their full field displays... midst rain and driving wind. Wind that had covered the neat rows of tents with sand... blown some away and bloated others into misshapen bulks... rain that had spread



mud over all. But the higher echelons of command were equal to the occasion . . . even superior to it and the commands came fast and thick. Observers vow that once the Company column was marching three ways at one time. Some still on their way to the field for inspection . . . some returning to the Company area, under an order cancelling the field display . . . and others on their way to the field again under an order cancelling the cancellation order.

With the training of the individual as a specialist completed at the end of March 1943, the program of training the individuals to work together as a unit, got under way. Operation of the Message Center . . . Radio . . . Telephone and Telegraph and Construction work . . . was handed over to teams and the men learned to function as members of that team. At the same time, groups of men left to attend communication schools at Fort Monmouth and Camp Crowder, to secure a more intensive training in their specialties than was available in Division Schools. When class room skills were attained, the men started to put their knowledge to actual field use. A series of short field exercises familiarized the developing experts with their work under all types of weather and over all types of terrain. But all was not specialist work for the Signalmen . . . the emphasis was put on physical training . . . which took the form of frequent and long hikes . . . prolonged sessions of close order drill . . . and supervised athletics.

Early in April, three Radio teams augmented by code men were the only means of communication during the Division's guard of the 252 mile roadbed of the Atlantic Coast Line in South Carolina. The guard was maintained in conjunction with the late President Roosevelt's inspection tour.

But all work and no play makes Army life comparatively dull. So with a full three months of hard work behind them, the new soldiers . . . the Army opined . . . were worthy of a furlough and the mills began to grind. "Group One" was the place to be . . . the trick was to get in it. The lucky few knew when they were scheduled to leave . . . but a surprise pass, letting them off hours earlier, set the vacation off to an auspicious start. The Company was in the field when the decision was made . . . there was a frantic round-up of furloughing men, a wild jeep ride through the woods to camp. Then a hurried clean-up . . . a dash to town . . . and home to a glorious ten days of civilianhood. But furlough days aren't long . . . it was goodbye again . . . and back to camp, sweating out the next leave.

We of the 100th Signal Company were finding out that the overall picture of the Company was that the officers and men were a swell gang. The talent of the men began to show *itself* . . . in the field of sports, entertainment and journalism.

GUIDON, the Company newspaper, came into being at this time. Publication conditions generally were difficult as mimeograph was the only printing media available. But competing against

all the papers published throughout the Division, GUIDON was unanimously adjudged the best in a unit newspaper contest sponsored by the CENTURY SENTINEL. The award was a personal tribute to its editor, Tec 5 Edward J. Williams and to its brilliant illustrator, Tec 4 Marius Trinquet.

Jack Lacy was another of the talented Signalites, whose accomplishments brightened the off-duty hours of the Signalmen and the rest of the Centurymen. Lacy, a New Haven, Conn. announcer who carried his sense of humor along from civilianing to soldiering, filled the void whenever there was an audience to be entertained ... as MC at a dance ... or when an exhibit of air power failed to appear on schedule. But it was in the SHOW OF THE CENTURY that Lacy's talents were shown to their best advantage as the "Voice of The Century."

The second phase of team training ended late in June of 1943. With nearly six months of its allotted "eight months to combat efficiency" gone past, the Company began to round into combat shape. The men were divided into sections ... and teams were formed within each section with chiefs assigned to each, as the Company prepared to work under its designated Table of Organization. Message Center and Radio schools were established to provide facilities for training communication personnel from other units of the Division.

All this time, other arms of the Division had been busy training the men assigned to their organizations in the skills of infantry, artillery, engineers and all the components necessary for combat. Now that the Signalmen were trained individually ... and trained to work in teams to provide all the Company's forms of signal communication ... the next program called for their work to be integrated with that of the other units comprising the Division. By July the officers and men of the Signal Company were ready to work longer and more complicated field operations, in conjunction with other units.

When you maneuver an Infantry Division you've got to use the wide open spaces ... small areas get kind of cramped. And when you get out into the wide open spaces of South Carolina in July, you run into such things as rain storms and pine needles in your bedroll and especially chiggers.

That's a hard dose to take, if you're a city boy. One of the New Yorkers ... smarting from weeks in the woods ... poured out all his anguish, saying, "If they ever let me back to the East side, I'll never leave the concrete again."

The Division moved into the field for exercises that lasted from one to three weeks. All through the exercises the Signal Company set up and manned the communication system serving the Headquarters of Division and its units, while working under "combat conditions," simulated to the last detail. It attempted and successfully completed wire laying during the night. The dangers of handling wire while working in heavy rain or during electrical storms, were braved and the

wiremen became adept in the use of commercial power line poles. The messengers began their rigorous training in black-out driving.

When the Division established standards for qualification as 100th DIVISION RANGER some seventy-odd men of the Company began to train. For a full week they labored under forced marches, demolitions training, bayonet drill and similar subjects. When the training was completed there were 46 men and two officers qualified as 100th DIVISION RANGERS.

The summer of 1943 was spent almost entirely living in the field. The Signalites became hardened, seasoned and resourceful as field exercises continued to be held to polish off the rough spots in the set-up of the Company. This phase of training ended, the men gave vent to their enthusiasm in a monster picnic at Twin Lakes.

Just about nine months after the start of its basic training the Company was ready for maneuvers. Its proficiency was at stake in a number of Division tests and the Signalmen came through in typical fashion. The men were prepared soldiers, as well as specialists, too. Every man had fired either familiarization or record courses with the weapon assigned to him. Ninety-three percent of the men had made scores qualifying them as marksman or better with the carbine . . . the principal weapon with which the unit is armed.

In October, the first important change of command in the 100th Signal Company was made. Captain Harty was appointed Acting Assistant Division Signal Officer. 1st Lt Bernard A. Dever (formerly of the 78th Division) assumed command of the Company.

In November 1943 the 100th Division left garrison for maneuvers. By now, supplying the Division with communication was routine with the Company and the tasks presented by the movement were taken in stride. Moving an entire Division an appreciable distance using only its organic transportation, is a problem in logistics requiring careful planning, close coordination and good communication. The Division communications during the movement from Fort Jackson to the Tennessee Maneuver Area were the best.

This was a job for radio. One radio team accompanied each of the convoys. One team was located at the forward CP in Tennessee - another at the old CP in Carolina and to insure good communication, still another team set up atop famed Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga. The arrangement proved ideal. Traffic flowed freely from the traveling convoys to both forward and rear CP's and from convoy to convoy. Thus the Division Commander and his Staff were kept constantly in touch with the progress of their troops.

You made your first Army acquaintance with the expression, "This outfit will never go overseas," when you reached the cold and the frost covered ground

of Tennessee. A rumor monger who'd arrived there with an advance party had all the dope.

"Keep yourselves all ready to move out of here and back to camp," he advised. "They tried to hold maneuvers here a year ago this time and had to give it up . . . too many deaths from frostbite. We'll be out of here in a week."

Two months later when we'd completed all of the eight prescribed "operations," he was still insisting that the maneuver period would be curtailed on account of weather conditions.

On November 14, 1943, the Signal Company rolled out of Fort Jackson in convoy, headed for Tennessee and Second Army Maneuvers No. 4. Three days later, the heavily laden trucks rolled into the assembly area a few miles outside Lebanon. When the ride-weary Signalmen crawled out and unloaded their equipment, they set up their first maneuver camp amid the cedars for which the region is famed - the first of the many they were to set up during the next two months. The teams were re-grouped here and equipment put into condition for the rugged months that promised to be ahead. Then, with all preparations made, the Company moved South and into position for the start of the first operation.

It was there that Thanksgiving overtook them. There was little in the barrenness of the surroundings or bleakness of the outlook to warrant a celebration. But the "chowhounds" had cause to give thanks. For, surmounting all the obstacles of cooking in the field, Mess Sergeant Demetrios Tsingakos, of Harrisburg, Pa., did himself proud and turned out a dinner in keeping with the finest traditions of the day. It was well he did for that was the last dinner that work and weather allowed to be enjoyable during all the maneuver period.

That night the initial set-ups were made - the teams moved into position - and Signalmen were off on a merry-go-round of put-in's and take-out's that was to last through the next January. There were crossings of the Cumberland River and re-crossings of it . . . blitz-like attacks and retrograde movements . . . aggressive holdings and defensive tactics. Through all of them, the Signalmen . . . no matter what their section . . . battled against time, the terrain and mostly against the weather.

Rain alternated with freezing weather . . . and a dash of snow was thrown in on occasion for variety. But bad weather was not a good alibi for bad communications. Long lines were laid over mountains and through valleys . . . on frozen ground or in mud . . . while the rain poured down. Long lines stretched from town to town requiring servicing day and night. Operators on 'round-the-clock duties took a beating, with visible fires under a tactical ban. If you were lucky enough to have a night off, after a day of hard field work, it was a dark and cold attempt to get to sleep before the rain soaked through your pup tent from above or the frost worked up out of the ground from

below. The end of an operation brought no respite from this routine. For, the moment one was over, the teams were busy retrieving the wire laid out. Very often there was scarcely sufficient time before the start of the next operation to make a move into position and get an initial set-up ready.

You learn early in the Army to marvel at your own endurance. But you learn soon, too, that relaxation pays dividends - that you work better after you've played awhile. So it was standard that every man went to town each week-end . . . to shower, eat and enjoy himself against the ardors of the week that was to come.

The town, generally, was Nashville - better than which no Signalite could ask.

A month and four "Operations" later, Christmas rolled around again - the second Army Christmas for most of the men. And if the first one was bad, this surpassed it. The Company was set-up in a pasture that rain had long since turned into a mass of mud. The weather was anything but Christmas-like . . . cold, stinging, rain swept by in gusts. Dinner was fine, when it was served. But a second later it was engulfed in the elements . . . turkey, potatoes, cranberries and pie . . . all melted away into a mess-kit of featureless mush which soon chilled. There was little of the traditional Christmas cheer in the miserable groups of men who gathered 'round the kitchen, seeking the scantiest of protection.

New Year's Day was more of the same. By this time all of Tennessee was a quagmire . . . with the rain still pouring down. When time came to start the next problem, all the vehicles were hub-cap deep in mud with traction an impossibility. Initial set-ups were a matter of first setting up the trucks - with the aid of shovels, trees and winches, other trucks, bulldozers and whatever else ingenuity could devise to battle the muck.

Lt Col Charles L. Olin's transfer in January 1944 brought 1st Lt Bernard A.

Dever into the role of Signal Officer until the arrival of Maj Louis Mussler.

Maj Mussler was appointed Lt Col soon after and served with the Division through its ETO combat days.

Maneuvers are merely simulated war games, but, on a large scale - where the casualties aren't hurt, the ammunition is not real and results don't count. And you wouldn't think grown men would take them seriously . . . or celebrate their being finished. But they do - and they did. All over the maneuver area that January afternoon, there flashed the word, "they're over." It was premature at first . . . then true. They were over - the troops were on their way back.

January 17, 1944 - that was the end of maneuvers. Not quite the finish of them for men of the Signal Company - there was wire to be picked up, equipment to be tended. But those details were attended to in record time and the Company jumped to its assembly area at Cookeville. Time there to ready vehicles for the trip to the Division's new station. Tennessee stayed in character to the end - rain pelted down and mud formed fast. Came get-away day and the motor

pool was deep in slime. Once more the routine of winches, tows, shovels and picks . . . and we were away from Tennessee. Three days, 438 miles out of Fort Bragg, N. C.

Man's adaptiveness is another characteristic the soldier comes to know better than most people. Two years ago the men of the Signal Company were accustomed to all the conveniences of civilian life. One year ago they were accustomed to the simple routine of garrison life. In a short two months they lost touch with even those basic comforts and learned to subsist on the bare essentials of field living. Now there was childish pleasure in re-accustoming themselves to accoutrements of garrison - beds to sleep on, with mattresses, pillows and sheets . . . heat . . . a convenient and always ready shower . . . plates to eat from and real cups. But their adaptation was quick . . . and soon the comforts were commonplace, that only a week ago had been so strange and wondrous to them.

At Fort Bragg the Division passed over to the jurisdiction of XIII Corps. Now the Signal Company's program was a review of basic training - analyzing and remedying the short-comings and deficiencies noted during maneuvers. The Company's wealth of signal equipment was cleaned, repaired and reserviced for further use. Firing of the qualification, familiarization and transition courses was completed by all men. And every man went over the infiltration course under a hail of live ammunition, both at day and under the dark of night. Field sanitation, combat intelligence, mines, booby traps, malaria control - these were typical subjects thoroughly covered in training.

The post-maneuver period brought another change - with the operations over, furloughs were once again available to the men. (The first of the furloughees, losing no time, started their trip home from the woods of Tennessee - the barracks-bag-press in their clothes lending emphasis to the tales they spun the homefolks of the rigors of winter maneuvers.)

On May 8, 1944, the Company Commander, Captain Dever, was appointed Assistant Division Signal Officer. 1st Lt Raymond J. Moran, of Providence, R. I., assumed the duties of Company Commander.

On May 25th the Division was transferred to XVIII Corps. But despite the transfer, the Signal Company . . . along with the Headquarters Staff of the Division . . . participated from that date to

"D" Day Orientation at Fort Bragg.



June 2nd in the XIII Corps Command Post exercises, conducted at the AP Hill Military Reservation in Virginia. Upon its return to Fort Bragg the Company settled down to the routine of Preparation for Overseas Movement - popularized as POM.

The Thespians of the company found time outside the heavy work schedule, to produce and present a musical comedy titled, WIG WAG REVUE. Presented at the Fort Bragg Amphitheatre it won plaudits from a large audience. To the men of the Company the highspot of the show was when the worm turned ... with Dick Silverstein portraying a fawning Company Commander and Paul Buettel taking the role of a stern Platoon leader in duck dialect.

By this time the suspicion that the Preparation for Overseas Movement was more than a mere formality, began to find foundation. In August with POM requirements completed, the Company sent selected officers and men to attend packing and crating schools. Then began the mighty task of waterproofing, packing and loading the mass of equipment and material necessary for the functioning of a Signal Company. From then through the middle of September the crating continued, with men working 'round the clock in 12-hour reliefs. Finally the last item which was to be carried overseas was packed, processed and loaded aboard the trains. Personal equipment was checked - old items salvaged and new ones issued. Then the Company ... like the rest of the Division ... was ready.

It was Sunday, September 24th, when the men of the 100th Signal Company marched away from Fort Bragg - nine officers, four warrant officers and 226 enlisted men. Twenty-three months had elapsed since the activation of the 100th Infantry Division ... and now it was ready to take its place beside the other fine combat Infantry Divisions of the United States Army. POE for the Division was Camp Kilmer, N. J. - but no time was lost there. Within three days the Company went through the mysteries of "processing" ... cleared the medical examinations ... took an intensive course in embarking and debarking ... and stood the shake-down inspections of personnel equipment. Then ready for shipment, it relaxed to await the sailing date - whiling away the hours by playing ball ... or going on 12-hour pass when quotas allowed, to visit relatives, friends or just to see the sights of New York. At 1500 on October 5, 1944, Camp Kilmer was left behind. By 1700 the entire Company was accommodated aboard the USAT "MacAndrew" for the voyage overseas.

The American soldier is the world's best equipped - there was little doubt of that in the minds of the Signalites - bowed under the load of a full field pack and canted by a full duffle bag ... as they labored from the shuttle train across the docks and crowded onto the ferry. And there was no doubt remaining as they toted their pile of equipment off the ferry, up the gang plank along

the pier, up another gang plank and a couple times around the deck, before the proper hatch hove into view.

But not all the doubts of the men were banished. Even as the Red Cross girls greeted them at the pier, passed out coffee, chocolate and doughnuts and bade all a bon voyage - even then there were those who still insisted, "This outfit will never go overseas."

The next morning the "MacAndrew" nosed out of the pier into New York harbor. But few Signalites witnessed the traditional scene of New York's skyline receding in the distance - for the most part they were confined below decks under security regulations. Then for 14 days it was a small world - nothing but the cramped quarters of the converted hold ... nothing but the vast expanse of water visible from on deck. The twice-a-day meals were the break in the monotony - getting fed was a process that took hours and had plenty of adventure, particularly when the ship rolled as a stairway was being negotiated. French classes lent variety as did the nightly soldier-shows on the after deck. Practice boat drills were another diversion - and watching the gun crews practice. A mid-Atlantic storm ... the worst in years ... was a big break in the monotony, though passengers had to be confined below decks through most of it. But mostly it was just waiting and wondering. Then there was land. Africa came into view out of the mists. Gibraltar was observed at dusk and Oran was passed the next morning. Another violent storm - a vivid reminder that danger was not yet past - and, on the morning of the 20th the shores of Southern France were sighted.

A ship is not a soldier's native habitat. And many of the Signalmen were not long at sea before they began feeling uneasy at making the change. Ben Ellis assumed a realistic attitude and got into uniform - wearing a raincoat and carrying his steel helmet. But most of the un-sailorly soldiers were content to make the worst of it.

"What worries me most," posed one of the men, "is if I've got to go through all this to cross the ocean ... how am I going to get back?"

That afternoon the convoy carrying the Division nosed into the debris-filled Port of Marseilles. And at 1500 the first convoy to land in France's largest seaport, following its liberation, the Company debarked across a scuttled ship and on to a demolished pier. Then the Signalmen began the eight mile hike to the Delta Base Staging Area that was to be their temporary home here. Burdened by heavy packs, weakened by seasickness or the general inactivity aboard ship, the men found the stop-and-go hike gruelling. The appearance of an inquisitive Nazi plane overhead and the ensuing blackout and ack-ack flashing through the air, did not make things easier. But the realization that this was for keeps spurred the men on and there were only a few stragglers when

four hours after debarking, sweaty and exhausted, the Signalmen reached what was to be the Company Area.

Signalmen have a reputation for getting around and they didn't let the busy days that followed blotch that reputation. Language and customs were strange to them – but Southern France's mud was like old stamping grounds and they soon were right at home ... making trades with the civilians ... improving their bivouacs ... making their acquaintance with French money ... and exploring the nearby towns.

The Signal Company was first of the Division's units active following debarkation, for there was urgent work to be done and communication was an essential. The day after landing a Message Center was in operation and soon wire teams were busy ... binding the scattered bivouac areas of the Division's units into a coordinated web so that the vital work ahead for commanders could be speedily accomplished. There was plenty of other work to be accomplished too – unpacking the hundreds of boxes of specialist equipment and preparing it for use. Securing vehicles and making them ready, installations – and all the rest of the essentials of making ready to assume the responsibility for a combat Division's communications. And when the Division was ready and moved toward the front lines, 450 miles away, it was the Signal Company that left Radio units behind, to mask its departure from enemy intelligence.

There was urgent necessity behind the speed with which the Company and other units of the Division moved through the staging area. The three veteran Infantry Divisions then comprising the Seventh Army were tired – the 3rd, the 36th and the 45th had fought the Germans from the Riviera to the Vosges ... to say nothing of their earlier meetings in Africa, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio. But now they were tired ... and there was need for fresh blood to crack through the Nazis' strong natural defenses in the thick forest of the Vosges Mountains and break out into the Alsace Plain. The Division was the first reinforcement to appear for Seventh Army ... it was inspected by Gen Jacob L. Devers, Commander of the Sixth Army Group ... and one combat team was ordered to be ready to go into the line by November 1st.

That was record time – but the Division made it. On October 29th the Division left the staging area ... headed North for assignment and action. Trailing up the Rhone Valley amidst the wreckage of the German withdrawal, the Company convoy ended up the first night in historical Valence. The following night the bivouac was at Dijon where the men saw for the first time the weird blue lights of a blacked-out city. The forest of Padoux was reached on the third day – and the men spent their first night in a combat zone. Later the Company moved into the town of Padoux where billets were set up in hay barns, garages, half-ruined houses and stables.

But the day after the Company reached Padoux (November 1st) was the date set for a Divisional

Combat Team to go on the line - and the 399th was moving up to the front near St. Remy. When it moved in to relieve the 179th Infantry of the 45th Division, attached Signal teams went right along - a wire and a radio team to the Regiment and a radio team on loan to their supporting artillery. The Division had made it on time setting a new ETO record of just 12 days from debarkation to commitment. But only a Signal Corpsman can appreciate what was accomplished getting the communication teams ready in so short a time.

For a week the rest of the Company was engaged in preparation for the commitment of the entire Division and in eager support of the Signalmen already on the line. Equipment was checked and tuned up. Liaison men were sent to the 45th Division to study their installations and adapt Signal Company plans to the lessons learned by these time-tried veterans. And always you felt the breath of war - particularly so at night when the flash of guns were plain on the horizon and their roar came drifting in on the wind.

Then the 100th assumed full control of its sector of the VI Corps front. Wire and radio teams had moved out into the fight with Division Combat Teams, as they took over from the other regiments of the 45th. On November 8th all Divisional operating personnel sat in with the Thunderbird men at their CP in Rambervillers. By 0600 November 9th, the Division had completely relieved the 45th - and the burden of communications was assumed by the 100th Signal Company. They were to hold that burden for an unprecedented period. Before the Centurymen stopped fighting again, they were on the line 146 days - a record commitment for an outfit new to combat.

After only three days of combat experience, the Division jumped off on November 12th, as part of the Seventh Army's gigantic winter offensive. Historically, the mission was to attack the flank of the proposed winter line along the Meurthe River, throwing the enemy off balance and weakening the center of the German line during the reshuffling of their forces. The Division's plan for achieving this flank attack called for moving two regiments out of the line and swinging far to the North - good strategy, but hard on communications. The 397th and 399th Combat Teams pulled out, crossed the river at Baccarat and assumed new positions Southeast of the city, while the 398th and 100th Recon Troop dispersed, to hold the entire original line. On November 13th, the Company moved into Baccarat, to better control communications during the Division maneuver. Its success

Sgt Trinque's sketch of a ruined Church structure at Baccarat, France. This building was used by the Nazis as an Ammo Dump.



depended largely upon close coordination of unit plans and perfect communications were essential. They were perfect, despite the difficulty of the terrain and the extended distance between units.

The VI Corps plan called for the 397th and 399th, moving abreast, to clear the Northern side of the Meurthe River, an impregnable barrier to Corps troops up to that time. The two regiments drove along the river toward Raon-l'Etape, key supply and communications center and with them were their attached Divisional communication teams bucking terrain, weather and enemy activity to maintain contact with higher headquarters. Division troops smashed to high ground commanding the city and the Germans were forced to withdraw. Then the way was clear for a VI Corps crossing of the Meurthe and its drive into Alsace. The Signal Company moved into Raon l'Etape on November 20th, experiencing difficulty in setting-up because of enemy sniper activity.

The Division moved fast to press its advantage. A special task force was organized - its variegated composition putting another strain on the Signalmen. Spearheaded by this mobile force, they swept up the valley of the Rabodeau ... through Moyennmoutier ... Senones ... Belval ... St. Blaise. Gains of 10 to 12 kilometers a day were made with Signalites repeatedly coming under mortar fire and strafing, as they sought to keep communications open. At St. Blaise, the 100th junctured with the 3rd Infantry Division in the race up the Bruche River Valley. The threat of a possible German counter-attack against the extended forces was prevented when Division troops swarmed into Schirmeck, key town at the junction of the Bruche and Plaine Rivers. On November 26th, the Company reached Schirmeck, only to receive orders to reassemble at Raon l'Etape.

Signalmen and other Division troops won high praise for the drive in a letter from Maj Gen Edward H. Brooks, VI Corps commander:

"The 100th Infantry Division made a marked contribution to the success of the VI Corps attack, first, by the capture of Raon l'Etape, an operation which breached the hinge of the German defensive position and at the same time drew forces from the center, where the main attack was to be made; and second, by the prompt capture of Schirmeck, which blocked the enemy on the left and permitted the main attack to push through without delay. Your fine division has written a bright page in the military history of our armed forces."

With the Vosges campaign over, the 100th Division was ordered North to the toughest part of the XV Corps sector. Division elements attached to the 45th Division, hit the Germans again next day. Remaining troops stayed in Corps reserve for several days, directed from Division CP at Saarbourg. During this period the Company CP remained at Buhl, moving to Hangviller on December 3rd, when the entire Division hit the line again.



Combat Infantry moving to the front through Lemberg, France, as French Civilians prepare to flee with their belongings.

The mission, this time, was to be one of the toughest assigned in the ETO. The 100th was to drive Northeast and breach the Maginot Line near Bitche, the heart of the enemy fortifications system.

But there was plenty of fighting in front of the ancient bastion. Through Metting, La Petite Pierre, strongly held Wingen and on into Meisenthal, the axis of signal communication ran, as Division troops moved in to assault the strong point.

Meanwhile, administrative sections of the Company were racing to keep abreast of the operational sections. On December 7th, the Company moved to Zittersheim. Supply men were striving to use the limited stocks of field wire to best advantage. The motor pool personnel had a considerable amount of work, as rapid advances and tough terrain took its toll on Company transportation. All vehicles had to be serviced, repaired and kept in top condition, to meet the demands of the operating sections. A week later the Company moved into Lemberg astride Bitche's main supply route. But Lemberg was a center of German resistance and before the enemy was driven back, the Company had come under heavy mortar and artillery fire.

Bitche was a natural fortress - never before in history had it surrendered. High hills stood guard over the famous valley town. Into those hills had been built the four strongest Forts on the entire Maginot Line. In addition, several smaller one-pillbox forts filled the gaps between the larger installations.

The Nazis were determined to defend Bitche and when their decision became apparent, it was

apparent too, that only the full might of American troops would force the strongpoint. Huge 240 mm and eight-inch artillery was brought up – and the power of the Air Forces was directed against the bastion. To coordinate the entire effort required an intricate system of communication – with the Signalmen installing and operating those which serviced the major elements of the assault.

Finally, after days of fierce combat, Schiesseck, the toughest Fort of all, was neutralized on December 20th. Division troops were perched on the outskirts of the fortress city, when orders came to withdraw. Four days earlier, Von Rundstedt's huge Ardennes offensive had gotten under way. The Third Army moved North to help repel the enemy drive and the Seventh Army assumed control of the area vacated by the Third, the 100th sharing in the general movement to the left and assuming its portion of the longer front. With Fort Schiesseck untenable because the enemy held adjacent forts and troops spread dangerously thin over the long line, the Division was ordered to withdraw to high ground to the South and establish better defensive positions. On December 21st, the Company moved to Montbronn site of the Division CP, to provide local security, as well as to maintain communications over the extended area. By December 22nd, the shifts were completed and the front became quiet.

