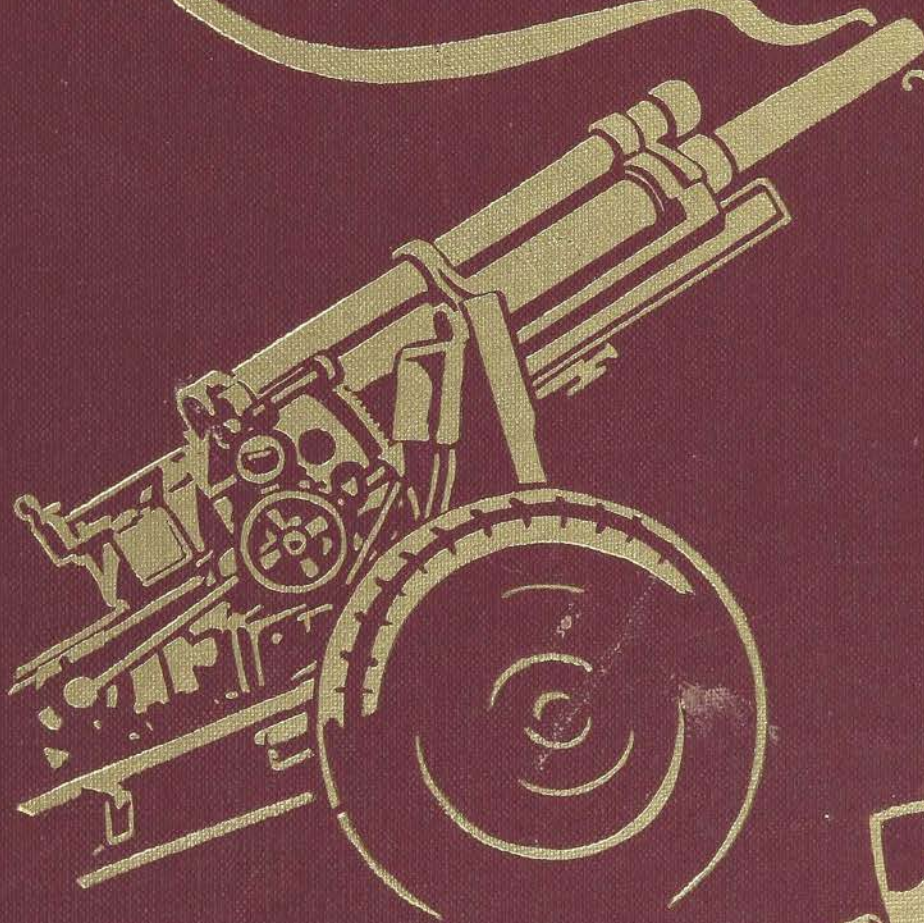


PAST IN REVIEW



1007 --- figlia di Caterina Bolli Milton Man
father Rolli paesani da Bergamasco Italy 1860-186

To

MR. PHILIP AIUTO
12 SUMMIT STREET
QUINCY, MASS. 02169

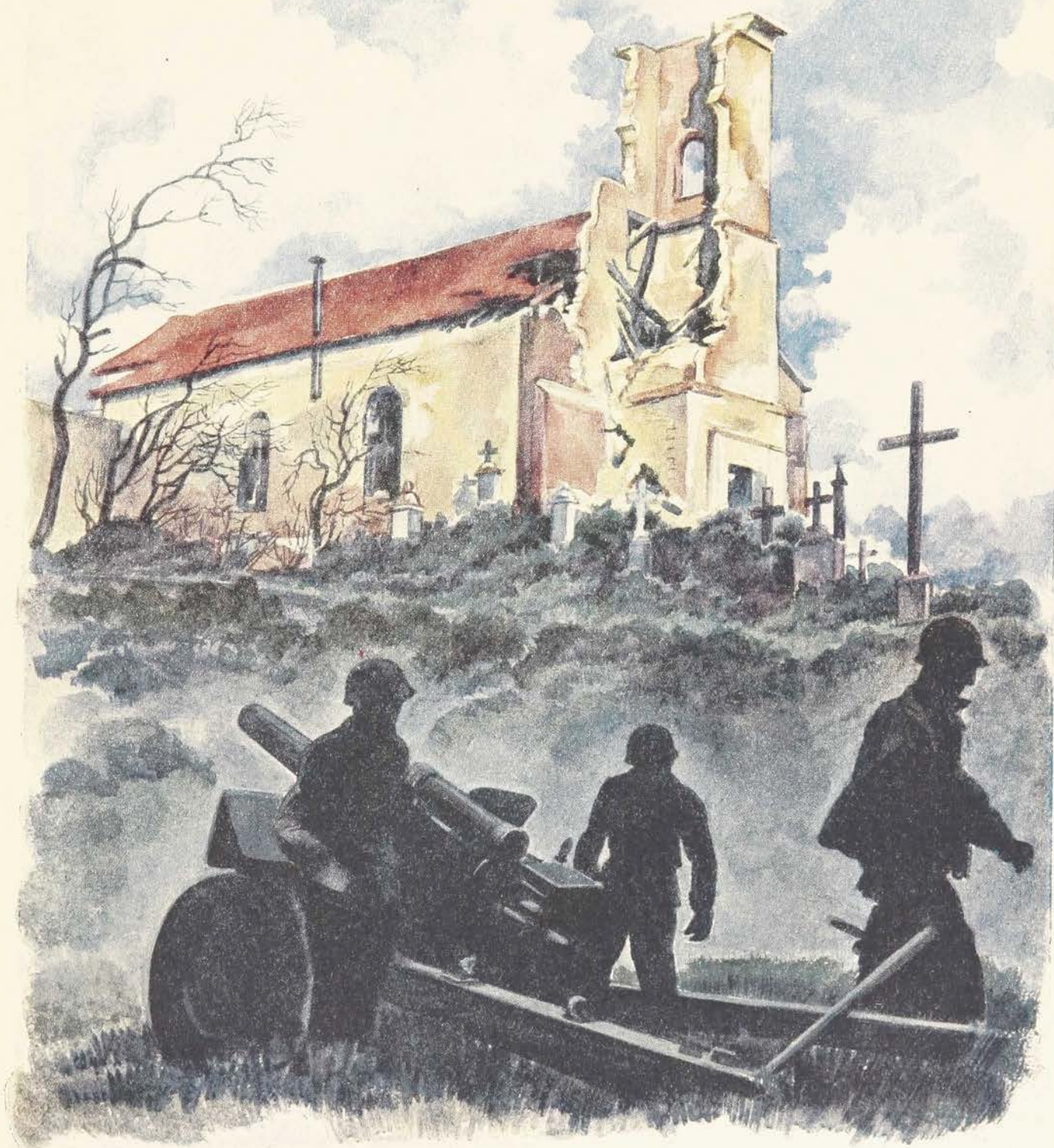
THE HISTORY
OF
THE 374th FIELD ARTILLERY
BATTALION

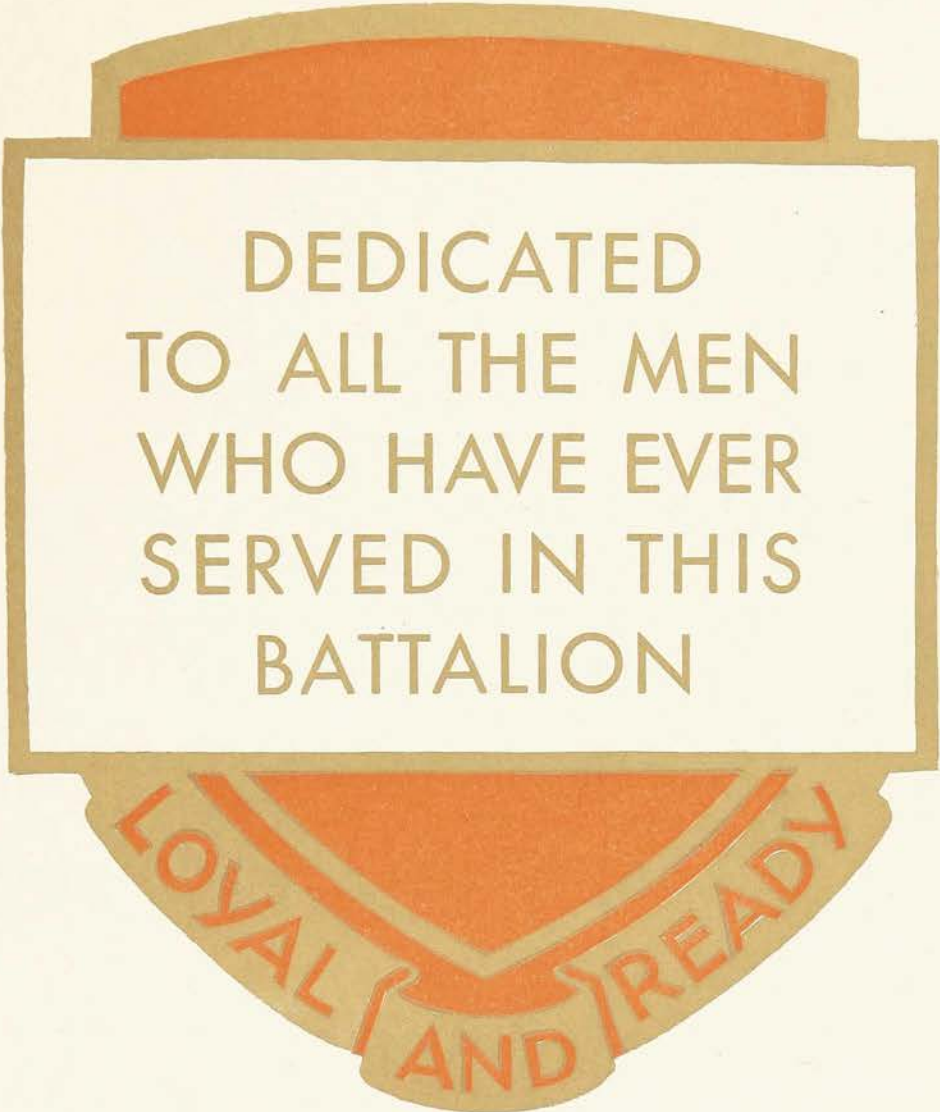


100th INFANTRY DIVISION

MR. PHILIP AIUTO
12 SUMMER STREET
QUINCY, MASS. 02169

PAST IN REVIEW





DEDICATED
TO ALL THE MEN
WHO HAVE EVER
SERVED IN THIS
BATTALION

LOYAL AND READY

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

TO: The 374th Field Artillery Battalion, 100th Infantry Division.

It is indeed gratifying to learn that the 374th Field Artillery is to publish a history of its fine achievements in combat.

Your battalion, both as a member of Combat Team 397 and when in general support of the Division, over a period of practically six continuous months of combat, under the worst conditions of weather and determined enemy action, always carried out its tasks in an outstanding manner. By your intelligent, effective, and continuous support you not only gained the high respect, admiration, and complete confidence of the 397th Infantry, but of all elements of the Division. This was not by chance. It came as the result of long, hard and realistic training.

Among the outstanding feats of your battalion which comes at once to my mind, and undoubtedly to yours, is the defense of Rimling, when your effective and continuous support enabled the 397th Infantry, exposed from three sides to the fanatical attacks of the 17th SS Panzer Division, between 1 January and 10 January 1945, to defeat this force and maintain its position without material change, and thereby contributed greatly to the successful defense by the Seventh Army in this sector.

You are, and you should be, proud of the splendid part you played in bringing about the greatest victory of our arms. But the price of such a heritage is dear. We should be ever mindful and eternally inspired by those who gave so much - gave all.

I am extremely proud to have had you in my command and to have been associated with you in combat. My best wishes go with you and your families always.

Sincerely,



W. A. BURRESS
Major General, United States Army
Commanding



Maj. Gen. Withers A. Burress
C.G. 100th Inf. Div.



Brig. Gen. John B. Murphy
C.G. 100th Div. Arty.



HEADQUARTERS 374TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
APO 447
U. S. ARMY

Boblingen, Germany
2 November 1945

To All Members Of The Battalion:

As I write this message to the members of the 374th Field Artillery Battalion, it is with mixed feelings of pride, gratitude, and sorrow.

I am proud that I was privileged to be associated with a group of men whose loyalty and courage never faltered throughout the arduous months of combat. I am grateful for the manner in which you all assured our gallant friend, the infantry, of continuous supporting fire thereby contributing in full measure your share in our hard won victory. And sorrow is in my heart also, because it is always sad to see the approaching end of a finely wrought piece of work even though its job is done. This battalion was such a masterpiece. But the saddest thought is the realization that the friendships, and comradeship built up over a period of nearly three years must end. However my sorrow is tempered by the realization that all of us want to go home and by the fond memories we shall retain.

In the years to come, the hardships and misery that we have endured, and the many gripes we have had, will become dim. We will laugh at the miseries and talk about the heroic deeds performed, the humorous incidents which occurred, and our friendships formed. But let us not forget the terrific price of war, our buddies who did not return.

Again let me thank each of you for your loyalty and support and wish you happiness and success in the coming years.

Sincerely,

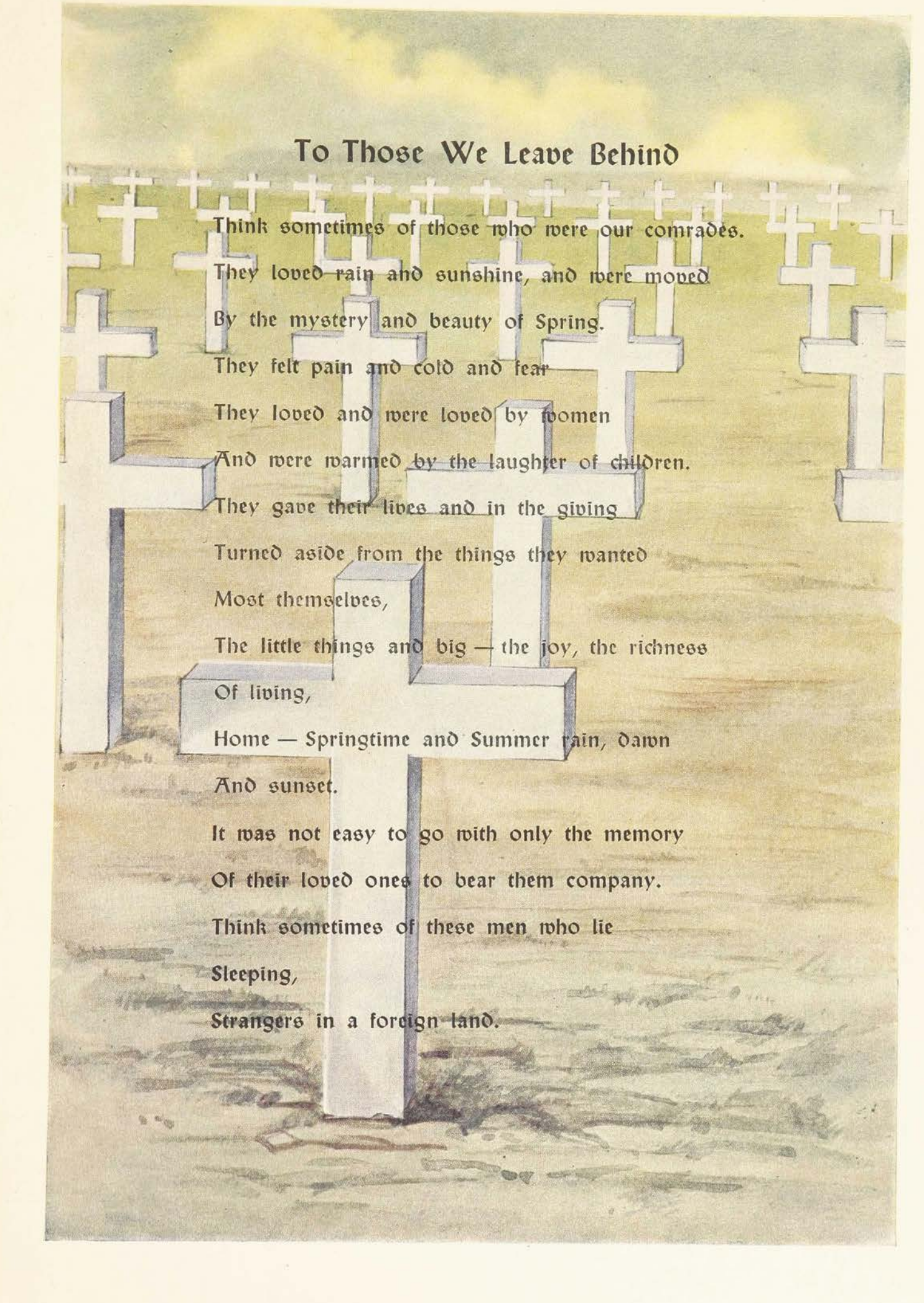
Robert B. Allport Jr.
ROBERT B. ALLPORT, JR.
Lt Colonel, 374th FA Bn
Commanding



Prologue

This is the story of the 374th Field Artillery Battalion. It is not complete — it need not be, for what we did as individuals is not in itself important, what we thought, how we felt, whether we were cold, or hungry, or lonely — we had a job to do. That was done; it has taken its place in the huge effort which brought Germany to surrender.

We came together from many places — East, West, South, North. We came from factories, from shops, from the schoolroom, from a lawyer's office, from cities, from farms. We knew little of the business of killing. Some of us had no experience of hardship or privation. We found it difficult to fit into the mould of Army life. It is not easy for a man to turn from his accustomed way of living, to put aside his hopes and plans, to leave a family and become a soldier. Part of the cost of war is the huge waste of human effort which must be directed from constructive to destructive ends. We shared that waste; it could not be otherwise. We have lived together for three years, sharing duty and the common bond of action and danger. We have made friends. It has not all been waste. But the cost has been high. Most of us shall return home older, richer in experience. Perhaps we have learned the value and dignity of human life by seeing how cheap it becomes in War.



To Those We Leave Behind

Think sometimes of those who were our comrades.

They loved rain and sunshine, and were moved

By the mystery and beauty of Spring.

They felt pain and cold and fear

They loved and were loved by women

And were warmed by the laughter of children.

They gave their lives and in the giving

Turned aside from the things they wanted

Most themselves,

The little things and big — the joy, the richness

Of living,

Home — Springtime and Summer rain, dawn

And sunset.

It was not easy to go with only the memory

Of their loved ones to bear them company.

Think sometimes of these men who lie

Sleeping,

Strangers in a foreign land.

Headquarters

Battery



Headquarters Battery

Scene: - The Savarin Bar at Penn Station while on pass from Camp Kilmer.

The memoirs of a coupla G.I. vets from Headquarters Battery, crying over their beers about the good old days, from activation, through training, maneuvers, more training and then the hustle and bustle of P.O.E. and the great event of actually sailing amidst the overflow of latrine-o-grams, the usual luck of the outfit still holding strong, the mud and rain of **Marseilles**.



(A) "Remember when they threw us off that train at **Jackson**, not knowing from nothin? Not caring either. Piling us into trucks to go to the "best battalion in the allied nations", being greeted by the old soldatans — "the June brides", the cadre. Teaching the fine art of hospital corners, left face — right face — attention. Fall in — Fall out — O.D.'s — fatigues — raincoats and shoes. "The Button King" Lieutenant **Gorman** — "You'll be pulling threads out of your arm, if you don't "Button that Button". And after all those hikes the "Button King" found out he's a staff officer. The Jake boys "**Green** and **Been**" — and of course "Check-Check" **Helwig** and "Swampy" **Curtis**. The "Rooster"

Conover. We had other names for them but all in all they were a pretty good bunch of Joes."

(B) "How about old **Perry G. Sherman**— "You'll be in the kitchen so much you'll think you are the Mess Sergeant. "Asses and elbows every A.M.". **Kentler** with his "Two sizes, boys — too big and too small. It'll shrink when you wash it — Sign here". Danny, the Foremost Almost Ice Cream Man, — **Joe La Rocque** — "Get the hell out of the motor park, — hey Colonel, come over here. These ————— — 90 day wonders". **Mike Kuklinski** — "You gotta clean de grease trap; — go see the First Sergeant. I don't give a damn". **Yosh Swiattouski** — "Hya Butch".

(A) "And then the drill field — "Get at the end of the line so you don't carry a rifle. All the Hollywood Corporals snafuing the whole deal. Calisthenics — Drill — Military Courtesy. **Beach** and his "GAS". **Thomas** and the M-1, take a deep breath and hold



it, then squeeze like a lemon (?) Our introduction to the swamps of **South Carolina** — with Lt. **Curtis** in his glory. Lt. **Joe McKee** at Saturday orientation. Lt. **Green** at the motor park and Lt. **Helwig** in the orderly room. "Why don't you get a haircut like mine?" Colonel **Liles** leading the 374th choir group in "This is the Army, Mr. Jones". "You are the best damn outfit going. I was a Corporal in the last war. I come from Texas".

(B) "Let's leave the brass — How about **Joe O'Brien's** "This is a dry run?" **Monroe** — "Go away and let me sleep". **Psaris** going to **Miami** for a hair cut. **Sasser** in charge of **Sardisco** in the latrine. One tooth **Mazzara** playing the mandolin. What was so dumb about him"?