At this time, after considerable discussion and planning it was decided to merge into one platoon, the Telephone, Telegraph and Construction sections. That measure enabled the Signal Officer to coordinate the operations more closely. The new platoon was formed December 23rd and became known as the Wire Operations Platoon, with 1st Lt Harry V. Drinkard in charge.

But the fronts' quiet was only that which precedes a storm. At 0015 New Year's Day, the German counter-offensive . . . rebuffed in the Ardennes . . . crashed the Seventh Army front, with the brunt aimed directly at the 100th Division sector. With both right and left flanks exposed by the withdrawal of supporting elements before the German onslaught, the Division hurriedly redeployed troops to meet the altered situation and prevent a break through. Better to maintain Divisional control, the CP was moved to Waldhambach, after Montbronn had been strafed several times during the day. Periodic thrusts by the Germans continued to be unsuccessful. When the major enemy effort, begun January 8th and continuing unabated for two days, achieved only



Scene at Diemeringen,
France . . . shades of
Tennessee!

minor American withdrawals in the vicinity of Rimling, the Century's sector became relatively calm. With the end of the Nazi offensive, the 100th Division sector protruded ahead of all the rest of the Army line, the only Division on the entire Seventh Army front to hold its original ground.

Disruption of communications was an important element of the German plan for its last-ditch offensive. But that portion... like all the rest of the plan... met complete failure. Despite the forays of enemy troops, the blasts of artillery and bombs on lines and installations and the constant movement of Division troops to meet the thrusts, Division commanders were always in contact with their subordinate units.

The efforts of Centurymen again won the praise of Gen Jacob L. Devers, Commander of the parent Sixth Army Group:

"The rugged American stubbornness of the combat elements of the 100th Infantry Division has played a tremendous part in stemming the tide of attack by superior enemy numbers. In the area of Rimling, you successfully repulsed enemy attempts to penetrate your lines, your great accomplishment forced the enemy to give up the offensive action on your front.

Inflicting great losses to strong elements of three enemy divisions, you have successfully protected an important sector in the Hardt Mountains. When the force of the powerful enemy drive carried him into a salient in the Bitche area, the prompt and effective extension of your lines to block his advance was a splendid example of a skillful maneuver. I heartily commend all members of this Division for their outstanding achievements."

"Hold your position" was the order passed down to Division from higher headquarters. The Signal Company moved to Bitten on January 6th, as Division elements moved into fixed defensive positions. Threat of offensive still existed, despite the decisive beatings already administered and the Company played a large part in the preparations developed for defense of the CP, should the enemy penetrate in depth. But such thrusts never developed. The operations became routine so during this period of holding, preparation for the Allied spring-time offensive began. The lessened activity of the more spectacular means of "Getting the Message Through" brought into relief, one of the most dependable - Message Center Messengers, who continued to do valiant service, and often experienced near disaster under the effects of the weather and the poor condition of roads.

At just about this stage in our combat days, the Division programme of passes and furloughs to Paris, Riviera, The United Kingdom, Brussels and various Rest Centers was inaugurated. The group of men fortunate enough to have

been selected had some indelible prints added to their memories. It is also necessary to add, along with our other morale factors, the consistent distribution of PX rations - the Red Cross girls and their doughnuts - the shows and motion pictures that were afforded us at what always seemed the right moment.

Another change was made in operating procedure, at this time. The Signal Supply and Repair and Maintenance Sections were re-located in the vicinity of the Division Quartermaster. This group it was reasoned, could operate more efficiently when located in a rear area, where the stoppage of work necessitated by constant moving would be minimized.

Accomplishments of the Company were recognized by the awarding of the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque - one of the first of the Divisional organizations to be so honored. The accompanying citation praised the unit for its superior performance of duty and the achievement of a high standard of discipline during the period from 6th October 1944 to the 13th of January 1945.

Still another major change in procedure was made when on January 22nd the Message Center, Messenger Section and the Radio Section of the Operations Platoon were consolidated into one operating unit known as the Signal Center. The new group consisted of three sections - Traffic, Message Center and Cryptographic, under the supervision of 1st Lt Daniel Dreith.

On March 15, 1945, the Division launched a history-shattering operation. Centurymen jumped off in the Seventh Army drive, synchronized with Third Army action, to wipe out German resistance in the Rhineland, South of the Moselle. Centering the crux of its communication system behind the massing regiments, the Company moved to Rohrbach on March 14th.

Initial step in the 100th's drive was a resumption of the work it was forced to leave unfinished in December - the taking of the Maginot Line fortress city of Bitche. Exploiting the element of surprise, the Century surged forward the next day. Effectiveness of the City's defenses was compromised by Century Engineers' demolition work prior to the withdrawal after the December drive.



The resistance this time had only a stiff crust. Two days were sufficient to complete the engulfing attack and Centurymen marched into the city - the first time in history, reaching back to the 17th Century, that the bastion had been successfully stormed. Close behind the conquering doughs were the Signalmen, converting the communication system from

Bitche, France, as the leading elements of Infantry clear the town.



One of the Citadels at Bitch France, as it appeared to our Artillery observers.

the one serving the siege, to one designed to coordinate the Division's impending drive across the Saar. On March 16th, the Company moved into Bitch, while the town was still under fire.

Summation and praise of the Century Division's activities came in a commendation from the Commander of XV Corps Maj Gen Wade H. Haislip (now Lt Gen and Seventh Army Commander).

"During the advance of the XV Corps beginning 15 March, the 100th Division, by its aggressive fighting spirit played an important role in the destruction of the major part of two German armies. Continuing the attack against strong resistance you captured the fortress town of Bitch, including the Citadel which had never been reduced before in military history, a major obstacle to the advance of XV Corps, together with Camp de Bitch and the Maginot Line positions of Forts Otterbiel, Petite Otterbiel, Grand Otterbiel and Ramstein. You protected the Corps right (East) flank North of the line Camp de Bitch and Bitch and on 18 March consolidated and adjusted your positions and patrolled aggressively. On 21 March you passed to control of the XXI Corps in position."

The Southern wing of the Western front was highly fluid, as Germans sought to slip from the grasp of the gigantic Third-Seventh Army pincers. But news was vital in the anticipated race to the Rhine. In appreciation of this fact a special radio net was activated, to speed the transmission of liaison reports to the Division's operations headquarters. Signal Company radio teams accompanied Division liaison officers, as they rode with the spearheads of the other Divisions engaged in the huge drive. Cryptographers from the Signal Center went along on the missions, to insure against enemy interception of any information of value to his cause.

The March to the Rhine began March 22nd at 0900. Forty-eight hours and 93 miles later, the Division had occupied the objectives of its mission. The pursuit race was as fast as any the Division had run. The Century men whipped through the rough Hardt Mountains . . . passing streams of German Prisoners of War and liberated Allied Prisoners. White flags, protruding from shuttered windows, were the only recognition of the American advance in most of the German towns.



Entrance to a French Military Barrack on the outskirts of the Fortress City of Bitche.

Radio was a natural for the lightning drive. The entire General Staff and the Division, plus supporting units, were netted in a series of nine stations. Thus assuring constant control of all elements.

The Signal Company swept across the German border, the first day of the march and stopped overnight at Thaleischweiler. The next morning the drive was resumed and the Company moved into Meckenheim - a few miles West of the Rhine and Ludwigshaven, where the Division junctured with elements of the Third Army. As the Division approached the Rhine and the necessity of preparing for its crossing, regimental locations were stabilized and wire lines again established.

The rapid advance caused more than one communication problem. With Division Headquarters at Meckenheim in Germany, its administrative forces were still located in Saarbourg, France - more than 100 miles away. However, that problem, as all others, was quickly solved - through arrangement with Division Artillery - with the daily flight of a liaison plane providing the necessary link-up between the two positions.

By March 30th, preparations were completed and Divisional units were alerted for the Rhine crossing. The following morning the Company moved out ... using the pontoon bridge, which substituted for the permanent structure demolished by the retreating Nazis ... and on to the new CP located at Friedrichsfeld.

To establish and maintain communications across the Rhine four wire circuits were laid from the Division switching central to the West bank of the Rhine at Ludwigshaven, then across the pontoon bridge and into Mannheim, where a forward switching central was located to facilitate the rapid installation of trunk lines to the assembly area. A traffic control post was located at Mutterstadt, to control troop movements over the bridge. Telephones at both approaches to the bridge enabled the control officer to dispatch units to the marshaling areas and to pass convoys across the bridge. The system provided excellent coordination between all critical points. East of the Rhine, Division troops met slight resistance. They swept towards Heilbronn, aboard tanks,

trucks and captured vehicles - anything to keep pace with the fast-moving drive. On April 4th, the Company moved to Bonfeld, advantageously situated to control the communications for the contest expected for the important Neckar River Industrial City.

Centurymen were prepared for a contest - but hardly for the fiendish defense the Germans presented in striving to protect the approaches to their vaunted National Redoubt. For nine deadly days, men of the Century - fighting from zeroed-in positions and under constant observation from ridges overlooking the city from the East - endured a hell of Nazi hate, in their efforts to cross the hundred-yard wide Neckar. Correspondents were unanimous in naming it the, "toughest fighting on the Seventh Army front." Some said, "the toughest East of the Rhine." One veteran observer labeled the position as, "another Cassino."

Slowly and determinedly, doughs slugged their way across. One battalion made the crossing just North of the city limits and clung tenaciously to the other side despite increased enemy automatic weapons fire. Two more battalions joined the bridgehead, with still another establishing a second force in the center of the city. Meanwhile, two other battalions had swung seven miles North across the river and fought their way to a junction with other Century forces. The tempo

of the battle increased as Infantrymen fought from house to house and from room to room while several large-scale German counterattacks, nebelwerfers and artillery roared a barrage over the vanishing, crumbling city. On the fourth day of the assault, Engineers completed a bridge to the center of the explosive inferno.

By April 10th, Northern and Southern bridge-

Women digging out road block
in Ludwigshafen, Germany.



Devastation in Heilbronn, Germany, caused by Nazi greed.



heads at Heilbronn were joined, as supporting strength increased. Two days later the city itself was clear and the heights commanding it to the East and South were secured.

Just as the taking of Heilbronn demanded a supreme effort by the assaulting infantrymen, it also called for all the usual communications - and something extra, too. To control traffic, a direct telephone line was installed from the East bank of the Neckar, near Neckargartach, to Division Headquarters. On April 5th, during this operation, relentless artillery and mortar fire was directed against the wire team. A hasty overhead installation was made, so that the continuous enemy artillery fire could not disrupt the vital communications.

But Heilbronn... tough as it was... was only a stepping stone towards the Redoubt across the fast shrinking Reich. Bad Cannstatt, on the East bank of the Neckar River, was the next major German city to fall to the now thoroughly seasoned Century Division. Acting as right flank of VI Corps, the Division... in a move closely coordinated with the French... placed a giant pincer around the huge German industrial city of Stuttgart. A tactical expedient that led to its capture almost without contest.

That action proved to be the Division's final combat service in the European Theatre of Operations. Following it, on April 24th, the Division was committed to Seventh Army Reserve. The Company moved into Stuttgart for one week - then, on April 30th, proceeded to UHINGEN. There, with the Division still in reserve, the unconditional surrender of Germany brought Victory in Europe.

On May 10th the Signal Company moved to Geislingen in an operational capacity. Here, Lt Col Louis Mussler advanced to a higher echelon and Maj B. A. Dever became Division Signal Officer. 1st Lt Harry V. Drinkard assumed the duties of Company Commander, following Capt Raymond J. Moran's promotion to Assistant Division Signal Officer.

At the time of publication, the Company was located in Stuttgart where it supervised and maintained communications for that sector of occupied Germany. Every member of the 100th Signal Company can be justifiably proud of the work he contributed toward the making and preserving of the Peace that has been and ever will be The American Way of Life.



The final stages of the War! Defeated and broken Supermen rounded up near Heilbronn, Germany.



THE COMPANY INSIGNIA

A Company Insignia is symbolic by its designation of the various courses of the Company's activities. The 100th Signal Company Insignia was entrusted to the talents of Sgt Marius Trinque.

His first step was to use as a basis an elongated contour of the 100th Division patch. To denote the Signal Corps, the very descriptive Wig Wag and Torch was used. The Shield was broken in the middle by a wavy line to represent the ocean crossing. Due to a stormy trip the obvious thing was reversed with the dark blue to not only signify a tempestuous voyage but also to indicate the biggest river crossing we have made, that of the Rhine River. Secondly, indicated by the light blue was the crossing of the Neckar River at Heilbronn. Symbolic of the major engagements wherein the Signal Company maintained communications in France, is "fleur-de-lis." They are Raon l'Etape, Vosges Mountains and Bitche. The biggest German offensive was "The Battle for Heilbronn" on the Neckar River, which is represented by the German national colors of Red, White and Black, diagonally running from right to left.

In respect to the men, who, in the performance of their duties, made the Supreme Sacrifice, a scroll adorns the base of the Shield with four raised gold stars.

Construction

The various sections of the Company have their own stories to tell - with this in mind we introduce Construction, sometimes called the workingest outfit of them all. The formation of the Construction Section followed the usual screening procedure and it was about a month and a half after the arrival in Fort Jackson that the personnel was assigned. The Construction Section has the all important job of laying wire from the Division Command Post to the Regimental units of its command. We were headed by Lt Moran, who has since become a Captain and also Assistant Division Signal Officer, and Lt Dreith.

Under the supervision of these two officers we were taught familiarization and all there was to know about field wire communications. It wasn't easy for them, nor was it easy for us. Here, from every walk of life was a crew of men who never climbed a pole nor ever installed a telephone. We had classes out behind our barracks where seven poles were put up so that we could learn how to use the issued climbers equipment. We tried hard, some of us only climbing a foot or two off the ground. Some of us climbing much higher only to burn the pole and return to Mother Earth with a sudden bang! Yes, it was trying at times, even despairing. Harold Moore, Chauncey Maggiacomo, Noley Kilpatrick and John Nason, whose ability to climb and knowledge of outdoor communication systems went a long way encouraging and actually showing us that working atop a pole was nothing more than applied hard work. With that in mind we set out as a hard working crew to achieve what was to be our job in the future. Competitive spirit augmented by sideline kibitzing was a material help. It wasn't two weeks before each of us could climb to the top. Personalities like Leo LeBlanc, Vinny Plonski, and the unforgettable character Harrington, proved their boasting with a pair of hooks and a safety belt.

At this time let us say we were not fully occupied with work. We had drill formations that

finally led to intersection competition. Under the leadership of Jack Lohsen we accomplished the well earned title of best platoon in ranks. Often challenged ... but never beaten!

Basic days bring to mind the inevitable long hikes and forced marches led by none other than our Company Commander.

S Sgts Giannetto and
Newlands shooting trouble.





Bill Euskavedh stringing
an overhead line.



Now we can laugh at all that but we can also look back on it and realize just how far it went in toughening up our systems for the coming phase in our training for combat. On the 28th of March we came to the end of all the preliminary things. Furloughs were started and in that act alone morale started to soar to new heights for it was the first time in four or more long months since any of us had been home.

Now came the phase in which the Company worked as a whole. All the classes we had learned in theory in basic training were going to be put to use. Our weekly schedules read "D" exercises. So out into the field we went for three and four day periods. Getting the feel of things in putting lines in for communications between our different sections was an innovation in itself. At first we worked only during the day. As time went on, we found ourselves laying lines and shooting trouble far into the night. These stints were short lived. The farther we advanced in our training the farther away from the Fort Jackson Reservation we traveled. Each time we went out we experienced new and different obstacles. At first it was the cold weather, then rain and finally the

intense summer heat of South Carolina. It was during one of those cloud bursts that we encountered one of the most dangerous elements our kind of work has to contend with. Though thousands of miles from the actual fighting we witnessed the death of a member of our crew. It was on a problem while near the town of McKeon, S.C., where Pfc Robert Walsh met his death. Lt Dreith and "Chuck" Neri exerted themselves to their utmost in their efforts while administering artificial respiration. Bob's death was a rough deal for all of us because he was truly a brother in arms... always wanting to "get into the scrap." It was ironic that he should die in action that was merely simulated. But his efforts and his death all went to prove his patriotism to his Country.

The fine spirit of the Construction Section was a continuous example of cooperation. It is doubted if there was one Company activity that our Section did not contribute to in a major part. The nucleus of all sports was drawn from Construction. Baseball, football, basketball, swimming were our outstanding contributions. But, our participation did not end there. Company shows, newspaper work, parties, representatives for Division activities included, invariably, members of our Section. The Section was oft-times referred to as the pulse of the Company.

"JoJo" Moore's feats are a definite part of the Company History... Gordon Frank's record breaking 25 mile hike brought fame to himself as well as the Division... the late Sammy Fleischer, Pat Colantuono, Lou Gervasi, Elwyn Smilie and Tony Pestana were the original group who added spark to Division shows... the Company parties were made more enjoyable through the efforts of our gang... summing everything up the results were major morale accomplishments.

Months later came another phase putting all our learning and knowledge together on maneuvers. We closed stations in Fort Jackson on November 15th and made our way to Lebanon, Tenn.

That period is one that will long live in our memories. For all of us Construction men it was the toughest winter we had ever encountered. Rain, sleet and snow, along with the freezing cold caused troubles without end



Decked out in their snow camouflage uniforms, a crew takes time out beside an impromptu fire in Batten, France, during the rigorous Alsatian winter.



Warmed up - the crew takes off on their mission.

for us. We laid our wire out day and night and the end of each weekly tactical problem found us retrieving the same wire we had put out. Whatever wire we put overhead we had to take down. Whatever wire we buried across roads for the prevention of breakage by passing vehicles, had to be dug up. There were times the odds were against us. There was time to sleep ... but morning always found our bedrolls covered with frost.

Maneuvers tough going as they were, we still managed to sneak in a few hours of entertainment each week-end. Nashville provided us with all necessities. The YMCA, YMHA and Service Clubs went a long way making us forget the mud and frost we had to contend with in this simulated business of war. Dances were held on Saturday nights and occasionally Sunday dinner engagements were provided for us by the people of Nashville. We appreciated all the congeniality of the citizens of that Capital City. They had afforded us a chance to recall the warmth of our homes.

The War Department decided that two full months of maneuvers were enough, so on January 17th we wended our way to our new home station in Fort Bragg, N. C. The conveniences of barracks life were open to us - and as we reacclimated ourselves, it all seemed too good to be true after the hell (without heat) we lived in.

By this time our Construction crew was at its peak. We could handle wire under any circumstances. While in Fort Bragg we took care of communications for the various "D" problems,

parades and reviews. We even tackled the job of wiring a carbine and an M-1 firing range. Installing telephones for the different pits, was a job in itself. We found that laying the wire on the ground was more than often shot up by stray firing. It surely was a problem to cope with, that is until one of the crew thought of using a 2-1/2 ton truck pulling a plow. With a rig-up like that we dug a ditch and laid the wire in the same operation, following was a jeep with a drag covering up the ditch. That piece of ingenuity helped us finish four firing ranges in two days, a job that would have taken considerably longer.

During one of the Divisional reviews our artillery fire had practically mutilated the open wire communications the Post was using between the various ranges. It was then that we were called upon to repair it, the first open wire job we had since activation. We can be thankful because all the repairing and testing came in handy later on, when training ceased and communications might have meant the lives of many an Infantry man.

Fort Bragg did a lot for us. Besides the extensive training and jammed schedules; we did a load of caring for our equipment... the caring that helped keep the equipment in shape for the coming final phase... actual combat. When we received our packing orders, climbing hooks, belts, pliers, clamps and all our other linemen's tools were fit and ready for the fight. Everything was packed and crated in three and one half days! We pulled out of Fort Bragg enroute to Camp Kilmer, N. J. Censorship began to tighten its belt around us and on October 6th we sailed out of New York harbor.

Sailing across the Atlantic filled us with great curiosity as to where we'd land. When we passed the Rock of Gibraltar we had both Italy and Marseilles on our minds. But as we



Lt Elwell mapping out the shortest route to a break in the line to Crew Chief Giannetto while at Butten, France, in January '45.



neared our destination, the ship crowded with rumors of the Port of Marseilles as our landing point. On October 20th we hit French soil. With full field packs we started our eight mile up-hill climb to Septemes and from that moment on began the task of getting our equipment and trucks ready for combat. Nine days later we started our three day motor march up to Padoux, France, where our Division first made contact with the enemy.

Our Construction crews were all set to go - trucks, equipment and men, all ready to serve our Regiments with communications back to our Division Command Post. The training we had received under simulated conditions in all the previous years was not in vain. Almost immediately after landing we laid lines to start the Division functioning. The resistance we had developed against the elements during Tennessee maneuvers was now doing its part against the weather, for France was a mass of rain, floods and mud! S Sgts Kilpatrick, Giannetto and Jordan, with their crews, served the 397th, 398th and 399th Infantry Regiments, respectively. The three crews swallowed hard because here it was. Laying wire in territory that was heavily mined, roads that were zeroed in by the enemy and having to work under cover of darkness. They were all there ... each and every obstacle had to be dealt

Members of the Company take a "break" for a shot during the Vosges Mountains Campaign. Pfc Gerard Pascal and Sgt Herbert King, later killed at Bining, France, are in the rear row.





with and often at the same time. The Bronze Stars that were presented to S Sgt Jordan's team proved that the communications for the period between November 1st and December 30th was certainly of high standing.

But our teams quartered at the Regiments weren't the only men who took part in establishing communications. The teams that stayed at the Company CP also had a job to do. They supplied the Division switchboard with trunk lines to our Field Artillery and supporting units. These teams also helped lay long locals, laterals between the Regiments and often met the outlying teams completing Regimental lines.

On December 19th the order was put into effect that all wires were to be suspended overhead. This meant that every inch of wire that came off our Construction trucks had to be put

Construction crews closely followed the Infantrymen to establish communication with Command elements.

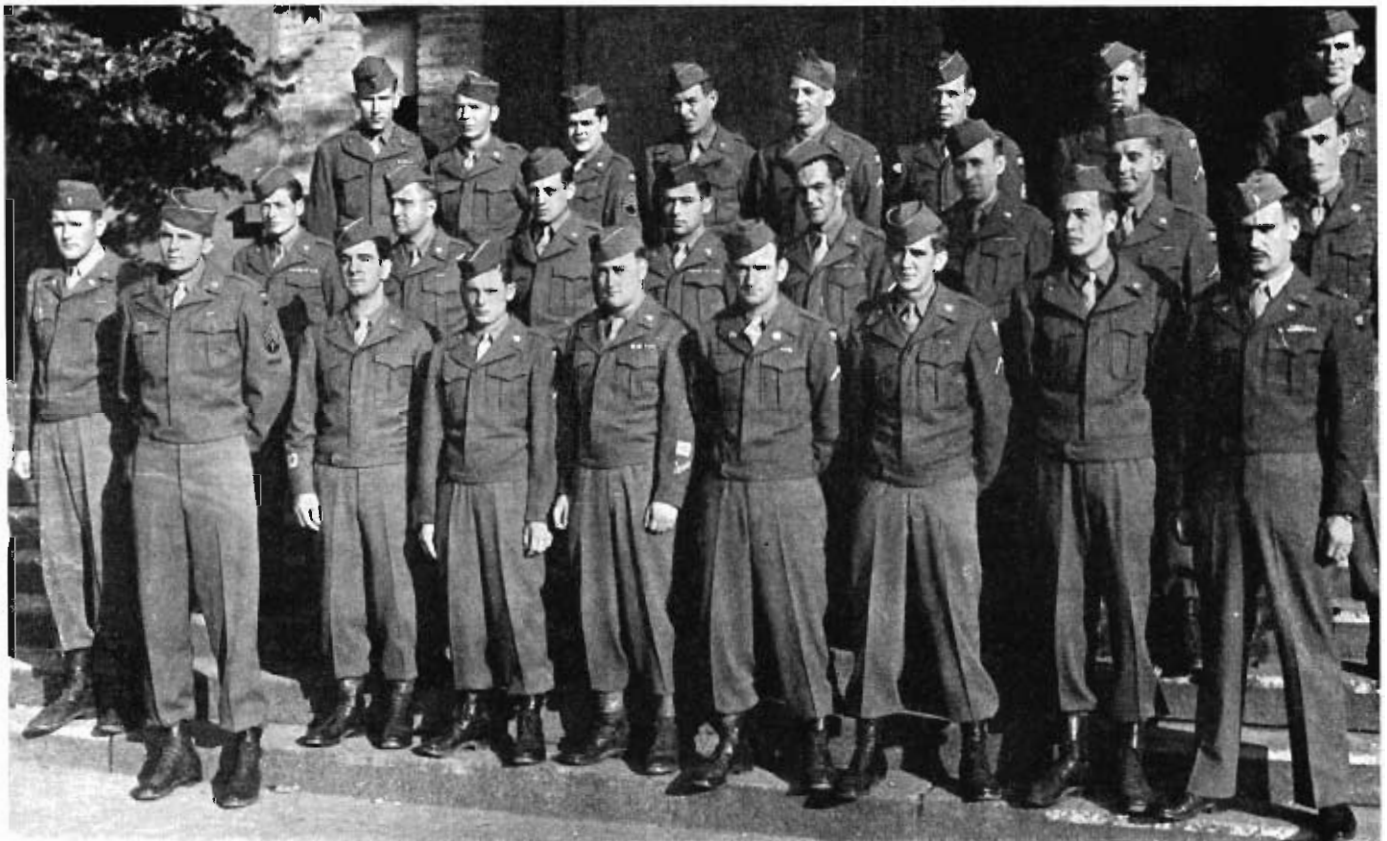


out of reach of trucks and tanks. It also meant added work but suspending wire gave less trouble to shoot . . . an objective we were always taught to strive for.

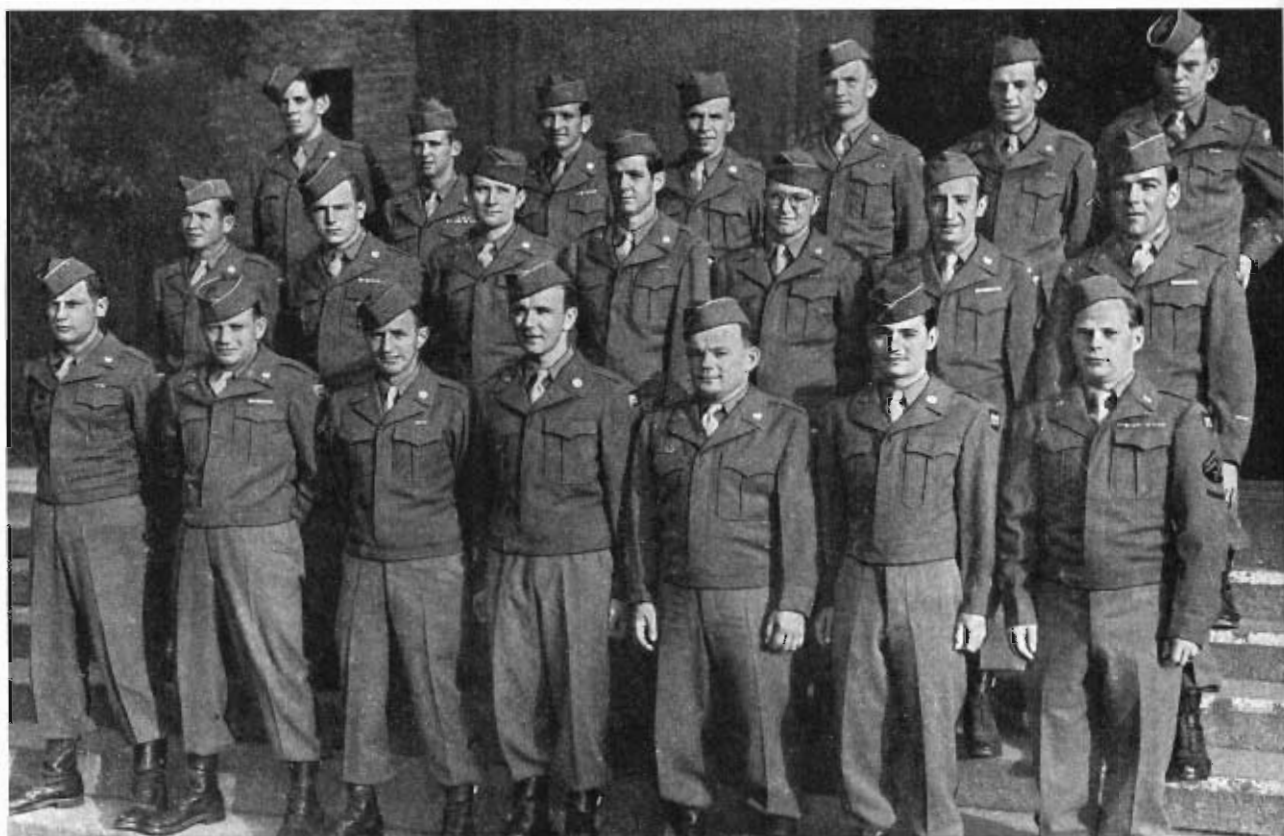
The day after Xmas found T and T and Construction together, under the supervision of Lt Drinkard. The combination was called Wire Operations Headquarters. Under the new set-up, Construction could work very effectively with T and T. New systems were worked out to help trouble shooting by working each line directly into a Zero board. When a line was cut, shorted or grounded, they could tell us approximately how far to go before the trouble could be found. It was indeed a blessing! Lines that usually took us four or five hours to clear only took an hour and a half at the most. The use of an EE-65, in conjunction with the Zero board gave us quick response instead of having to bother the "Freedom" operator when he was busy with other calls.

About that time our source of wire became acute. We not only had to lay wire but we had to pick up set-ups when we moved out. That meant double the work because used wire had to be serviced and repaired. Trouble sprouted up all over our complicated network. Lines were being cut by outfits carrying out orders to "pick up wire." Most of the trouble came by good working circuits being out and picked up. Many times lines had to be replaced and repaired. Aside from that we had to cope with the "Hitler Youth" who would cut our lines in inconspicuous places. But it was all part of the War game and each incident was dealt with accordingly.

New Year's Day found us laying wire back for a retrograde movement . . . the first of its kind since we hit active combat. Our crews worked all of one day and most of the next night to get the new CP into operation. That move to Waldhambach proved fatal for two of our men.



Sgt Herbert King and Pfc Gerard Pascal were killed in the town of Bining on January 2nd. King's team was operating out of the 397th CP where he and Pascal were returning for information when they were caught in an artillery barrage. On January 9th the Company held Protestant Services for Sgt King and Catholic Mass for Pfc Pascal.

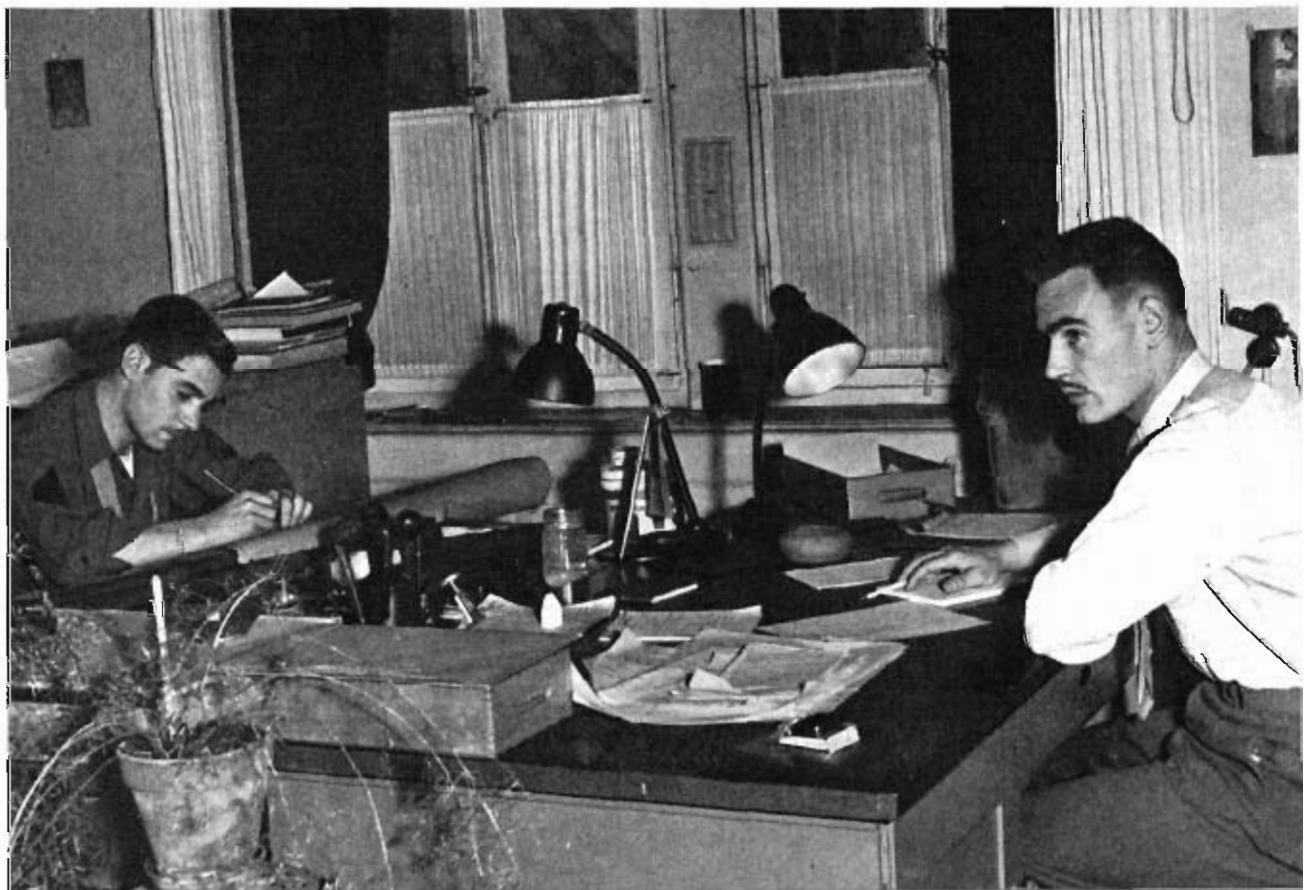


From Waldhambach we moved to Butten where we remained for about two months. There wasn't much of anything happening except for the constant pounding our regiments and artillery gave the fortified city of Bitche. On March 15th the Division jumped off. From then on we moved too fast for any wire to be laid. After Bitche was taken we never stayed in one town more than two or three days. Whatever set-ups we made were temporary, but required just as much work as any permanent set-ups we made previously.

The War ended while we were in the town of Ugingen, Germany, and we moved to the town of Geislingen where we put up a permanent installation using all of the town's underground cables, having to lay wire only where the underground cables had been bombed out. It took all of two months to get Geislingen and its surrounding Division territory wired for sound and at the end of that time we were ordered to move into the city of Stuttgart which required a repetition of the wiring work just completed in Geislingen. We anticipate putting the whole system on a commercial dial set-up, using our own operators and some civilian construction men under our military eyes.

We of the Construction Section, those of us who have been together since the Company's activation and the men who joined us along the way, feel proud of our record and our contribution to the extinction of those elements causing unrest in the World. Our time spent in the Service was a necessity, but the splendid spirit and good fellowship will leave us with friendships and pleasant memories forever.

Wire Operations Headquarters located in Telephone Exchange, Geislingen, Germany - - in Division Zone of Occupation.





"Jock's" Invention

During the period of basic training at Fort Jackson, Tec 5 Chauncey N. Maggiacomo (now M Sgt) was summoned to the Orderly Room for a conference with Lt Raymond J. Moran, the Construction Officer. Lt Moran had observed a somewhat new type of wire recovery equipment used by another Signal unit operating in the area and, inasmuch as our Company was in its early stages of training, this innovation might be useful in making future combat operations more successful.

After the idea was thoroughly explained and the principles made clear, Maggiacomo agreed to take a fling at improving the Reel Unit RL-26.

Many attempts at perfecting the device fell short of success in some feature and brought up new technical problems to be solved. These failures, although discouraging, did not dispel "Jock's" determination to iron out all the shortcomings of the present design. Finally, his perseverance resulted in the evolution of the plans for a working model and from that design, the wire recovery

units now in use by the Company and many other units of the Signal Corps, were constructed.

Previous to the use of "Jock's" recovery equipment, it had been necessary, when picking up wire, to have a number of men (depending on the number of circuits being picked up), with pike poles or "idiot sticks," follow the truck on foot to prevent the wire from becoming snagged on bushes, or other entanglements beside the road. Another man was needed on the truck to insure an even distribution of wire on the reels and to provide tension as the wire was reeled in. The new method eliminated much of the manual labor inasmuch as now the wire was picked up and fed through a boom on the front bumper, passed over the cab of the truck and reeled in automatically, all of which had been impossible under the old system.

A few months after the plan was adopted throughout the Company and all trucks fitted with the necessary equipment, two Signal Officers from the Fort Monmouth Laboratories visited our Company to make a periodic inspection. They were so satisfied with the device that they asked for specifications, that they might take them back and see if this idea couldn't be used throughout the Signal Corps.

A patent has been secured by Sgt Maggiacomo, and has been made available to the Army for expediting the recovery of field wire by all units.

Maneuvers in Tennessee might be considered an acid-test for the Tension and Feeding Unit because during that period it proved its worth. The achievements during maneuvers were surpassed in combat and the record of the Company and particularly that of the Construction Section is a testimonial to the value of this invention.

To M Sgt Maggiacomo goes the gratitude of all the men in the Wire Operations Platoon whose work has been made easier through his untiring efforts. As to what he expects in return for his labor, we quote: "If it has helped the war effort a little, then I am deeply repaid."

The first of the Signalites to be redeployed, May 1945.



Radio

Pointless radiomen are anxious to go overseas once more - Westward this time. But they've been "sweating it out" patiently, since VE Day, remembering their difficulties last time in their initial crossing and the preparations it entailed.

These difficulties began in December 1942 and much earlier than that, as these civilian soldiers tangled with their respective draft boards and their own peculiar point systems. Most of their earlier troubles came from the Cadre, in their efforts to convert these civilians into soldiers. Two of the original Cadremen beat us to the Pacific - Lt Benardo, reportedly as fine an officer there as he was with us; and M Sgt (now Lt) Geschwind, master of army vocations and avocations.

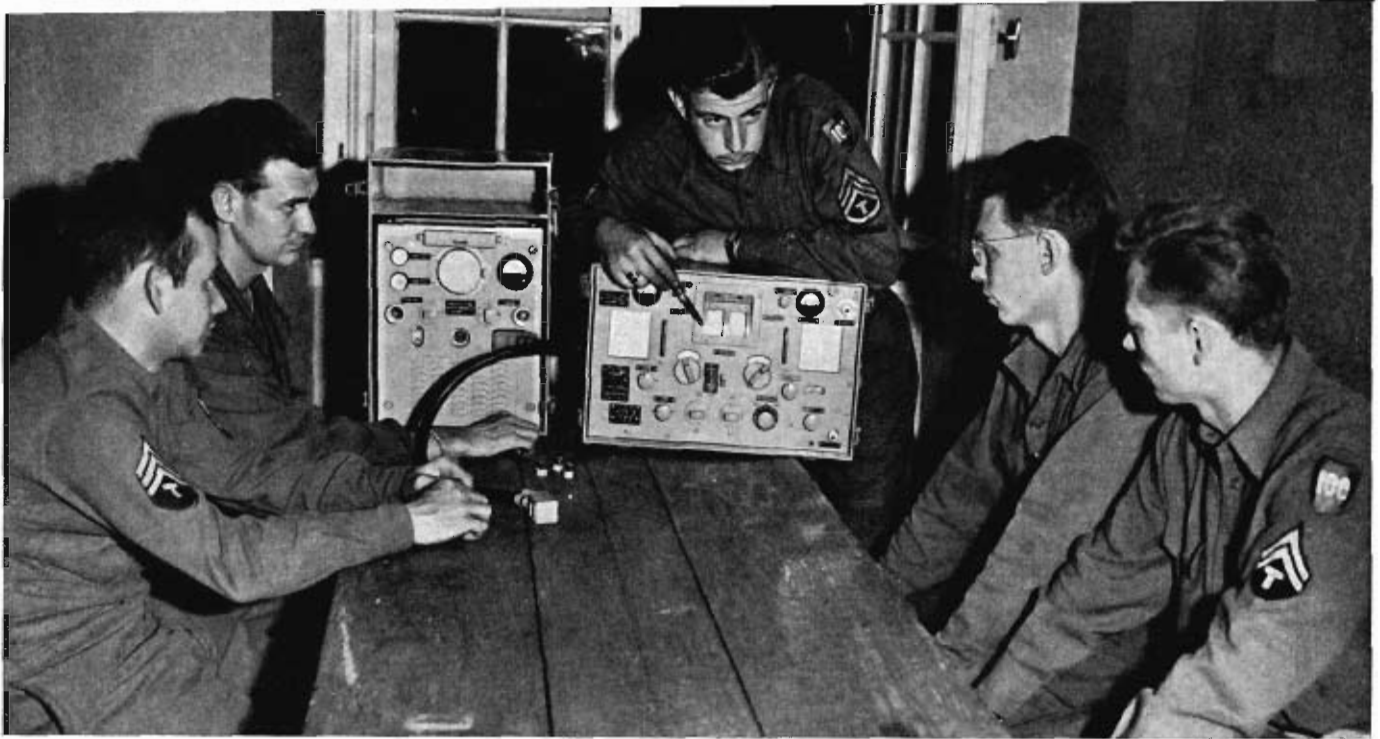
Happiest of those Jackson times in Huts 1, 2 and 3 came when the misguided Headquarters CQ religiously stoked our fires on chilly nights so we'd awaken warm in the morning. The parting of the ways came the morning he insisted on our falling out for their early Reveille. Less happy times were the Friday nights when Easton, Demsky and Moss, in their roles of hutment leaders, vied with each other in dreaming up chores in preparation for the Saturday inspections. Most meticulous in those preparations was Mardegian - also the most giggled! Most GI of the radio huts was 5, where the arrival of "Lights Out" time was signaled nightly by Ranger ("we will now do the burrpee") Vernon's gurgling, "Gentlemen - good night!"

Radiomen had another home, too - Division Radio School. We received an early introduction to this cell wherein we were to be confined for what seemed to be, at the time, most of our army career - wrestling with dots and dashes, procedure, theory and all the other essentials of a Tec 5. For by that time, "Stripes-are-coming-out Borge," had his rumor factory busy and radiomen frantic trying to find room to shave before Retreat.

"Stripes" finally did get out, much to Norm Griffin's regret, but not before Dave Teitelbaum was near a nervous breakdown and the firm of Borge and Geschwind had reaped a fortune in razor blades. We were radio operators then and ready to go on the air - with 131's or occasionally a 284. Long service in this field, cranking the hand generator,



M Sgt John T. Demsky
sending with a "bug."



Radio link personnel studying a German Radio Set.

convinced Lewis of the advantages of working in Supply and it was the 131's that brought fame to the "Forever Unavailables," and their guardian, "Whipsy" Lang.

We were getting distance then - out as far as Twin Lakes - and up to operating 193's in carryalls. At least we had the use of the carryalls for protection from the rain. But hiking was the mode of travel to and from camp, with "Stilts" Galston taking top honors against Henry Schmall, book-collector Sadoff, photo-collector Spinosa and collector Cohen.

Real distance was effected when the Division guarded the 252 mile roadbed of the Presidential train route in South Carolina and both radios and operators had their first big workout. There were more workouts soon, notably the Recon excursion to Blowing Rock with Silvernail, Galston, Albuquerque and Latendresse establishing communications and reputations as well.

Antenna problems were next with teams fanning out to all points of the compass. The most distance, naturally, was covered by Demsky, Lacy and Markowitz whose route chanced to lead them upon an encampment of thousands of WACS.

Away from duty we were learning to like Columbia and, in the light of later stations, "like" is an understatement. Every man sought his own tastes and usually they were gratified. A Saturday night ritual was dinner at Bihari's or the Jefferson, the dance at the Presbyterian, hamburgers at the Toll House then back to camp. Others sought wider fields and happier hunting grounds, with Rock Hill furnishing lasting memories for many.

Urge for distance and flight pay, lured some more of us and off to the bright blue yonder went Latchman, Markowitz, Lynch, Lynady and LaPoint. Cadet-ward went Mills and Sawyer, (only to end up in the Infantry) and "Idiot" Parchen, while bird-like Fleer went ground crew. The quest

for higher education or a closer view of New York took others from our midst and away to the rigors of Fort Monmouth - Roper, LaPorte, Puckett, Giles, Pearson, Linden and Rubin.

Summer rolled around with its hikes, bivouacs, chiggers, Twin Lakes and Carolina heat, relieved only by a rare furlough or one of PX Willie's malteds. Then came the first shipment with a Pacific-bound assault Signal Company taking Lt Benardo, Piwowarski, Anderson, Mashel, Pearson, Linden and Rubin.

D-Exercises were next with Lt Rice as our new officer - and then maneuvers. "Tactical" days were spent in the seclusion of the "Radio Central" - nights rubbing hands and swapping stories around the fire or trying to keep warm in a C & R car - or listening to Lacy vs QQ vs Hochstein, on who'd sleep inside - holiday dinners in the rain and snow. Maneuvers meant, in addition to rugged existence, week-ends in Nashville and Southern hospitality as advertised. First stop was the "Y," center of all attractions with its seventh (Signal) floor, dances, snacks and invitations - then you were on your own. But it always ended up in that long, cold ride back to the woods.

With a final orgy of mud where everyone, even the bulldozers, became mired trying to pull someone out (mostly Lebel), maneuvers were over and we were garrison bound again, except for Lacy and QQ who had a final fling at Cookeville hospitality under Sgt Brown's guidance. Shipment again with honors, this time, going to Hirsch, Verner, Kordas and Proulx.

Garrison was Fort Bragg - still no relief for the Yankees. The center of attraction for all those who could get on a bus was the Town Pump, a merry-go-round natural for Moss, but too much for Demsky. Those who couldn't catch the bus stayed in camp, where lights went out at ten and sleep came around three, with many a bed tipped in between. Most of the boys will probably remember "Whipsy" Lang pounding hysterically on wall lockers while his bed swung from the rafters. Came the Friday night clean-ups evolving to weekly water fights, while homeward-bound married men fretted - and the Saturday night blow-outs winding up in pitched battles. Bellardi was always "innocent," until at the Company dance when he forgot his hiking injury in a sprint for his cold companion's shawl.

Variety was added by two weeks at the best station of all - AP Hill. Living conditions weren't much, but Washington was only fifty miles away and non-fraternization was an unheard of policy.

Came the prospects of combat and the quest after the mythical SSN qualifications to escape the horrible fate of being left at the pier. The battle of the barracks was left behind and they became the place where you slept the six hours you weren't in Radio School. Then began the parade of Division inspectors; Corps inspectors; more Corps inspectors and War Department inspectors - a final shuffling of men - new men added - and then we were over the hump. Training behind, combat ahead!

Like the rest of the Company, the Radio Section weathered the stormy Atlantic on a one-



Radio Code Practice in Germany during Redeployment Training Period.

stacker which we grew to know as "The cork" because of its bobbing and weaving like Joe Louis at his best. Hardly recovered from that ordeal, we were rushed into combat within twelve days after our arrival at the port of Marseilles, in "Sunny France." The entire personnel worked day and night installing SCR-193's in our eight command cars and the SCR-399 crew of Bob Roper, Bill Hill (who later "volunteered" for the infantry) Gus Lundquist and George Borden finally got the "Green Dragon" together.

Those boys deserve a lot of credit for, in the confusion and during the unloading, the wrong unit was picked up at the pier. To the layman this is a minor error, but to the guys who had to handle this piece of equipment it assumed the proportions of a major disaster.

The less said about our little hike, with all our equipment from the ship to our bivouac area some eight miles away, the better. Most of the boys want to forget about that little safari. On that jaunt spirits were pretty low and conversation at a minimum. Yep, it was so quiet during those short "breaks" you could almost hear a private drop. (Corny, isn't it?)

Our Radio teams like the various other combat teams, were rushed into action without any loss of time. After a rather grinding and rugged three-day motor march from our bivouac area near Marseilles, we arrived at Padoux and a muddy, mine-infested area in which to bivouac. After a night's rest, if you could call it that, two of our combat teams were immediately pressed into service, although the Division as a whole had not yet been committed. Bob Whitley, Vin Miller and Bob Schlitt accompanied the 399th Regiment, assigned to replace one of the units of the 45th Division which was sorely in need of relief at that time. Before many days had passed this team had received its baptism of fire.



Corps and Division Command Nets operating by remote control.

Walter Haug's team, with Joe (Laughing Boy) Worrell and Ed Giles, took over the command of the 925th Field Artillery station. A few days later the 397th and 398th Regiments assumed command of sectors formerly occupied by the other regiments of the 45th Division and from then on it was all the 100th, with the Signal Company doing its usual excellent job.

The entire 100th Division was operating like a charm, with Radio playing an important part and every man doing his job.

The officers, like the enlisted men, dug in those first few nights and it was a good thing, too. Those 88's really came in on schedule each night around 2300, and when they came, there was always at least one operator in the command car operating regardless of the danger. Radio, in the field, is a twenty-four hour job and besides, you'd look pretty silly digging a slit trench for a $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton command car.

Naturally, it is impossible for any company, Signal or otherwise, to send every man out where he can see a little action. It can be very boring at times back at the CP, although life there has its moments also. Every once in awhile it was the custom of the Radio Section to have a little "bull session" and discuss the happenings in the past, the possibilities for the future and thrash out suggestions, gripes, etc. It was at one of these meetings that Phil Fleming, John (QQ) Albuquerque and Edward (Buddy) Giles bitched aplenty because they were assigned to work the Division Command Net and remain back at the CP. They wanted to go out with a regiment and see the fun. It so happened that one of the teams on an assignment with the 397th Regiment was due to be relieved and had reported that they were having trouble with

their vehicle. To satisfy all concerned (not that it was the policy of the Section to appease its personnel), the following morning Fleming's team reported at Bining and took over communications, replacing Charlie Silvernail, Conrad Roeder and Sid Hochstein. They'll never admit it but we all wonder whether they regretted that particular decision. A day or two later Phil salvaged a shrapnel riddled pair of shoes and a canteen so perforated by 50-caliber machine gun bullets that it could have been used as a sieve. All this in addition to a ton of metal lodged in the body of their command car. The remainder of their stay was spent operating remote, from the cellar of a Kraut barracks. A couple of months later Phil wasn't so lucky and caught a bit of shrapnel in his own epidermis. But he's with us again, after a little convalescing in a hospital near Paris.

The consensus of opinion throughout the Signal Company, or for that matter any other communications outfit, has always been that you must be a little "batty" before you can become a good operator. If you aren't, it doesn't take long before you become that way. However, a good radio man will argue that point, far, far into the night, contending that there's nothing unusual in making radio receivers out of a metal soap dish or trying to construct a "Lundquist" transmitter from a bed spring and a few odd vacuum tubes. Suppose we do have our little idiosyncrasies - blame the countless hours we had to spend learning that damned code. It creeps up on ya!

They say in the army that there's a reason for everything and the things you spend days learning - perhaps even months - may prove to be of use but once during an entire campaign. That once is enough. A lot has depended on radio, especially during a moving situation or a swift advance when it was impossible to lay wire fast enough to keep up with the forward elements of the Division and the various other attached units of both the 7th and 3rd Armies. No one will argue that point! At times, we guys can be damned important.

Yes, when the chips were down the 100th Signal Company's Radio Section came through, to use a stereotyped phrase, "with flying colors." Every man of every team has his own experiences to relate. If we were to try to put each in print, it would require much more space than we have been allotted here.



We've all been damned cold, sometimes soaking wet, but there isn't a man in the Section who wouldn't go through all that again if he knew that even one man's life or safety depended on it. What if our hands were so numb from the cold that we were afraid to touch the key for fear that our fingers would drop off? So what? We all knew that it couldn't last forever and we had the Jerries on the run. That's what counted! Every hour and every dot and dash brought us that much closer to home. That's what we were fighting for and that's what guys were dying for. From the General down to the lowly dough in a foxhole up ahead, and quite often to our flanks, so much depended on the Radioman with his little key and his knowledge of how to "get the message through," despite all kinds of handicaps. We won't dwell on the adverse conditions encountered in the Vosges. The Signal Company's record, as well as the Division's, has been much publicized, both here in Europe and in the States. The terrain was rugged and mountainous, and weather conditions were such as had never been experienced by any mobile wireless group with the type of equipment that was at our disposal.