(A) "Being assigned to sections by the simple method of reporting to **Perry G.** Having him ask you what you did in civilian life. Telling him you were an architect, his reply — "OK, you're in the wire section". Everybody trying to get in that Grosser racket Medics — Ruled by "Doc" **Dawson** with an iron hand. Then section training and more section training. The "goldbricks" at radio school, **Hakes, Harrison, Malgady, Patti, Margeson**, etal. All bucking for the Columbia Army Air Base. The computers learning to add. Lt. "Prince Val" **Booth** — Major, "Blum, I'll jam that carbine up your a—", **Green**. "Gadget" **Norton**, "Frenchy" **Haan** — "On the way" **Sussman** — "A" Btry is the best", **Sellew**. "Strong and Silent" **Senf**. The surveyors with "W.P.A." **Nugent** — Bob **Goodrich** computing with "Whip" **Joudrey** at the controls. They had a good tape man in "Dusty" **Gosnell**. "AH rechon Ah'll breeze home this week-end". The wire men with "Scratchy" **Chase** running it. Corporal **Corrigan**, "Youse guys gotta get on the



ball". **O'Brien** and **Monroe** going out on a line and having a good siesta. **Bitz** at the switchboard. "Pappy" **Dick Ayotte** was the chief of the wire ground forces later on. **Joe Majors** and **Charlie Brown** the best of buddies. **Tlumak** and **DeSpirt** bucking for **Bitz's** racket. "Mosquito" **Sullivan**, the representative from **Rancocus**, twirling his baton, and looking for a 3 day pass. **Muddy Buford** writing a short note to **Carrie**. The idolized kitchen crew starring **Johann** "Givem the Blitz" **Myers**. — ably assisted by **Kuklinski**,

John **Urisini** — "You'll make T/5 if you're on the ball". **Fong Jone** — Chiang Kai-shek's good will representative and "Raus" **Brown** from Georgia. Old "Joe Efficiency" **Ross**. The motor section — "Check springs and suspensions, grease the balls". **LaRocque** snapping the whip. — **Hermann** giving out trip tickets, **Saltsiak** doing nothing, making it look good, and **Ray Smith** doing all the work".

(B) And don't forget the E.D. mob — Bn Hq. — Message Center and the Medics — **Horn**, **Granoff**, "Gabby" **Maconaghie** and **Jake Klingenstein** in Bn Hq — **Leon Bell** and "Week-end" **Willis** in Message Center. In the Medics are **Rich Richardson**, "Oley" **Olsen**, **Vince Marrone**, **Napoli**, and "Alcohol" **Keener**.



And remember how everyone was trying to get into the "lay on your back section". — at least until they got to France! The helmsmen were **Secord**, **Goodwin**, **Shambo** and "Vas you effer on guard mit **Ricci**, "Schleuter".

(A) "How about the rifle ranges at **Jackson**? — The coldest place in the summery South. Betting on the scores. The 30 cal. pencil was invented here! Pull and Paste, Maggie's drawers — especially for the officers. And that Sunday they gave us the tin helmets — **Sussman** calls up his wife — "I'm going over". But it was a dry run and instead of Africa, all we saw was **Kingstree** and railroad cars. We were guarding the President's train. So we progressed, hikes, training and more training until the W.D. saw fit to let us go on our first furlough — civilian action at its best — crowded trains — wrinkled uniforms — sleeping (?) in the aisles — the big city — Joe Commando, "I didn't know you were in the Rangers" — The badge was always good for a free beer at the local. After the furlough, back to the old grind.



(B) "Field problems, lines, procedure, target area and computing over and over and over — foxholes. "Not too big, not too small, just enough for a 2½ ton and trailer". Then the biggest mistake of all — **Tennessee** — carrying the frozen guys to the Medics the first morning. The thrill of climbing into frozen shoes and wet leggings — of



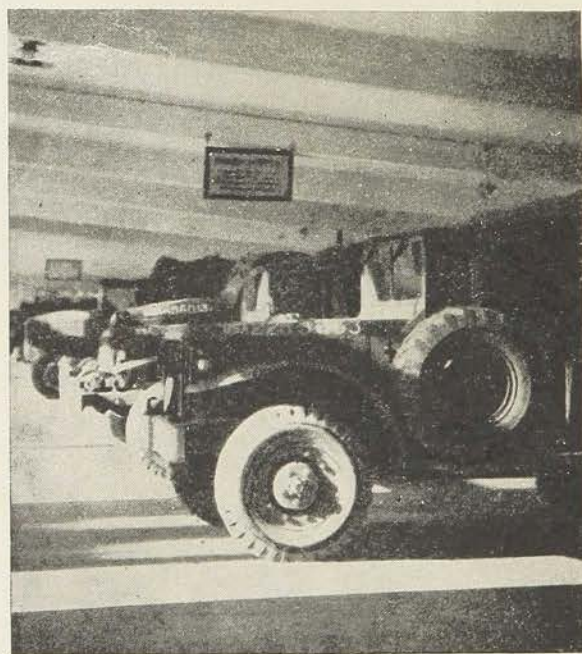
eating mud and being dirty — **Nashville** — civilization — The **Paradise Club**, where Headquarters reigned supreme, — bloody noses, bloody blouses, never heard the Star Spangled Banner played so much. Xmas in the field — “Drain the area boys, I’ll be in **Nashville** if you need me”. Xmas turkey à la mud — seasoned with rain.

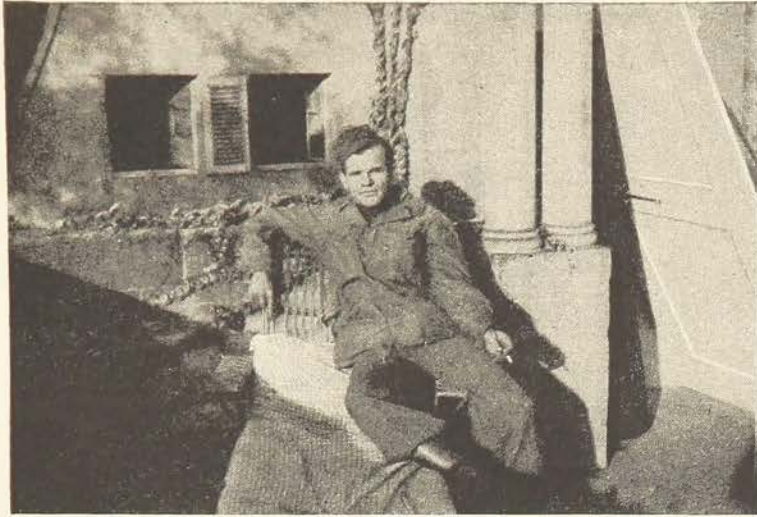
(A) “Jeez, don’t forget the malaria problems — army efficiency at its best! And crossing the river and the wonderful work of the 14 A.D. The greatest days

of our army lives — January 17, 1944 when we left this paradise for **Fort Bragg, North Carolina**. The swell people that were so nice to us in **Kings Mountain** near our bivouac. The next day saw us in **Bragg** — how nice it looked. Red roofs, double decker barracks — bunks and showers. PX — movies — plates to eat out of. So we went on — got acquainted with **Fayetteville**, The **Town Pump**, the **Sanford** Commandos were formed here — **Montini's** Buick — **Hipkens** and **Cebulske** and **Nelson**. The 13 AB. earned their battle stars here — Old man **Davis** and his shot gun and the Div Arty PX where the girl was who could dress left and right at the same time.

(B) “How about the infiltration course, the goldbricks on the ends — the uneasy moment when you went over the top — mine training with **Chaney** at the bat — “Listen you guys, you’ll be sorry later”. And P.O.M.’s till we were blue in the face. “It’s required before overseas movement”, censorship, secrecy. Showdowns, Lt. **Slayline** and Lt. **Lafferty** — new clothes, duffle bags

— rumors galore. Bucking for three day passes — and getting them too! Boys back from **Sill**. The goldbricks at radio school — Captain **Curtis**, — “You must pass 20 or



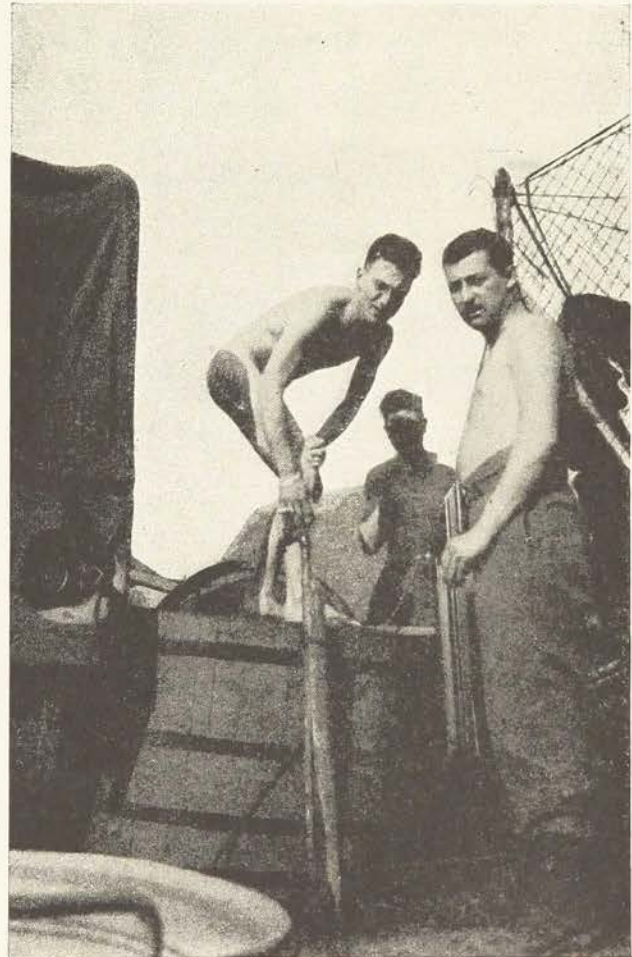


else". — Deignan, Dorman, Hakes, Buford, Hobson and Small et al. Everyone blowing their stacks.

(A) "Everyone was saying this outfit will never go over — it's a parade outfit — But this time it was the real thing, the real McCoy, as they used to say. Crating details, TATs and so forth. The band playing down at the R.R. — The PX girls watching — horseshoe rolls and sec-

urity until we reached **Kilmer** — more security, pac boots and red tape, one measly pass to **N.Y.C.**, which I guess we all made the most of — Looking for a hole in the fence — inspection of tent poles. It was four days at **Kilmer**. Then the old **Hoboken Ferry** — Pier 44 — looking at the city and the Red Cross girls, who were handing out — guess what — but with a Hershey Bar this time. Up the plank, into the hold of that floating castle, the **U.S.A.T. George Washington**, which was to be our home for the next 14 days. Naturally, the 374th qualified again — 1 day on and 1 day off—real chow lines — "Use the brush, dip for 15 seconds". Crap games and card games — "Wear your life belt, if you fall off we don't stop for you". We really had the rumor machine going full blast — **Max Lewis** getting a baldy from **DeSpirt** and **Lew** getting a real trimming to the tune of a fin. Buying up soap for the mam'selles — little did we know —."

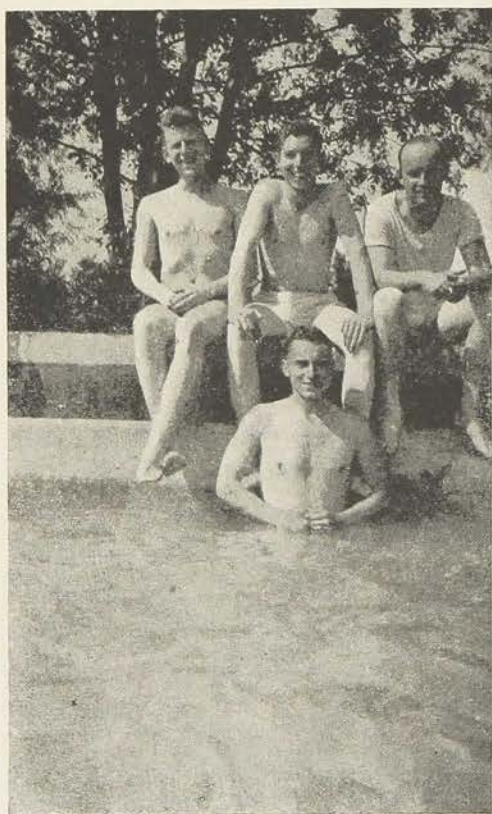
(B) "How about the storms — "we've lost a rudder". We headed for the **Mediterranean Sea** and **Gibraltar**. The latter was the first sight of land in 10 days or more. The coast of **Africa** —



"Where the hell are we going"? And we finally landed at **Marseilles** on October 20th, 1944. The air raid that night, our first wet run! Finally our turn came and over the

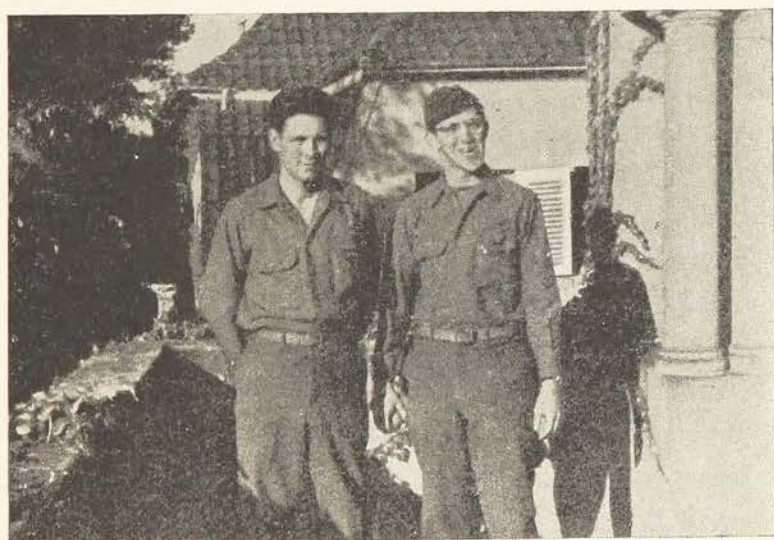


cargo nets — Mr. **Kramer**, the original man on the flying trapeze — Waiting to fill the LSTs — sardines without oil — Touching land and Lt. **Lafferty's**, "It's only a short walk to



the bivouac area — and at the rate of 2 miles an hour". Our first sight of **France** proper — and 'cigarette pour papa'? Little did we know — the bivouac area — C rations — unloading ships, moonlight requisitions — "Who, us?" The hustle and bustle of last minute preparations. **Marseilles**, and **Aix** became **Fayetteville** and **Sanford** all over again — And then came our departure for you know where, on October 29. Then on said date we took off on that fateful motor ride to the front. Up the **Rhone Valley** to **Dijon**, then to bivouac in the vicinity of **St. Hélène**, where the Long Toms of the 976th let loose with a barrage and the combat wise veterans of the 374th dove for their respective foxholes, led by **Marston** and **Robinson**. At **St. Benoit** our first set-up in actual combat with the switchboard starting on its long series of being in the "kellar". Our first experience with Luftwaffe, 2 Krauts coming over and us sticking our necks out to see what it was all about. Then on to **Baccarat**

where the division was formally committed to combat with jump-off to **Raôn L'Etape** — this was some days after CT 7 had been committed. Here Headquarters Battery received a pleasant surprise, in that we were able to take over houses for installations and quarters. Who will ever forget that tremendous hill outside **Raôn L'Etape**, where the doughboys caught beaucoup hell, where **Joe Connolly's** crew laid wire into **Raôn** and when they got there finding out doughboys were coming up in back of them and hadn't even taken the town as yet. A $\frac{3}{4}$ weapons carrier acting as a point for an infantry platoon! It seems as if **Raôn** was to be especially tough for the wire section — Here it was that **Rip Collins** — driving **Muddy Buford's** crew, hit a tank mine — **Jimmy Farrell** on the tail gate took to the air with an RL-31 and a drum of wire for company. **Sully** and **Pohl** for their gallant action in maintaining communication earned the first Bronze Stars for Headquarters Battery. All this proved to be our first real baptism of fire. Really rough. The capture of **Raôn** meant the breaking of the hinge of the German's winter defensive line — stretching from **St. Dié** to **Lunéville**, the gateway to the **Vosges** and the rich lands of the Alsatian plains. This prepared us for the dirty, slogging winter campaign that was to follow — the **Vosges Mountains**. The move from **France** proper to the border provinces **Alsace-Lorraine**. Some of the towns that we took in the **Vosges** campaign were to high military observers mere pinpoints on the map, but to us, hard, dirty, tricky, savage, fighting with the Krauts. It was tooth and nail the whole way. Here our doughboys accomplished the impossible by conquering the impassable **Vosges Mountains**. Never before had this



been done in Military history. **Moyenmoutier**, **Plaine**, **St. Blaise**, **Mouterhouse**, **Hasselthal**, **Peter-Phillipe**. It was outside of **Peter-Phillipe** that we lost our first man. **Andy Servas** was killed by enemy mortar fire. He was then serving as Chief of the Second Liaison Section.

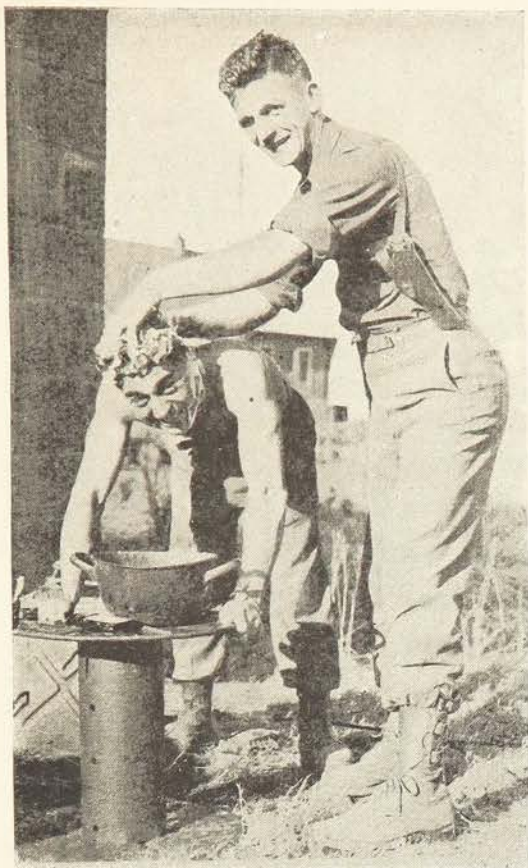
At **Hasselthal** while on reconnaissance, **Bill Chase**, **Roy Beach**, and **Fred Matts** were



blown up by a Teller mine. Of the three, **Roy** was hurt most seriously, for after a lengthy hospital stay, he was discharged. **Bill** and **Fred-die** both returned to the outfit. After losing **Andy Servas** outside of **Peter-Phillipe**, we moved to **Petit-Rederching**, the town that was to be our home away from home. Who will ever forget the reconnaissance to the rear that was made here. There were positions all the way back to **Sarre Union** plus — just in case. Finally, we moved to **Bining**, where we spent a most pleasant holiday season. On Xmas, we had a swell dinner, with **Ocko Lind**, **Curly Slayline**, **John Laf-ferty** passing out American whiskey at the top of the chow line. Prima — Prima. The next six days up to New Year's Eve were spent blissfully dreaming that the war was over and we were home — but this was only to prove the lull before

the storm. On New Year's Eve, 1945 the Germans launched a counter-attack against the 100th with elements of three infantry divisions and one Panzer Grenadiers division. The doughs at **Rimling** took all the hell the Krauts could throw at them, and still they came back for more. The division on our left fell back and this exposed our entire left flank. For eight days the Krauts kept up their counter-attack and then when it was all over the outfit was still in the same place. Here it was that the outfit proved they could take as well as dish it out. And dish it out they did. For proof all one had to do was to look at the evidence in the form of dead Krauts spread all over the landscape in front of **Rimling**. In these eight days, Major **Greene** seemed to have developed radar senses — he'd have a fire mission on the way almost before the damn things were called in. Here at **Bining** some of our own Air Corps had "bombs away" practice at our expense. When those two bombs landed at the intersection near the CP — we thought all hell had broken loose and after that we were quite a skeptical bunch of Joes whenever anything came over that had wings on — be they friendly or enemy markings. It got so we were more leery of our own planes than the krauts'. At **Bining** we also encountered a new friend "Alsace Alice" — her specialty was throwing 170 mm shells in the vicinity of Headquarters





Battery. All in all it was one hot time — we really ushered in the New Year with plenty of noise and fanfare. One thing that stood out was **Ocko Lind** telling **Charlie Brown** and his wire crew to go out and find the 44th Division. The hell of it was that no one knew where the division was. The only thing we knew was that the Krauts were all over the place. The next stop on our tour of **Lorraine** was the farm at **Mittlemuhl**. Here the outfit was split-up with an emergency setup in **Rahling** that soon got the name of "Slayline's Rest Camp". All you could see of life at the farm was snow — snow and more snow — and don't forget the sheep with their pleasant odors. From the farm we went back to our favorite home in **France** — **Petit Rederching** where we were to stay until the big push of March 15th. Not that life in **Petit Rederching** was all peace and quiet — Jerry really knew when we had our chow served. He helped give us many a hot meal. Remember **Aggie**, Lt. **Slayline**

and the times we had to police the area under the laughing eyes of the civilians. **Bannon** and **Marston** with their "on the ball" reporting of the shellreps — It was here that Gadget **Norton** abandoned the Cellar Patrol for the wire section — he made a practice of shooting rats with an M-1. It's a wonder that half the battery wasn't hurt here the way guns were going off in houses The 240 mm in back of the switchboard and Colonel **Liles** blowing his wig about it — that gadget was responsible for most of our trouble in that town. Major **Greene** playing with his favorite toy, Jolly Charlie, the radar outfit — **Furman** and **Ragione** serving the officers' mess, "Apfel Kuchen and Schnapps". The glamour kid — his accordion and his "Oh Frankie" voice. **Montini** on the switch — Snafu ask **Capt. Foster**.

The night of March 14th — jump-off time on the local spring offensive — the sky was lit up like **Tommy Southard** on New Year's Eve. Then March 15th





— the Ides of March — when the artillery opened up with a barrage that made **Bining** look sick. We threw everything at 'em but the kitchen sink, and sometimes we threw that. How anything lived through that barrage seemed a miracle — and the next day the push to the **Rhine** started.

The 44th Division and the 71st Division along with Headquarters Battery of the 374th Field Artillery Battalion took off to capture the towns of **Rimling, Shorbach, Guiderkerch, Oldsberg, Waldhausen** and other whistle stops in the area. Near **Shorbach** the ground was littered with shu mines, box mines, teller, "S", and all types imaginable. The Jerries had planted them during the snows and with the spring thaws they were lying plainly in view on

top of the ground, for which we were thankful. This area was the no-mans land of the **Siegfried** and the **Maginot** lines. All the towns that were between these two belts of fortifications were ghost towns. At **Waldhausen** where the 71st relieved the 397 CT (Combat Team), it was quite warm. A Jerry SP (Self-propelled) gun had sneaked through the lines and every night of the 3 days we were there, treated us to a nightly barrage at point blank range. After being relieved by the 71st Division the 397th CT took off on a mission — the object of which was the west bank of the Rhine. On March 22nd the outfit crossed into Germany proper. Going through the **Siegfried line**, the dragons' teeth, the tank traps — the forts and guns, the storied entrenchments all underground. Far from the impregnable fortress of Hitler's boasts. Then the first town in Germany where we stayed for the night. After all the stories of the starving Heinies — we never ate and drank so much. Kicking Krauts out of houses — establishing CPs — looking for the correct time — cameras and guns — "Ikes" non-fraternization orders — not looting, etc.

Chuck Nelson's episode in the brook — the radio section's corpse — "Shall we put him on guard"? — **Frank Woodbury**, "Mr. Westinghouse" — lighting our path thru "Festung Europa" — ably directed by Major **Allen "Edison" Greene**. "Skinny" **Ennis** and the Gadge. Bless em all! Here was born **Ocko "Luther Burbank" Lind's** hybrid



— The 5 telephone bank — lights, flags, tilts — Frog Frog Frog Frog Frog — Germany,
— its vaunted power strewn along the wayside, — silent tribute to the Americans
“automatic artillery”.



Then to the west bank of the **Rhine** where we set up in **Oggersheim** and miracles of miracles — there was hot and cold running water with a bathtub to soak in. After six months it certainly felt good. For an Easter present the powers that be, had us crossing the **Rhine** into **Mannheim** — then the race was on again. CPs were located in **Plankstadt, St. Ilgen, Heidelberg, Meckesheim** — all this was easy going until we hit the large community of **Sinsheim**. Here the outfit was to suffer one of its worst blows. The loss of Lt. **Slayline** and **Bill Von Hegal** and the severe injuries of **Freddie Matts**, due to mines. For Freddie this was his second encounter with mines. After a long siege of hospitalization both in Europe and America, he was discharged from the service. Polo Baker

— 898th AAA and our own Charlie Battery suffered mine casualties. Our next move was to **Frankenbach** where, too full of confidence, we expected another rat race. We should have been forewarned, for on the way into **Frankenbach** the convoy was shelled while on the road. For a half hour we really sweated out the shelling and finally the convoy, on the move again, made the comparative safety of the town of **Frankenbach**, which was the gateway to **Heilbronn**. **Heilbronn** — should be called another **Cassino**. It was a communication hub to the southern redoubt — From here came some of the best war stories — the attempts to force a bridgehead — fanatic resistance both by the soldiers and civilians — panzerfaust and boiling water — “vanilla waffers on the way” according to **Shorty Latendresse** -- Hell's Corner where the wire always went out because of the constant shelling. Attack mounted on counter-attack — 6th Corps Artillery and the Happy Warriors gave the town plenty. But it remained for the doughs to slug it out, and finally **Heil-**



bronn was ours. We crossed the **Neckar** River under a protective cloud of smoke, through the courtesy of the combat engineers smoke generating unit. The race was



on again, with Major **Allport**, **Bitz** and **Deignan** in the lead — with Armor and doughs in support. Our next town was **Weinsberg**. Again beaucoup drinking (ask the survey section), and still the intensive campaign to find out the time. The photography bug had bitten us en masse. Again the rat-race, thru beautiful country prostituted by the Nazi Regime, ending at the town of **Manolzweiler**, where we lost **Jesse Gibson**, one of our best boys, in an ambush, by sniper fire. Engaged in this action were Lieutenant **Johnson**, Captain **Detgen**, **Ralph Scatamacchia**, **Orlowski** and others. This was to be our last day on the line, an ironical twist of fate, after approximately 178 consecutive days on the line, as a new record for Seventh Army troops, we were placed in army reserve. Our rest town was to be **Stuttgart** but it seems the French had other plans and we were forced to move to

the suburb **Sillenbuch**. High politics forced upon us an appeasement policy and our gallant allies, the French, took over the occupaion of **Stuttgart**. It was quite a comedown after the nervous tension of the lines to be able to relax without worrying whether or not we would have unwanted company. From **Sillenbuch** the outfit moved to **Lorch** where on May 7th our worries came to an end. The war in the ETO was over as far as the 7th Army was concerned. Curiously, to us it was not a day for rejoicing, but one for meditation, thinking of what had gone before and more seriously of what was to come. It was the same for us as every GI in the ETO — "Are we going to the Pacific?" If so, when — the rumor mill started working overtime. At **Lorch** the outfit took up in earnest the duties of occupation. Here we really let go — although the non-frat rule was in power — there were always ways and means to overcome obstacles. Our pleasant quarters in **Lorch**



were then changed for the **Gasthaus zum Lamm** in **Welzheim**, we there continued our life of ease. We were busy with the extermination and denazification of this area.

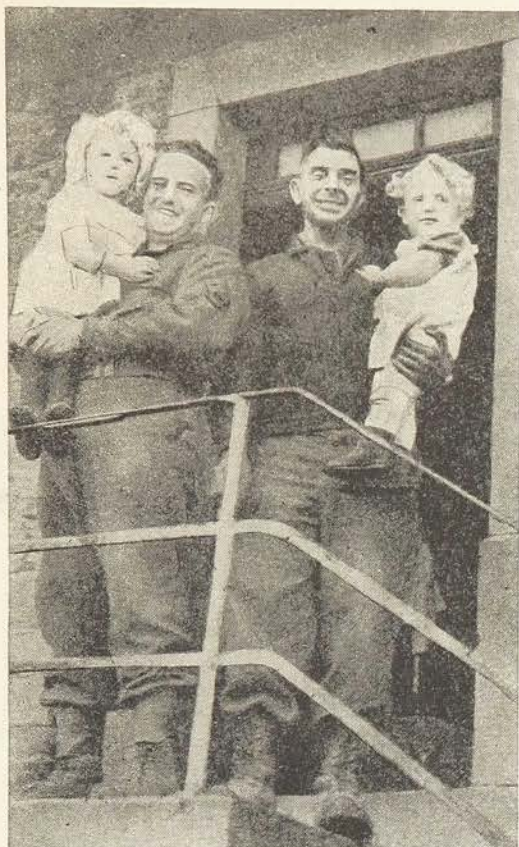


Said duties and others were accomplished through use of a single road patrol jeep. The rest of us were concerned with more pleasant duties, "Haben-zie-chocolat" — "Kau-gumi" and also "Haben-zie-Schnapps" and of course let us not forget the eternal "cigaretten". Again we move — this time to the spaghetti center of **Plüderhausen** — here we really expanded the theory of goodwill. Many pleasant days and nights passed here. But again army routine caught up with us and it was on to **Münsingen** for a week of firing on the range. We go on record as having bivouaced through the coldest week of July 4th that ever was —. Then the command saw fit to send us to the Kaserne in **Böblingen**. Here we took over former French territory, and aided by beaucoup German civils, our quarters were finally made liveable. This spot gave us ample room for rest, recreation and the pursuit of frauleins not to forget the Polish

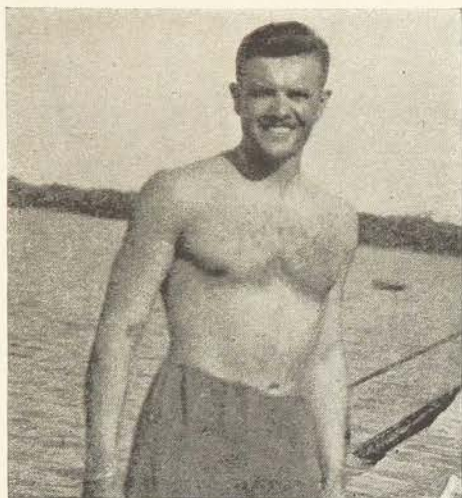
girls in **Doetzinghiem**. Our stay here was characterized by parties, dances, movies and the I & E school, never forgetting the false alert for home. At this writing we are still sweating out the points, points, points, oh I wish I had a Bronze Star!











"A" Battery



"A" Battery

Breaking the Ground

On the morning of October 15th, 1942, a train pulled into the siding at **Fort Jackson, S.C.** On it were the men on whom the next few months the 100th Division was



to be built. They came from the 76th Division, a few were veterans of the 1st Division.

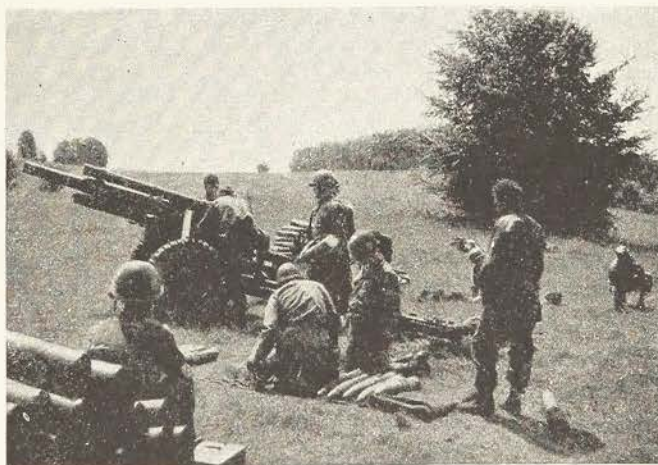
Those who were to form the cadre for the 374th FA Bn were met by Lt. Col. **Claude M. Liles**. In a few words they were informed that they were welcome, that they had a big job ahead of them and little time to do it in.

The rest of that day was a busy one — the cadre for each battery was

taken to its area, introduced to the Battery Commander and oriented briefly as to what lay ahead. "A" Battery's cadre was made up of men who came from many different parts of the country — with varying backgrounds and different degrees of experience. 1st Sgt. **James H. Farley** was from the 1st Division as was **Bredeson**, the Motor Sgt. The others — **Aigner, Schiavone, Christie, Charney, Leahy, Mattia, Rosia, DeCoskey, Schirmer, Varieur, Garret** were from the 76th.

The next few weeks will not be soon forgotten. Cadre School in the morning; drill, inspections, all the routine of army life and work in the afternoons. The barracks had to be made ready for the men when they came — stoves installed, windows washed, KP, guard, etc. Sgts walked post, did KP, worked on a hundred different details and dreamed of the time when the men would come.

Then came the official activation of the division. After a parade and a brief but moving ceremony held on the afternoon of November 15th 1942, the 100th Infantry Division began its career.



The fillers did not arrive until late December. Each section chief soon had a full section of very new men who a week or so before had been civilians, knowing little

about army life, army discipline. These were the men who had to be trained as units in a whole fighting machine — school, work, drill, shots, clothing, and equipment filled the daily lives of the new soldiers and possibly even crowded into their dreams.



Gradually, order, purpose seemed to come out of the crowded confusing days. Sgts didn't seem altogether such bad fellows, although the First Sgt. did roar like a bull, quite unnecessarily it seemed some times.

The Battery Commander, 1st Lt. Arly **Outland** had his hands full, but somehow seemed to have time to listen to each man's story or problem. The training began to show results. Men could walk and drill like soldiers.

The first Christmas for the men wasn't very eventful. Most of the new men were quarantined or just too homesick to really feel the holiday spirit.

With the cold weather came sickness — many were city men unused to outdoor life, colds, flu, kept many a man in bed.

The training went on — hikes, drill, school, inspections, rifle practice, guard duty with an occasional pass on weekends.

It isn't an easy thing to train a combat soldier — and through hard, practical ex-





perience each man began to realize the amount of work that still lay ahead, and to be just a little proud of what he had accomplished already.

With warm weather came outdoor problems — overnight in the field — for many it was the first time they had slept on the ground in a tent. Soon, however, they became quite used to it.

The first test of their skill as soldiers came with the assignment of the unit to act as party of the troops detailed to guard the Atlantic Coast Line for President **Roosevelt's** inspection tour. A hundred rumors as to what was up were current but every man realized that it was something big and did his best to carry it off in fine style. Few will forget the sight of that train, passing in the quiet, cold air of morning. Each man was conscious he had taken part in a job that had been well done — he was no longer a recruit but in manner and training, a soldier.

With the passing of basic training came a new phase — the ground had been broken — but the way ahead was still long and not easy. One bright feature was the granting of furloughs.

After weeks of training — hikes, drill, overnight problems, the seemingly endless "battle of Telephone Road", the men were tired. They had thought and dreamed of home, and now they were to have seven days of freedom — a chance to go back and tell about their training, go back to wives and sweethearts — mothers, fathers. Everybody was excited, and happily packed his furlough bag when his turn came.

With the completion of the cycle of furloughs, came intensified, "advanced" training. It is difficult to place the first rumor of the outfit's going on maneuvers — it soon became more than rumor — the Division was scheduled to leave for **Tennessee Maneuver** Area on November 3rd.

So far the Division had trained as a unit, now it was going to pit its skill and experience against



other divisions in the field, under simulated combat conditions. **Tennessee** will most likely be remembered chiefly for the harshness of the weather. The pace was hard and everyone looked forward to the rest periods at the end of each problem.



The earlier training had left its affect. Despite the weather, the rough terrain and the problems of living on the ground under canvas, in rain and mud and sometimes snow, everybody came through — there was very little sickness.

The weekend passes to **Nashville** became quite an event — for a few hours men mingled with the gay city life — ate off plates, spent hours in the luxury of a steam bath, went to movies, but those hours were all too short. — In many ways life during the maneuver period was physically harder than that of combat. But then combat seemed far ahead — something everyone expected to see, but when — well, “when they need us, they’ll soon send for us.”

Only one tragic incident marred the whole period for the battery — Cpl. **Robert E. Leahy**, Battery Clerk died of “gunshot wounds”, the week before maneuvers came to an end. “**Bob**” Leahy was a fine soldier.

Maneuvers were over — they left a mixed collection of impressions. Perhaps the strongest was the memory of the cold weather — passes to **Nashville**, blackout marches. They left a deeper impression on the state of training. “A” Battery had become a function link in the chain of artillery of a Division. That training served in good stead, when a year later, we went into the line in France.



Fort Bragg

Jackson had broken the ground, Tennessee had shaped the soldier, Ft. Bragg was to finish the preliminary training. The change from field life to barracks life was physically pleasant. Hot water again! If one hasn't had to wash and shave in cold water,



outside in freezing weather, he doesn't know what those little comforts of life really mean — hot water, beds with sheets, plates, a shower room. We had dreamed of those things — now they were realities — so were the drill and schooling — very real, and advanced. Inspections, problems, drills, reviews — life seemed to be a closed cycle with now and then a pass for variety.

Then suddenly one day someone mentioned something about a POM chart. To this day no one knows whether it began in the Orderly Room or the latrine. It was no rumor and soon everyone was POM

conscious. It was a disagreeable sort of thing, this POM — it took the form of a large chart with condensed, but highly important, "biographies" of each man in the battery. It required the men to go to innumerable movies, lectures, it caused a lot of inspections — from the simple check up of a Chief of Section to the very formal visit of the Commanding General of the Ground Forces. It got into everyone's hair — and finally put us on the boat. The amazing thing was how easily a man could qualify on the — "overseas" end of the business.

There were many who somehow thought it a joke — Overseas! Why the 100th will never go overseas. But it did, and they went with it.

The "doubting Thomases" began to wonder when showdown inspections would begin. Even some of the strongest



doubters found themselves in "Packing and Crating School". POM was a reality, the "P" for preparation was soon to be dropped — it would be "overseas movement".

Then one morning we woke to find we had been alerted. If any of us wondered what that would be like — we soon found out. We were marked men — we were bound to the unit — our mail was to be censored. It isn't easy not to tell the people at home such things but we realized the need for security, and so we went on writing our letters as though nothing had happened.



The afternoon of September 28, 1944 was quiet and sunny and for us, the last day at **Fort Bragg**. About four o'clock we boarded the train that was to take us to **Camp Kilmer** — we knew we weren't just changing stations. One didn't go to **Kilmer** for that. And we weren't going to reinforce the permanent party there either.

All our battery equipment had been packed and shipped ahead. We had only our individual clothing and equipment — and it was heavy — we had counted it, inspected it, marked it, and now were carrying it. We were going to have more to do with it when we got to **Kilmer**. In fact when we stepped off the train at **Kilmer** — life became,



for a few days, just clothing and equipment, shots and inspections, climaxed by the final physical — referred to by some obscure battery wit as the "Camp Kilmer strip — tease".

Kilmer mean't also the last passes in the U.S. before shipping overseas — the last impression of **New York** — home — loved ones — before stepping into the unknown.

Goodbye to All That

On the morning of October 4, 1944 we left **Kilmer** and boarded the **George Wash-**

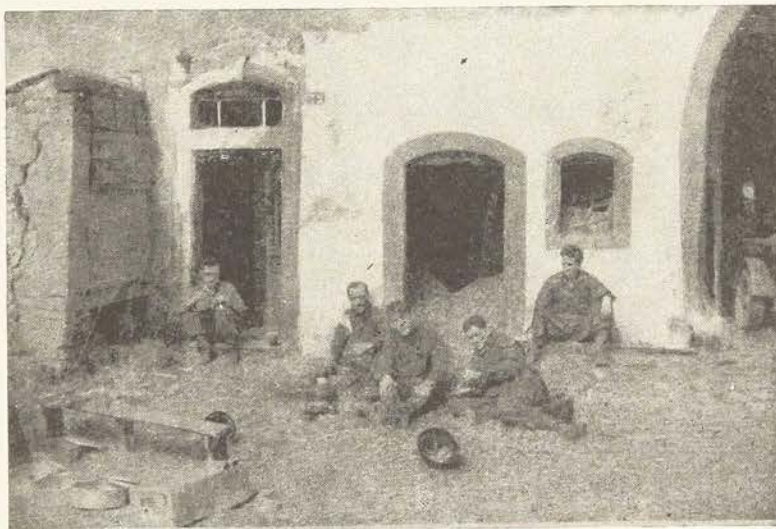


ington. We had said our goodbyes, each in his own way, to what we were leaving behind. We felt very much alone, as standing on the decks, we watched the busy life of the harbor. Perhaps we waved a little wistfully to the pretty girls on the ferry boats. Perhaps we studied the outline of the towering buildings, trying to fix the scene in our minds. Each of us wondered what the future would hold.

For two days we waited while troops were loading and cargo taken on. It was not easy to be in the midst of life and yet apart from it. We were in a world of our own made up of canvas bunks, duffle bags, guard regulations — each of us had his little world of thoughts and memories.

We sailed on the morning of the 6th — grey sky, grey sea, white gulls wheeling landward, a last look before the harbor dissolved into a faint grey mist.

It is not easy to recall the voyage; it seems to have occurred so long ago. Memory fails to do more than merely suggest the long days and nights — blackouts, dawn, sunset, the crowded decks, the hot crowded sleeping quarters, storm-clouds, rain, wind, the sea, vast and limitless, changing mood and color through each day and night. Few of us will forget the first sight of land, a grey, faintly outlined mass, as though a cloudbank on the horizon — it was the coast of Africa.



We passed through the **Straits of Gibraltar** at night, its huge bulk faintly dotted with lights. Far to the left, lights sparkled on the coasts of Spain. There were still lights in Europe, though we knew we headed away from them. The inky blackness of the sea seemed symbolic of the darkness into which we were plunging.

The Mediterranean sparkled blue, cold, restless. Perhaps some of us felt vaguely the stir of wonder at the pageant of human history that had played upon this ancient "Roman Lake". We were playing our part in a new drama.

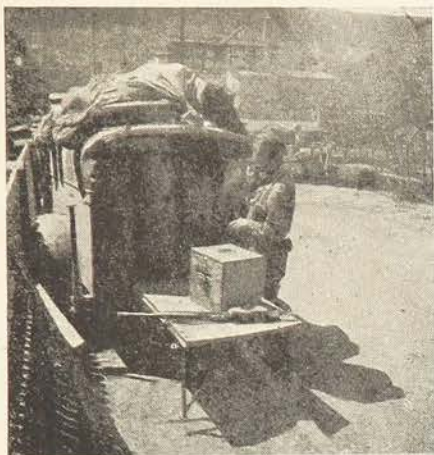


The **George Washington** dropped anchor off **Marseilles** on the morning of October 20th. That night we landed on the pebbled beach in barges. We were overseas. The memory of our march to the Delta Base staging area comes back like the moving



shadows of some weird dream. Cold and weary, we finally arrived in our area. A light rain set in. We slept under the cold grey skies of France. It was not to be the last time.

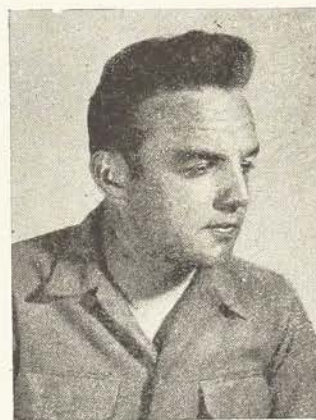
The next ten days were a nightmare of activity — cargo unloaded, equipment uncrated, all the hurry of organizing for combat. **Marseilles** was "off limits". Most of us took passes to **Aix**. We drank poor beer in the cafes, walked the streets wondering at the medley of uniforms, unaware of the rich history of that sleepy little town. We were too much concerned with the present to remember the past.



Movement orders came — we were to go into the line. The last night at the Staging Area — the warm glow of fires, piled high with broken boards from crates, lit a scene of activity. At last the trucks were loaded, the fires died down, voices were stilled. We slept. Overhead in the hard blue sky, stars glittered, coldly. Tomorrow we would move.

Journey into Fear

When in the morning — as we mounted the trucks to begin the march up the **Rhone Valley**, we felt somehow that we were moving into the unknown, we had cut adrift from our old way of life. It seemed so long ago we had watched the outlines of **New York** harbor fade into grey mist, long in time and space and experience. Yet it had only been a matter of weeks. We were no longer just John and Joe and Bill — we were parts of a great machine that was slowly moving across the plains and valleys of France, pushing back the Germans. True, we were new parts, yet untried — we had no way of knowing how we would react, how we would measure up to our own opinions of ourselves or even of what was expected of us. Modern war may be a clash of machines, but those machines are peopled by men, men who think and feel, know, love, hate, are subject to cold, hunger and fear — who are moved by beauty and hardened by sights of cruelty or hate or waste.