But no one minded the work. We prayed for traffic! During those long weeks in Alsace, when the army was gathering momentum for the push that was to come and the situation seemed more or less stalemated, it was hard to keep from living up to that "batty" reputation. It was during that period that a few of our Radio boys considered it a blessing to be transferred to the Wire Section. To prove how versatile a Radioman can be, it is only necessary to look at the record. It speaks for itself. We loaned several of our men to the Construction Section, hard pressed at the time. Dick (Schultz) Silverstein, Charlie (Tiny) Meschter, Don (Peach Fuzz) Swango, Paul (YoYo) Buettel, Fulton (Loovil) Lavon, Don Nelson, Eli Kraus and Joe LoBue have "done a little time" with the wire boys. But most of them are back now, and we're all glad to have them with us once again.

When Moss (Moose, to most of us) became the Radio Section's supply man during those trying days, Eugene (Deacon) Payne and Roland (Rollie) Spearing lent able assistance. These three formed what grew to be known as "G-4 Junior" and could usually be found close to "Nerve Center" - Payne fixing a flat on his jeep and Moss wielding a hammer and saw. The latter, without question, has constructed more boxes than any other man in the ETO - practically all his spare time was devoted to this occupation until he had his ton and a half filled with them. This accomplished, he started to work on a box eliminator and wound up in a maze of shelves, forcing him to consult a chart when someone found it necessary to request some TP-1000 or perhaps a pair of shoelaces. 'Tis said S Sgt Troutman did a lot of bucking for "Moose's" job, and that additional stripe.

Censorship became a headache and in answer to the innumerable inquiries from the folks at home, all we could say was "Somewhere in France" or "Somewhere in Germany." It is supposed the recipients of many of our letters going back to the States became disgusted after

getting answers like that in response to their "where are you," but the height was reached when Dick Silverstein's return mail started to reach him headed "Somewhere on Third Avenue" or "Somewhere in Brooklyn." Dick's only comment to this was "wise guys," in a very contemptuous voice.

When the tactical situation permitted, a few of us would travel back, driving blackout for miles, to view a movie. It didn't matter if we had seen it before, or if it was a "B" picture. Anything was a relief from the monotonous hour after hour repetition of QRU's. As a rule, the "theater" was usually an abandoned beer hall sans windows and doors, and so cold that it would more than offset whatever enjoyment may have been derived from Betty Grable strutting her stuff for the edification of about a hundred GI's.

Then there were those poker sessions with winnings usually being monopolized by that Paterson hep-cat, Fearless Phil Carratello, Joseph Puckett and Steve (I lost on the boat) Otiepka and, as a rule by the 10th of the month, the francs and marks were in the hands of those fortunate few.

Honors for the most letters written over here must be shared equally between Ray Lebel and George Morgan and as a result, the rest of us guys were green with envy when mail-call time came. Those two proved the old theory - that to get a letter, you must write one. It paid off in big dividends for them. Honors for the most packages from home goes to Gresham, who has saved the life of many a "starving" Radioman. The best cook was Larry Costello, noted for his steak and French fries and a command car bulging with pots, pans and various other kitchen utensils. The longest letter written was by Ray (Lifeguard) Fary, in reply to the little woman's epistle describing her latest purchase!

To say that the Section had its slack moments might give the reader the mistaken impression that we were waiting around for something to happen. "Doing nothing" to us meant 24 hours of continuous watch, copying press for the General and his staff, the I & E Officer, and the Division in general, so that every man would be able to form a mental picture of the progress we were making, not only in the ETO but in the CBI and the various other theaters of operation... a little KP... monitoring the various radio nets within the Division and other little details, such as digging latrines (something that every man in the army has trained for at one time or another). Naturally, we Radiomen felt that the latter detail was beneath us. Didn't we have high IQ's? The stock answer to that question has always been, "such an important job cannot be entrusted to a man whose mental capacity is not up to snuff." So, we dug latrines!

When the Signal Company began its trek through Alsace we were greeted by some very odd sights. Guys who had never seen a well before were dunking a bucket like they had been doing it for years. And those wooden shoes!!! When we happened to be billeted in a house with a French family we soon had to become accustomed to their habits and customs. The whole family,

without exception, would never fail to leave those brogans in the hallway or on the stairs and we had several minor casualties from same. A great many of the inhabitants spoke the German language or a kind of mixture of German and French (they call it Alsatian). We all had a feeling that every other civilian was a spy, although we were given a rousing welcome and everyone went all out to make us as comfortable as possible. The French had seen a whole lot of this war but the courage they displayed was typical of a people who would not be beaten. It did not matter that they had been rendered homeless by innumerable bombings, artillery and mortar fire, it was always "c'est la guerre." That expression became a favorite with our cooks whenever they answered our complaints and gripes about the perennial "C" rations.

Right after the break through at Bitche the boys thought they were going to get a bit of rest. Suddenly, four Radio teams were called in for a secret conference with the Division's Staff. Lang, La Porte, Fleming, QQ, Silvernail, Roeder, Saul and Schlitt attended the session and final instructions were given each team. The tactical situation called for liaison communications between the 100th, 3rd, 44th and 63rd American Divisions, the 3rd French Moroccan Division, and the hard-hitting 6th and 10th Armored Divisions.

To radiomen liaison work means fast operation, plenty of traffic as a rule, and perhaps a lot of traveling. Their experiences on that assignment would cover many pages but all came through without mishap, turning in their usual reliable job.

It's been hard work all the way, regardless whether it was QRU or QMM - 5 - 0. Thank God, we all possessed the typical American sense of humor and could laugh at our own misfortunes and hardships. Something was always popping up to give our morale that much needed shot in the arm. Of course, the mail from home and our loved ones was a big factor. How we all waited for the arrival of Sid Hochstein's "bundle from heaven" - almost as impatiently as Sid himself. Little 12-point Lorraine finally arrived close to VE Day and, since hostilities were drawing to a close, we did a little celebrating the night the much awaited letter arrived. (P.S. - Sid almost wound up under the table . . . he would have . . . if we had had a table.) Too bad Lorraine is not old enough to appreciate the furor she caused in a certain part of the ETO, one night late in April '45.

Sure, we all stick together! Every GI in every outfit takes pride in his unit. To him, his Army, Division, platoon, or even his squad, is the best in the armed forces. So it is with us, as with all the rest. But we all realize that each section has had its own job to do. With one of its parts missing, the most expensive Swiss watch is nothing but a piece of worthless metal.

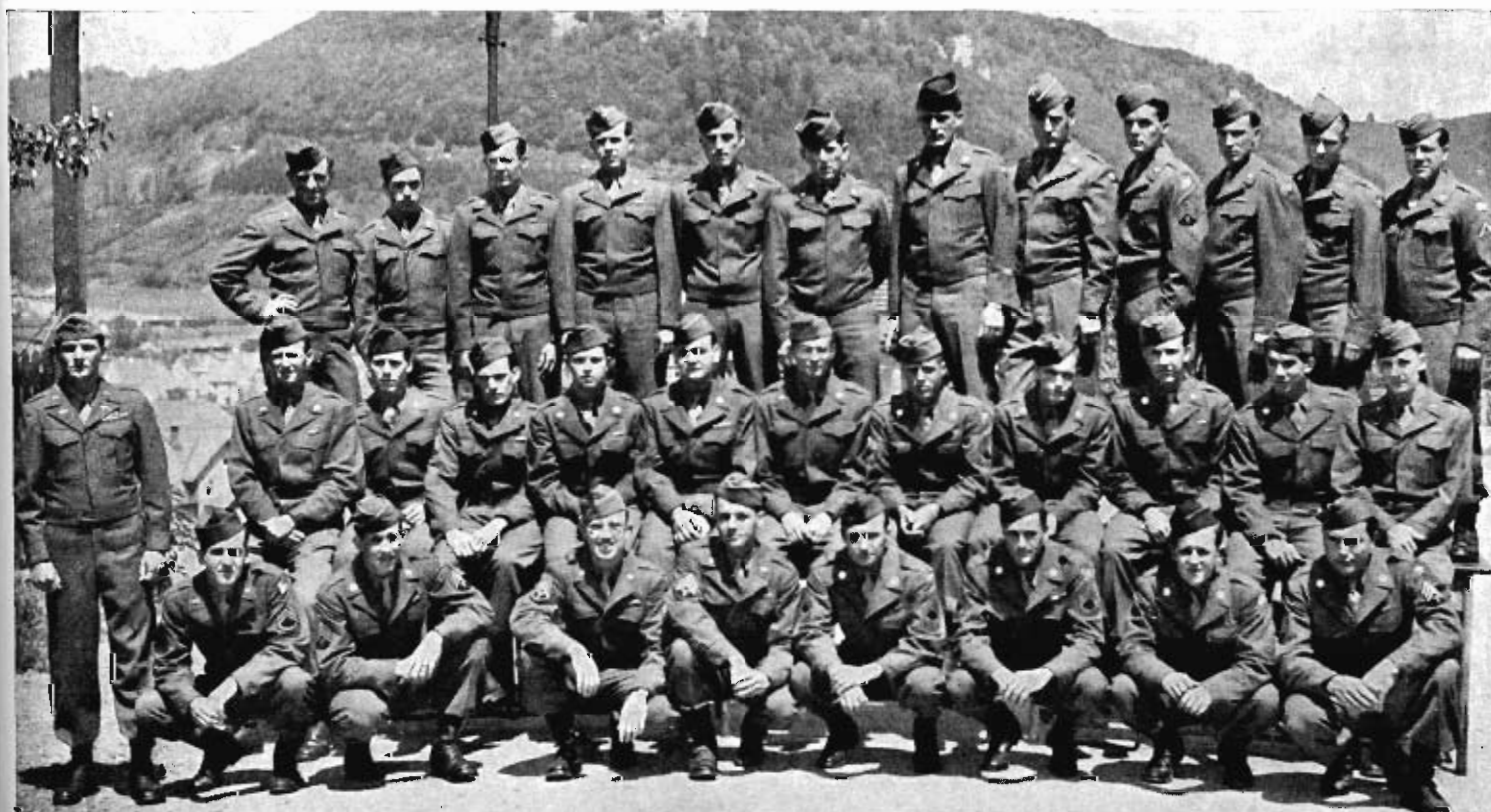
A few of the old gang won't be with us in our future activities, whatever they may be. George (Whipsy) Lang, Harold (Duke) Easton, Donald Nelson and Joe LoBue have transferred to other outfits, and we'll miss them plenty. "Duke" always had a standing offer to bet that they had an elephant down at the APO to step on his packages before Steve Simek, the Company Mail

Clerk, delivered them. Here's hoping "Duke" winds up where his mail will be delivered in good order - on his own front porch. As for "Whipsy" - there isn't a man in the Section who would object to being on his side when an argument or a discussion arose. George had the gift of gab and, although naturally the quiet type, he sure could rattle it off once his ire was aroused. Joe and Don, a couple of junior members of the section, have both performed nobly during the campaign. To these boys, we wish the best of everything which Fate may have in store for them. So much for goodbyes.

The 100th Signal Company's Radio Section has added a few more names to its roster. John Watson, Lawrence Harry, Stanley Bichelman, Vernon Morlock, Arthur Stickle, Frank Sherman, Arthur Waguespack, Frank Benvenuto, Arion Potter and Joseph Greenstadt are new arrivals from the "Blood and Fire" Division, the 63rd. Al Whitt and Ed O'Callaghan came via the repple depple earlier in the campaign. To each, we extend our warmest welcome, with the hope that they, too, will find their association with our outfit as pleasant an experience as is possible during the balance of their army careers.

Well, it's all over now and we are all counting points, sweating out additional battle stars and bitching as all GI's do, about non-fraternization, chow and everything in general. But through all the gripes, we Radio guys are damned glad it's over and, although a great many of us may wind up dit da'ing our way through the other phase of World War II, we all feel that at least we are half way home now that we've done our bit in the ETO.

A great many individual stories must, of necessity, wait until we pull our chairs up to that old fireplace back home - or wow some of the neighbors at the local taverns in our respective communities. How soon that will be, no one can tell. But if our record in the ETO is any criterion, the 100th Signal Company's Radio Section is ready for any assignment.



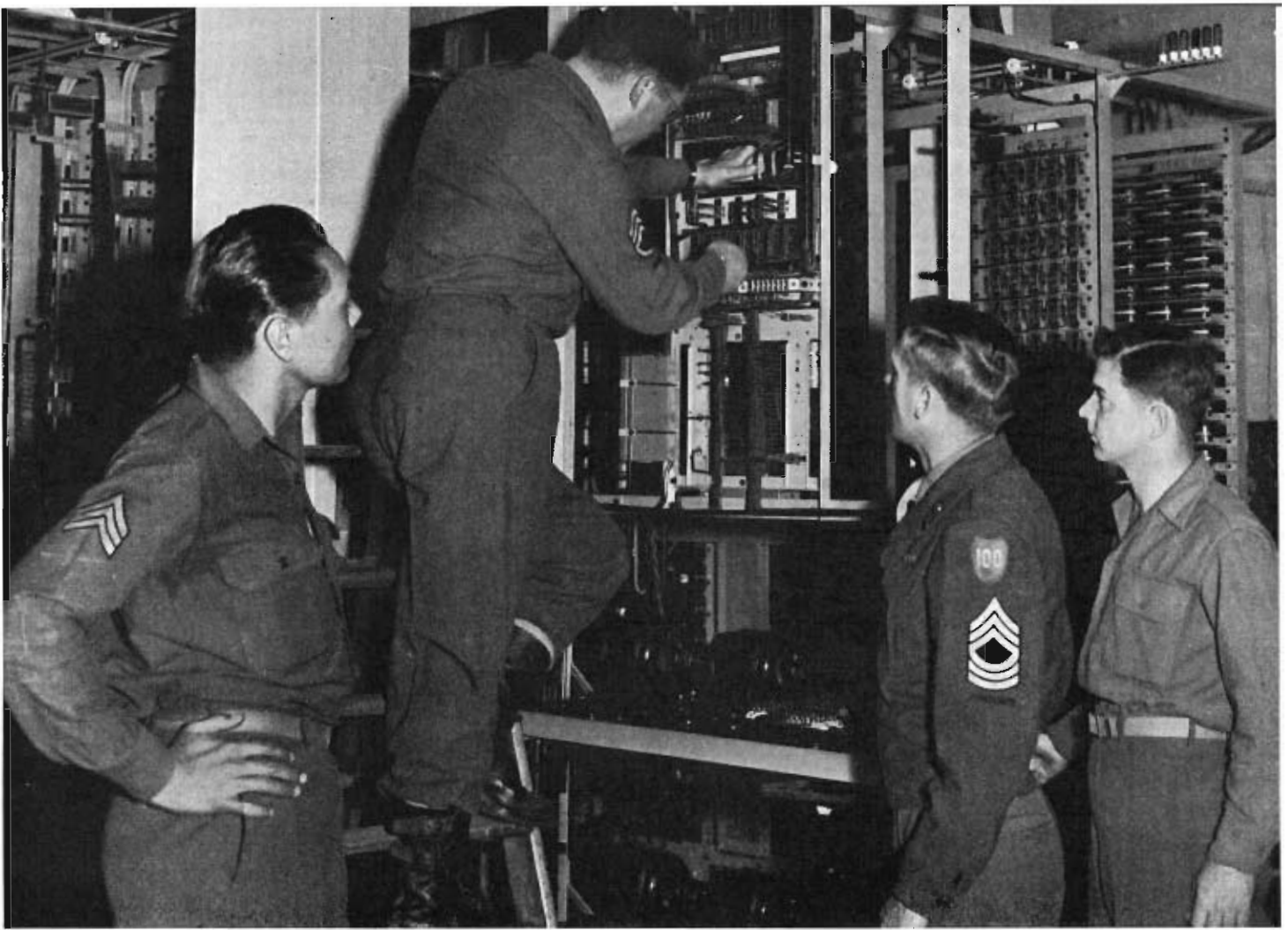
T. and T.

When this mess is over, and our OD's put away -
We'll sit around the table, and tell about the day:

They called us from all walks of life - linemen and cablemen from Bell, inspectors and installers from Western Electric, trouble shooters and maintenance men from construction companies yea, and even a few lads that had not had any previous experience in the electrical field.

Under the guidance of Lt Drinkard and Cadremen Bradshaw, Neilsen, Minder, McGee and Gerhards, the powerhouse of the Company - T and T - slowly and painfully took form. At this time, the Company Commander of the Century Signal was Capt James R. Harty, who still is remembered as "Hike Happy Harty." Those hikes were long - and the training rugged - but we felt that if he could make it, so could we - our reward was the splendid showing made in Corps Physical Fitness Tests. Minder took the operators in hand and showed them the difference between a switchboard and a pike-pole. The installer-repairmen were taught how to climb and make line repairs by Neilsen, WO Bradshaw (then our section chief), McGee, Gerhards, and one of the recruits, Murphy, who had done similar work in civilian life. When a novice fell off a pole, they would hear that familiar remark by McGee, as to whether you saw your mistake when coming down. However, one of the recruits did have a bad fall and was hospitalized for several weeks. First day back at active duty, he was seen up a pole mimicking the ape family trying to correct his previous mistakes. We are certain now that practice makes perfect, eh, Backus! When the fundamentals of wire were fathomed, the men were sent to the various Division schools - Teletype, Installer-Repairman, and Telegraph.

Training had its lighter moments too - there were the beer parties when the lads would blow off steam and at the same time guzzle the stuff until they forgot all about the rugged training of the past weeks. Just when things looked as though they were going to slack off, the Corps Tests came along to add to our physical misery. Very few men will forget the rugged road marches under the blistering hot sun, nor will they forget how their bloody blisters hampered their activities in Columbia, S. C. Remember the lines that were sweated out while waiting to catch the bus back to camp? The lads will still be talking about the picnic at Twin Lakes on Fort Jackson Military Reservation, where eight buses sallied forth to pick up female partners for the picnic and returned with the grand total of eight packages of feminine pulchritude. The water fights with



Inspection of commercial telephone central.

our friendly enemy, the Radio Platoon, are included on the list of things that we will always remember.

Our Section was among the first to participate in overnight bivouacs. Naturally, a nice cool evening was selected for our first battle with the elements. Four of the pioneers, Cuggy, Freitas, Devlin, and King, pitched their pup tents together and proceeded to sweat out this first night in the field. At about four in the morning, they discovered that not one of them had been asleep at all during the night, but were afraid to stir for fear of disturbing the other occupants. They spent the remainder of the morning huddled about the fire.

The first Division problems, which we knew as "D" exercises, problems of one or two weeks duration, provided us with the necessary experience and gave us ample opportunity to practice the skills that were taught. We'll not forget them - the chiggers won't either. The exercises were conducted in the Northern part of South Carolina and provided us with many beautiful scenes of this State, although at the time our vision was hampered by dust equivalent to any London fog.

With Lt Drinkard, who had at about this time won the title of "Snuffy," at the helm, Ranger Training was inaugurated. Many a man will long remember the forced march across Ancrum Ferry Field, and how they double-timed around the drill field and climbed a tree with full field pack to cool off.

Incidentally, our Section finished the course with the highest percentage - 22 out of a total of 46. To this day, we are still willing to wager that Lt Wolheim believes that the toggle bridge was booby trapped.

Shortly before leaving Fort Jackson, the command of the Company was taken over by 1st Lt Bernard A. Dever. Chuck Neri (who joined our Section while in combat) received the first pass issued by the new C.O. The occasion was the arrival of a ten and a half pound lineman - Steven "Snuffy" Neri.

Many members of the Section left their mark at other camps by attending the various Signal Corps Schools. Among these were Sgt McKeich, present Platoon Leader of T and T, Holohan, Marinelli, Mulholland, and several others at a later date. It seems that every man had by this time learned the peculiarities - or eccentricities, if you wish - of their Army buddies - and as a result of events which took place, nicknames became predominant. It was only until a drive by the Company Commander, did we recall what their actual names were. Secretly, though, we still call McKeich, "Iron Pants", and his able assistant Mulholland "Rum" - not to neglect our "Crisco Kid," Jimmy Holohan, who maintains that it isn't all lard.

Looking back over the records, one realizes that quite a few men have left the Section. Among the first to leave on an overseas shipment were Richter, Vogel, Page and Sivigny - the latter becoming the first Section member to be killed in action. Without any doubt, Benny Bednarz holds the record for narrow escapes. Scheduled to go overseas, he appeared at the Personnel Office for his records, and instead was presented with his discharge papers. Another first in unusual events is the case of George Wilkins. He was discharged because of over-age, but could not stand the humdrum of civilian life and re-enlisted one month later.

Who will forget the big beauty contest for the handsomest Signalite, sponsored by GUIDON, where two members of the Platoon walked off with the honors. Ernie Damato garnered the title, with Ed Palmer second and Bob Nelson, Construction, third prize winner. Coincidentally all good looks came to our side when Bob was transferred to Inside Wire during combat days.

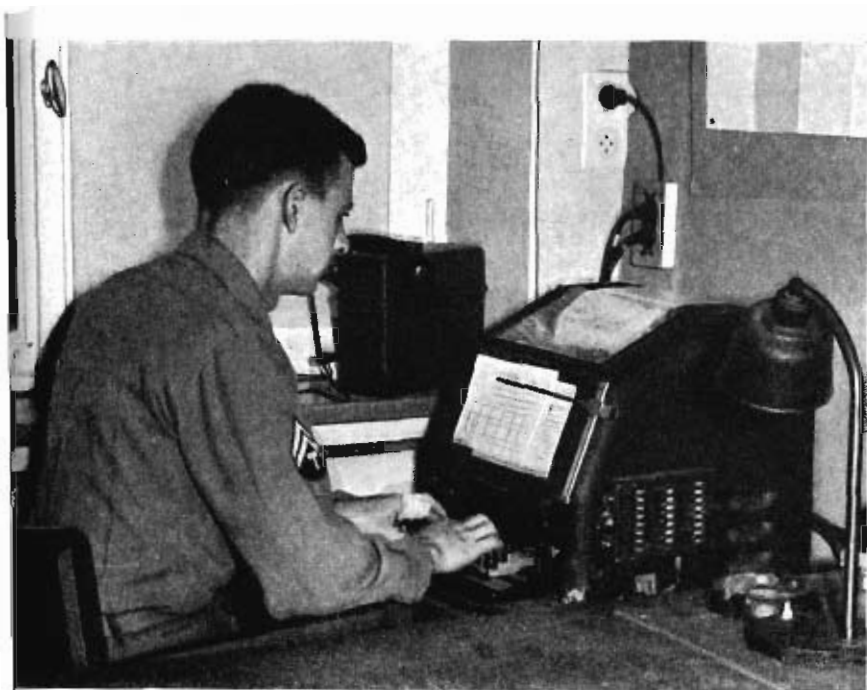
Then, there was maneuvers - ah yes, 'member all the swell times that were had in the woods? Sleeping in wet blankets under leaky shelter-halves, slogging through knee-deep mud, fighting the cold and trying to adhere to the tactical rules. Maneuvers did have its good points - Nashville, one of the friendliest cities in the South. Quite a few of us can tell about the time we were at the YMCA passing a very quiet Christmas, and feeling very glum about the whole affair.

All during the day, the townspeople would stop in and invite a number of homesick Joes to spend the Yuletide in their homes. The meals and hospitality were superb.

Saturday was always the day the seventh floor of the "Y" would be filled with weary soldiers scrubbing away the week's mud. Once our men had a toehold on the tile, other outfits never stood a chance of establishing a beachhead. Many a time in the returning convoy, the boys would be wearing nothing but shirts for outer garments to ward off the biting cold - marvelous thing, that internal heat!

Also, during maneuvers, there were sporadic attempts at being "ultra" GI - we refer to the time when the Staff was awakened at 4 A.M. for a line test. Remember their bellow!

The end of maneuvers meant leaving Tennessee, but with definite opinion as to mud, slime and



Teletypist George G. Garrison on duty in Division Signal Center.

Below: Chief Operator Jarboe and Switchboard Operators Backus and Szymanski, at "Freelance."



Tennessee in the winter. Nashville's hospitality was the cause of a few return trips in the months to come. The reconversion to garrison life at Fort Bragg was welcome and did not take too long.

The slick chicks at the PX helped in many ways in de-timberizing the wolves. Garrison was voted number 1 GI on the PX girls' heart parade, while Erhardt gathered the conservative title of "Big Brother."

The Division Signal Schools were once again operating, the Section setting up in a warehouse as training was resumed. "Iron Pants" McKeich and Cuggy saw to it that the men were fully trained in their specialty. After reaching the desired proficiency in their own skill, the men rotated to become familiar with another. This method of specialist training proved its worth during combat and won the praises of the Division Commander.

May '44 found Lt Rice replacing Lt Elliott Wolheim who had been Section Officer, while Lt Drinkard attended school in Fort Monmouth.

Telegraph operators were afforded the opportunity of attending Radio School. John Abraham, Mulholland, Jack Izzillo and Preli jumped at the chance of working in Demsky's sanctum. Rumor has it that this extra curricular training left a permanent scar on Jack's youthful appearance!

Another group of men left to attend Corps School. The fortunate ones were Pat Devlin, Holohan, "Gremlin" King (only kidding, Sarge), Marinelli, Garrison, Carolan and Ernie Bernier for the TT course in Camp Crowder, Machado soloing to Fort Monmouth for furtherance of training as installer-repairman. Later, Bernier, Marinelli, Garrison and Holohan were to be assigned to Signal Center.

"Doc" Cottrill arrived to take over the reins as Teletype Chief. "Doc" will always be remembered by the detailees as being the squarest distributor. (How many points for that, "Doc"?)

"Hey Willie, I mean Pete, howdya spell your last name?" That would be the proper introduction to the Wilczynsky twins. They were inducted together, sent to the same unit, trained in the same skill, and promoted to Cpl simultaneously. The exactness of their features, habits, and of necessity dress, was ever the subject of discussion and a problem for the sergeants.



"Pete and Willie" - Most identical twins in the Division.

The Section continued with its usual high-spirited antics - beer parties and intra-team water feuds. (We wager Radio still remembers the unexpected monsoons.) We all hold dear those week-ends in Fayetteville and a few of us are still carrying the bruises received while waiting for a bus back to camp.

The Fort Bragg woods supplied the necessary area for one and two day problems. It was here that Lt Col Mussler, the new Signal Officer first observed the Section in action.

August was rumor time - and then the packing and crating of equipment for our departure to parts unknown. September was moving time - and staging at Camp Kilmer. Joe Chiodo broke the record in commuting to Lodi . . . Steinmetz had his last farewells with Edie . . . Freitas met his Mrs in New York and Nixon bid adieu to his Annie. Palmer and Licht were practically next door to their homes.

"Why talk about the boat ride now?" is what most of the fellows are still saying, but no narrative would be complete without mentioning the way a few of the lads spent their time aboard the "garbage scow" (this was a term given to our temporary home when the briny deep started her rolling). Most of the time was spent either playing cards or feeding the fish. A trans-Atlantic perpetual rummy game was kept in progress by Heffernan, Steinmetz and Stan Bloomer - even on the two hour chow line. We are not making any disparaging remarks, but one "Ichabod" Marshall spent a major part of the trip in a prone position on his bunk. The evidence of that greenish tinge is still present, although combat and Marshall's promotion to Cpl have done much to alleviate the condition.

Our first ten days in France were spent on the side of a muddy slope outside of Septemes. These days will be remembered by all the men especially our team chiefs. They had more than their share of problems trying to unpack and assemble the equipment together with supplying men for details. "Doc" Cottrill had to overcome similar handicaps and in addition the teletype equipment suffered from the rigors of shipment. But despite the maze of obstacles, we finally got started and convoyed by motor about 450 miles to our first set up. Mulholland's team made the first one, and a memorable one it was. We took over the lines and position of the 45th Division. All the boys were exerting themselves toward their best effort, working as rapidly as possible under the tension of their new surroundings. Lt Rice and Sgt McKeich seemed to be in three places at one time. No sooner would one job be completed when they would come along and point out the location of a new one. We worked for what seemed an eternity and then Lt Rice gave us the long awaited word that the set up was complete.

We learned that speed and efficiency were concomitant with successful communications in combat operations, and the entire section was commended for their initial effort.

The first night on the switchboard was a typical "Opening Night." The two operators, weapons

alongside the board in ready position, were comparable with a few scared rabbits. But, it wasn't long before everyone of us was seasoned. After each move the teams would have a "bull session" where the section chiefs would point out our mistakes and deficiencies and take corrective measures to expedite our installations and improve operations.

Raon l'Etape gave us our first experience of setting up under fire. We arrived about an hour after the Infantry had cleared the town - or so we thought. While we were running local lines, a few of the Supermen started sniping at us from the roof tops. We de-poled in record time, realizing the targets we had become. Before you could say "Jack Robinson," an Infantry squad brought up a Browning and convinced the fanatics that their efforts were futile. It was a more cautious group that continued the operation.

Our French language experts Preli and Marinelli solved not a few of our problems, laundry, etc. The approach to the German border with its change to the Kraut tongue saw "Burgermeister" Gerhards and Licht in the role of interpreters. There were times when we were moving in and out of Alsace so rapidly that we didn't know whether to say "Mademoiselle, Voulez-vous - - avec moi?" or "Kommen Sie hier, Fraulein!" It is not difficult to understand what a predicament a mistake would cause.

Heffernan and Steinmetz hold an unofficial record of "the most under fire." They were subjected to bombing in Baccarat, shelling in Goetzenbruck, and a strafing and shelling in Montbronn. We can verify the fact that Steinmetz slept through an incoming "88" barrage!

The hospitality of the French country folk will cling among our members indefinitely. Many a night the generosity of these people was the means of comfort and warmth. It was encouraging indeed to be afforded the benefits of what little remained of their possessions.

December 25th was spent with the Tritchlers in Meisenthal. The language and customs may have been a bit different but the spirit was the same and Christmas was made more enjoyable.



To that group who were billeted in their home, the Tritchlers have become cherished friends. Ortnier and Bernier translated our wishes of good cheer and Papa Tritchler's schnapps left a lasting impression.

The efforts of the Section were maintained on their high plane of efficiency throughout our combat days. The men themselves deserve personal gratification for their own individual part. The friendships created shall last forever. Each man in the Company has Sectional pride and our Section has always been a fine example of spirit and cooperation.

The number who joined us in combat soon blended easily into the Section. Slosek, Hilliard, Don Gillespie, Rohr, Fahrlander, Szymanski (a finisher-upper of defiant SS characters), Berends and White were a portion of that group.

And that brings our story up to the present date, with the Section still plugging away. It's the old story - a new and interesting phase of the more recent operations is the conversion and the commercialization of field wire practices for a more elaborate telephone system in the Division Zone of Occupation. Under the direct supervision and control of our own switchboard operators and installer-repairmen, German civilians are used in order to utilize all available commercial cable. At first, when the Division moved into Geislingen from Uhingen, Germany, a normal field network of telephone communication was established - all of which was later changed. Special training has been conducted by the Wire Operations Officer and trips were made to Coppingen, Ulm, Nurtigen, Ludwigsburg, and other civilian and military telephone exchanges, in order to familiarize personnel with the exact telephone procedure.

It is expected that eventually the use of our BD-72 and EE-8A standard telephone equipment will become secondary with respect to our permanent installations. However, never will we lose sight or forget these items - the use and nomenclature of which had been so indelibly impressed in our minds during all phases of training and combat.

The Section is still active in the morale department, with "Dad" Champagne supervising the operations of the bar and Mitchell, C.O. of the spigot.

With great pride we look back over our record and with an eye on the future we strive for new heights.

Carry on is the watchword
And that we'll try to do,
Plugging, working, trying,
Until the job is thru.

And tho we'll don our "Civvies,"
Always in our hearts will be
The days we spent in service,
With our Section, "T" and "T".

Message Center

The stars were trying hard to peep at us through clouding skies as we lay tired by the camp fire, late K Rations, and wondered what the future held in store for us. We had traveled a long way since the day we congregated at Fort Jackson to become part of the 100th Signal Company. Here in Septemes, France, the war we had heard so much about was a stark reality. We were now a part of it and, in months to come, the gang was to contribute its share in one of the bloodiest chapters of History.

The winding, uphill, cobble stone road from Marseilles to the assembly area was a cruel ordeal for the men. Fifteen days of continuous rolling and tossing in heavy seas while aboard the USAT MacAndrew had left the majority of the men poorly prepared for the hard 10 kilometers that were negotiated under heavy packs from the Port of Debarkation and, as we lay there that night, the bull session turned back the months and we relived our days of basic training.

Looking in retrospect to those days, the men could afford to laugh and kid each other. Together we had played, worked and bitched, while the last vestige of the civilian was knocked out of our systems as the molding of the soldier progressed. That night in Septemes we looked at the familiar faces, somewhat sadly acknowledging the fact that of the original gang only about half remained. To different sectors of the ETO others had gone to serve with distinction - men like Kelley, Donlin and T Sgt Benson P. Reid, the former Message Center Chief. The Far East Theater also had received its share of men who had endeared themselves to all of us. The amiable Jaime Grana, Birnbaum, the late Sidney Pechenuk, Overholser and Willie Matthews volunteered to serve in that theater and were to see action in the campaign to liberate the Philippines. We recalled Jim Bruin, the ex-Mayor of Lowell, Mass., who following a brief stay in our midst, transferred to the IG office in Washington, D.C. There were other men such as Greeley, Galligan, Haase, Taylor, Linderman, Brunmark, LeFranc, Eddie Matthews and many others who still are remembered by the old timers of the Section - lucky men who traded khaki for mufti, and took up the role of the man behind the man behind the gun.

An inquisitive Jerry plane hummed overhead. It was hard to believe the months of training were over, and the time had arrived for us to play the game for keeps, with Life and Death as the stakes. The ack-ack high in the heavens resembled fire-flies. The roar of the motor faded and the silence hung heavy around us.

Twenty-two months had passed since the day when Lt McFarland, then Message Center

Officer of the Division, first saw and judged us to be the wildest, most unruly group of men ever assembled. However, he did not stay long enough to mold us into a semblance of dependable and well-trained soldiers, for this unthankful responsibility went to Lt John LeFevre - a lanky and likeable red head, fresh out of O. C. S., who gamely undertook the job and welded the men into an effective and reliable team by the time the Division was ready for maneuvers. Lt LeFevre ate, lived and dreamed of blue skies and the winged ships that are playing a major role in this universal nightmare. He neatly passed the buck on to Lt Johns, and went away to learn how to fly the unbelievable B29's. The Air Corps also took other members from the Message Center, with Toffel and Don Packard hankering to sprout wings.

During its garrison days Message Center consistently contributed to the Company's activities in sports and entertainment. Don Jaime Grana, a mainstay on the soft and hard ball teams, brought into the teams not only a strong arm but gameness and the will to win. Jack Kahrs and George Storey were hoopsters of ability; Gil Boyle could always be depended upon to handle things party-like. Greeley, Feigenbaum, Hally, Hughes, Kerwin and Williams formed a newspaper staff second to none in the Division, their handling of GUIDON - a mimeographed paper, contributed nobly towards the morale of the Company. Nechamen supplied plenty of brawn and guts on the football gridiron. The entire Section participated and excelled in the weekly water bouts. Morale among the men was never found wanting, and friendships formed in those days will ever be cherished.

Rain was falling softly as we looked around for the best spots on which to drop our tired bodies. French soil was no different from that of the good old United States, and we were no



strangers to mud. Memories of Tennessee and the hellish eight weeks of maneuvers were still fresh in our minds. Gathered around the camp fire on our first night in France we little minded the rain. We talked of Lt Johns - the man who had worked so hard with us and whom we sincerely missed.

He had become perceptibly gray while heading the Message Center and little wonder, with men like Ed Williams, Pat Hughes, Gil Boyle and Willie Matthews, an unholy quartet from the Emerald Isle, who would rather argue than eat. Youngsters like Willie Gough and Gene Bargiel, our baby drivers, made a hobby of collecting tickets - for flying too low, no doubt. The unforgettable Dippy Spinosa, who insisted every illness known to science was represented within his body, could accomplish the simplest of tasks only by "forcing" himself.

The camp fire was dying. We rolled into our blankets and prepared to sleep after hearing we were to start operating in the morning. It was time to put into action what we had practiced for months.

At Fort Jackson we all began from scratch and as the months passed the men were classified according to their abilities and capabilities. Tedious training days followed. We waded through map reading, cryptography, clerical duties, compass reading and general Message Center procedure, crammed between close order drill, manual of arms, target practice, military courtesy, malaria control, physical training and military orientation.

We heard the bugle calls. Hated Reveille but spruced up for Retreat. Confused all calls but the chow call, which always started a stampede. Felt lonely and a bit homesick as Taps sounded in the silence of the night.

Between classes heavy packs were shouldered for long hikes over the everlasting hills of the





Carolinas. Short of breath, covered with sweat, hearts laboriously pumping and with overtaxed lungs we reeled off the miles. Dust, sand and hard baked clay burned and blistered our feet. It all came and passed. Gradually our legs toughened, our lungs worked more freely and soon we lost all feeling, just laid them down and picked them up. The unmerciful sun baked our brains. Summer cloud bursts drenched you to the marrow of the bones.

When there was no hike we went over the obstacle course. In bitter cold that numbed all feeling in our bodies we tackled that man-killer. The course looked insurmountable. The walls, scaling ladders, dangling ropes, water hazards and overhead parallel bars haunted our dreams. It was ten minutes of torture in the beginning. Later we felt a little better or cockier and speeded it up - and it was nine minutes, and then eight, and gradually down, down, down until the day came when four minutes was average. When that time was obtained, seven or eight months had passed since first we went over the course. We were well ahead in our training. Hard as nails, confident, and experienced in our particular job. We were ready for anything coming our way.

The fire died down and we, warmly snug in our blankets, dropped off to sleep one by one. It was our first night in France - the 20th of October 1944, and the rain came down gently unmindful of the dreams and fears of the men who had traveled such a long way to face an unknown, dangerous, soul-trying and nerve wracking adventure.

Morning disclosed our old nemesis - - mud - - reigning supreme. It was a strange land to us. A land long in history and of quaint inhabitants and customs alien to ours, many of which we could never adapt ourselves to. We worked and talked recalling our days of maneuvers.

They had been the toughest maneuvers a soldier ever faced. In November 1943, we looked back for the last time at historic Fort Jackson, where ten momentous months of our lives were spent, and headed for Tennessee. With the twang of late Autumn in the air the convoy moved through the Cumberland and Smoky mountains, and we got a foretaste of what life was to be like for the following eight weeks. We spent cold nights in Athens, Ga., and at Fort Oglethorpe before reaching Lebanon, Tenn.

Lt Johns by that time had his personnel working smoothly. Engels, Nechamen, Arndt, Ortega - the romantic caballero from Puerto Rico, and Hank Greenlaw, who later served as motor and supply man in the ETO, were entrusted with the clerical duties. Papkin who dreams of furs and hunts foxes with a jeep, Lynyak and "Gabby" Kerwin alternated between duties as messengers and assistant drivers never failing to carry out their missions even if it required waking up "The Old Man." Sgt Byron Tisdell joined us during maneuvers and later became Message Center Chief when T Sgt Reid transferred out of the Division. Dick Hancock was another mainstay of the Center. When the Division came overseas he was in charge of the Division Rear Message Center where Brody, Feldman and Ellis were added to his staff.

The motor messengers, usually referred to as The Pony Express, included Corea, Preston, X Gough, Nelson, Bargiel, Hearn, Wickham and Bob Greenlaw.

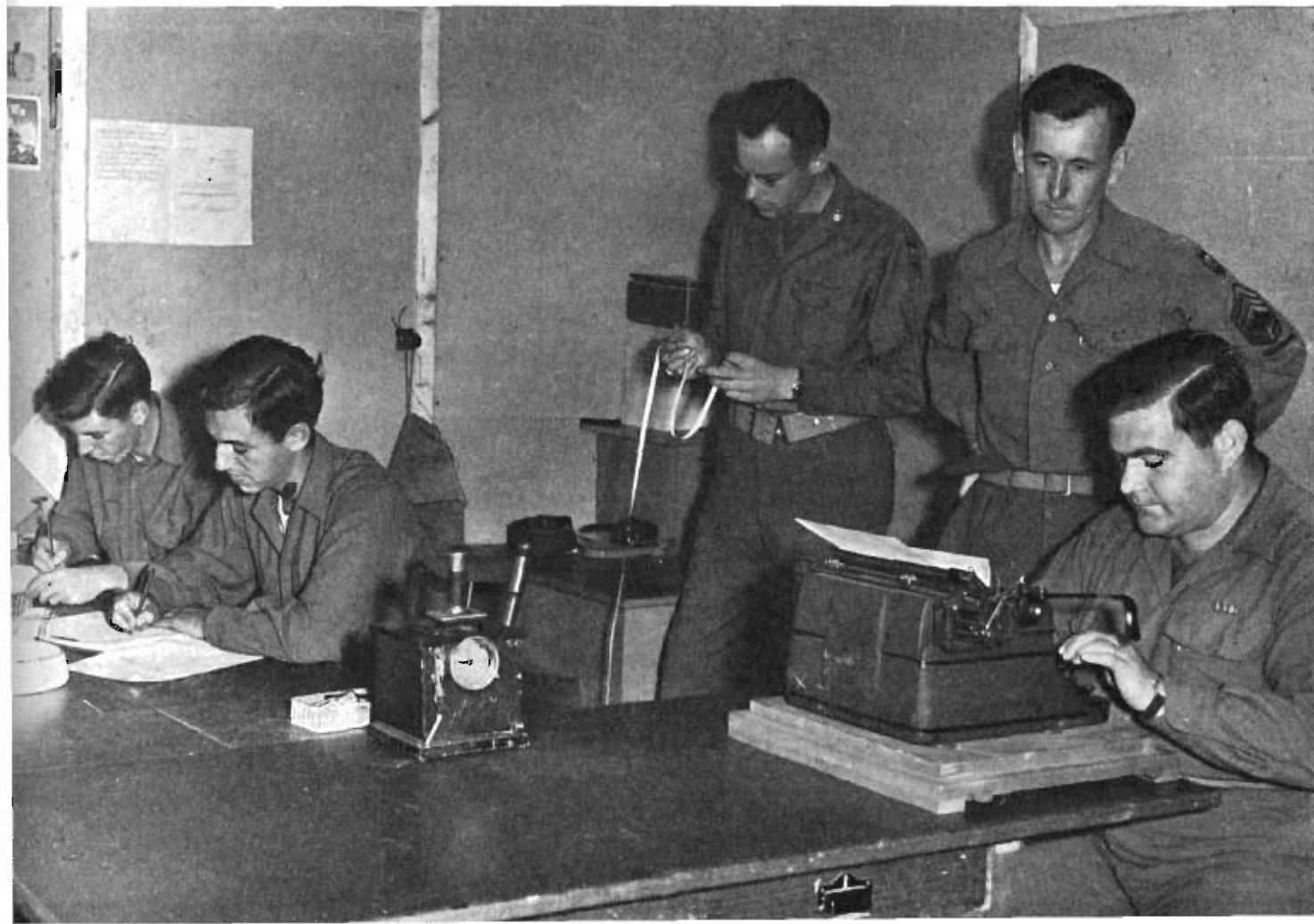
The maneuvers began under excellent weather conditions. We set up the Message Center and proceeded to perform our duties confident in our ability to handle all problems and under any type of conditions that might possibly be encountered in combat. At the start some difficulties were encountered, and Lt Johns decided to revamp his set up to meet the different phases of the problems. Crypto men became clerks, foot messengers changed to drivers. Team Chiefs were shifted around. Equipment was altered or discarded depending on the efficiency it provided. The men worked around the clock, found little time for relaxation and soon the grind began to tell on the nerves. To our worries was added the weather. In the midst of the first problem the skies clouded and rain began to fall. It continued without respite. Roads became mired, tents saturated and every piece of equipment was soon water-logged. From time to time the sun teasingly would peek out for a fleeting minute then the clouds would hide it again for weeks. The mud reached our knees. When it didn't rain there was snow or frost adding to the hardships. The weather cleared on Thanksgiving Day. The cooks exerted themselves and produced one of the finest meals of our army lives. With blue skies overhead the bitter cold was endurable and we enjoyed the day to the utmost. It was as if we knew

that that dinner may be our last enjoyable one for a long time to come. The rain resumed the following day and continued practically until the end of maneuvers.

We moved often in long jumps through the woods and mountains. The trucks bogged down continuously and we labored hard to keep them rolling. Water bags froze solidly and for days drinking water was at a premium. Our PX officers made long hauls to bring beer, cigarettes, candy and other little things to lift the rapidly sagging morale of the men.

The weeks slipped by. Each problem presented the Message Center with different difficulties to be surmounted. The Center's personnel worked hard and provided the Division with adequate service. At maneuvers end, Lt Johns had the men working smoothly but still was far from satisfied with the results, and therefore the moment we returned to garrison at Fort Bragg he proceeded to reorganize his staff.

During our stay at Fort Bragg an intensive program was begun. We reviewed our basic training and also completed the POM requirements. A few months after arriving at Fort Bragg, Lt Johns was transferred to another command and Lt Daniel Dreith, who up to that time had served as the Construction Officer, took over the Message Center and under him the last phase of training was started. The men were divided into teams and assigned to specific duties. The cryptographers were relieved from all duties other than their speciality.



Sgt Jewell and Cpl Reinhardt came to us soon after we reached Bragg, bringing with them a sorely needed experience in their particular specialties. Sgt Lewandowski - a veteran of the African and Italian Campaigns was assigned to the Center while we were in Tennessee, and his past experiences in combat were at once utilized in our training. From ASTP came Ellis and Arthur Brown. Tom Murphy, DeMartino, Gerlach and Nyberg were added to the exclusive circle of the Pony Express. Months later in Europe, Poponiak, Marrs, Van Vlack, Young and Galindo joined the stable to assist in making life uncertain for the unsuspecting pedestrians. Horlacher and Brody were also added to the Section and assigned as messengers. Before leaving the States, the Section lost some men who had been with us from the early days, when George Storey, Pat Hughes, Dippy Spinoso and Abe Cohen were transferred to other outfits.

In Septemes the men slept as the rain came down. The long months of training were behind us and that night undoubtedly many dreamed about those days, or perhaps about the sea trip which to the majority had been the first in their lives.

At Camp Kilmer the business of rushing through with the POE requirements went faultlessly. Medical examinations, shots, ship boarding and entraining instructions followed one another so rapidly we hardly had time to take a deep breath. A quick visit to New York City or play a few fast games of volley ball, before we found ourselves aboard a ferryboat headed for the USAT MacAndrew which was to carry us overseas - a fairly new ship that during peace time served between the States and the Southernmost of the Americas, the MacAndrew as an army transport was a floating can of sardines.

We reached the pier loaded like pack mules, and the Red Cross girls that met us with coffee, doughnuts and candy, will always be pleasantly remembered. Meal tickets were handed out as we started up the gang-plank, and many of the men still had theirs intact when we disembarked at Marseilles.

Down into the hold we descended on a companionway so steep it was a danger to limb. The bunks were hardly large enough to accommodate a man. The space between them was inadequate to permit a living skeleton passage, let alone a baby whale like Tiny Nechamen.

We sailed away quietly on the morning of October 6th, and by the time we were permitted to go on deck we looked anxiously towards where home was. Only a very faint trace of it could be seen on the horizon. We lined the rails and looked at the other ships of our convoy. We watched the escorting warships and stared open mouthed at the blimps overhead. The sea was quite calm and the ship proceeded along smoothly. The skies were cloudless and, as the sailors say, clear sailing ahead - but already some of the men were bending over the rails busily feeding the fishes. When we were not in line for chow we could be found playing cards over one of the aft-deck hatches or, hiding away from those monotonous French classes. We smoked

endless chains of cigarettes and watched the rushing foam from the bow of the ship. Because of black-out regulations, the phrase, "The smoking lamp is out!", meant there would be no more smoking until an hour after sunrise the following morning. The weather became stormy and the MacAndrew began to pitch and roll in all directions simultaneously. The rain beat down savagely and the seas broke over the bow flooding the deck. We had headed into a storm of the first class and before it expended itself two days later, even the hardest of the men had had a bout with Mal de mer. But everything must come to an end and we lived through the storm and sailed on to reach the shores of Africa. Through the Strait of Gibraltar and passing the famous rock during darkness so all we could see of it was its dim outline and then the lights of LaLinea on the Spanish coast and Tangier on the African coast. The next day we passed close to historic Oran and Algiers while crossing the Mediterranean Sea towards Marseilles. We weathered another bad storm during the last 36 hours of the trip, and when we were within sight of Marseilles itself the playful MacAndrew gave us another thrill that left us cold with perspiration when it passed very close to a mine.

The day following the Division's arrival on the Continent, Message Center began operating. Numerous difficulties were encountered and surmounted before it functioned effectively. It became evident to all concerned that under war conditions the job was a far cry from that which



we had handled in garrison. Clerks and cryptographers worked around the clock. Foot and motor messengers had to be called at all times of the day and night. Working schedules for motor deliveries were experimented with, changed and rechanged time and again until a satisfactory schedule was obtained, which both served its purposes effectively and saved the wear and tear on the drivers.

The problem of finding facilities for setting up the Message Center centrally, and having the necessary space to accommodate all the men and equipment they required for the proper handling of the Division's communications was a difficult one. Lack of appropriate houses meeting the necessary requirements was the main difficulty encountered in our early days of combat. Lt Dreith solved this problem by securing trailers big enough to house the equipment and operators, in order to provide them with permanent working quarters that would afford privacy and safety at the same time. Arndt and Engels were assigned the job of building the trailers to meet the specifications. Handicapped by lack of lumber, tools, and in other words, everything necessary to complete the work, these two men managed to finish the task in time to place them in use before the severe winter weather started. Ben Marley, the maintenance man, supplied the required technical facilities.

The Vosges Campaign was now in full swing and old man winter descended upon us.

The motor messengers wrote a brilliant page in the history of the Message Center. Composed chiefly of youngsters who had little training in the difficult art of black-out driving, they set an enviable record for promptness, reliability, resourcefulness, and safety. Throughout the many months of combat they were repeatedly under fire, faced with impassable roads, steep mountains, icy ground, traveled through enemy infiltrated territory and were harassed by enemy fire. At the end of the ETO war, the Center's messengers had each covered in line of duty over 12,000 miles without suffering a casualty other than the customary minor accidents encountered in every day life. Only one messenger needed hospitalization. Earl Hearn suffered a broken collar bone in an accident.

Beebe and his assistant, Corea, lived a charmed life, finishing their war job on borrowed time. Snipers half a dozen times tried to stop them, but were unsuccessful. Countless times this pair were subjected to heavy mortar and shell fire, and forced to abandon their vehicle and seek cover. The same also holds true for Murphy, Nyberg, Greenlaw, Gerlach and Poponiak. The boys not only delivered the messages but at various times brought in prisoners as well. It was not unusual for them to run into Nazi supermen, who suddenly came to the conclusion that life behind a PW stockade was preferable to being buried heroes. Inconveniences such as blown bridges presented no obstacle to them. Several times the drivers swapped jeeps with other GI's across the blown bridges and continued on with their runs. Blow-outs were their desperation

with hardly a run completed without the necessity of repairing and changing tires – Nyberg setting a record by changing tires three times during a single run.