We had been trained to drill and march, to drive our trucks, fire our howitzers — but always it had an element of unreality, of play-acting, always it had been a dry run. Now that was behind us. As we moved into the road we knew that enemy might sweep down on us — it would be no dry run. Perhaps few of us bothered to put our thoughts into so



many words as we watched the autumn landscape, still crisply green under the sharp blue sky. We had been told that it would be a 500 mile ride and so we settled down to make



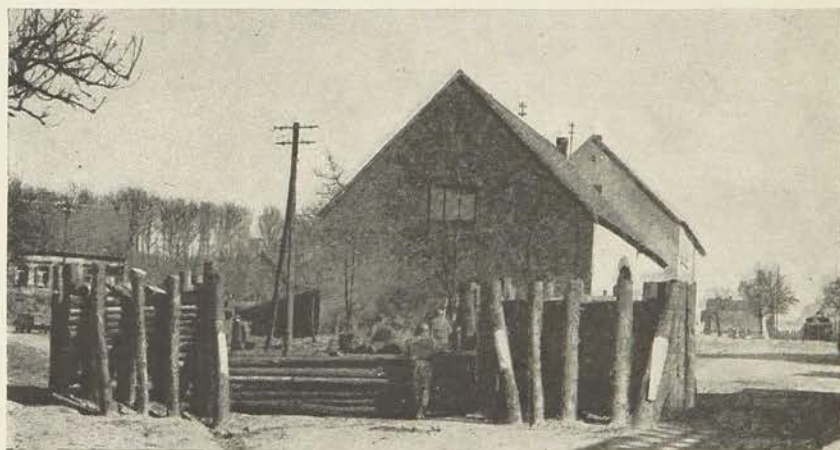
ourselves as comfortable as possible. We ate our cold "C" rations at noon. The maintenance truck had a radio — a contact with the world of music, of normal living, of houses, and beds which we were leaving.

The little towns along the way seemed peaceful and very old — almost pretty with their white walls, blue shutters and tiled roofs. At first there was little sign that war had been to the countryside — a line of

pockmarks along the side of a house made by a strafing plane, once in a while a roof—tiles scattered in a jagged pattern by a shell burst. It was not until we came to the burnt out skeleton of a huge German convoy — mile after mile of charred and twisted wreckage — that we saw modern war's effect for ourselves.

The air guards kept a sharper watch after that. The first day brought us through **Lyon** — we camped that night in a field, washed and shaved in cold water — worked at the tiresome details of making camp — sump holes, latrines, KP. Still the war was very far away, but each mile brought us nearer. The second night we slept in the park at **Dijon** under the tall trees. The next morning our throats tightened with the reality that night would find us in the combat zone. Increasing signs of destruction were a physical reminder of the German retreat.

It was pleasant as we passed through town to see people wave — old men, pretty women, little children, pale faced and very sedate, quite different from American youngsters. The Germans had brought more than physical destruction

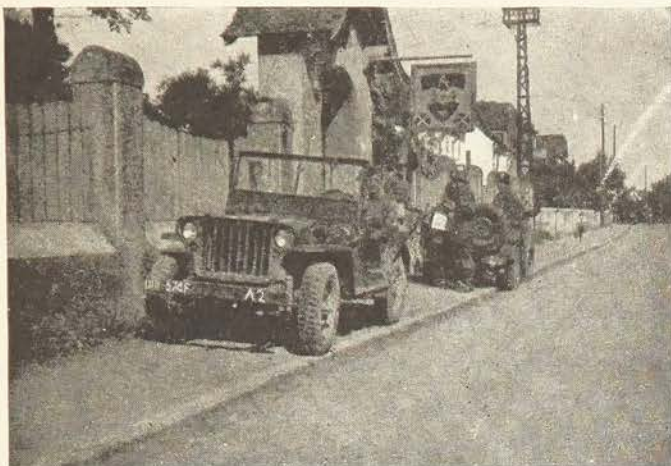


to France — starvation, humiliation had left their marks even on the children.

Toward evening we turned off the main road onto a winding road that led us into a thick grove of forest — our first combat bivouac area. We had arrived.

Prelude to Battle

So much of our experience and memories are interwoven with mud and rain — we lived with them daily with them we ate our food, read our letters, dug in our guns,



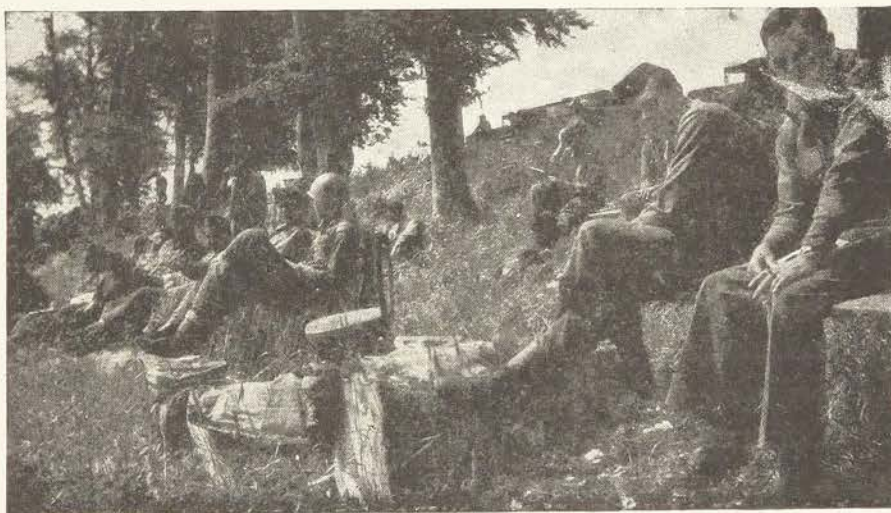
carried ammunition, did KP, dug sump holes, stood guard. We came to dream of warm rooms and real beds as a youngster longs for Christmas toys; in the meantime we buttoned our jackets a little tighter, and threw a little more earth over our log roof of our dugouts.

I suppose most of us will remember our baptism of fire — it was a dry run luckily. To the right of our first position, unknown to most of us, some

155 mm howitzers were dug in. We were sitting around eating noon chow when suddenly, without warning, the heavy roar of explosions shattered the silent woods. What a mad scramble! "C" ration cans flew in all directions, men dived for cover. It wasn't until after the second volley that we began to realize it was out-going and not incoming artillery. Nevertheless there were few idle shovels the rest of that day. There's no sensation quite like that of being caught above ground when shells come in.

We went into the line to relieve the 45th Division for ten days — we stayed in action some 178 instead.

But all that was far in the future — in combat we learned that each day was a world in itself. At best we could think and plan for the day, beyond was nothingness. To us, the enemy was unseen — artillery cannot perform its function if it comes into physical contact



with the enemy — that was the job of the infantry. To us in these early days the Germans were grey clad, weary figures behind the barbed wire of PW cages.

Our lives were monotonous enough — a hundred men living primitively, whose existence had one purpose — to kill. Each one of us, whether we peeled potatoes, handled ammunition, brought up supplies, serviced the howitzers, or were forward observers, did his part, great or small, in fulfilling that purpose. We were a team — and on the whole, considering the routine, the lack of amusement, the narrowness of our lives, we got on well together. It isn't easy for a hundred men to live together under the tension of combat conditions — without women — without the little comforts that ease the strains of enforced routine. Friendships were formed and memories grew that will outlast much that we will do when we are again civilians.

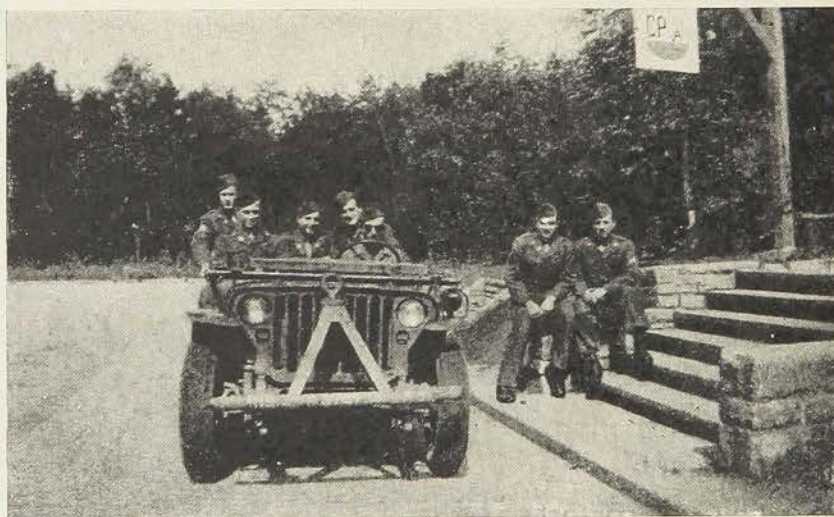


The job of an artillery battery in combat is simple enough, it is, with the guns of other batteries of the battalion, to give artillery support to the infantry. Yet that job must be done well, there can be no mistakes; communication, ammunition, supplies, fire control, all

must go on. They cannot stop, because it is raining, or chow is late, or shells are coming in! We saw very little of the whole picture about us — our vision was limited by the confines of our position — the gun crews seldom saw what they were shelling — the FO's did — much too clearly for their own comfort sometimes.

When we moved into position at **Baccarrat**, though at the time we did not realize it, we were going to take part in the drive that took the 100th Division through the hitherto impassable **Vosges Mountains**. We were in for some of the bitterest fighting of the whole **Rhineland Campaign**.

We only saw the muddy roads leading to the sea of mud that became our gun position. We



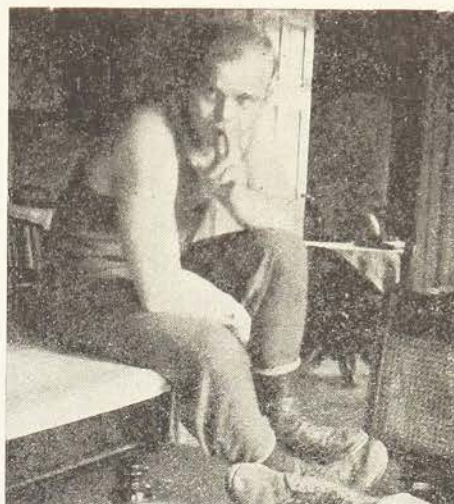
moved in at night — in the distance the heavy staccato of MG fire mixed with the sharp crack of rifle fire. There were days when the sun came out and nature smiled

at us. Sunlight is an amazing morale builder. Then we would dry out our bedding, wash socks, read letters, sometimes just sit and rest. Thought had sharp limitations and was best shunned.

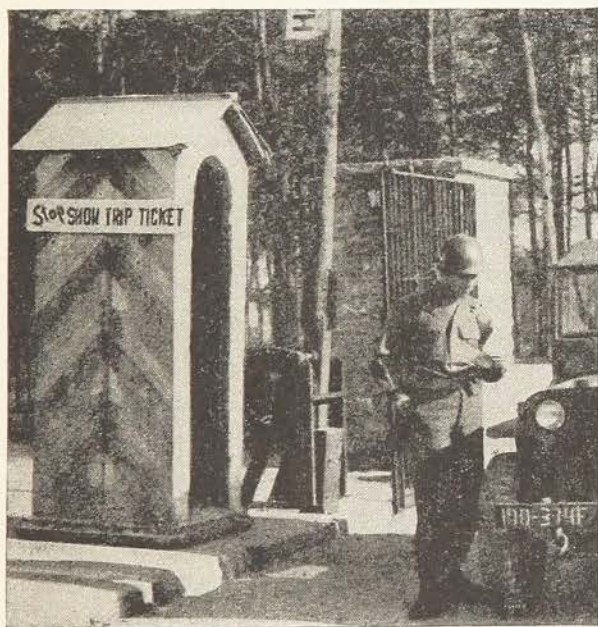
Our combat routine had a certain sameness — we would arrive at a position, dig the guns in, set up the kitchen, complete the wire communications, set up the command post. Routine operations — yes but requiring work, hard physical work — personal courage and a high degree of skill, requiring above all cooperation.

"Organizing a gun position", simple words, but not so simple to do, often the howitzers had to be wheeled in by hand, trees cut down to make a line of fire — trucks emptied of heavy equipment, nets set up and pegged down, ammunition stacked, a dugout dug and covered with earth and logs, a barricade constructed to protect the gun. Many a gun crew had to work short handed, guard became second nature, crews had to be ready to fire at an instant's notice, day or night. Regardless of wind, rain, cold, snow, fatigue, fear, work had to go on. And so for the ammunition section, wire section, maintenance section, kitchen, the job had to be done regardless of the danger and difficulty.

But it wasn't all work, there were times when we could sit by a stove in a dugout



or cellar and open a box from home, read or write, talk about what we would do when all this was over—day dreaming, if you like. But it was those little things that softened the grind. And it is those little things we will longest remember. We won't remember the names of all the towns we passed through or the coordinates of each gun position. Really these things are not important now. We will remember the pattern of our living, the looks of the countryside, the way we first felt when we saw shattered Roan L'Etape, or our thoughts when we passed the body of a soldier in a ditch. We will remember the parties in the wire section, with "requisitioned" chicken or rabbit and



wine. We'll remember the letters and boxes from home. We'll remember the rain and the mud, the sunshine, the little villages nestling in quiet valleys. We'll remember how

we felt when we received our first counter battery fire, the long, whistling scream of the shell, the sharp crack of the burst.

Though time was for us an endless chain of days, as we look back, there seems to be a kind of pattern, peaks of high excitement, long stretches of colorless routine. Each of us lived in his own world of thought, each of us reacted to the outward events, the strange contradiction of the senseless horror and waste of war played against the background of Autumn, Winter and Spring, according to his nature.

To us, the **Rhineland Campaign** meant **Moutershausen, Bitche**, the long winter positions before the **Maginot Line**. Christmas, New Years were but days on which memory lingered, half whistfully.



The **Maginot Line Country** had a certain bleak grimness about it. It was a kind of natural "No Man's Land" — the towns seemed smaller, poorer, more dirty than those we had passed thru before. The ugly, harsh outlines of pill-boxes out into the landscape; here and there

a burnt out hulk of a tank gave mute evidence of the struggle that had gone on before we came up.

The weather was cold, the ground hard, days short, nights long and filled with guard. January, February passed, the war's end seemed nowhere in sight. With March the first faint breath of spring came to taunt us with its promise of beauty. And with the promise of Spring came the realization that something big was up. Day and night, planes, high overhead, headed into Germany — the earth trembled with distant explosions. The roads behind us were choked with long columns of armor and artillery moving up.

On March 16th, as part of the 397th combat team we shared in the capture of **Bitche**, as we rumbled through the streets of that fortress town, memories of the long months we'd waited for this day came to us. With **Bitche** behind us the way was open to the **Siegfried Line**. The Rhine, Germany, the end of the war seemed to take form and shape.

I suppose to most of us, the **Siegfried Line** was a disappointment. It had been given such a place in song and story, so much of recent military history had been centered around it; it had become a symbol of Germany's strength — when it crumbled we sensed somehow the end was in sight, though how long it would take we had no way of knowing.

We spent our first night on German soil in a military barracks in **Pirmassons**.

In the days that followed, we drove toward the Rhine, through towns and villages. Everywhere white flags and silent people welcomed us. The Germans seemed dazed rather than hostile. It was as though they could not believe what was happening. We stopped before the Rhine at **Mannheim**. Until then we had ridden through Germany so quickly we had been able to do little more than catch fleeting impressions of the land, the people, the quaint, timbered towns, the excellent highways, through it all we sensed

the complete breakdown of the German military machine. Our halt was but a pause — reserves were piling up.

We crossed the Rhine without incident, the pontoon bridge rocked lazily in the clear swiftly running current. Few of us will ever forget the desolate ruin that was **Mannheim**. Until we reached **Heilbronn**, we were hardly in position for more than a day or two, always it was fire, move



following the retreating enemy. At **Heilbronn** the Germans made a stand. The first suspicion that we were in for trouble came while we were in convoy approaching **Frankenbach**. Without warning, enemy shells began falling along the road, none of our vehicles were hit. The battalion quickly deployed behind the town. For over a week the Germans held their position beyond the Neckar River.

The Germans held — day and night we poured shells into Heilbronn, and on the hills behind it. Days passed. The FO's brought back weird tales of street fighting. House by house, block by block the enemy was being pushed back. Counter-attack followed counter-attack. Heilbronn loomed as large as Bitche on our battle shield.

At last the city was cleared and a bridge established across the Neckar. We moved forward, into the smoking shell that had been a busy, crowded city. As the enemy was still shelling the river, we crossed the pontoon bridge under the cover of artificial fog. For us it was a more dramatic crossing than that of the Rhine. We passed through the city and went into position at Weinsburg. Again it was the old chase — into position, fire, recouple, dash to a new spot. From the news that reached us, we gathered it was the same story everywhere; the German military machine was being rolled back and encircled in pockets. We wondered how long it would go on.

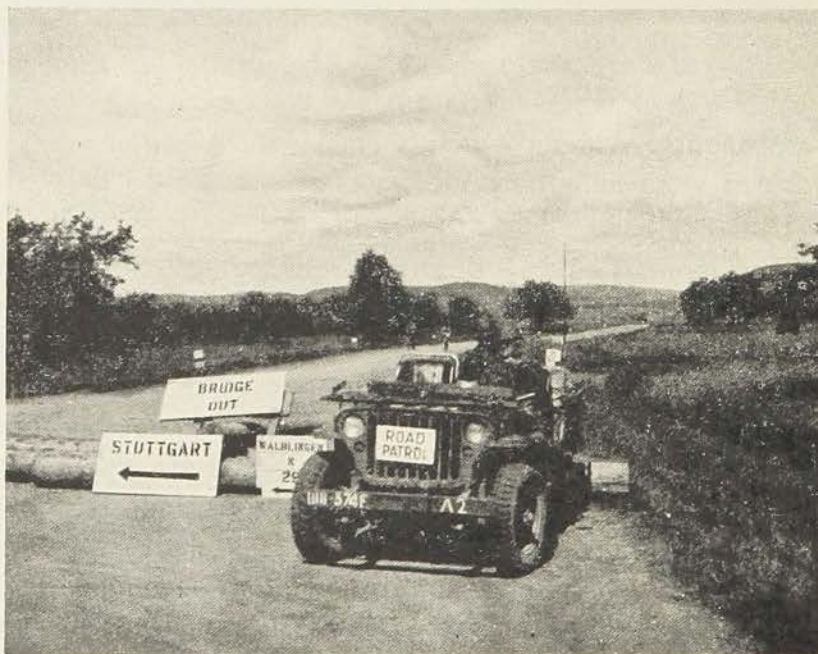
We were driving toward Stuttgart, beyond lay Munich and perhaps the end of the war. We felt it could not be long in coming, yet sometimes we wondered. But whatever our thoughts and feelings, there was work to be done. The strain was telling. We had come a long way since those grey November days that had marked our entry into combat — long days and longer nights. We had lived in holes, in mud, in ruined cellars, in fields, in towns. There had been passes to Paris, to Nancy; men had gone individually to rest camps, but as a whole we were tired. It was with relief that we heard the orders that put us into corps reserve.



Early in May we moved into Lorch. The war seemed to have passed us by. We settled in our houses, cleaned our equipment; the rich, warm beauty of spring touched us, stirring memories. The nights were

rich with starlight and empty of the sounds of war. It was here that peace came to Europe. Each of us reacted in his own way to that event. Memories, hopes, a thousand feelings and half-formed thoughts crowded about us. Peace in Europe; but the world was still at war. We had no celebrations, a few of us got drunk, some of us tried to put our thoughts into letters home. All of us felt thankful at the respite granted us.

For most of us, our occupation area became a microcosm, a world made up of little towns, healthy, sometimes pretty German women, old men, children. They went about their daily task almost as though we were invisible. We stood guard, patrolled the towns, took pictures, talked about the thousand things men far from home are interested in. With the tension of combat gone came a new tension, that of waiting for our turn to go to the Pacific. At best we hoped to go home first. At the worst, but one didn't think of the worst —.



In July we moved to an artillery range for service practice, it was a throwback to the "basic training" of Fort Bragg.

From the range we went to a former German Panzer barracks outside of Boblingen. The place was in poor repair and dirty, but after several weeks of hard work it became almost comfortable. Before we had lived in individual houses. It meant we had to get used to barracks routine again.

In September came the order that we were to be redeployed by way of the states. While in the midst of our preparations, Japan surrendered. We are still here.

The Victory celebrations that we read about, seemed to have an air of unreality. We couldn't get excited, there was at best a sense of relief. At last we were through with the dirty business of combat. From what we had seen of combat, there was little of adventure in it, only waiting, loneliness, unpleasantness — a thousand little things, unknown to one who hasn't been through it, made each bleak and grim. Now that was over; we had been through our share of it, that time we could never get back, never make up for, it was gone, leaving its marks on each of us according to his experience and reactions. We would have to make the best of the time that remained to us, to go home and begin living again.

In the weeks that have followed VJ day, the point system reached out and touched the 100th—day by day we transferred men — to occupation units — to outfits alerted for the states. Now we are waiting the alert that will send us home.

What we shall remember of our years in the army, especially of the past year spent overseas, shall depend greatly upon what each of us brought to the experience. Very likely we'll forget names, and places. The haze of time will often present events and incidents in a false perspective — making them better or grimmer than they actually were.

But we shall be changed by the experience. We will not be quite the same man, who two or three, or four years ago entered the army. We, each of us, know what that change has been, whether it has been for the better or worse.

It was the price that our civilization demanded of us for being its children. It has been an interlude. We return to the business of living.

"B" Battery



"B" Battery

Since the Ravages of Redeployment have set in, there are not many of the "old timers" left. The few of us that are left grow more and more sentimental each day, thinking and talking about "B" Battery with a mixed feeling of pride and nostalgia. "Remember so-and-so?" — "Remember when?" — and so it goes. It has been almost three years — three years of memories.

"Who is the best soldier in 'B' Battery and why am I?"



It all began on December 18, 1942 at **Fort Jackson, South Carolina**, when "B" Battery, 374th FA Bn was born. The cadre was made up of men from the old First Division and the 76th, which was deactivated at **Fort Meade, Maryland**. Ready, willing, and able they were such men as **Frew, Perlmuth, Segal, Swaigert, Austin, Nocella, Cycon, Chrin, Greenwald, Thomas, Nelson, Gerstein, and Maginato**.