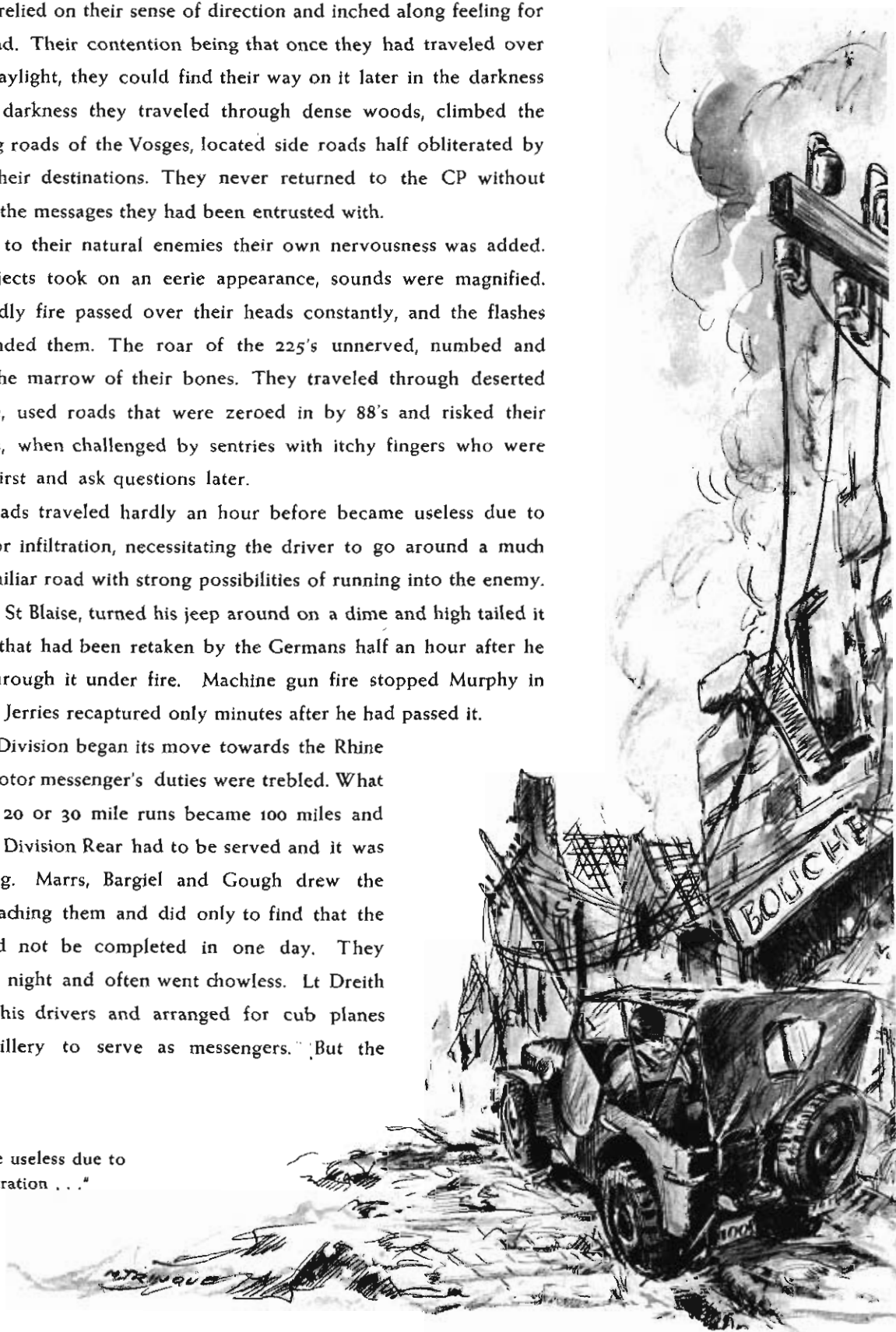
In the darkness of the night familiar landmarks are difficult to recognize. At night the drivers relied on their sense of direction and inched along feeling for bumps on the road. Their contention being that once they had traveled over a route during daylight, they could find their way on it later in the darkness by "feelin'." In darkness they traveled through dense woods, climbed the torturous winding roads of the Vosges, located side roads half obliterated by snow to reach their destinations. They never returned to the CP without having delivered the messages they had been entrusted with.

At night too, to their natural enemies their own nervousness was added. Shadows and objects took on an eerie appearance, sounds were magnified. Enemy and friendly fire passed over their heads constantly, and the flashes of the guns blinded them. The roar of the 225's unnerved, numbed and shook them to the marrow of their bones. They traveled through deserted towns under fire, used roads that were zeroed in by 88's and risked their lives many times, when challenged by sentries with itchy fingers who were ready to shoot first and ask questions later.

Often too, roads traveled hardly an hour before became useless due to the enemy fire or infiltration, necessitating the driver to go around a much longer and unfamiliar road with strong possibilities of running into the enemy. Papkin, cut off in St Blaise, turned his jeep around on a dime and high tailed it out of the town that had been retaken by the Germans half an hour after he first had gone through it under fire. Machine gun fire stopped Murphy in another town the Jerries recaptured only minutes after he had passed it.

In March the Division began its move towards the Rhine and with it the motor messenger's duties were trebled. What before had been 20 or 30 mile runs became 100 miles and more, one way. Division Rear had to be served and it was still in Saarbourg. Marrs, Bargiel and Gough drew the assignment of reaching them and did only to find that the round trip could not be completed in one day. They traveled day and night and often went chowless. Lt Dreith went to bat for his drivers and arranged for cub planes of Division Artillery to serve as messengers." But the

"Roads . . . became useless due to enemy fire or infiltration . . ."



problem of gapping the hourly increasing distance between CP and the battalions still had to be solved. No other means of communication existed other than messenger and the boys rose to the occasion traveling day and night without rest. Radio finally came in and the nightmare of the messengers was transferred to the radiomen and cryptographers. In Thaleischweiler one WOJG and four cryptographers worked for 48 hours enciphering traffic that could not be sent in clear, with Tec 3 Roper and Tec 4 Costello of Radio working alongside and clearing the traffic as fast as the crypto men could hand it to them. Some 150 messages were handled during this period before the TT wire came in and relieved the pressure.

With the crossing of the Rhine, the Center had to furnish men to work with Radio liaison teams. Phillips was taken away from his clerical duties and dispatched to the 12th Armored Division. Feigenbaum and Brown went to the 3rd and 45th Divisions, respectively. Later Restrepo and Williams relieved these men, the former crossing the Rhine on foot. Restrepo was also attached to the 3rd French Algerian Division.

The teams of Milt Finkle and Willie Engels had a full job but their abilities were really put to test during the critical days of the Battle for Heilbronn.

V-E Day found some of the pressure off the Centermen for the first time since their arrival on the Continent, but the motor messengers still had to maintain schedules over longer routes.

V-J Day found us in Stuttgart, Germany, anticipating our return to the States. We of Message Center can look back upon our years with the Company and face the future with the solidarity brought about by the close cooperation and good fellowship as expounded by its members.



Administration

The morale of the men and the high calibre of production during all phases of training and combat is directly attributable to the administration of the Company. The administration rests largely with the Company Commander. Many changes have taken place in command . . . the first C.O. was Captain James R. Harty whose tenure was from activation until shortly before maneuvers. We remember Jim Harty as the Father of the Signal Company . . . for it was he who instilled into our minds what the Army expected of us and much of the great progress and achievements of the Company is directly the results of his efforts. During those days Jay T. Jarboe was the First Sergeant . . . the silent partner was Andy Schuster, who still faithfully performs his duties as Company Clerk. He is usually remembered by the mild temper and manner in which he handles the problems of the men who seek advice or information. He has seen and remembers all the changes that have taken place and can authenticate things from 'way back.

Our personnel specialist, Cpl Earl D. Dobbs, perhaps the most unsung of the staff, has diligently performed his duties. He worked with Cpls Chamberlain and Mirante in the early days and at present continues to check Service Records and make certain that the men have no trouble with their allotments and pay. With the help of Paul Spiva, throughout our period of combat he has recorded all the happenings of each individual's career.

Before the unit departed from Fort Jackson, Major B.A. Dever (then 1st Lt) was transferred to the Company and assumed command. Since that time he has steadily risen in rank until today he is our Division Signal Officer. We credit Major Dever with the intricate task of preparing the unit for its combat mission and making it ready for movement overseas. Following Major Dever's promotion the new Company Commander was Captain Raymond J. Moran,

Sgt Schuster and 1st Sgt Mahony discussing the training schedule.

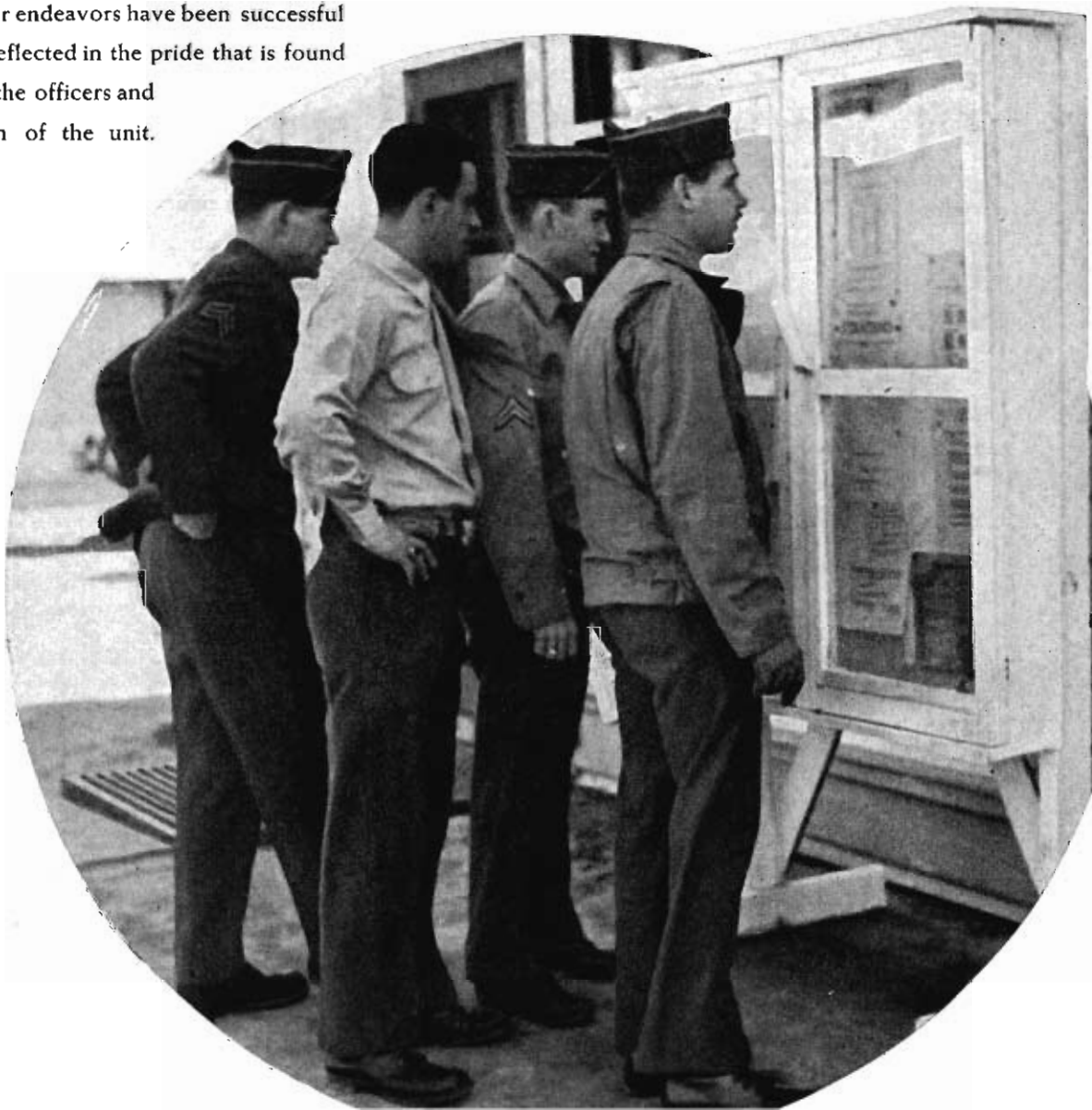


who remained in command throughout the period of combat. He was recently transferred to the Division Signal Office. He was succeeded by Lt Harry V. Drinkard, whose command began coincident with the occupational phase. Lt "Snuffy" Drinkard is a charter member of the Company, having been T and T and Wire Operations Officer.

During the course of the many changes that have taken place in commanding officers, so too have there been changes in first sergeants. Charles J. Mahony was transferred to the Company while on maneuvers and remained with the unit all during combat until the time that troops were redeployed. He contributed much to the Company's activities... a great enthusiast in the recreational activity of the unit. Upon his return to the United States, John E. Giannetto, better known as GI, became the First Sergeant.

However, with all the changes that have taken place, there has been no relaxation on the part of any member of this able staff to accomplish as much as is possible for the benefit of the men in the Company. It has been made to bear the brunt of severe criticism on policies which often times were not the most convenient to follow but which were essential to the good conduct and management of the Company's activities. The satisfaction that their endeavors have been successful is reflected in the pride that is found in the officers and men of the unit.

"Sweating out"
the Duty Roster.





SOI

The SOI [Section of the Division Signal] Office is one of the more important functions of the Company. Issuing the Signal Operations Instructions for all Divisional and attached units, this Section's output is a major one. Regardless of conditions, SOI accomplishes its mission.

The operation of this Section is under the superintendence of T Sgt Charles M. Goff. During Lt Col Charles Olin's regime at Fort Jackson, the pristine group consisted of Goff, Anderson, Adams, Collinge, Algaze and Blake. Concurrent with Collinge's return to civilian life, Marius Trinke became draftsman.

The detail angle of SOI work requires close coordination, regardless of its phase. The entire Section is under the direct jurisdiction of the Division Signal Officer. Besides the responsibilities of the operation and training of the Signal Company the main performance of this office is the constant check of signal installations.

John Adams and Goff have been with the Section since the formation of the Company. During combat they were assisted by Alfred Anderson as typist and David Heilmann as Section driver.

The SOI Section, though few in the number of personnel, nevertheless has contributed amply to the overall picture of the Company.

Signal Supply

Division Signal Supply was formed at activation and assumed the responsibility of supplying the necessary requisites toward the success of the Division. Lt Kinney was the officer in charge, with Jesse West and Emil Bockmann assisting him. Mr. Wilson, who was the Company Supply Sergeant was appointed Warrant Officer and replaced Lt Kinney. WOJG Joseph McAndrew came to the Division in August 1943 and upon the relief of Mr. Wilson became Signal Supply Officer.

The maneuver period was the first test for Signal Supply and their contribution to the Division's high score was commendable. Bockmann and West together with Mr. McAndrew kept units well supplied, replacing lost items and salvaging broken equipment.

Herb Levine entered the Section replacing West, who transferred to Construction. Seymour Ginsburg was also added to the staff, bringing it to the present status ... Mr. "Mac," Bockmann, Levine and Ginsburg.

During combat days the Maintenance Section was linked together with Supply under supervision of Mr. McAndrew. We operated with the Company, later moving into the Quartermaster area thus relieving the necessity for quick moves. The supply problem became complex and on many an occasion it was necessary to augment the staff by the use of the maintenance men.





T and T
Maintenance Crew.

The reports show that for the period between November 1944 and May 1945 the Section drew for the Division, less attached units, 9,200 miles of wire. This is but one of the many contributory factors of the Section toward the success of the Division in combat.

The nature of Division Signal Supply's work brings us into contact with all the units of the Division. We of the Section want to avail ourselves of this opportunity of thanking each of those units for splendid cooperation.



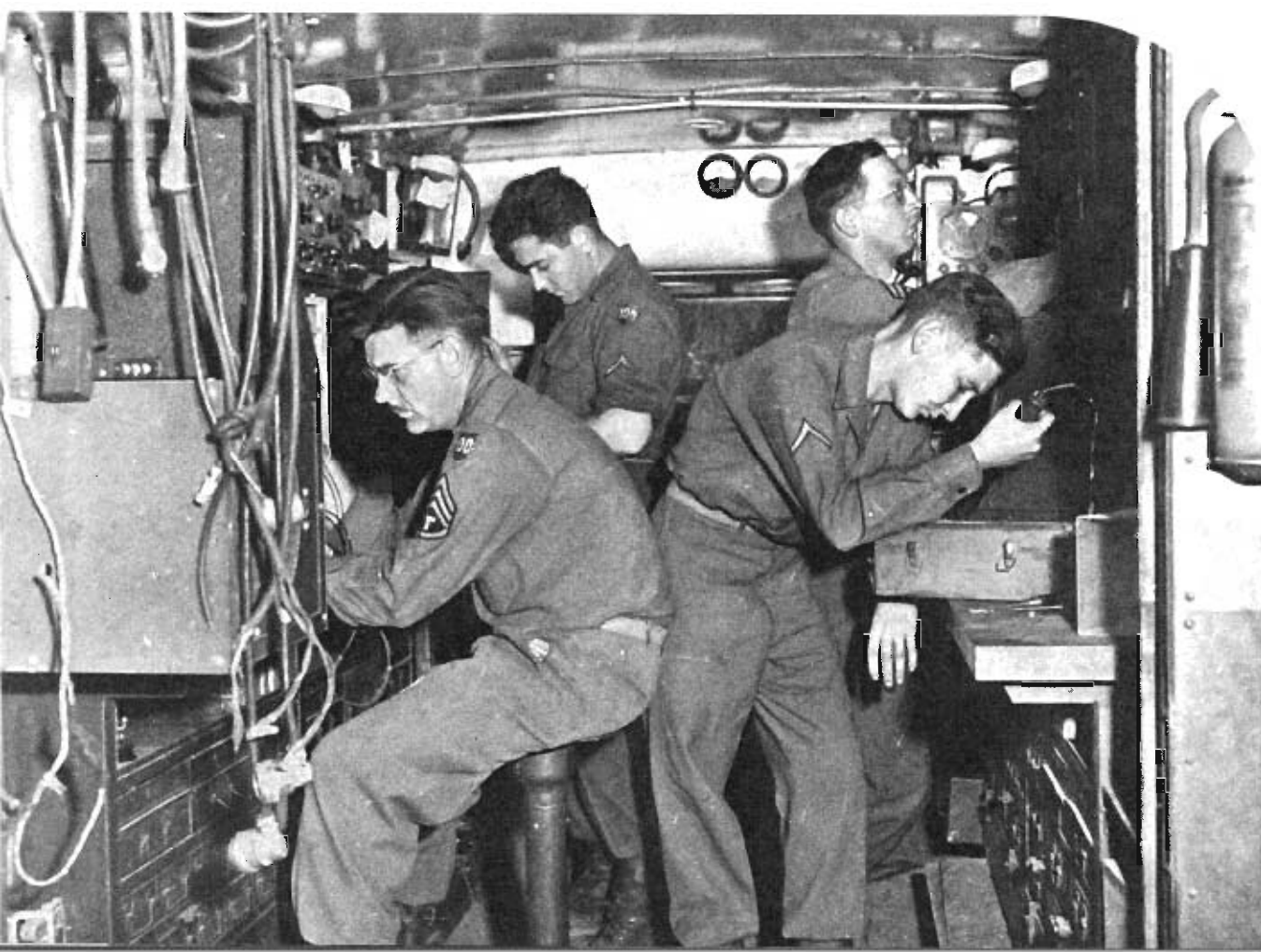
Repair and Maintenance

Repair and Maintenance includes those men who maintain Radio, Telephone and Telegraph equipment for the Division. Radio Repair in Fort Jackson was composed of Marcone, Kerwin, Wickham, Sammy Fleischer, Pulchlopek, Taylor, Miskelly, Kolodziej, Hunter, Spaulding, Swiderski and Albrecht. T and T Repair consisted of Clough, Gerhards, Backus, Delia and Tilley.

During the maneuver period, R and M was kept busy testing and repairing radios and other items brought back from the so-called "front." It was during this time that Rosenthal, Mentzer and Chasin were added to the Section. John Menth, Steinle and Greene were assigned to the T and T group.

In the summer of '44, Harold Easton took charge of the Radio Repair group, with both Sections under Mr. Bradshaw. Mr. Bradshaw was the first officer to hold that position. While overseas John Menth and Walter Taylor relieved Gerhards and Easton. The entire R and M group was blended with Division Signal Supply and operated thusly throughout the combat period. The importance of the work of the Repair and Maintenance Sections is attested to by the continuance of signal communications under any and all conditions.

Radio Repairmen in their workshop.



MOTOR POOL

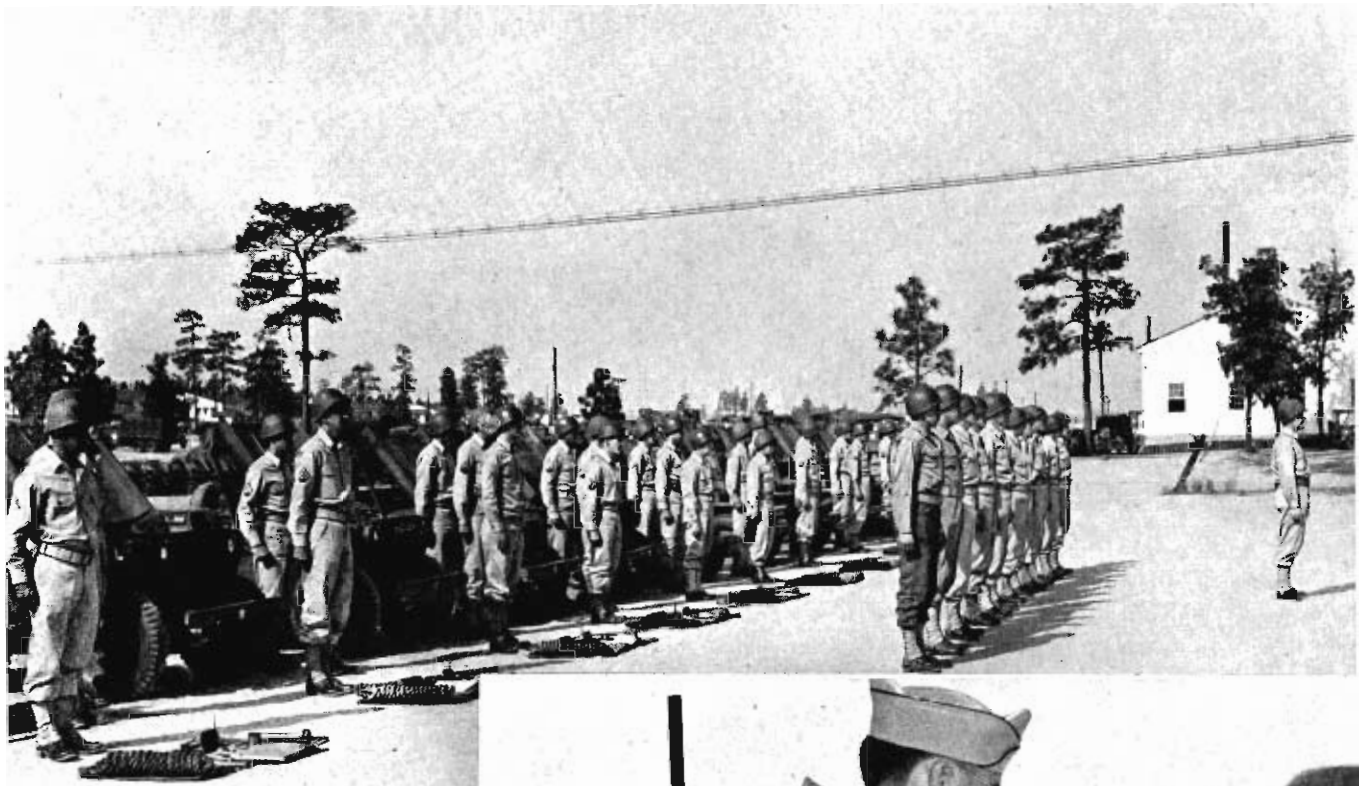


Motor Pool originally was under the supervision of Lt Raymond Elwell. Our acquaintance was first impressed with the whys, don'ts and hows of vehicle care. The site at Fort Jackson was ideal for its purpose. The actual maintenance of each vehicle was stressed and practically every man in the Company became a mechanic.

The Motor Sergeant was Frank Price assisted by "Pappy" LaTant, Paul Johnson, Jack LaMaine, Pete Mace, Icangelo, Everett, Harrison, Salvatore, Merideth, Saile, Bartoswicz, Dolan and Arcouette. To these men the Company is indebted for their distribution of knowledge in the care and maintenance of its vehicles.

The long motor convoys on maneuvers and preparation for maneuvers were a test that was superbly met. The handling of all trouble caused by the elements and rough terrain was a constant factor in the training for combat. The various ordnance inspections resulted in high ratings.

Coincident with the Company's arrival in Septemes came the word that we would be ready to move by motor convoy in a few days. The accomplishment attained by the Motor Pool personnel, now under the supervision of Mr. Ehring, during this phase was commendable. At Padoux the preparation of all vehicles for committal to battle was a tedious one. The Section during actual combat was continuously on call and the times were many that they were required to go close to the front lines for repair work.



Saturday morning ritual - - -
Motor Inspection.



Presentation of Drivers' Awards
by Lt Col Louis H. Mussler.



Supply Room
at Geislingen, Germany...



... at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Supply

First section of the Company to be formed and also the first group of men that all recruits meet, the Supply Section in its original form consisted of Lt Kinney, officer in charge, Sgt Bert Wilson, Troutman and Nichols. In this early stage of army life the Supply man's role is akin to that of a Chaplain as he tries to straighten out the divers faults that are prevalent.

During the garrison days and maneuvers, the Company Supply has ever exerted itself for the men. With the advance of Sgt Wilson to Warrant Officer, Ernest Troutman became Supply Sergeant. At that time his staff consisted of Olin Nichols, Ben Ratay, Jesse West and Ben Lewis. The transfers of Ben Ratay to an amphibious outfit and Jesse West to Division Signal Supply pared the group to three men, who, with Lou Congo as artificer handled the steady job of maintaining the Company Supply.

The title of Supply Officer was assumed in order by Lts Kinney, Dreith, Elwell, Drinkard and Enneking. The latter was entrusted with this position for the longest period.

The task of a Supply man is not one of simplicity. His job calls for constant contact with all the men of the Company, and the straightening out of the various problems that are bound to occur. The first requisite, therefore, is that of an even disposition. With this in mind the men of the Company have, at all times, been fortunate. The famous hospitality of the South was ever on display, insomuch as Troutman, Nichols and "Buckwheat" Lewis are natives of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Alabama, respectively.

Despite the nature of their job the personnel of the Supply Section have always had the respect of the men. Their policy was never to extend themselves in their promises and to ease the discrepancies as they appeared. The job of the Company Supply was well done and the men are worthy of that testimony.