Cooking for us at that time were **Newton, Kain, Douglas, Buffo** and **Goodman**. **Buffo** later transferred to Service Battery, and in combat had a ready smile for "B" Btry. F.O.'s when they were back at Service Battery resting. **Goodman**, who stayed with us during combat, deserved the Legion of Merit for his ability to camouflage Spam.

1st Lt. **Clark** was Battery Commander at the beginning, assisted by 2nd Lts. **Henson, Fishpaw, Synen, and Richards**. The rest of the battery — the privates — was made up of recruits who hailed from **New England, New Jersey, New York, the Carolinas** and **Georgia** — and a few from **Tennessee**.

And so the "See Here Private Hargrove" era began, the transition period from a civilian to a soldier. It was basic training, retreat, reveille, chow, close order drill, rifle marksmanship, "report to the Battery Commander", military courtesy, etc.

Rifle marksmanship, field problems, and blackout driving highlighted this period. Our best marksmen were **Lutz** (now Lt.), **Humphries**, and **O'Brien**. **O'Brien**, who later became Chief of the 3rd Section, came to the battery during Basic Training from the 82nd Airborne.

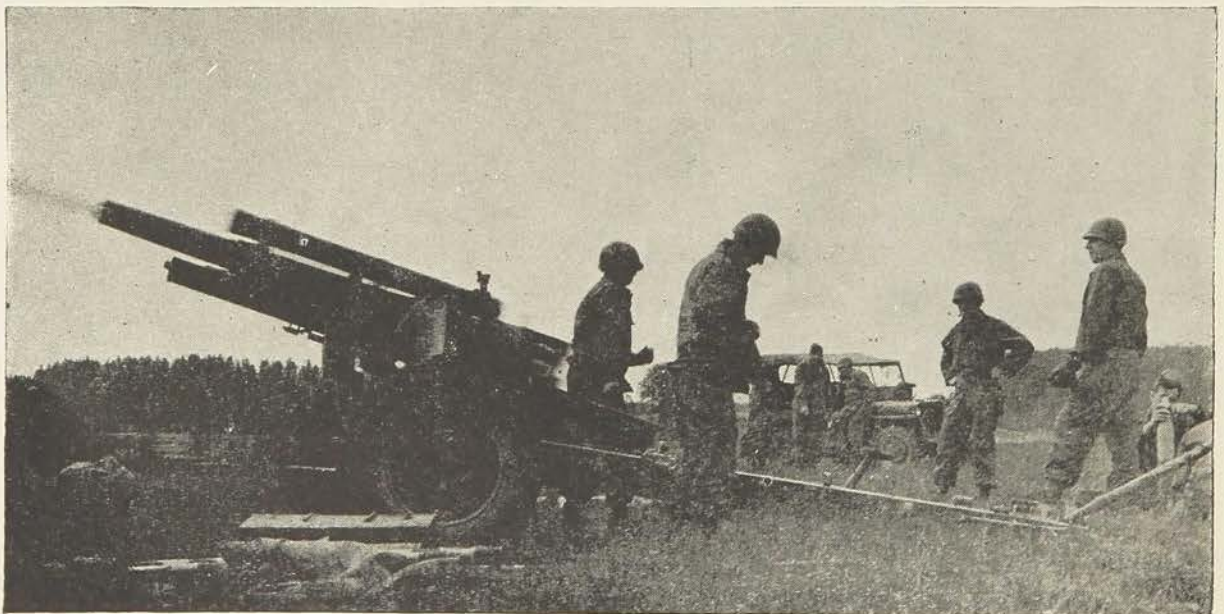
Characters, characters — always characters. We had our share and they will live in our memories forever. There was, of course, our First Sergeant, **Lester O. Frew**, a pyramid of efficiency with the memory of an elephant. He stayed with us until shortly after V-E day when he became a W.O.J.G. and left for the 397th Infantry Regiment, the other half of our Combat Team. **Strenglein**, who, with **Greenwald**, had kept our

trucks rolling up to this time, changed his mechanics cap and dirty fatigues for OD's, and ably took over the First Sgt.'s job when Sergeant **Frew** left.

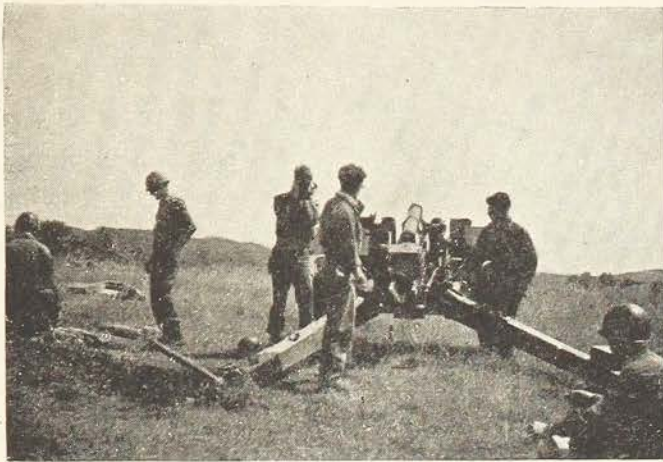
We remember too, our Mess Sergeant, "Happy" **Austin**, the bane of the KP's and DRO's existence. There was **Segal**, Chief of the Firing Battery, who was loved and admired by one and all because of his knowledge of soldiering, and his fairness to the men. It was no wonder he received the title of the "First Soldier" in Baker Battery. There was the **Riley** and **Wright** combination, two rebels who provided many a laugh, and likewise **Joe Karlan** and **Tiny De Luca** who later became famous as a Tennessee fence repairing team. — and there was the Battery imitator, "Mac" **McGeehan**, a morale builder if there ever was one.

We cannot forget Lt. **Synen**. We hated to see him go in the summer of '43 when he left for POE. It was this little lieutenant who was to meet us almost two years later on the field of battle; having fought his way as an F.O. with the 45th Division all through Sicily, Italy, and France. Lt. **Synen** was on hand to bid his old outfit a hearty welcome on its entrance into combat.

Basic training lasted for eight weeks, and what a relief when it was over! Little did we know our real job was just beginning. Right after basic, the men started home on their furloughs. Three-day passes were given out, and gradually the morale of the men began to rise. As our advanced training went on, we began to get a clearer picture of what the artillery was all about. We began to notice that in order to fire a 105



howitzer, we had to find targets. That is what our instrument section was for. In order to relay in the position of a target, we needed communication. That is what our radio and wire sections were for. The number one man on the gun had to be as much on



the ball as the battery executive. The radio operators had to send out the fire commands accurately, etc. For like a baseball or football team, everybody had to click in order to be on the winning side. This was the period in which every officer and man was to get his particular job in order to prepare him for combat. For the first time we went out on a tactical problem, firing the guns. From then on, we were always going out, rain,

or shine, toughening ourselves for the much tougher part that was ahead.

As we look back, we realize that it was this training that kept our casualties so low in combat, and laid the foundation for the greatness that we were to achieve. This period can also be called the "bucking period", as it is so well known in the army. There is such a thing as a table of organization (TO). Certain jobs call for sergeants, corporals, and even PFC's. Those who were ambitious enough went out for jobs where the TO offered rank and gravy — and responsibility. Those men who were rookies two or three months back, were now non-coms. Those who became the gunner corporals were: **Shortell, McLaughlin, Kirchoff, and Silberberg.** **Kirchoff** came to the battery from the "War Show". The Machine gun corporal was **O'Brien**, and **Ford** became the machine gun sergeant. Instrument corporals were **Cheney, Hodosh, Lutz, and Moynihan.**



Moynihan later became Chief of Detail. When the wire sergeant **Nelson** left, **Connell** made corporal, not sergeant, because of a change in the TO. **Terebaiza, Navatta, and Young** made T/5 ratings. When T/4 **Gerstein** left, **Bowler** became the radio chief.

During the period of "ratings", we lost **Gagliarty**, a radio operator and jeep driver, to the Air Corps. We were later to find out that "Gag" was doing splendidly as a gunner

aboard a B-17 in many a bombing mission over Germany, only to be shot down from the skies by Jerry flak in one of those hazardous missions. We also lost our chief of detail **Swaigert** to Army Intelligence, and **Gallagher**, the battery clerk, to ASTP. **Bill Sullivan** then became our battery clerk. **Urell** became supply sergeant



when **Permuth** left. — It was during this period that we lost Lt. **Clark** to Ft. Sill. He was succeeded by Capt. **Palmer**, who stayed with us until just before **Tennessee Maneuvers**. Capt. **Palmer** earned the admiration and respect of all of us, and we hated to see him go. Lt. **Hensen** became B.C., and it was around this time that we lost **Richards** (the Greyhound — he set a mean pace), also Lt. **Piper** (now Capt. **Piper** in Division Artillery), and Lt. **Synen**. Lt. **McGuire** joined us as R.O., and Lt. **Fishpaw** became our Battery Executive.

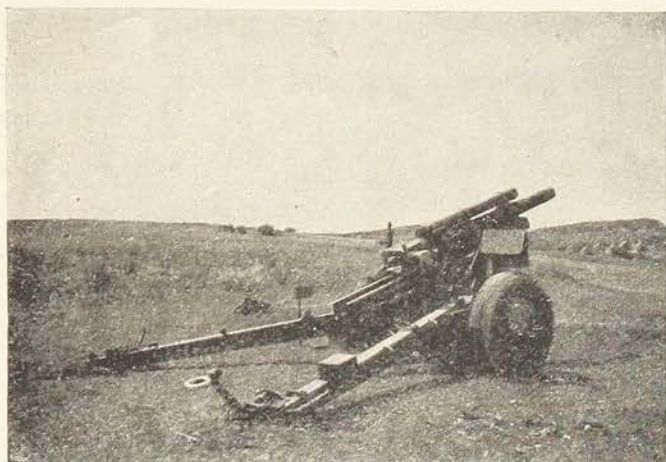
After our thirteen weeks of advanced training ended, we began the pre-man-euver period, and started to get the picture as to how the battalion as a whole functioned in combat. It was one problem after another and then AGF tests. One exciting but pretty tough job was the



guarding of President **Roosevelt's** train which was to pass along a certain stretch of track approximately a hundred miles from Ft. Jackson, in **South Carolina**. The whole

battery was involved in the project of patrolling the track. We encountered no spies or saboteurs, but plenty of chiggers.

It was during this period that the rumor-mongers were in their glory and the stuff came down fast and thick. We were to go on desert maneuvers for six months; no, it was Louisiana; we were going to POE (Indiantown Gap); and it all wound up to be more training — brushing up on the weak points and winning Ranger Badges. Then the news came — it was to be **Tennessee Maneuvers**.

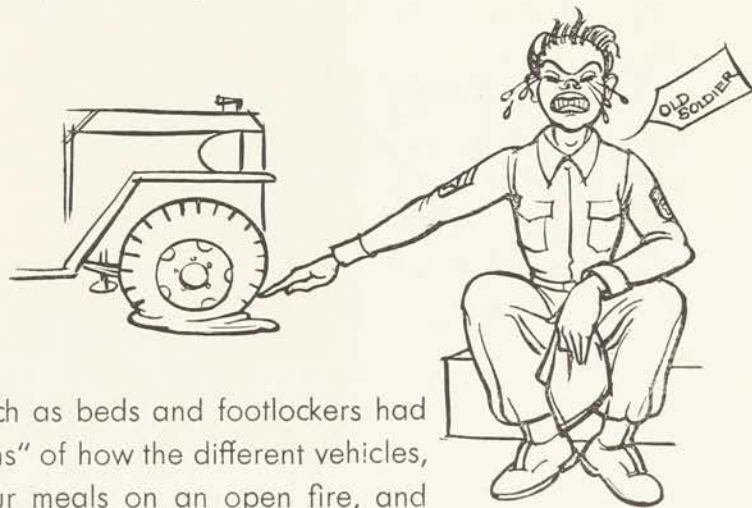


At this time, "B" Battery received several new additions. They were **Garcia**, the "Little Spaniard", from

West Point, **Lehman**, and **Hefter** from ASTP, and **Idyle**, **Bielski**, **Fryman**, **Whittier**, and **White**, all from **Iceland**. How happy the "Icelanders" were upon finding out about the winter maneuvers in **Tennessee**. For the battery as a whole, it was also pretty sad. The boys were to leave their cozy little hutments in **Ft. Jackson**, and last but not least, they were going to miss **Columbia**, the town they always went to on pass. We can all recall the hot-spots, too — **Hotels Columbia** and **Jefferson**, "**Bihari's**", "**Ship Ahoy**", "**Bobo's Restaurant**", and the many other places. For eleven months we were at the good old Fort. We got to know all the PX girls, the USO dancing dolls, and even the WACS. Yes, the boys had to leave this place in favor of rain, mud, sleet, snow, 'open fields, umpires with their different colored flags, and last, but not least, the rocky hills that **Tennessee** was "blessed" with.

We lost **George Hodosh** and **Sydney Polay** to the Air Corps. It was fate, though, that brought **Hodosh** back to us, and he was later to be the first man in "B" battery to be awarded the Purple Heart.

Then, of course, began the closing-out period. All garrison equipment such as beds and footlockers had to be collected. Then came the "dry runs" of how the different vehicles, were to be loaded, how to cook your meals on an open fire, and how to digest "C" rations. After checking forms such as service records, allotments, powers of attorney, insurance, individual clothing and equipment records, etc., we





were all set to go. Our departure from **Ft. Jackson** was scheduled for November 17, 1943. The trip to the maneuver area was to be by truck convoy. We were on pins and needles awaiting the day and the hour, the very moment for the command, "Close Station, March Order"!

Maneuvers in Tennessee

We were off — with **Witkowski, Raymond, Navatta, Sachs, Collins, Nolan, Witham, Lewis,** and **Downey** among those at the wheel. All we knew up to that point was that we had eight field problems. On the way we discussed what type of problems we expected, although few, if any, knew what they were about. It was a three day trip by truck convoy. After the first day's ride, we stopped for the night at a small town — **Athens, Georgia**. We had a recollection of camping on an open field used as a pasture for cows, which was now empty. Remember?

The second day's ride carried us to **Chattanooga, Tennessee**, where we again camped for the night again just outside the city on an open field. Passes were available for us to visit **Chattanooga**. When the battery Romeos heard that there was a dance being held by the WAC detachment that was stationed there, and that we were invited, they couldn't be held back.

The third day, we pulled into the man-



euver area, where we pitched camp to await further orders. We were due for many surprises in **Tennessee**, the first of which came the following morning. That night we



went to sleep in our pup tents, tired from the long days' ride. Imagine our surprise the next morning when, on sticking our heads out of our tents, we saw the ground white — yes, frost in all its glory. Our rumor machine got started. "One soldier in "C" Battery froze to death." When we were rid of this one, of course another one would show up.

On November 22, the fifth day after leaving **Fort Jackson**, we prepared to move out for the first problem, as part of the Blue Army. Other problems followed; we were Reds some of the time, Blues the other; but we were always wet and cold. It was during the fourth problem that **Huber, Storey, Hill, Shelton, and Donnellan** joined us.

We maneuvered and rested between problems in a sea of mud. After each problem, the "Nashville Commandos" took off, leaving the others behind to enjoy water-soaked chow, drenched blankets, and to search vainly for a dry place — None was ever found.

We shall always remember Thanksgiving — and Christmas Day, too. We thought it would never stop raining! Some of the things and people we remember; **St. Peter**, the champion woodchopper of the battery; the day **Smith** and **Huber** were captured; **Gorovitz** "dying" enroute to the hospital with a simulated wound; **Lutz** and his jeep getting knocked out everytime they left the Battery area; the orientations by Lt. **Lieb**; **Connell** trying to keep communications in despite the tanks; **MacDonald** following the wire from Message Center to the Battery; **Belden** by the fire; **Pest** falling in the sump hole on Christmas night;

Ford and his 5th Section gang loading and unloading ammunition; the loving care of **Best**, our Medic.

We remember lots more, too, and we aren't kidding when we say, "Boy, you shoulda' been on **Tennessee Maneuvers**. They were rough!"



Fort Bragg

January 15th, 1944 found us leaving **Tennessee** for **Fort Bragg, Fayetteville**, and comparative civilization. We settled down at **Bragg** to become the Show Division of the Nation. We put on a demonstration and paraded for everybody — a parade almost every week. The parade in **New York** on Infantry Day was the most publicized one. After furloughs, advanced training continued, more problems, more AGF tests, inspection after inspection.

We had a pleasant change when we went to **Myrtle Beach, South Carolina** for a week.

Second Lieutenants came and left. Lt. **Caldwell** joined us at the end of maneuvers, stayed with us until combat when he became an air observer. Others whose stays were brief were Lts. **Emerson, Jansey, Belitski, Hayes, and Phillips** (now Capt.). Lt. **Devereux**, our present Battery Commander, joined us at this time as F.O.

During this time we lost **Witham, De Luca, Lehman, and Johann Meyer**. But **Hauer, Kraus, Bechman, Farmer, Gaines, Griffith, Brunton, and Bailey**, joined us.

Afternoons were spent with sports, and there was intense rivalry between the firing battery and the detail section (the detail section usually winning), hard fought football games with "C" Btry. Nights were spent eating popcorn at the post theatres, dancing with the USO queens — or at the **Town Pump, or Club MacArthur**, and

remember those weekly bowling sessions?

This life went on, month after month — and we had all decided that the 100th would never go overseas. But we were wrong, for on Sept. 28th, we pulled out of Bragg to the tune of "Over There", for **Camp Kilmer, New Jersey**.

It wasn't as simple as that, however. We had been POM qualified which meant orientation, movies, lectures, infiltration courses, censorship regulations — and countless clothing checks. Our

clothing had been handled and checked so many times that it was almost ready for salvage! The final one was done by some PFC at **Kilmer**, who declared all of our tent



"VIC" BOWLER

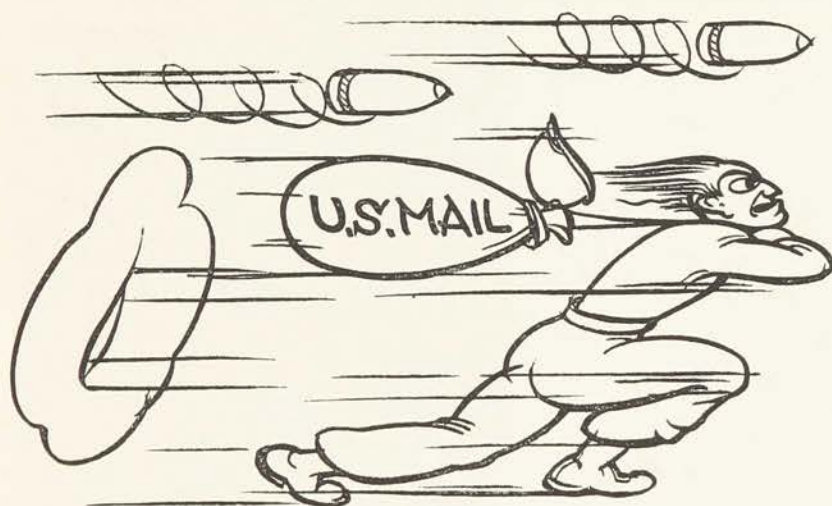


poles unserviceable. — By the time we left **Bragg**, we were all POM qualified — and our LIPS WERE ZIPPED!!! **Downey** and **Kirchoff**, just back from Motor School at **Sill**, barely made it. We were at Camp **Kilmer** for three days, for the final physicals, boat drills, new gas masks, more censorship, and more clothing checks — and a 12 hour pass for each of us. Many of us were able to get home for "that last night".

Overseas

It was on the morning of October 4th, that we boarded the train, numbers were on our helmets (they were changed about 3 times), we were laden with horseshoe rolls, gas masks, duffle bags, and what not. The trip to the ferry and on to the **USAT George Washington** was agonizing. We were so loaded down we didn't think we would ever make it, but we did. Since we were to be guards on the ship, we boarded two days early. By the time we pulled out of **New York Harbor**, on Oct. 6th, we had become pretty nautical — went to the "head" instead of the latrine; we went fore and aft, port and starboard, and we stood on deck, watching the 44th St. traffic; wishing that we were part of it. We also learned that the **Washington** had been the scene of **Eleanor Holm's** famous champagne party — about its only claim to fame.

A gun crew was made up from "B" Btry.— to man the guns on the ship in case of an attack. They received commendation from the ships' commander for their excellent work. The rest of the battery were guards manning the 56 posts on the boat.



LOU BRUNING

The convoy we sailed in was a good sized one, as was the ship we were on. It was a calm day when we started our voyage. Later on we ran into a storm, and narrowly missed having a collision as one ship that had been behind us suddenly ended up in front of us during the course of the storm.

On board, the food was excellent, but at times we

were too sick to eat it. We had movies now and then, and we had a band which provided us with ample entertainment. Books had been distributed with the compliments

of the Red Cross, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for what they did for us and for what they were to do for us.



We had French classes aboard, since it soon became known that our destination was **Marseilles**. These classes were conducted by one of our Battery officers, Lt. **Devereux**.

On about the 13th day at sea, we sighted land. It turned out to be the "Straits of Gibraltar". The coast of North Africa was visible to us although there wasn't much for us to see of it. On the 14th day, Oct. 20, 1944, we sighted the coast of France — **Marseille**. The ship dropped anchor in the harbor, and we disembarked after dark via LCT's. When our turn came, an alert was sounded. Enemy planes were sighted, lights were put out, and friendly planes put a smoke screen about us. We heard machine-gun fire and we were tense and expectant, but it soon cleared up. With the packs on our back we disembarked down a rope ladder. There was much hollering as someone stepped on somebody's fingers or someone got kicked on the head. We got in a landing barge and headed for shore, in the thick of the night.

We pitched camp and began to get our equipment unpacked. The land was hilly and it was a chilly climate. It rained often, (just like **Tennessee Maneuvers**). The food was fair, and we began to work getting our vehicles and guns ready. We worked harder and harder, going down to the port of **Marseilles**, and getting our equipment which was still packed in crates.

Color was added to the scene by civilians who had gathered to barter for candy, cigarettes, and clothing. Their chief commodity was wine, and they did all right until orders were issued stopping such action. The battery area was a sea of mud kept so by continuous rain. There was some entertainment to be offered at **Aix**, the nearby town. The Polish section of the town was taken over by **Gorovitzc** and **Komski**. The greater part of the men ventured into **Marseilles** proper, where men of all nations could be found, and we had our first drink of schnapps. The latrines were strictly private, we used to sit and watch the civilians walk by — we were already getting continental. Twelve days after landing, we left our area for **Dijon**, our next big city.



The second day of our journey was slightly interrupted when, mistaking it for gasoline in the dark, **Cheney** and **Hill** poured five gallons of water in their jeep.



From **Dijon** we pulled into a bivouac area at **St. Helene**, next to a battery of long toms. Their first salvo after our arrival found every one in "B" Btry in the nearest hole or looking for one. Our hero was Pfc **Shelton** who dived into the nearby latrine. We paid repeated visits to the long tom crews for tips and advice in combat behavior. It was here we met Lt. **Synen** who had left the battery at **Ft. Jackson**, and "Bed Check Charlie" paid us our first visit.

November 3rd, 1944, the wire section left at dawn and probed the first battery position at **St. Benoit** for mines. The battery moved in the position, and **Ford's** section fired the first round at the enemy. Two days later, our F.O.'s moved up and became the eyes of the battery. This was followed by a few days of inaction made dreary by the rain and snow. Nov. 10th, two of our officers were transferred from the battery. Lt. **McGuire** went to Liaison, and Lt. **Caldwell** became

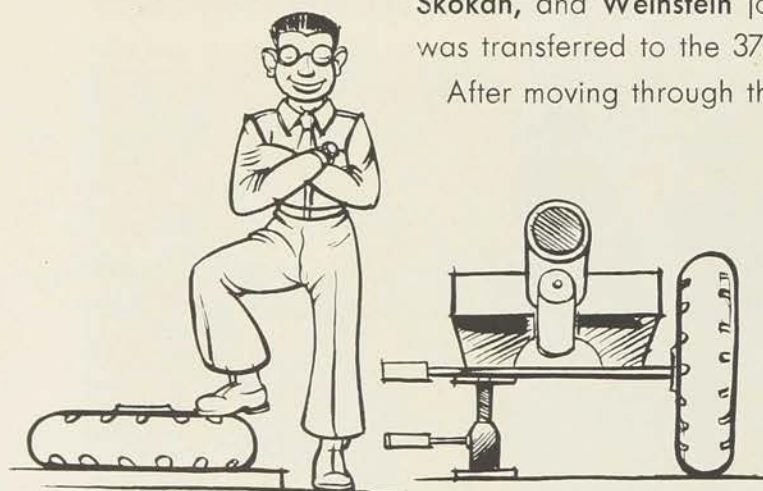
an air observer for the battalion. Nov. 11th, we fired propaganda shells into **Baccarat**, (we wished to save the glass for souvenirs). Nov. 13th brought our first casualty, **Carl White** who was returned from the front due to a back injury. By this time the gun crews were picking up the tricks of the trade and could turn their activities to making themselves comfortable.

The first few installations were promptly taken over by the wire section as their status didn't allow time for building their own. Nov. 15th, the battery moved to **Bertrichamps**. General Mud made his ap-



pearance in this area and the kitchen truck sat on its axles for several hours. Even **Cycon** couldn't buck the mud. While the battery was in this position one of its F.O.

parties silenced an enemy mortar position that had been holding our infantry up, thus aiding their general advance. The party received the Bronze Star for this action. These were "B" Battery's first awards. Nov. 20th, our second casualty was Cpl. **George Hodosh** who was wounded by enemy shell fire. Nov. 21st, the battery displaced forward to the vicinity of **Raôn L'Etape**. Nov. 22nd, the battery moved into **Moyen Moutier**. Nov. 23rd, Thanksgiving dinner consisted of turkey, oysters, dressing, giblets, snow flake potatoes, (dehydrated), cranberry sauce, red wine, raisin cake, coffee, bread and assorted hard candy, all eaten in a driving downpour. Nov. 24th, the battery moved to the vicinity of **Plaines, France**. Nov. 26th, the battery changed sectors, going into bivouac in the vicinity of **Raôn L'Etape**. Nov. 27th, we moved to the vicinity of **Ernolsheim** and on Nov. 28th to the vicinity of **Niedersulzbach**. Nov. 31st, the battery's spirit rose when the P.X. rations and the beer arrived, at **Schillersdorf**. Lt. **Chambliss** joined the battery, Pfc **White** returned from the hospital, and Cpl. **Richard Donnellan** was wounded by enemy mortar fire while forward — this was near **Rohrbach**. Dec. 6th, the battery moved to the vicinity of **Reipertsviller**, and it was there that **Waller** left the battery to join the 397th Inf. Regt. Dec. 9th, the battery moved to **Hassel**. On Dec. 11th, **Brown, Santoro, Skokan, and Weinstein** joined the battery; Dec. 13th, Lt. **Church** was transferred to the 373rd FA Bn.



"WHEELS" MULLIGAN!

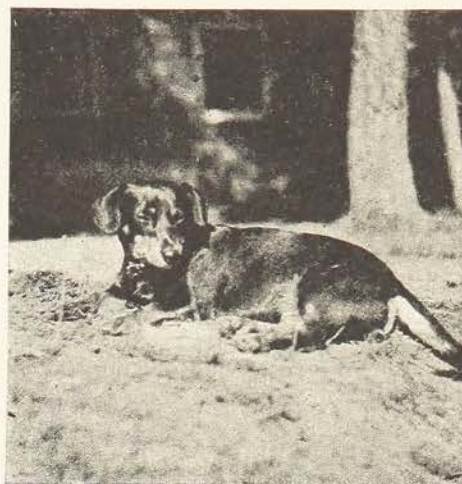
After moving through the towns of **Peter Phillipe** and **Hoelling**, we set up in **Bining** and fired our first round into Germany. Xmas dinner consisted of turkey with dressing, mashed potatoes, buttered peas, cranberry sauce, mince meat pie, raisins, cake, hot rolls, coffee and hard candy. This was the first time our F.O.'s had stepped on German soil — they left the same day with the Krauts on their tail — leaving their Xmas dinner behind them. Jan. 1st,

the Krauts became over-active and the battery fired 21 missions to help drive them where they belonged. This was the beginning of the twelve day battle in the town of **Rimling**,

France. The night of Jan. 4th, the battery was heavily shelled, but no casualties resulted. The battery was firing on a twenty-four hour basis, and Jan. 8th, they fired 875 rounds



to again stop repeated enemy counterattacks. This consisted of 32 missions in a blinding blizzard. The accuracy of the cannoneers enabled the F.O.'s to fire into the back yards of the buildings they were occupying in **Rimling**. This



was necessary to repulse the strong enemy counterattacks. It was for this action that seven more "B" Battery men were awarded the Bronze Star. They were: Lt. **Devereux**, Sgt. **Lutz**, and Cpls. **Bailey**, **Brunton**, **Cheney**, **Hill**, and **Terebaiza**. **Cheney** and **Hill** received Oak Leaf Clusters as this was their second award. Special thanks are given to **Vic Bowler** who relayed all the fire missions through his Liaison set, enabling the F.O.'s to reach better points of observation. During the **Rimling** battle, we had the war brought closer to us — one of our F.O. parties was captured. Lt. **Chambliss** and



Pfc's **Brown**, **Peter-son**, and **Skokan** were captured by tanks as they were directing our fire on enemy infantry. On Jan. 11th **St. Peter**, our tobacco chewing, story telling, ex-lumberjack, left the battery for home — his tales are still retold in the battery. During this period we were staying in a section of the Maginot line





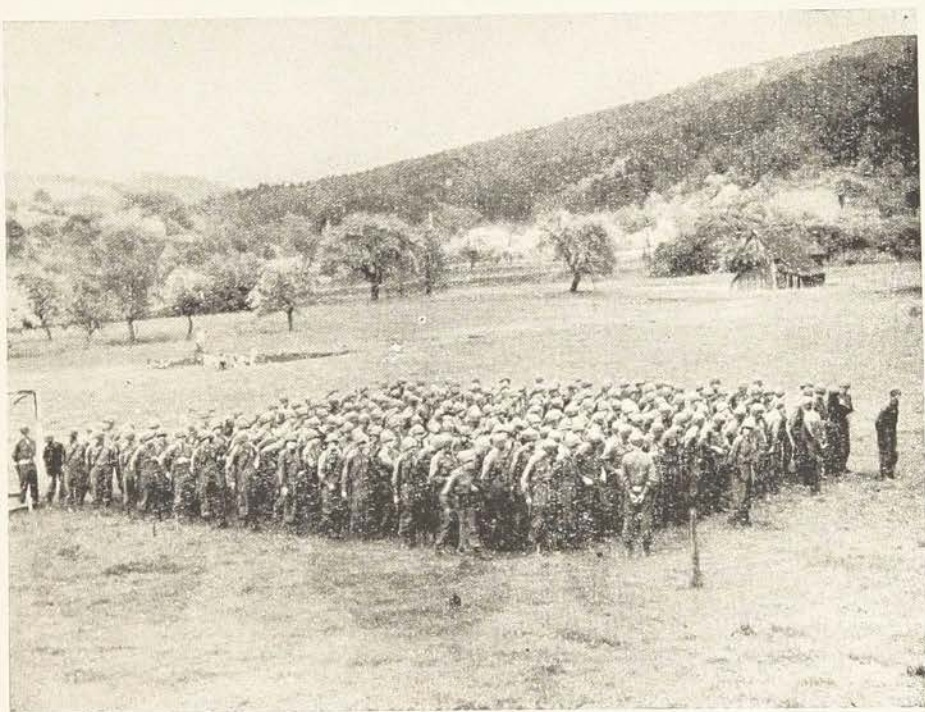
and our B.C., Capt. **Henson**, had his hand blown off by a grenade. Lt. **Fishpaw** took over and Lt. **Jackson** came from "A" Btry. to take over the exec.'s job. The weather was bitter cold and proved to be our worst enemy. On Jan. 25th the men were treated to hot coffee and doughnuts by the Divisions' Red Cross girls. This was one of the bright spots of the winter campaign. On this same date, **Desimone, Hall, Heron, Gibson, and Wilson** joined the battery. On Jan. 29th **Peter Moynihan**, through hard work as an F.O., was returned to the rear to become a 2nd Lt. Lt. **Oliver** joined the battery and went forward until **Moynihan** returned. The Red Cross girls visited us again on Feb. 6th, with plenty of hot coffee and doughnuts. The proceedings were brought to a sudden halt by strafing airplanes, and appetites were ignored for the rest of the day. Our thanks to those

girls for sticking through it all. Three days of bitter weather followed and then the men were able to lose themselves momentarily in another world. The USO show "Bumpsa Daisy" was playing in **Sarre Union** and they staggered the trips in such a way that every man was able to see this show without leaving the battery shorthanded. The show received high praise from the men, and the members of the cast went out of their way to speak to men from their states and everyone was included in the fun. This bright spot was followed by almost a month of inactivity in our sector of the line. At **Annie's** house the waiting was accentuated by the cold and occasional snow, and **Kraus's** pills. Our mail clerk, **Louis Bruning** was the hero of the battery in that he

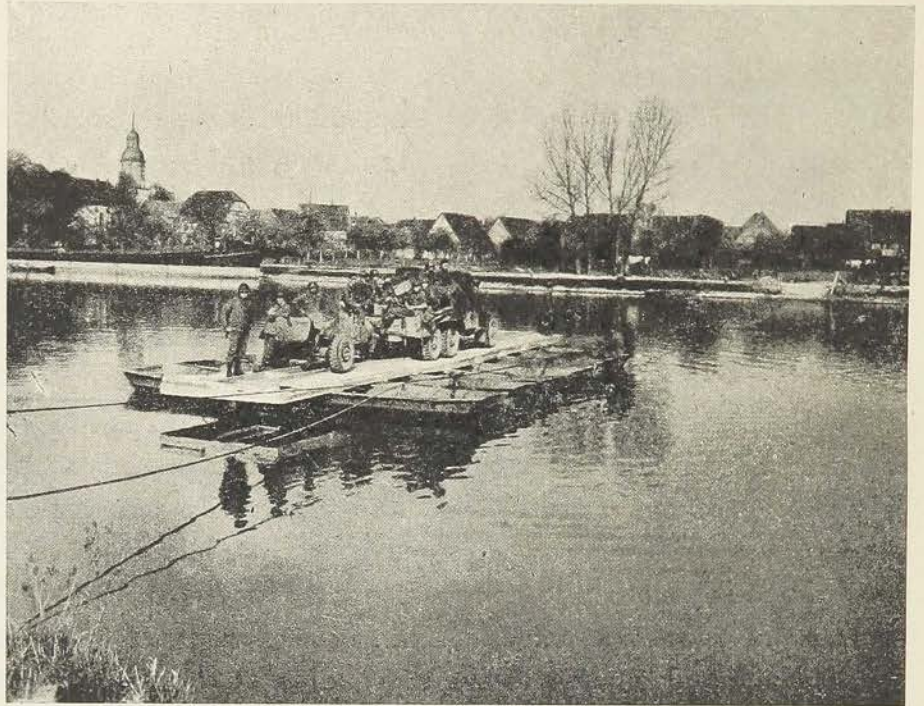


kept us well supplied with letters and packages. Twice he was forced to seek cover from enemy artillery while bringing the mail to us. On Feb. 19th **James R. Bailey**, leader of an F.O. party, was returned to the rear to become a 2nd Lt. On Feb. 22 another member of our F.O.'s, 1st Lt. **Devereux** was given the dangerous mission of reading us the Articles of War! He did this with his usual efficiency and was roundly applauded by the men. Three days later, for the last time during combat, the Red Cross girls came with coffee and doughnuts. The setup was far different from our present fine Red Cross building here in **Stuttgart**. March 1st, **Hodosh** returned from the hospital. On March 5th the battery pulled back to **Sarre Union** to rest and repair equipment. There were two theatres in town, and a battery dance was held. The barber shops were numerous and no one shaved themselves during the stay. This was a far cry from the cold and dug-outs they had just

left. The battery returned to its former position on March 11th to get set for the Divisions' big push to take **Bitche**, which we had given up earlier in December after bitter fort-to-fort fighting. This was the beginning of the big Spring drive that found us in **Stuttgart** at the war's end. We were moving at a fast pace now, and our positions were changed rapidly: the 17th in **Olsberg**, the 18th in **Waldhausen** where we waited for the infantry to mass once again. During the stop there, the battery was shelled heavily. Two of our howitzers were hit, the kitchen stoves, two prime movers and a trailer were riddled with shrapnel. **Young** caught a severe cold as



he was forced to spend the better part of an hour under a nearby tank. The battery was very fortunate in that it suffered no casualties in spite of the heavy fire. On the 22nd, we drove through the **Siegfried Line** and the rat race was on. From here on it was almost impossible to keep in contact with the enemy, he was an expert at running. March 24th found us near **Lumburg-hof**. The next day it was through a haze that we watched the fight for **Mannheim** on the **Rhine River**. At this time yellow jaundice struck among the F.O.'s and **Joseph Terebaiza** was the first victim of which there were many in our F.O. sections. The men were goggled eyed on March 30th when



Marlene Dietrich made a personal appearance. Her appearance had a weakening effect on **Richard Donnellan** for he was sent to the hospital with yellow jaundice. Spurred on by **Marlene** we then crossed the **Rhine River** and continued the pounding of the Fatherland.

April 1st, after some men had been to Easter services near **Plankstadt**, the battery moved to a new position, occupying a new Kraut housing development at **St. Ilgen**. Our advances were ranging from 8 to 10 miles daily. After half a night in **Sinsheim** we helped transport the doughs 21 miles to **Frankenbach**. The doughs moved on to **Heilbronn**, where fanatical resistance was encountered and it took nine days of bitter and bloody fighting from house to house before the city was taken, and the high ground gained. The cannoneers were able to see their shells landing in the city from the battery position. (We had our own little Neckar — between the kitchen and the gun position which "Tap" **Tavares** and his 5th Section gang bridged.) It was at **Heilbronn** that our F.O.'s were able to do some real shooting. On April 6th **Urell** stood in the chow line with **Idyll** and **Tessoriero** and passed out a "Hershey" bar to each of us. For the work of our F.O.'s, **Bowler**, and the firing battery who fired 91 missions, 22 members of the battery received the Presidential Citation for their work with the 2nd Battalion, 397 Infantry, whom we always supported.

As soon as the area had been cleared, the infantry moved out and we crossed the **Neckar** River on a pontoon bridge under cover of a heavy smoke screen laid down by the engineers. Our next position was in **Weinsberg**. Two days later we moved 6½ miles to **Lehrensteinsfeld**. On the 18th we were in **Wustenrot**; and the 20th found us 20 miles deeper into Germany. We were really rolling. On the 21st it was another 30 mile jump; **Schonbuhl** was our next stop — our mileage dropped to 12 miles, but the 23rd of April brought a 23 mile move to **Altbach**. We had fired our last round of combat, and we entered Army Reserve on April 25th. This was the last day we took prisoners — the total for that day was five. The next day we moved to **Sillenbuch**.

Post Combat

Our "post hostilities" period had begun. On May 2nd we moved to **Rechberghausen**, taking our drill schedule with us. V-E day commemoration ceremony was held on May 9th. It was hard to believe the war was over. May 10th, we moved to **Hohenstaufen** and we started road patrols to control German civilian activity until the Military Government could take over.

May 15th, we moved to the "Castle" at **Alfdorf**, opened the **Gasthaus zur Harmonie** as a bar, and we were assigned our occupation area. The training schedule was increased as it became apparent that we would soon be fighting a war on the other side of the world. Some of the men came back from the hospital — **Terebaiza** and **Donnellan** and Lts. **Devereux** and **Lutz**. We also received the good word that **Brown**, **Peterson**, **Skokan**, and Lt. **Chambliss** had been liberated.

Caulfield, **Freese**, and **Cleere** joined us from the 63rd — and June ended. We went to the **Altes Lager** Military Reservation for a week's Service Practice, after which we moved to our present location — the **Panzer Caserne** at **Boblingen**.

Since then, V-J day came, we've been through several cycles of alert and unalert, intermingled with sports, I & E, **Schonbuch** and **Stuttgart** entertainment — and waiting — waiting to get home.

Many have left, more are leaving daily. There's not much left of "B" Battery — except memories — let us keep them forever — and let us remember with pride that we were of a part of "B" Battery, for it took each one of us to make it what it was.

"C" Battery



"C" Battery

Three years is not a long time when measured by ordinary standards. In looking back toward the beginning of our army career we have the impression that time is an



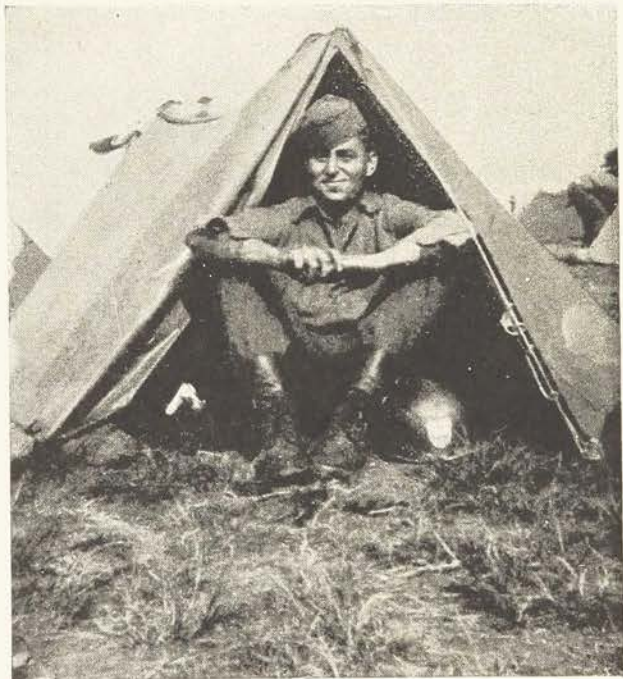
elastic entity. Happy days pass on wings, but a dreary hour may stretch into an eternity. Our first month as soldiers seems hazy and uneven in our memories. In many instances significant things have been forgotten but minor inconsequential details stand out boldly in the

mind's eye. — The thump of the medical officer's 1-A stamp at the induction center physical examination, sharply barked orders by an officious MP, the acute loneliness, the seeming eternity before us.

It is a composite of these memories which make the whole of our impression of early days in the army — this coupled with the depressing plodding pace of time.

After several months of training, our daily lives began to resolve themselves into a more orderly procession of events. On the drill field a command was obeyed by a human being rather than an automaton. As we were introduced to our future specific jobs, an individualistic mental or physical effort was applied to the task. In short we had come to the realization that microscopic as we as individuals were, our work was important to the shaping of a division's fighting might.

Training of course was a mere prelude to inevitable participation in battle. Because of this, our garrison life and even the maneuver period seemed dwarfed by comparison with what was to come.



Even so, in those days combat some-how seemed too remote to worry about, and in the course of our developing mental awareness, the daily regimen was something to be looked forward to (either with positive or negative emotions). For some of us there were experiences, for some, mild adventure.



During our early training, the division was located in **Fort Jackson, South Carolina**, a sandy expanse of wasteland on which a tremendous number of jerry-built barracks suddenly made their appearance during that time when a national emergency seemed imminent. Comfort and in many instances adequacy, were factors that were not entirely taken into consideration. Our PX's were too small, the recreation halls as they were euphemistically called, were devoted more to classrooms and furniture storage points than they were to diversion. Of course for many phases of army training, a wide open field is all that is required. **Fort Jackson** had just the thing. Without fail "C" Battery

would betake itself to the accursed place every morning. During the winter an omnipresent black haze of coal dust hovered over the field, in some ways the presence of the cloud seemed portentous for it did not leave until the battery departed for noonday chow. Every time we marched toward the drill field we would reflect upon the morning's schedule. First there would be calisthenics, then dismounted drill. After a short break an hour or so would be devoted to rifle marksmanship. The next period might well have been grenade throwing, all of which was tolerable but far from absorbing. But as we progressed the battery was divided into sections. Some were chosen for the gun crews, others became instrument men, radio operators or drivers. Naturally not everyone was pleased or satisfied with his placement. Even so, section training was always more pleasant than hut, two, three, and most important, individual effort at last seemed to count for something. This was the phase when most of us began to appreciate the old army axiom "the first few months are the hardest".