The "Doc"

George Swann was Company Medic during our combat days overseas, having succeeded Sidney Wolf, who dished out the cough medicine on maneuvers and "D" exercises. Swann, a likeable chap, became a favorite with all of us because of his patience in listening to our tales of woe about our various illnesses - most of which were purely imaginary. The prescription was always the same - APC pills, regardless of whether you had fallen arches or poison ivy, but "Doc" had the habit of handing them to you with that smile of his, which made you feel like they were just the things for what ailed you, and prepared especially for you by the best pharmacists in the world.



"Watch the hook"...

You get 'em and get 'em
and never catch up ...

With the cessation of hostilities, he transferred to the Special Troops Dispensary where his talents, and knowledge are being put to better use. He was replaced by Nick Cusani who, at present, is assuming the duties of the Signal Company Medic, and healing our wounds, nearly all of which are caused by a little too much enthusiasm during a softball or volleyball game. We all hope Nick has a good supply of seasick pills before the Company makes its next sea voyage.

Mailman

One of the few times that the average soldier likes to have his name called at a formation is at Mail Call. The Army realizes how important letters can be and their value as a morale booster, so no stone is left unturned to see that incoming mail reaches us at the earliest possible moment. The Signal Company has had four Mail Clerks since its organization - Charles Quast, Tony Sells, Carl Amick and our present mailman, Steve Simek.

Everyone knows Steve, even the newer members of the Company. Most of us agree that he's one of the best boys for the job that any outfit ever had. He's really "on the ball" when it comes to remembering individuals, first names, last names, middle initials, sections, transfers of personnel, new men and the innumerable other facts that a Mail Clerk, in order to be a good one must have on the tips of his fingers.

Yes, mail is important to all of us and particularly when we are overseas. It forms the only link between the soldier and his friends, his buddies and his loved ones. Steve's the guy who makes those countless trips to the APO, sometimes for naught, sometimes for only a letter or two. When the mail-bag is light he feels as bad about it as the chap who doesn't get a letter. Our outgoing mail is handled by him with all possible speed and he treats every item as carefully as if it were his own.





Mess in the army is the outstanding morale factor. The men of the Company will always favor the Fort Jackson days. To greet us at activation was a kitchen staff not unlike a League of Nations. Practically every Nation was represented. There was Russian Pawlowicz, Spanish Sampedro, Irish Shaughnessy, Polish Kroleski, Chinese Chong and Hing, Greek Simatos and Tsingkakos. Their menus were appetizing and zesty and the men showed

Our Kitchen



their thanks and affection for the Mess Sergeant Demetrios Tsingkakos. Also in the original mess personnel were Milt Hershkowitz, a fine baker, and Sgts Rutter and Barr.

"Jimmy's Kitchen," as the mess was known, always outdid itself under trying circumstances. Any field operation, "D" exercise or overnight bivouac was the cue for extra effort. The maneuver days, miserable as they were, were eased somewhat by the good job and disposition of Tsingkakos' crew.

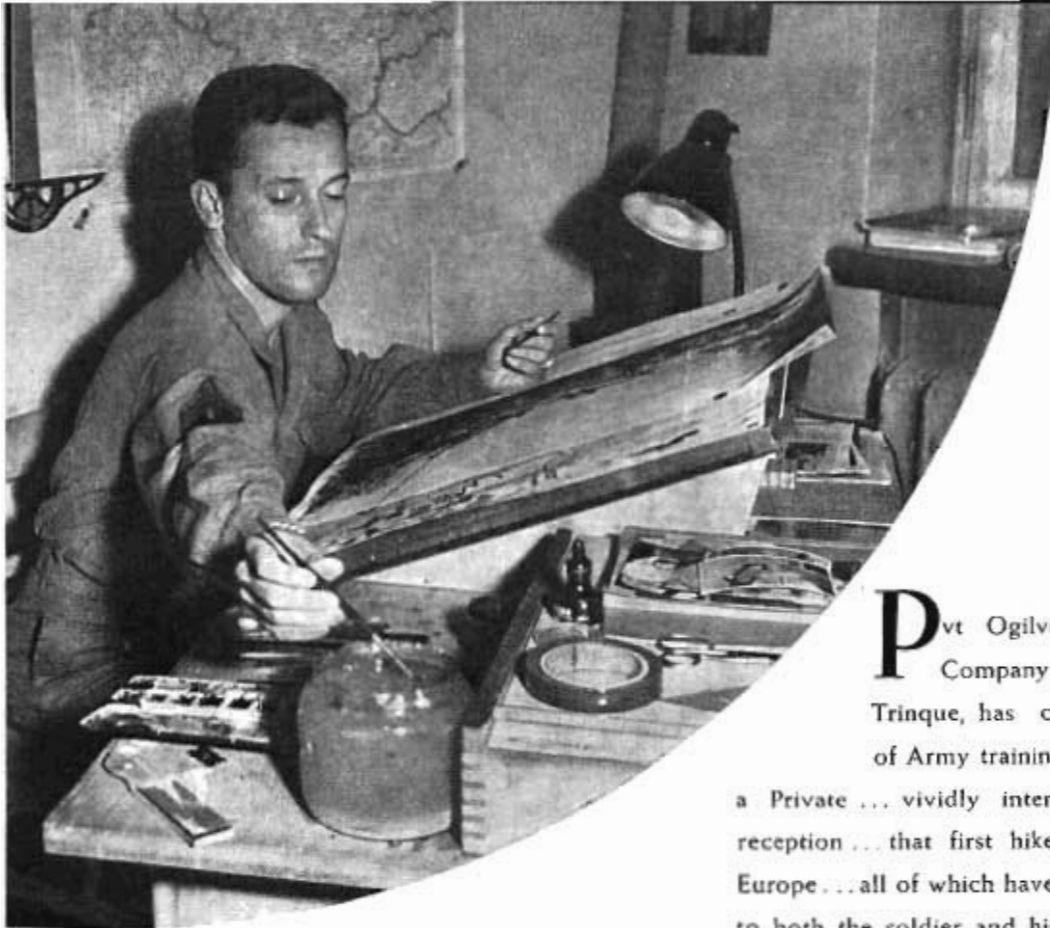
Soon after our arrival at Fort Bragg, S Sgt Rurey became Mess Sergeant. The original group was lessened when Simatos, Pawlowicz, Sampedro, Chong and Hing left the Company. When the Company sponsored a party or a picnic the kitchen personnel prepared the extra dishes for it.

During our combat days the kitchen personnel were split into teams and operated from both advance and rear. Jimmy's crew of Klimis, Phelps, Swezey and Caruso were with the forward elements. The constant moving of kitchen equipment and setting up was a handicap that had to be overcome. The difficulty of satisfying everyone especially with C Rations is in itself a trying business. The holiday dinners, both Thanksgiving and Yuletide, were an indication of application and hard work. These efforts were appreciated by the men.

The kitchen personnel through necessity had many changes. The turn-over brought Phelps, Isham, Hankins, File, Fisher and Krasno to the cuisine complement.

Jimmy exuding pride as Milt Hershkowitz slices the roast beef under the critical eye of the Mess Officer.






Pvt Ogilvie, the widely-publicized Company character, created by Marius Trinque, has characterized every phase of Army training... depicting the trials of a Private... vividly interpreting his induction... reception... that first hike... maneuvers... days in Europe... all of which have been a source of pleasure to both the soldier and his family.

As morale is one of the most important factors in the lives of men in the Armed Forces, anything that will produce and maintain a high morale level is a necessity. Early in 1943 it was decided that a Company newspaper (of, by and for the men) would be a contributing element toward keeping the morale of the Signalmen at the desired level. Thus Martin Fler and Francis Greeley assumed the responsibility of such a program.


After consideration of all the possibilities it was decided to produce the paper by mimeograph. The contents were to mention the various activities of each of the Sections of the Company, both from a humorous and technical viewpoint. Issues were to be semi-monthly. The first issue and incidentally the first unit newspaper of the Division was appreciated and it was then decided that GUIDON would be the official name.

In addition to the normal staff a man representing each of the sections was designated for the reportorial work. The composition of the original staff was Francis Greeley and Martin





100th SIGNAL CO. **GUIDON**



Fleer, associate editors, Albert Benoist, artist-illustrator, John Kerwin and Robert McGee, printers, and Edwin Palmer and Charles Hally, typists.

In May, Ed Williams was selected to take over the editorship and Marius Trinque became the artist-illustrator. It was not long before Trinque's ability was noted and with it GUIDON attained fame.

The Century Sentinel, the Division weekly, sponsored a contest for which the judges were prominent newspaper men from South Carolina. GUIDON was unanimously selected as the outstanding newspaper in the Division. "Banjo" Smith, a columnist on the Columbia Record summed up his selection of GUIDON with these words, "It is an outstanding effort by the men and a definite mirror of the life and activities of the Signal Company."

The members of the staff were individually presented with a Certificate of Award by Maj Gen Withers A. Burrell, who was ever an exponent of GUIDON.

GUIDON was responsible for many of the Company's activities. Among the best recalled features of GUIDON was the Handsome Man Contest held in September '43. The Company boxing ring, colorfully decorated by Trinque, was the scene of the contest. Jack Lacy's spicy introductions added to the entertainment and the three WAC judges completed an original scheme. Ernest Damato was THE Handsome Man and Ed Palmer and Bob Nelson were chosen in that order.

The Sports section of GUIDON was handled by Pat Hughes whose ready wit added to the zest of those pages. One of the most interesting regular articles of GUIDON was "The Public Papers of a Buck Private," written by Mario Restrepo.

For all the men of the Company and their families GUIDON was an important link. Those at home were better able to visualize the activity and feeling of the men in camp. The comments and letters of appreciation received by the staff was an incentive in their work.





GUIDON Staff.

The reputation of the Company in being placed among the best is reflected in the various activities of entertainment. The Company has been called upon to supply talents on many occasions. Through basic training and the days at Fort Jackson the Signal Company was capably represented at most of the Divisional endeavors.

At Fort Bragg the Company produced and staged a show titled "Wig Wag Revue." It was a very successful effort bringing plaudits from all the Division. The outstanding skit of the show was the officers' scene enacted by Silverstein, Zamansky, Neri and Colantuono. The chorus capably lead by "Tiny" Meschter and Dave Nedomen together with an expert job of MC'ing by Lou Gervasi were other features that resulted in good entertainment. Who will forget Don Mentzer's interpretation of "The Voice!" The song, "Take Me Back to Dear Old Brooklyn" was a hit.

At all the parties and picnics within the Company the degree of entertainment was always self sufficient. Tony Pestana and Jimmy Reardon were consistent in their singing renditions. The willingness to cooperate and the natural talent of the majority of the men always added up to good fun.

The high compliments paid to the Company by visitors on the display of their morale are indications of a unit that blended into a good team.



King's Day Room was only one of the many permanent recreational and morale-building facilities provided by the men to fill the free time necessarily allotted by temporary occupational duties. At Geislingen, Germany, King's Day Room and Pascal Ball Park, - in honor of those who were killed - were dedicated with suitable ceremony.

The men handling King's Day Room deserve credit for the results they attained by untiring efforts - Sid Scheinman was the outside contact man procuring the necessities, and Fred Mitchell was in charge of distribution.

Surroundings and gatherings revived memories... the men reminisced... events were recalled... outstanding personalities of garrison days... the "Long" and "Short" of the Company (Weltner and Albuquerque) ... Swan's training route for pigeons to Waller's and back... attempts at "gold bricking" - that sometimes worked out, but most times didn't... discussing of plans for the future and the general outlook... King's Day Room was deservedly popular and a source of personal satisfaction to the Company as a whole.



Physical Fitness Test -

In the army conditioning of men takes various forms. Gradually the individual is subjected to routine exercising, hiking, obstacle courses, double timing, etc., until that time when regardless of his own inhibitions he is in shape. Then as the proof of his fitness he is confronted with the Corps Physical Fitness Tests. In June '43 the Company took their first such test. Under strict supervision of officer-scorers the men attained a high average. But the purpose of this test was two fold. Besides the condition of the men - the spirit and morale proved excellent and therein lies a story.

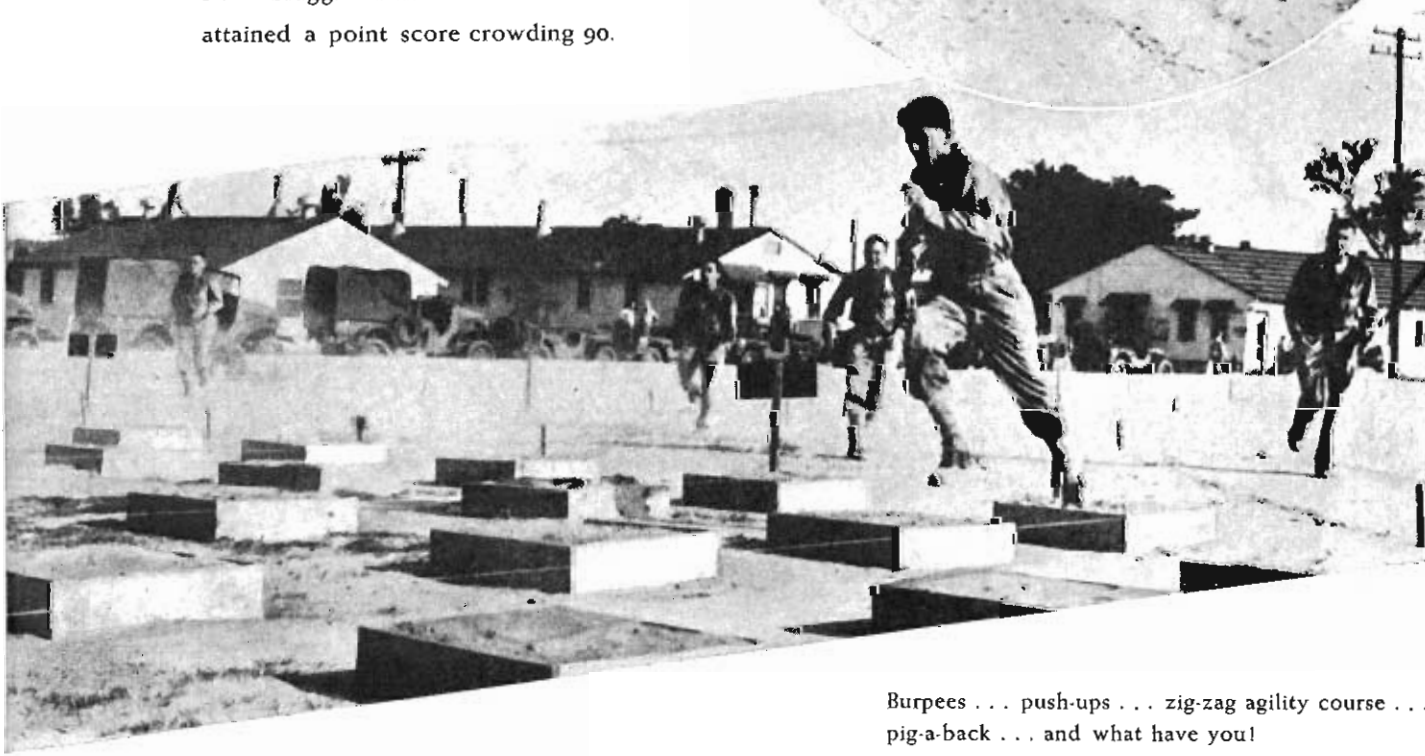
Through the first six months of training - to become self-sufficient was paramount. The men were individual soldiers. And the physical fitness test brought out the ruggedness of spirit and that angle of cooperation as yet unseen. With men of the calibre of Paul Kołodziej, training for his second war, standing up to every obstacle and despite the strenuousness of them, still aiding others - the inspecting officers were free with their praise. After each event - of a series of ten, right on to the next was the order.





The final task was to march, under full field equipment, four miles in 50 minutes. The finish of that hike was definitely an indication of the determination of the American Soldier - the test was a matter of pride and Company Spirit - and the satisfaction of all the men when the final score was posted - proved that morale was at its peak.

Following maneuvers and prior to our overseas movement, we participated in another such test at Fort Bragg. This time the men attained a point score crowding 90.



Burpees . . . push-ups . . . zig-zag agility course . . . pig-a-back . . . and what have you!

SPORTS

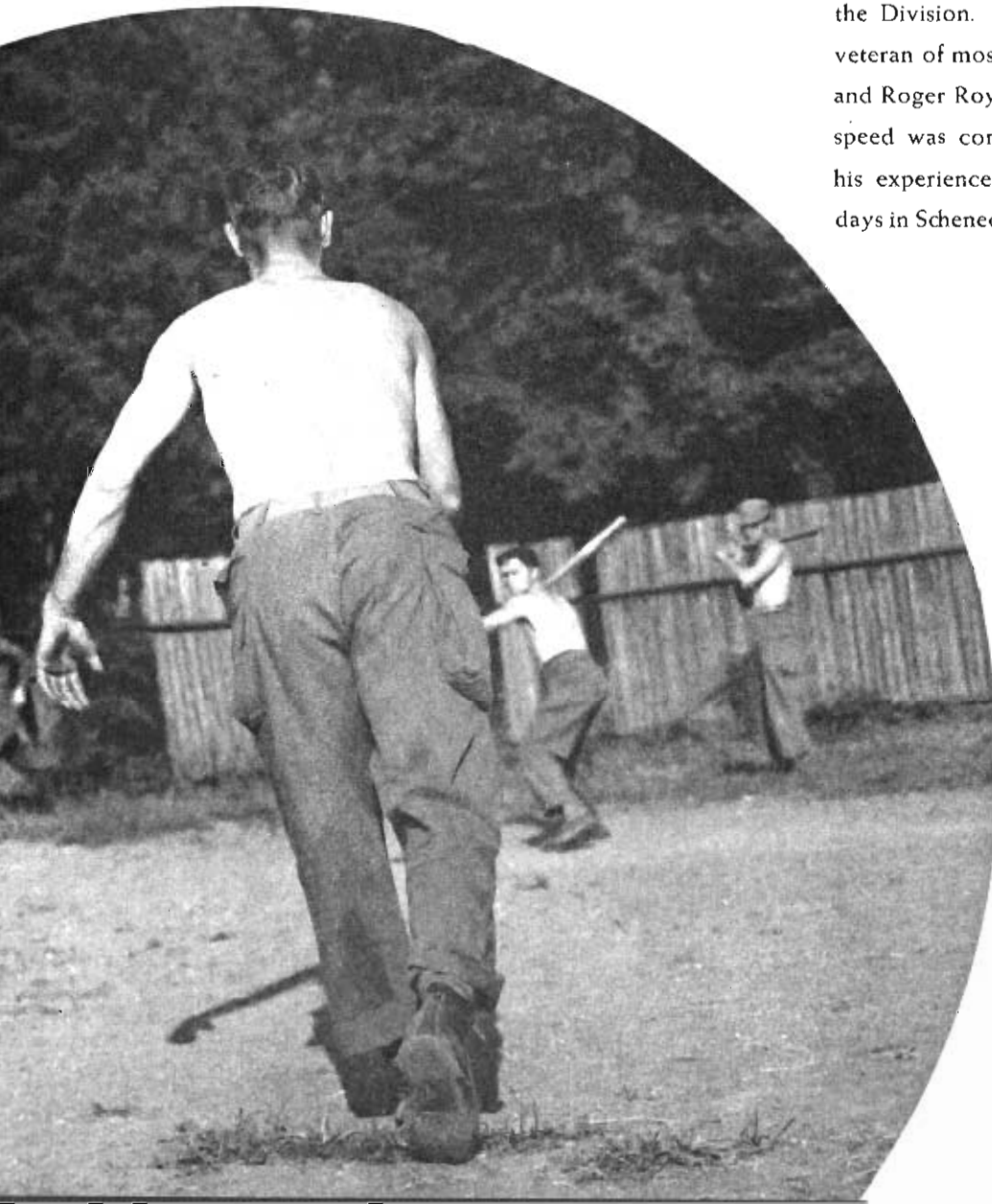
In the Company, sports was and is synonymous with the name of Moore. T Sgt Harold W. (JoJo) Moore, Sylacauga, Alabama, has been the outstanding sportlite during each phase of the Company history. Whether it was baseball, basketball, football, swimming or boxing, Moore, through his natural instinctiveness for sports, carried away the stellar role. His organizing of teams played a major part in our sports activities.

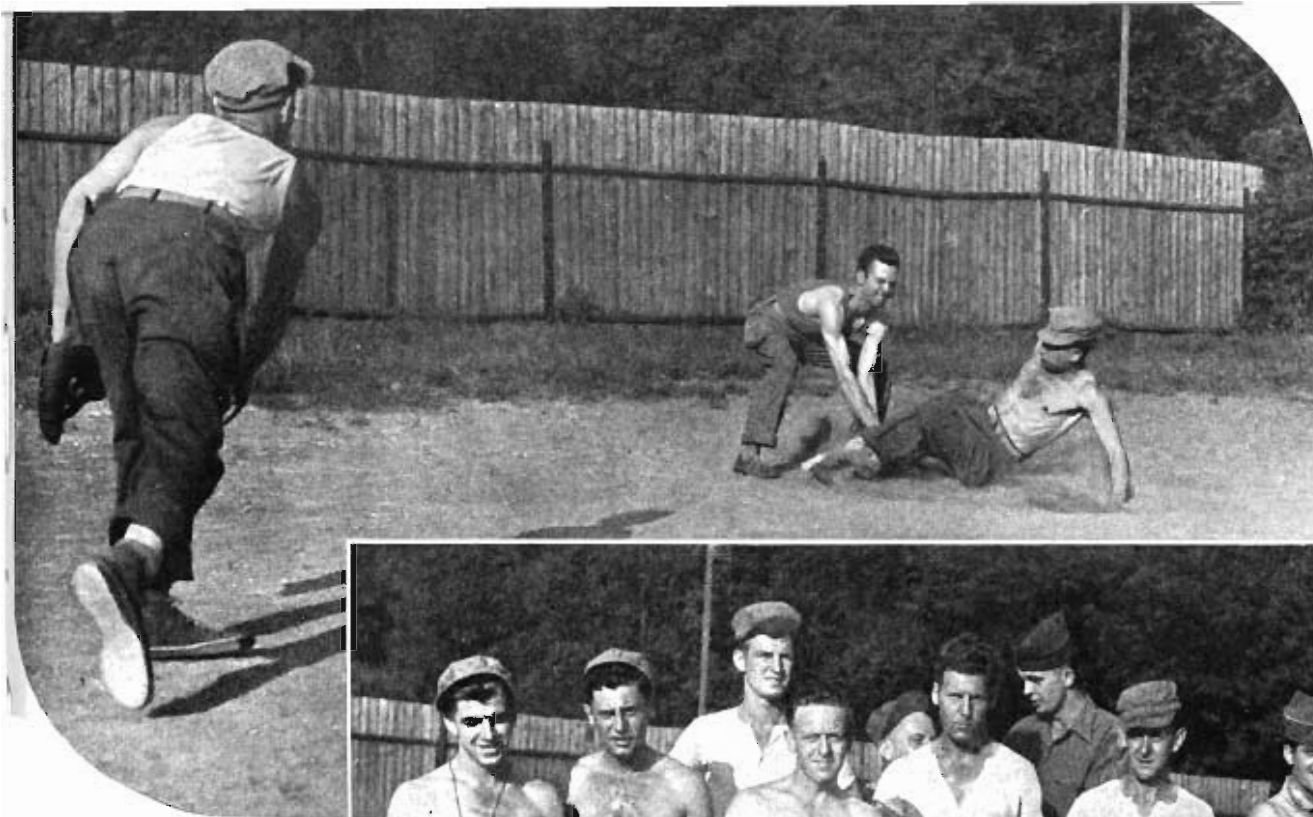
With basic safely tucked away and summer at its height in '43, the 100th Signal boys put out with a baseball team that took care of real stiff competition as offered by the rest of

the Division. Don Jaime Grana, (now a veteran of most of the Pacific Campaigns) and Roger Roy, formed the battery. Don's speed was comparable with the best and his experience picked up during semi-pro days in Schenectady, proved of good value.

The softball days at Jackson were successful and the team composed of Moore, West, Jaime Grana, Martin, Burgess, Roy, Smilie, King, Plonski,

Open fields of Germany converted into diamonds for great American pastime.





Jarboe, "Tiny" Weltner, Burkert, "Chuck" Neri - took a week-end trip to Durham, N.C., and defeated a picked group from that City. The spirit as expressed by the team was indicative of the Company and regardless of where they traveled, a return invitation was suggested.

Following maneuvers, the Company concentrated on intersectional softball contests, and the Construction Section boasts of never having been beaten, which is okay by the writer. During the Bragg days, Jesse West, "JoJo" Moore and Roger Roy played with the Division Special Troops baseball team and at every turn, they showed the Division that the Signal



Company was capable of the best in ways other than maintenance of communication.

Now overseas, the efforts of our boys have gone a long way to indoctrinate the games of baseball and softball in the minds of German people. Entered in the Gold League as sponsored by the Division, the Signalites are having a successful campaign and the many games played with units outside the Division have brought high praise from the opponents. Their sportsmanship is exemplary and their hard play has been the incentive for many victories. Moore, West, Vin Miller, Ozzie Zamansky, Lew Lewandowski, Roy, Neri, Martin, Jimmy Corea, "Mother" Brash, "Deacon" Payne and Plonski have formed the nucleus of the team. The schedule as outlined by Moore, is full and the number of victories attest to the ability of the men. It is a safe bet to give, that through the example set down by the Signalites, many a German youth will become a participant in the grand American past-time.