April 1943 saw the first appearance of the ASTP. For those who were qualified, this was a wonderful opportunity. We were to be transferred from the troops and sent to various schools throughout the country. Under the combined supervision of army and university authorities, most of us studied engineering although there were openings in the fields of languages and psychology. Among the men "C" battery sent were **Bacsik, Beningson, Grant and Posses.**

In April the first furloughs were granted. Here was a chance to break away from what seemed an age of military service. Some of us veterans of three and four months in the army wondered if it would not be difficult to acclimate ourselves to the peace and quiet of domestic life. Would we not awaken automatically at six every morning with the anticipation of the CQ's shrill whistle? Would we miss the

badgering, the team spirit, the comraderie? But the change was effected without appreciable psychoneurotic stress and strain. After a week of exposure to the ways of the civilian animal, we all became doubly aware that our hearts were not in soldiering.

The rest and relaxation of the furlough period conditioned us mentally and physically for intensified training. We were now to commence "D" or division problems. Here for the first time the division was to function tactically as a unit. This meant many and long problems in **Fort Jackson's** training area. Along with improving our job proficiency, we toughened ourselves against the thousand and one discomforts and annoyances that plague the combat soldier. Rain, heat, snakes, chiggers and fatigue were uncomfortable but bearable. Without realizing it, we were conditioning ourselves psychologically to soldiering.



It was obvious that our training in **South Carolina** was a preliminary to something big, either combat or maneuvers. Out of the vast body of wild fantastic speculation which



sprang up during the summer of 1943, one central fact resolved itself into reality, the division was maneuver-bound and the going would not be easy. We were under no illusions about **Tennessee's** winter weather, although we later found that reality is harsher than theorizing. The middle of

November found us in the maneuver area with the prospect of two months of problems before us. At first the tendency was to doubt the ability of the troops to withstand the weather. From this we reasoned that maneuvers would be cut short. Back in barracks by Christmas was the general comment. But on Christmas day we were still going strong and there was no indication that we would leave **Tennessee** before the scheduled date, January 17th. Few of us will ever forget the numbing cold, the knee deep mud, the incessant moving and the amazing powers of resistance that we all had. Miserable as conditions were, there were very few cases of mental or physical weakening. But we knew that combat which lay ahead was going to be tougher. In war there are no two-month problems or breaks after each individual exercise and there is always the hideous shadow of death uppermost in one's mind.

Most of us still clung to that detached feeling toward combat. However, toward the end of maneuvers, we were concerned mainly with comforts of garrison life. War was inevitable but too distant to worry about.

By the end of January 1944, we were finally settled in **Fort Bragg, North Carolina**. The ecstasy of hot water, heated barracks and other conveniences had worn off. We were once again in the routine of garrison life. During this time many came to believe that the division was





to be used as a depot for overseas replacement or as a training unit for officers. There was a general belief that the 100th would never see overseas service or if we were to be sent to a theater of operations, we would be used as occupation forces. In the back of our minds we knew that the division would not be so lucky. The day when the invasion of Europe was to take place, was not far distant. Thinking people could see that all available forces would be needed. Outwardly we deceived ourselves, but inwardly we knew what was coming.

Fort Bragg in many respects was similar to **Fort Jackson**. There were the same sand hills, the same scrub pines and the same vicissitudes of weather. Comparable to **Columbia** was **Fayetteville**, a rather dull town located about seven or eight miles from **Bragg**. At first the men were so relieved to be able to relax in a heated room that there was little of the camp exodus that we knew at **Jackson**. But little by little, city life, such as it was, began to attract us. The waiting

line at the bustop started to swell with each passing day. If we survived the transportation stampede, we managed to survive the crowds in **Fayetteville**. Here we found a town glutted with more soldiers than it could handle. Prices were high and entertainment facilities were limited. There was a semi-civilian atmosphere to the place, however, and this was the drawing card. For some, **Fayetteville** holds happy memories but to the majority it was just another phase of congestion, ubiquitous in military life.

At last in the summer of 1944 we learned that the division was to be sent overseas. At this news, there was a flurry of excitement. The work to be done before leaving the camp for the port of embarkation was staggering. Each individual was required to attend a score of moving pictures making clear to him the reason for this war, the nature of the enemy's fighting machine, health measures in combat, etc. Each man was to be given a "rigid physical examination" in an effort to weed out those who were ineligible for overseas



duty, and then there were the usual last minute "shots", dental appointments, ad infinitum. The biggest task was crating the division's equipment. Everything from kitchen stoves down to carving knives had to be packed up securely enough to withstand a combined rail and ocean voyage. It was plain to everyone that our time was drawing near.



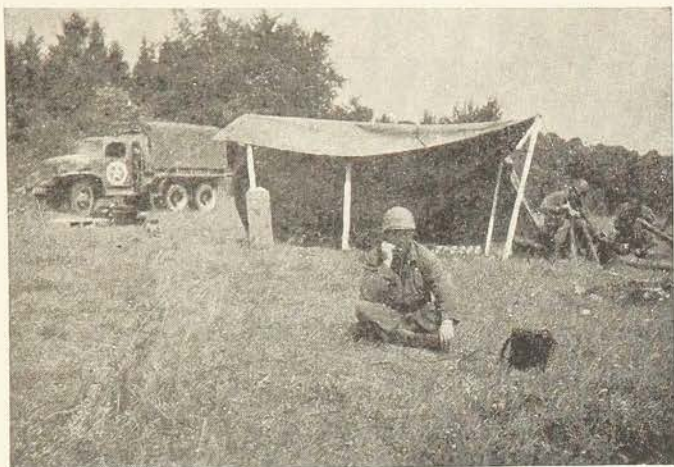
Toward the end of September, the battalion climbed on the troop train that was to carry us to **Camp Kilmer**. We expected a stay of a week or so at this camp. We were sadly mistaken. The last measure processing was tremendously compressed and four days after arriving, we left **Kilmer**.

Our transport was the **George Washington**, a former German luxury liner. For many, the sight of the great hulking ship was a novel event. Here was the real thing, a giant product of the modern age which had been read about but never seen. There was none of the usual thrill preceeding an ocean voyage in peacetime, however. Instead there was a tight feeling of apprehension, a realization that this day was an extremely significant one in our lives. We were embarking on a voyage from which we might never return. The harsh reality cut deep. We began to appreciate the simple appurtenances of life which we held so precious — a home, a family, a future — things which we were leaving behind us, something which might be summarily snatched away from us. In the midst of our pensiveness we began to wake up — at last we knew what we were getting into.

This voyage of the **George Washington** was unmarked by any significant events. Hours stretched into days, and days into weeks. The novelty of crossing the Atlantic wore off. The battalion had been given the guard detail — on twenty-four, off twenty-four. This helped to deglamourize things. When we were on duty we looked forward to the day off, and on the day off we looked (vainly many times) for some kind of way to kill time. In the end we looked forward to the day of duty "At least you're busy then." The cycle was vicious.



Entirely too soon we arrived at **Marseilles**. We knew what this would mean, another period of preparation for the trek into the combat area.



The staging area near **Marseilles** was located in a muddy valley flanked by bleak, foreboding hills. Comforts were nil but again, work was plentiful. Here we learned that the division was to be committed to combat in about two weeks. We worked like Hercules to make ourselves ready. In a way it was comparable to the last days at **Fort Bragg** only everything was in reverse. There were boxes and crates the size of a room

to be unpacked, ship to unload, and vehicles to be assembled. Almost a month to the day that we left **Fort Bragg**, the battalion was ready for combat.

Our mission was to relieve the 45th division in the Seventh Army sector. The route that we followed from **Marseilles** to **St. Benoit** took us through the **Rhone Valley**, a very beautiful section of France even in the late autumn. But somehow we were not in the mood to be impressed by the beauties of nature. The horror of war was closing in on us — starving, ragged children, wrecked homes, vast trails of destroyed and abandoned war materiel were common sights. The last day of the three day trip took us up to the front. It was a memorable day. Before moving into bivouac, the convoy stopped a few minutes along side of a small French village. The sky was dark with ominous cloud banks and in the distance could be heard the muffled roar of artillery. The church bells tolled mournfully. The contrast between the calm of the village and the unrest of the front clashed unnervingly. Soon a light rain began to fall, a damp chill penetrated our heavy protective clothing. The convoy moved on and as darkness fell, we took up our positions in a dense forest. We were told that the battalion was, in fact, in front line territory and within range of enemy artillery. After digging in, we settled down for the night. Our baptism was not bloody but almost overpoweringly oppressive.

The next day we moved to a new position in **St. Benoit**. The howitzers were set up and "C" Battery's second section composed of **Detrick, Fortunato, Troiano, Donohue, Kenner, Stewart, Manley** and **Nesselson** fired the first round in combat. First Sergeant **Gipson** pulled



the lanyard and upon receiving congratulations from members of the battery, **Gipson** expressed the hope that he would be present to witness the last round fired in the



war. Shortly afterward, the first F.O. parties were sent out to take up positions with the infantry. The three parties were headed by Lts. **Smith, Perry, and Christobek.**

We were then fighting in an area of France just short of the **Vosges Mountains.** The combination of rugged terrain, cold unseasonal weather, and a well dug-in enemy made for a nasty disagreeable kind of warfare. Our homes of course were holes in the ground. A hole is not an entirely bad place in which to live until a rainy spell comes



along. We had plenty of that and plenty of mushy wet snow. The floor of a foxhole has no powers of resistance against wet weathers. First of all the bottom layer of dirt becomes sticky — then muddy and finally awash. There is nothing to do but abandon the hole and dig a new one.

November 14th brought unhappy news. Cpl. **Clyde Lull**, an F.O., was killed outside of **Raôn L'Étape, France.** Quiet,

unassuming **Clyde** was liked by all who knew him. Upon the death of a fine sort of man such as **Clyde Lull**, the significance of deep personal loss in tremendously inten-



sified. Few of us will ever forget him. Severity of weather characterised the fighting all through the **Vosges Mountains**. It was not until we passed **Raôn L'Etape**, and began to drive toward **Strassbourg** that a reserve version of the German Blitzkrieg started. But as resistance gave way before **Strassbourg**, the division was withdrawn from this sector and moved into a Northern portion of **Alsace**. Neither the weather nor the enemy let up. The rain continued to fall and the enemy's fighting machine proved far from an easy opponent. During the fighting in this area. "C" Battery suffered its second fatality, P.F.C. **Anthony Pintabona**. "Pinty" died in **Alsace** while serving as an F.O. It was his deep seated con-

scientiousness that made him volunteer for this hazardous job. Although death was not a new experience to us, **Pinty's** loss made us stop and think. The most impersonal thing in the world is an exploding shell. It knows no distinctions. The good and the bad alike may be stricken by it. Who would be next?

December 31 found the battalion in support of **Rimling**, France. Because of the rather untenable position of this town, trouble was expected.

Trouble came and it almost proved too much to handle for the riflemen of "I", "K", and "L" Companies. This comparatively small group of men defended their positions against an overwhelming enemy force which launched an initial attack on New Year's Eve. Much of the credit belongs to the artillery. The skill and bravery of Lt. **James S. Howard**, "C" Battery's forward observer, in bringing our 105's to bear on all the enemy's fanatical attempts to gain possession of the town, later earned him the Distinguished Service Cross. All the F.O.'s there that night were Lt. **Howard's** right hand men **Whitcraft** and **Slavey**, Lt. **Robinson** with **Hampton** and **Elsbury**, and Sgt. **Pace** with **Small** and **Wikman**.



After **Rimling** the front developed into a static situation. There was little activity on either side save for occasional patrol and artillery duels. However, we knew that the day of the attack was not far off. It was the anticipation of this event that prevented us from entirely relaxing.



The jump-off took place on March 15th, 1945. Resistance was spotty and ineffective, much less than we had expected. Many times the infantry and artillery combined forces and the attacking unit assumed some of the appearance of a band of gypsies. Every available space on every vehicle was occupied by a soldier. The "rat race" continued. The Wehrmacht was at last crumbling.

There was to be one last bitter campaign. The city of **Heilbronn** was situated tactically as one of the gateways to Germany's proposed southern, mountain fastness. The division's objective was to capture this strategic point.

As in the past, the Germans fought fanatically to defend their city. But they were obviously down to the dregs of their resources. Their forces were heterogeneous — a few tattered remnants of the Wehrmacht, a handful of frightened Volksturm and, to complete the picture, the main body of "men" were boys apparently freshly recruited from the *Arbeitsdienst* or *Hitlerjugend*. Nothing could stop the momentum of the victorious American forces. It would have taken material things, cannons and planes, not the courage (which the Germans had) of a hopped-up fanatic. **Heilbronn** was a tough nut





to crack. But victory was always in sight, and not only victory in that comparatively small battle, but victory in Europe. The Germans were at the end of their rope. They were being whipped unmercifully at every turn. Almost their entire nation had been overrun by the allies. She had no alternative on that day in May when she surrendered.

When we in "C" Battery heard the good news, emotions were mixed. All of us naturally were overjoyed. Some promptly proceeded to live up to promises that they had made themselves — to get roaring drunk on V-E day. Others sat back and tried to grasp the significance of the news. That the end of the years of training was approaching, was now a reality. There would be no more need for living in the ground

like an animal, for living in an atmosphere of constant fear. There would be a return to normalcy, at least the army brand of normalcy, and perhaps the trip back to America and our homes was not too far off. But no matter what form our rejoicing took, we were all profoundly grateful, for we had come to know the bitterness of war first hand; now it was at an end and we had something positive to look forward to.

After the war, life settled down to a comfortable garrison routine. From time to time the battalion changed positions within our general area, which was located in **Wurtemberg**. During this time we were not sure as to whether or not the division would be used in the Pacific theater, so training in a modified



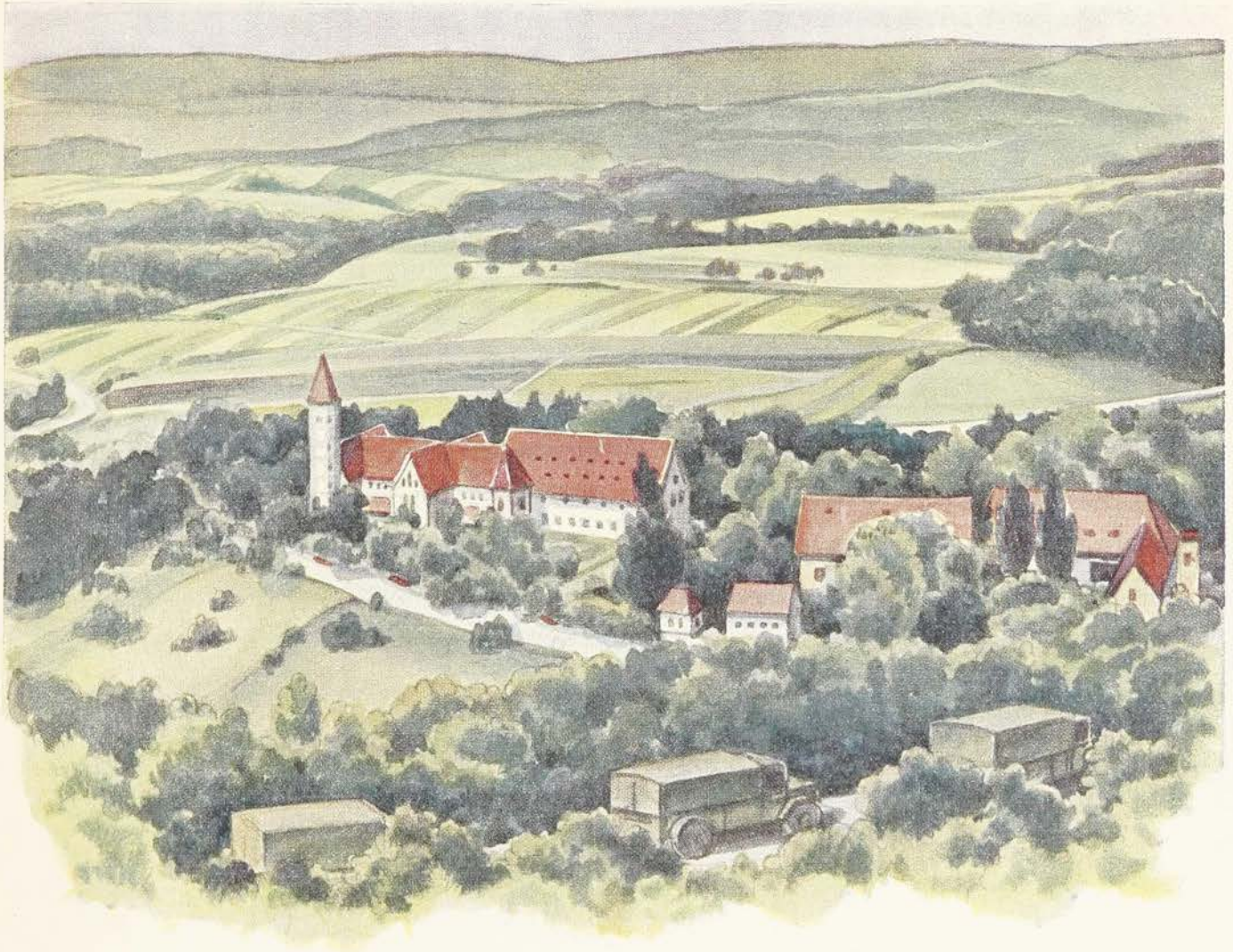
form went ahead. But with the abrupt end of the Japanese war, the daily schedule called for physical conditioning and I and E. We were no longer necessary as a combat unit; the goal had been achieved and the few months that lay ahead of us were dedicated to a period of tapering off.

When we leave the army, many memories will stand out in our minds. For some there will be the unpleasant side; for some the friendship and good times; for most the realization that Victory and our consequent return home have been affected in a small but vital way through our efforts. As it stands this history is a record of all three.





Service Battery



Service Battery

Activation

A truck convoy is coming up the serpent-like road — it seems to be headed this way. A group of soldiers can be seen — the mark of anticipation is written on their faces. They are the new G.I.s with high points, who have come to take the place of some of our buddies who were less fortunate. For several weeks now, at different intervals, some of the fellows with whom we've lived — with whom we've worked — with whom we've fought, have left us — transferred. Some who even were members of the Division since activation.

Fort Jackson

"Fort Jackson" — 1942. At this time the Battalion was just getting organized under the able direction of Colonel **Liles** and his staff of regulars and ninety-day wonders. Lieutenant **Greene**, the original, even-tempered BC of the battery, got the men fresh from civilian life properly acclimated to that of the Army but quick. We all remember his helmet liner (poor beat up hat that it was); how he used to send it crashing against the earth with one herculean throw, causing it to break in many shreddy pieces, whenever the wrong execution during drill was committed by any unfortunate individual. Yes, it was he who really started the ball rolling in making Service Battery the well trained, well disciplined, well organized unit that it is today . . . the envy of all others. Despite his acerbity, his violent outbursts, his seeming hardness, he had gained the respect and eventually the friendship of every man in the battery.

Much happened under the reign of this Benevolent Despot that will always be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present at the time. First to arrive upon activation was the cadre which then consisted of such famous people as, **Massucci**, **Cahilly**, **Hollar**, and **Fazzio**. Next came the "coolie" personnel made up of two lonely privates, **McKee** and **Bystrom**. They were immediately initiated into this friendly organization by being given a broom and told, "GI the barracks!" Their only compensation was that such members of the higher brackets as, **Fazzio** and **Zambrano**, were on a coal detail, while **Hollar** and **Massucci** had to repair stoves. Later, **Hollar**, became a driving instructor, while poor obfuscated **Fazzio** was given the job of drilling the men. **Fazzio** came to the outfit as an automotive partsman and didn't know a thing about



drilling, so he was obliged to study feverishly, the field manual by night, and drill the men by day.

All of us remember **Harekel**, our MP loving cook who was fit to be tied when he

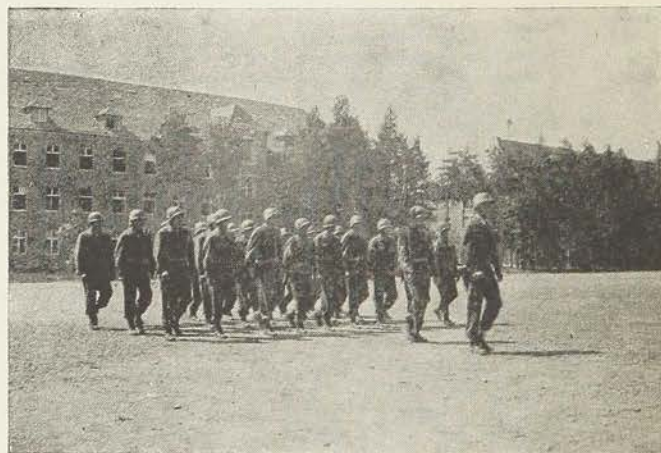


was told that he was being transferred to the MP's; and how embarrassed he was when he spilled gravy on the General's freshly cleaned blouse while serving him one Xmas dinner. Nor will we forget **Streety Young** and his midget fox holes which always measured 8 ft. in diameter and 12 ft. in depth. Then there was **Fiorello**, who got shot in the leg while on the infiltration course (Service Battery's first casualty).