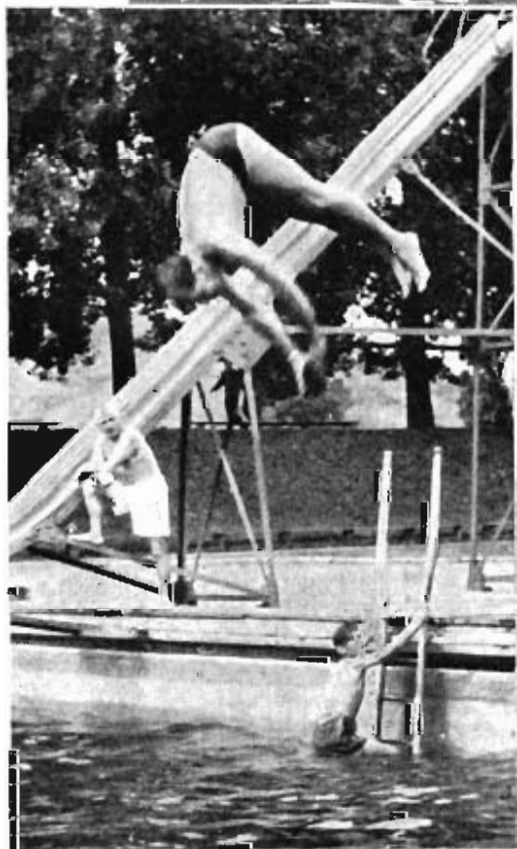
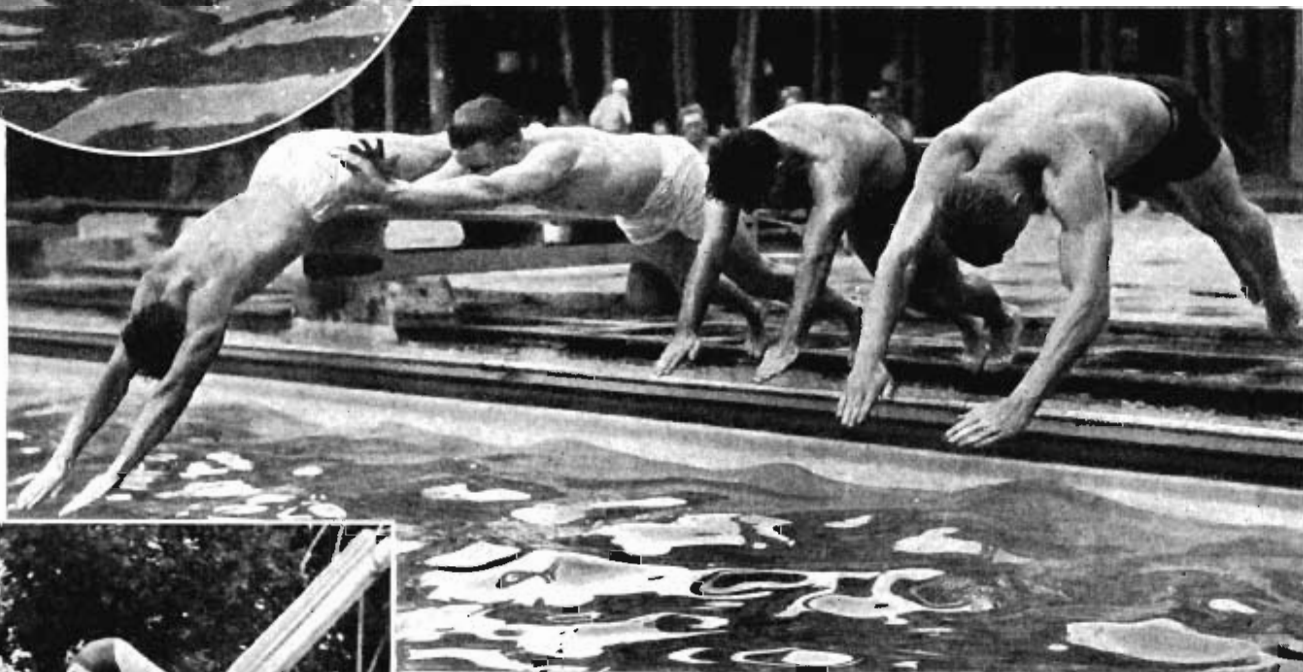
The football endeavors of the Company, through good reasons, have not been as extensive as those applied to softball and basketball, but the games played at Jackson and Bragg



Morning - calisthenics,
Afternoon - Volley ball.



Swimming pools in Bad Cannstatt played a major part in the sports program.



will long be remembered. Moore, Kilpatrick, "Bubbles" Nelson, Zamansky, Fary, Mulholland, Sawyer, Rollie Spearing, Plonski, Roy, Page, Lohsen, Nechamen, Mills, Bellardi, Meschter, Neri, Lewis and Cuggy - won many victories and their spirited play was a torment to the opposition. Games that stand out were those with Division Headquarters at Jackson and the large attendance was proof of the rivalry. Moore and Kilpatrick shedding their shoes to speed up their game and with results - Lohsen with his bulldog tactics - Zamansky's over the shoulder catch of a winning pass - and the Headquarter's Massiello, a bulwark of strength - these few "look backs" at those games, bring before the mirror a fine recall of hard play and good spirit.

The basketball team was ever the pride of the Company and its natural appeal brought out good attendance at Jackson. Moore, Kilpatrick, Jarboe, "Red" Eilinger, Wilson and Teitelbaum, brought glory to Captain Harty's crew and also a high place in the final standings. The tournament at Fort Bragg was really a humdinger and such games as those played with Division Artillery and Ordnance, were as spirited and well played as any Madison Square Garden exhibition. The aggregation consisted of "Pop" Storey, Meschter, Zamansky, Jack Kahrs, Jarboe, Brash and of course, "JoJo." During this tournament, Moore finished second among the scorers and was widely acclaimed for his ability, being picked to play on an All Star Division team.

The swimming tournament, at Twin Lakes, found a small but powerful representation of the Company. Under the supervision of John Mulholland, the team placed among the top places in each event they entered. Mulholland was a factor in the dashes, while Ben Marley and Kaylor Merideth took some points in the diving episodes. Ray Fary and Moore were our representatives on the Division Lifeguard squad. In addition to that duty they were very instrumental in the swimming instructions at both MacFayden's Pond and Twin Lakes. During July of this year, John Mulholland and Ed Beebe participated in the Seventh Army Swim Meet. Ed's speed in the sprint events made him a strong contender. Both men acquitted themselves in fine style.

The boxing end of our sports programme is worthy of good mention. During basic training at Jackson, three of our men, Chiodo, Neri and Bruno Vernazza, participated in the Charlotte, N. C. Golden Gloves Tournament. Entered as part of the Division squad, Joe Chiodo brought back a victory in the heavyweight class.

We had golfers, too - the days at the Fort Bragg course paid dividends when M Sgt Maggiacomo participated in the Seventh Army Tournament in Germany.

As we look back upon our Sports endeavors, it is with the pride and satisfaction that follows accomplishment and the knowledge of spirit and friendships that will ever be characteristic of the 100th Signal Company.

Before the start of his record-breaking 25-mile hike, M Sgt Franks checks the Army Times for all particulars.





HONOR ROLL

ROBERT WALSH

29 Aug 1943

SAMUEL FLEISCHER

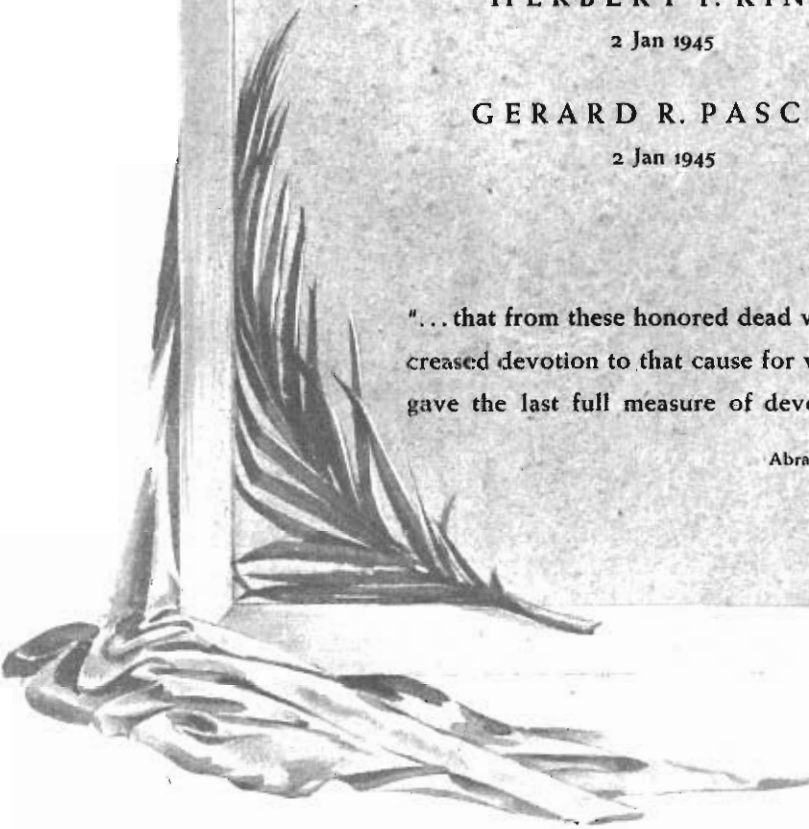
29 Nov 1944

HERBERT F. KING

2 Jan 1945

GERARD R. PASCAL

2 Jan 1945



"... that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ..."

Abraham Lincoln

M. TRIQUE '45

UNIT HISTORY STAFF

Tec 3 Edward J. Williams - Coordinator and Editor

Tec 4 Marius N. Trinke - Art and Layout Editor

Tec 4 Andrew M. Schuster - Managing Editor

Pfc Andrew G. Johnston - Photographer

ASSOCIATES

WOJC Philip V. Fleming - History

Tec 5 Vincent G. Miller - Radio

Tec 4 Mario Restrepo - Msg Cen

Tec 5 Louis Gervasi - Construction

Pfc Sidney P. Bloomer - T & T

TECHNICIANS

Pfc Charles E. Hally

Tec 4 Edwin H. Palmer

Tec 5 Richard R. Gresham

Tec 5 Richard L. Rinde

Tec 5 Joseph Greenstadt

Prepared under the direction of 1st Lt Elliott Wolheim, Information and Education Officer and 1st Lt Daniel Dreith, Special Service Officer.





Places we've been

Passes and furloughs to the various centers of Europe have been the means of obtaining this montage. All the photos reproduced here have been submitted by the men of the Company. Beautiful Paris with the Opera House, Eiffel Tower, Grand Hotel, Notre Dame . . . London and its Piccadilly Square, St. Paul's Cathedral, Big Ben, Bobbies . . . Nice on the Riviera - the Millionaires' playground, Mademoiselles cycling on Promenade des Anglais . . . Cologne's famous Cathedral . . . Brussel's Mannequin Piz . . . Stuttgart - Germany's Show City, now in ruins . . . Mindful of all the cultural cities of Hitler-destroyed Germany . . . Lyon - Palaise de Dance . . . Berchtesgaden - the Nazi Party Redoubt . . . Scenes to be remembered and always to be in the War Diary of the American Soldier . . .

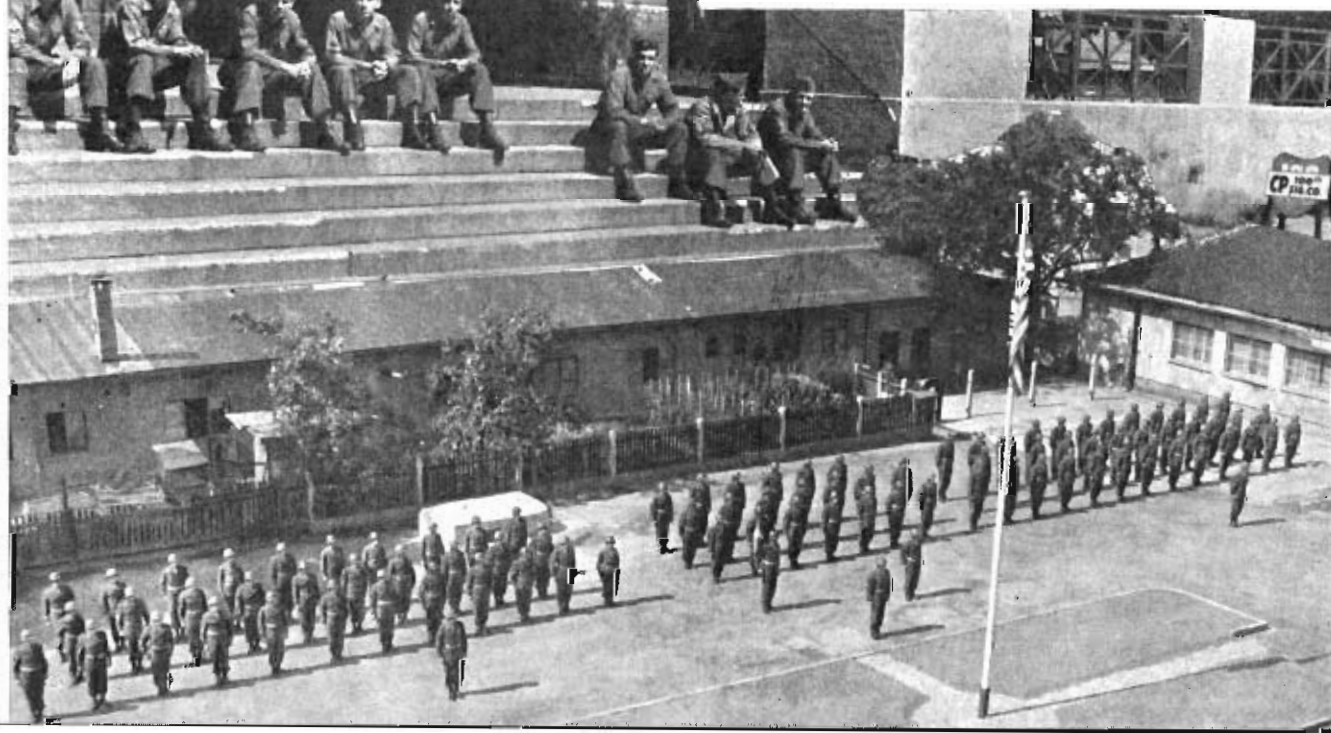


Major B. A. Dever congratulating
S Sgt Jordan on his receipt of the
Bronze Star Award.

The Good Conduct Medal, for "Efficiency, Honor and Fidelity" during a period of one year, was awarded to more than ninety percent of the Company personnel. Maj Gen Withers A. Burrell has commended the Company on numerous occasions for appearance and soldierly behavior.



At the end of the day ...
Soldiers proud ... at Retreat ... at Rest.



Awards and DECORATIONS

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Lt Col Louis H. Mussler	1st Lt Daniel Dreith	
1st Lt Harry V. Drinkard	1st Lt Raymond G. Elwell	
1st Lt Alphonse Enneking	S Sgt John L. Mulholland	Pfc Leslie O. Brash
1st Lt William L. Rice	S Sgt Benjamin H. Newlands Jr.	Pfc Raymond T. Carvey
1st Lt Vernon E. Robbins	S Sgt Robert E. Roper	Pfc Hubert E. Conway
1st Lt Elliott Wolheim	Sgt Robert T. Thomson	Pfc Donald C. Cote
WOJG Philip V. Fleming	Tec 4 Edward J. King	Pfc Samuel Fleischer
WOJG Joseph McAndrew	Tec 4 Paul J. Kolodziej	Pfc Robert W. Greenlaw
1st Sgt John E. Giannetto	Tec 5 Swainson C. Berry	Pfc Donald K. Horlacher
M Sgt John T. Demsky	Tec 5 John Dziemian	Pfc John R. Howard
M Sgt Chauncey N. Maggiacomo	Tec 5 Marvin F. Nelson	Pfc Clifton R. Kerr
T Sgt Herbert K. Cottrill	Tec 5 Roger J. Roy	Pfc Thomas B. Murphy
S Sgt Noley B. Kilpatrick Jr.	Tec 5 Jesse E. West	Pfc Vincent E. Plonski
S Sgt Emil F. Izzillo	Tec 5 Richard M. Silverstein	Pfc William Preye Jr.
S Sgt Floyd C. Jordan	Pfc Eugene Bargiel	Pfc Ralph J. Wickham

"awarded for meritorious service in direct support of combat operations"

PURPLE HEART

1st Lt Elliott Wolheim	S Sgt Floyd C. Jordan
M Sgt Chauncey N. Maggiacomo	Sgt Robert T. Thomson
S Sgt Philip V. Fleming	Tec 5 Jesse E. West
Pvt Brantley Hearn	

"awarded for wounds received as a result of enemy action"

MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

"By direction of the President, and under the provisions of Section I, Circular Number 345, War Department, 23 August 1944, The Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded to the 100th Signal Company for superior performance of duty and the achievement of a high standard of discipline during the period from 6 October 1944 to 13 January 1945."



THE ROSTER

Never to be forgotten . . . Reveille to Retreat . . . Assembly Call . . . Chow Call . . . Pay Call . . . each man has heard his name pronounced in every conceivable fashion . . . thus the final chapter of our Unit History . . .

Abraham, John
Abrams, Leonard
Adams, John R.
Agreda, Harry
Albrecht, Paul L.
Albuquerque, John
Algaze, Benjamin
Allen, Harold K. Jr.
Ambler, James H. III
Amick, Carl L.
Anderson, Alfred T.
Anderson, Carl V.
Arcouette, Henry J.
Arndt, George R.
Arriola, Moises
Babalya, Michael T.
Backus, Walter A.
Bakota, Edward A.
Banze, William C.
Bargiel, Eugene
Barkley, Gordon L.
Barnes, Clifford T.
Barr, Earl L.
Bartoswicz, Walter J.
Beacham, R. J.
Beam, Freeman C.
Bedford, Clayton S.
Bednarz, Valentine L.
Beebe, Edward R.
Bellardi, Mario C.
Benoist, Albert S.

Lawrence, Mass.
Ventor City, N.J.
Caldwell, N.J.
Dunn, N.C.
Scranton, Pa.
East Providence, R.I.
New York, N.Y.
Astoria, L.I., N.Y.
Reading, Pa.
Newberry, S.C.
Ramsey, N.J.
Terryville, Conn.
Worcester, Mass.
Riverside, N.J.
Alpine, Tex.
Roebing, N.J.
Manchester, Conn.
Homestead, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Manchester, N.H.
Newburgh, N.Y.
Worcester, Mass.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Jamacia, L.I., N.Y.
Washington, N.C.
Roseland, N.J.
Lynchburg, Tenn.
Passaic, N.J.
Roscoe, S.D.
New York, N.Y.
Monmouth Beach, N.J.

Benvenuto, Frank C.
Berends, George E.
Bernier, Joseph E.
Berry, Swainson C.
Bichelman, Stanley
Bieryla, Matthew G.
Birnbau, Fred
Blake, Robert A.
Blatt, Howard W.
Bloomer, Sidney P.
Bockmann, Emil J.
Boone, Charles J.
Borden, George A.
Borge, Joseph A.
Boyle, Gilbert C.
Brady, Russell D.
Brash, Leslie O.
Brasher, James A.
Bray, Lorr W.
Brodeur, Paul J.
Brody, Benjamin S.
Bruin, James J.
Brunmark, John R.
Brown, Arthur E. Jr.
Brown, Harry
Buchanan, John J.
Buettel, Paul M.
Buntin, Euell M.
Burgess, Henry D.
Burke, Harold L.
Burke, Joseph M.

Garfield, N.J.
Spearville, Kans.
New Bedford, Mass.
Tellico Plains, Tenn.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Winstead, Conn.
Thompsonville, Conn.
Reading, Pa.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Haddenfield, N.J.
Silver Spring, Md.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Astoria, L.I., N.Y.
Cambridge, Mass.
Denver, Colo.
Barberton, Ohio
Haddon Heights, N.J.
Brady, Tex.
No. Arlington, N.J.
Bronx, N.Y.
Lowell, Mass.
Worcester, Mass.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Coaldale, Pa.
Providence, R.I.
Manchester, Conn.
Pensacola, Fla.
Durham, N.C.
Zeigler, Ill.
Manchester, Mass.



Burkert, John J.	Haverstraw, N.Y.	Cottrill, Herbert K.	Erie, Pa.
Burkett, Robert L.	Cranston, R.I.	Coty, Joseph C.	Concord, S.I., N.Y.
Burnette, Leon B. Jr.	Gastonia, N.C.	Cowieson, Melvin	Norwich, Vt.
Burns, Charles M.	Morgantown, W. Va.	Crowe, John W.	Norwich, Conn.
Burroughs, Ormand R. Jr.	Perryville, Md.	Cuggy, George R.	Bronx, N.Y.
Cagle, Horace W.	Nauvoo, Ala.	Cummings, Frank	Alliance, O.
Calchera, Edward J.	Bridgeport, Conn.	Curry, Charles H.	Davis, Calif.
Camire, Ernest J.	Warwick, R.I.	Cuscani, Nicholas	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Carcagno, Salvatore	New York, N.Y.	Cutler, Carl I.	Malden, Mass.
Cardani, James E.	San Diego, Calif.	Damato, Ernest T.	Long Island City, N.Y.
Carino, Natale	San Francisco, Calif.	Danzig, Stanley P.	Bronx, N.Y.
Carolan, William F.	New York, N.Y.	Delano, Joseph P.	Summit, N.J.
Carratello, Philip F.	Paterson, N.J.	Delia, Joseph	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Caruso, Samuel V.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	De Martino, Frank J.	New York, N.Y.
Carvey, Raymond T.	Hydeville, Vt.	Demksy, John T.	Plymouth, Pa.
Chamberlain, Robert J. Jr.	Asbury Park, N.J.	Depczynski, Edward M.	Chicago, Ill.
Champagne, Roger R.	Central Falls, R.I.	Devlin, Patrick J.	New York, N.Y.
Chapman, LeRoy L.	Lancaster, S.C.	Dinallo, Cosimo	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Chasin, Herman S.	New Rochelle, N.Y.	Dobbs, Earl B.	Haskell, Tex.
Chelednik, Frank	Portage, Tenn.	Dolan, Frederick M.	Jamacia Plain, Mass.
Chilton, Henry W.	Timewell, Ill.	Donlin, Robert H.	Dorchester, Mass.
Chiodo, Joseph M.	Lodi, N.J.	Donnell, Muril W.	Enid, Okla.
Chong, Jimmie S.	New York, N.Y.	Drewry, John E.	Memphis, Tenn.
Christoffersen, Reinert W.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Dunphy, James R.	Cincinnati, O.
Clark, Clifford A.	Newark, Ohio	Dziemian, John	Batavia, N.Y.
Clausner, Lester J.	Baltimore, Md.	Easton, Harold E.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Cline, Don E.	Grand Junction, Colo.	Edwards, Maurice E.	Portland, Me.
Clough, William C.	Wethersfield, Conn.	Eilinger, Thomas J.	Bronx, N.Y.
Coffin, Allen E.	Denison, Tex.	Ek, Russell V.	St. Paul, Minn.
Cohen, Abraham	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Ellis, Benjamin G.	Delray Beach, Fla.
Cohen, Herman J.	Bronx, N.Y.	Engels, William	Hackensack, N.J.
Colantuono, Pasquale L.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Erhardt, Albert E.	New York, N.Y.
Cole, Abraham	Tannersville, N.Y.	Euskavech, William E.	Broad Brook, Conn.
Collinge, Frederick R.	Forest Hills, N.Y.	Everett, Clarence B.	Chester, Conn.
Congo, Louis C.	Methuen, Mass.	Evitt, Grady E.	Atlanta, Ga.
Conway, Hubert E.	Kinston, N.C.	Fahrlander, Louis C.	Evansville, Ind.
Cook, Herbert R.	Williamstown, Mass.	Fary, Raymond W. Jr.	Sea Bright, N.J.
Cook, William G.	Weirton, W. Va.	Feigenbaum, Louis T.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Cook, Winston C.	Bangor, Me.	Feldman, Saul	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Corea, James	Chelsea, Mass.	File, Horace G.	Mulberry Grove, Ill.
Costello, Lawrence F.	Manchester, Conn.	Finkle, Milton S.	Castleton, N.Y.
Costelloe, James T.	Greendale, N.Y.	Fisher, Robert D.	Austin, Tex.
Cote, Donald	Fort Kent, Me.	Fite, Woodrow W.	Stout, O.

Fleischer, Samuel	New York, N.Y.	Hammond, Emmett T.	Ashburn, Ga.
Fleming, Philip V.	Revere, Mass.	Hancock, Richard A.	Kankakee, Ill.
Fonteyne, Henry C. G.	New Bedford, Mass.	Hankins, Richard E.	Vincennes, Ind.
Forbes, Philip J. Jr.	Danbury, Conn.	Hanley, Robert J. T.	Malverne, Ark.
Foss, Wendell C.	Los Angeles, Calif.	Harrington, Edward A.	Rocksbury, Mass.
Fotheringham, Robert H.	East Orange, N.J.	Harrison, Michael	E. Hempstead, L.I., N.Y.
Fox, John H.	Valparaiso, Ind.	Harry, Lawrence E.	Alma, Wisc.
Franks, Gordon B.	Baltimore, Md.	Hart, Robert W.	Ridgewood, N.Y.
Freeman, Clarence W. Jr.	New York, N.Y.	Haugk, Walter V.	Stapleton, N.Y.
Freidman, Bertrand	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Hay, James T. Sr.	Camden, S.C.
Freitas, Frank A.	Springfield, Vt.	Hayes, Edward F. Jr.	Pittsfield, Mass.
Frost, Alfred F.	New Hyde Park, N.Y.	Hearn, Brantley	Merry Oaks, N.C.
Galindo, Manuel C.	Pasadena, Calif.	Hearn, Earl D.	Dalton, Mass.
Galligan, James T.	New York, N.Y.	Heffernan, Robert J.	Bayonne, N.J.
Galston, Jacob	Arverne, N.Y.	Heidtbrink, Edwin	Malcolm, Neb.
Garrison, George G.	Woodside, N.Y.	Heilmann, David B.	Johnstown, Pa.
Garstak, Jack G.	Bronx, N.Y.	Heinrichson, Edward J.	Washington, D.C.
Gerhards, Karl H.	Yonkers, N.Y.	Hershkowitz, Milton	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Gerlach, Eugene H.	New Hyde Park, N.Y.	Hickman, Robert E.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Gervasi, Louis	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Hill, William J. Jr.	Buffalo, N.Y.
Geschwind, Fred	Brooklyn, NY.	Hill, Willie P.	Greenville, Ala.
Giannetto, John E.	Everett, Mass.	Hilliard, John W.	Bowersville, Ga.
Giles, Edward S.	Mechanicville, N.Y.	Hing, Hom Hong	New York, N.Y.
Gillespie, Donald F.	Cleveland, O.	Hinman, Frederick C.	Andover, Mass.
Ginsburg, Seymour	New York, N.Y.	Hirsch, Jerry B.	Washington, D.C.
Gleason, Andrew A.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Hochstein, Sidney J.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Godlewski, Anthony E.	Detroit, Mich.	Holohan, James A.	Dorchester, Mass.
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