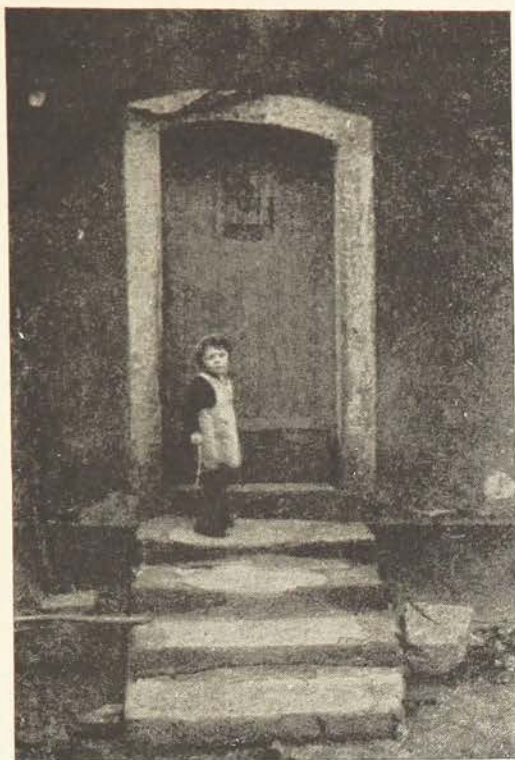
Never to be forgotten will be those omnipresent "D" problems when **Lewis** and **Moore** had to leave from the CP at 2330 to make the ration trip to the batteries under blackout regulations. Usually, they got to bed at 0600 only to be awakened at 0700 by Mr. **Rickey** to do calisthenics. The only way to get some sleep was to hide from Mr. "R".

Service Battery lost all of its original officers while at Jackson. We will never forget some of the days when Lieutenants **Keiffer**, **Janowitz**, **Jacobs** and **Hanson** were bustling around, and of course, there was always Mr. **Ricci** . . . excuse me Mr. **Rickey**. Lieutenant **Beal** followed Captain **Greene** and in August, Lieutenant **Howells** became BC and stayed awhile.

Memories . . . Memories . . . Could we ever forget the time that we were called upon to guard the President's train, and the night that Lieutenant **Hanson** snuggled into his bed roll after a cold damp tour of guard, only to wake up the next morning and find himself in the warm embraces of the cobra-like puff adder. And what about our first non-abstemious party with all that beer and those de-li-cious-T-bone steaks. That was the time that Capt. **Greene** received a beautifully wrapped package, which upon opening, found it to contain the remainders of a helmet liner, nestled among the tissue. A little



prior to this time **Magnuski** joined the clan, and after several days of KP, which, much to his dismay found it not to be policing the kitchen as he had thought, but the



scrubbing of dirty pots and greasy pans, he was given a bugle by the BC and told that he would be Bugler. Until this day one can hear the bird-like notes emanating from the hollow of the horn.

Maneuvers

Mud, rain, cold, hard work, and week-ends in **Nashville** all went to make up one of the most unforgettable memories of our life . . . "The **Tennessee Maneuvers**."

Those who worked with the Ammunition Train will especially have vivid memories of long rides over narrow muddy roads, ASPs on top of hills, and the turning around of trucks and trailers on roads the size of city alleys. The sight of **Angel, Hollar, and Meem** pulling into the bivouac area with fifteen trucks and trailers attached, expecting to get some sleep after two nights of continuous

driving through muck and rain, only to find a message waiting for them — "Get more Ammo!"

Dark? I'll say it was dark! Ask **Axler**, who left the kitchen one night to fetch five gallons of water. He managed to get to the water tank but couldn't find his way back; and it wasn't until the next morning that he was found by two scouts asleep in the mud, two buckets of water along-side of him, fifty yards away from the CP. Or ask **Zambrano** and **Powell** whose heads just missed the wheels of a 2½ ton truck by a matter of inches when two GI's almost ran over them while they were soundly sleeping in their tent. Or ask **McKee** who was asleep sixteen yards from the motor pool and had an entire battery looking for him for over an hour . . . until they finally gave up and left him deep in the arms of Morpheus.

At about this time **Rickey, Charney, and Quail & Company** were busy with their kitchen rations, water runs and clothing issues. **Covey** and his crew were going full blast even on week-ends, trying to keep the trucks running, delivering gallons of gas, evacuating vehicles, and hauling Lieutenant **Goss's** packages of food and stuff sent by his mother from **Waterbury**.



"We're Buddies aint we?" **Fazzio** after a 20 mile ride to reach a destination $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away from the starting point, observing all blackout regulations, was heard to say



upon completion of this problem, "You can tell my grandchildren that I crossed a pontoon bridge by day and by night."

Christmas dinner in the mud was especially miserable. Eating turkey with gravy and rain water was anything but pleasant; being drenched to the skin and having to trudge for miles through slush and mud to get your chow was rough; and cold dishwater-like coffee was sickening.

Lo Cascio dropped his coriaceous-like turkey leg in the mud, but hunger being what it was with him, picked it up and gobbled it down, mud and all.

Oh how good the news was that we would go to Bragg in the arenaceous sections of **North Carolina** . . . No More Mud!!!

Fort Bragg

Fort Bragg was located near the wilds of **Fayetteville** in **North Carolina** and was truly the GI's paradise. It was here that **McKee** became the proud husband of a fair damsel. What an occasion that was, too! Wedding bells were ringing from everywhere; cherubs were flying about; the world was made for love, and love for the world. **Hollar, Charney, Krowka, Meem** and **Perry** had all obeyed Cupid's call and now it was Mac's turn. He married this bubbling bride in the simple fashion afforded by the chapel located on the post . . . but the reception which followed later was anything but simple and a grand time was had by all. **Maggy** will never forget it, for it was then that Mac's sister and the wives of **Hollar, Cahilly, Charney** and **Fazzio** smothered him with kisses. When he finally emerged, his face was completely covered with Cupid's Bows, and on **Maggy** somehow they looked good.

Remember the "Great Milo?" A wrestler who offered anybody the sum of one hundred smackers if he could stay in the ring with him for three rounds.



Our own Fighting Irishman **O'Callahan** accepted the challenge. Bravely he entered the ring (the mere 250 pound lad that he was) and faced this giant made up of steel and



muscle. The spectators were tense. They feared for their champion; but soon the bout was over and **O'Callahan** came out of the ring one hundred dollars richer. What a day it was for **Cal**. The General personally congratulated him and parties and celebrations were held for him everywhere.

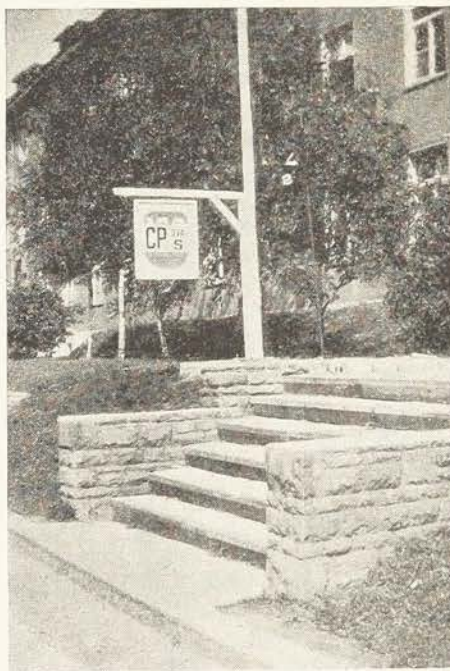
It was here at **Bragg** too, that **Hogerhuis** had his "Come Hither" Buick convertible; that **Spital** made a twenty-five mile hike and was awarded the Ranger badge; and where **Maggy** "The Coca Cola King" and **Cahilly** spent the better part of their lives under two circus-like tents packing and crating for the trip overseas.

Preparation

When we received our alert in **Bragg**, we were notified at the same time that censorship of mail would start so that we were unable to contact our friends or relatives to tell them of our destination. — Where? — No one knew but many supposititious rumors were flying around like wildfire and for any man's guess it was **Kilmer**.

Kilmer could be found on a map just a little west of **Jersey City** — it was a rather large POE and just stocked with nothing. On occasion, some celebrated stage or screen star would be present and they would have big doings at the "Bowl". On this night **Jinx Falkenburg** and **Pat O'Brien** were scheduled to appear but as was presupposed something turned up which necessitated changing their plans. Those lucky enough contented themselves with the post movie while others fought their way through the crowds in the PX's to get a beer — or a box of ice cream.

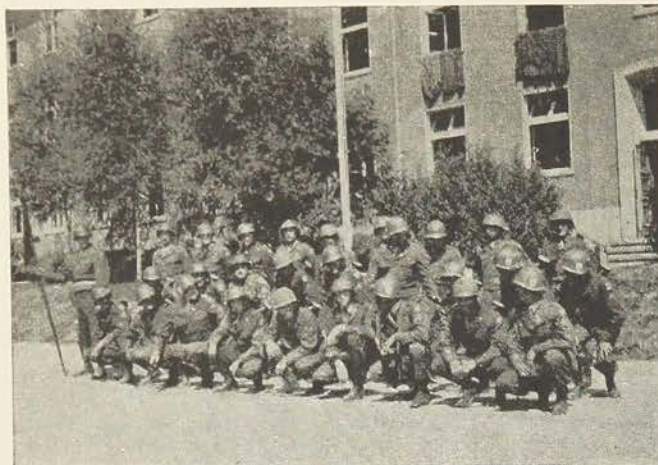
The next morning we were warned that we would be subjected to a thorough physical exam to be followed by a strict IG checking of clothing and equipment by a high ranking army official. So — spit and polish, soap and brush, we readied ourselves for this event. The physical exam came at about 2030 and consisted of the doctor glancing at us and seeing if we could breathe — if we had at least one eye and three



good teeth. Everyone passed with flying colors. — and we were classified as fit for combat duty. Early the next morning we had our IG inspection — which was conducted

by a vicarious Pfc. (so called high ranking official) who found everything to be in order and neatly arranged according to manual.

In the latter part of the morning we were all marched in formation to an adjacent barrack where we were oriented in the use of the life preserver and other safety equipment. The lecturer demonstrated the proper method of applying ones' self to the life belt and the emergency rations



which were to be found in a rather large row boat in the event of some climactic catastrophe which might have occurred at sea. He later directed us to a barren piece of land save for a simulated wooden boat kept afloat in a huge tank of water. We were instructed to climb aboard this monstrosity and descend by means of the rope net which shook at every step as if it had the St. Vitus — or by shinning down the cordage — into a life boat.

The afternoon was spent with the learning of how to put and adjust on ones face the newly designed gas masks — by the numbers.

That evening was the first time that men were allowed to go home on pass. Preference was given to men who resided in the immediate area of the Metropolitan district although several passes were given to those who lived at a further distance. Of course, it was the same old question of knowing the "Top Kick," and then only if you were lucky could you go home.

The afternoon of the following day was entirely taken up with a dry run for boarding a train. The setting for this scene was a one man made wooden train, in a huge open field surrounded by thousands of GI's. Everyone was given a number and told which seat to take so that congestion and delay would be eliminated



when we actually did board the train. The act was a huge success and the actors all went home confident that they knew their lines and position on stage. Truthfully

the entire POE was one big stage play and usually lended itself towards farce. The next morning — at about 0400, I think it was, the battery was gently awakened by the nymph-like voice of the First Sergeant and told to make haste — for we were to be ready to leave within the hour.



Leaving **Kilmer** — the last American Camp we would see for a long time — but we were so rushed we didn't have time to think about such things — our main concern was to be ready on time — and to this we were determined.

Once again strict censorship was enforced and we were not permitted in any way to contact any of our close ones to give them the slightest idea of where we were heading.

The battery was formed and we marched off to the wooden trains connecting New Jersey with New York. We were all rehearsed and ready to make a hit on boarding the train — but as usual something unforeseen happened and we boarded said train in a desultory helter-skelter fashion not giving any thought to seat or number. — The sardine can-like compartments afforded little comforts and it was only with one energetic motion of the arm or leg that one could prevent himself from getting cramps. To get up and have a drink of water was impossible — and was soon obliterated from everyones mind.

We headed for the New York docks.

After many prolix hours of riding like a squashed oyster in a serried Toonerville folk train and a dilapidated decrepit ferry, we arrived on the docks of **New York**. There we found our ship, "The **USAT George Washington**", waiting for us.

The **USAT Washington**, was in the last war one of the German Luxury Liners, and now was serving as a Military vessel to transport American soldiers to the ETO. On the docks we were greeted by a Red Cross band and several of its feminine workers who passed out dough-nuts, coffee and Hershey's chocolates to us before we boarding the boat.



On the boat we were conducted to our semi-sequestered, semi-private, state rooms, housing only 500. The hammocks were of hard canvas, set up as triple deckers and very

snugly put together. It was then that we found that we were to act as the guards throughout the voyage.

Being the first on the boat, we were forced to wait several days while the rest of



the outfits came aboard. Then came the time when we were to shove off. Everyone was instructed to remain in his quarters and not to venture out on deck — so it was impossible for any one to see the **Statue of Liberty**, save those whose posts were on the outer deck — for example there was "Maudlin **Magnuski**," who stared at the Statue and felt that he was saying, "au revoir" to one of his dearest friends.

On board ship there was plenty doing, thanks to the ship's Captain and the Special Service Officer. French classes were conducted daily by **Dilopoulo**, having among his pupils, General **Burress**. Often they discussed the French people together — their customs, their language and how they expected to find them. The General had been in France during the last war — and was stationed in **Cologne** with the Army of Occupation for several years. Napoleon, as **Dilopoulo** was often called, had majored in French throughout college so that together they discussed the France of today and of yesteryear ab initio, ad finem.

Gambler **Buffo**, spent most of his time with a pack of cards in one hand and a pair of dice in his other, cleaning out the pockets of all ambitious GIs. **Kohn** acted as MP in the Officer's Mess and was one of the few lucky enough to eat the white stuff called ice cream. **Howell** took sick and remained for the most part in the confinement of his quarters.

Happy **O'Callahan**, once washed his head under the cold water of the ship's showers, forgetting it was salt water and that cold water would be the worst possible for it — he busily got to making a lather — what a surprise he received when upon finishing his task he tried to rinse it off and found that he couldn't. For days after that **Cal** walked around with his titian locks standing straight on end, as if he had seen a ghost.



Lieutenant "Shakespeare" **Goss** — took to writing a book of his experiences but was interrupted one day by what he thought to be enemy subs. With all the celerity attributed to an antelope he took to his cabin and watched the oncoming hoardes. Slowly they approached the boat until finally they were completely visible. **Goss** was ready to give the alarm; but, just as he was heading towards the captain's cabin he took another look and saw that the oncoming subs were not subs at all but were a school of frightened absquatulating porpoises, who were excited because of the explosion of a nearby burning tanker. With a sigh of relief, he



picked up his paper and pencil and continued work on his book. Go to it — George!

The following evening we landed off **Marseilles**, where we were transported to the main land by LCT boats during an unforeseen air raid. (Our First real one.)

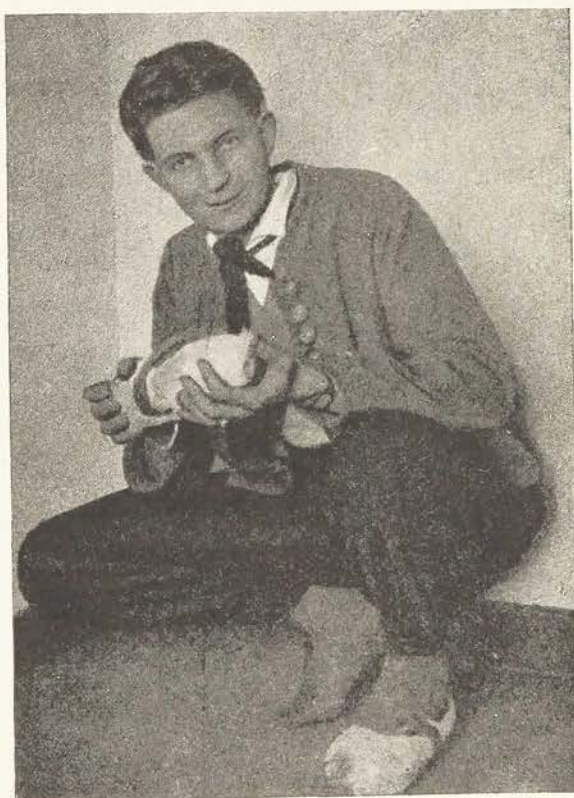
Marseilles

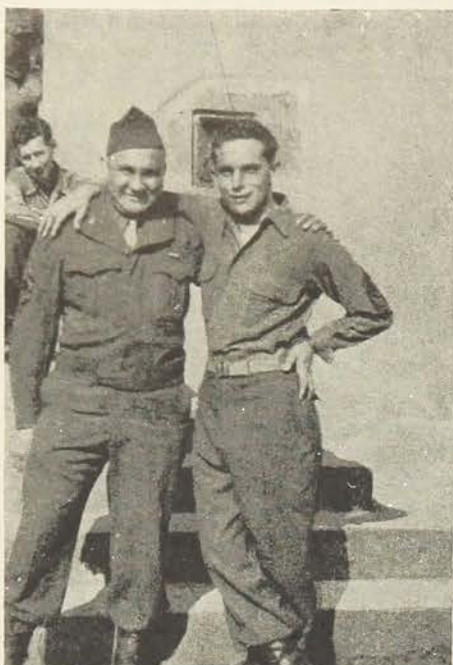
We arrived on the beach of **Marseilles** in the dead of night and were met with a thundering silence — save for the all clear signal given in the distance.

Our BC told us that we were not to remain in this city but in a neighboring community just a few kilometers away — so we picked up our duds and headed, "Toot sweet," for this haven called "**Septèmes**." The hike was rather quiet. We saw or heard nothing except an occasional gamin begging for cigarettes or chocolate or the sycophantic laughter of some village coquette.

Finally we came to what was to be our sleeping quarters and found it to be a huge muddy field 14 miles from **Marseilles** (just a few kilometers away — huh?) **Septèmes** found us an asthenic and dirty lot but we opened our bed rolls and went to sleep, feeling at home as on maneuvers. To add insult to injury the clouds opened fire on us and sent down a cold penetrating rain.

No one slept that night — so the follow-





ing day preparations were made for more comforts. Pyramidal tents were put up for the CP's and latrines while 2 GI's shared a pup tent. The only sturdy shelter was made of wood and that was used for the kitchen. "C" rations and bitter coffee became our daily menu.

Surrounding our area were supposed to have been unswept mines — and the men were warned of this — but the weapons that proved to be the most dangerous were our own man-made sump holes. "Chow chow" **Goss** can easily tell you this, for it was he who while rushing to chow one dark evening didn't see the hole and fell head first into it, mess kit and all. When he finally got out, he looked like a "vitamin salad" — still holding his mess kit. Needless to say, the following morning a detail was formed to build a fence around it.

Our stay in **Marseilles** was very short and only long enough to do some uncrating and assembling of equipment for our entry into combat which was very soon to prove itself a reality.

Initiation

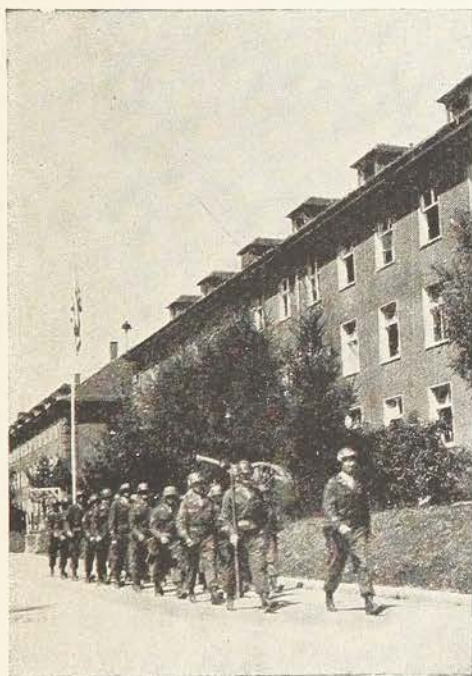
On October 31st we left our bivouac area and headed up along the **Rhone** to our point of rendezvous. The trees were all in their autumn attire and it wasn't rare for one to see what appeared to be a golden tree tinted with specks of red, green and brown, haloed by the sun. It was an Elysian sight indeed. We passed through several famous French cities like those of **Dijon**, **Valence**, and **Avignon** but our first meeting place was in the little town of **St. Hélène**, just south of the city of **Baccarat** (Crystal center of the world). It was here that we first heard the fulmination of our own 155's and thinking it was an enemy shell coming in, such valiants as, "Russko" **Spital**, "I'm still a civilian at heart" **Howells**, "You're a great bunch of men" **Meem**, and "Pumpkin" **O'Donohue**, took for the mud in a fraction of a second while your author didn't move an inch. He couldn't, he was paralyzed to the spot and thought for the moment that he was nearing the gates of St. Peter — or was it h — ?





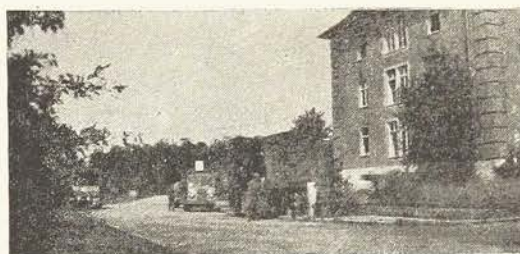
and **Kohn** went out to deliver water and made a few wrong turns. Had not an alert doughboy noticed them and warned them that they were nearing the front line, they might be playing harps instead of Gin Rummy.

At **Belval** near **Strassbourg**, our next stop, the ammunition train was on the go day and night



Our next move was to **Bru** where we were lulled to sleep by Bed Check Charlie. It was here that, "Playful" **Bonderowitz** spied some delicious looking grapes hanging on a nearby vine. Unable to resist temptation he decided to pick them — at the same time setting off a mine a hundred yards away. For weeks later Willie couldn't look another grape in the face. **O'Callahan** and **Dym** for the first time saw in action the power of the shu-mine when a medic accidentally stepped on one. It cost him the loss of one limb.

After leaving **Bru** we went to **Baccarat** and then to **Saint Blaise**, near **Raôn L'Etape**, where there were beaucoup Mademoiselles. **Helms** was given his first Kraut prisoners to guard. **Scheiner** saw his first dead German! During the stay here one night, **Ferguson**



preparing for the prelude to receiving its share of the Bulge.

Off to **Mittelbronn** where **Scheiner** met his brother for the first time in two years. **Covey** and **Goss** were collecting civilian autos while "Burly" **Grimes** a firm believer in the GNP (Good Neighbor Policy) received two quarts of milk daily — to drink.

Weinsberg — and Suzanna, Lucie and Marie, three girls of the Hill — ask the Battalion Motor Section about them. **Hogerhuis'** hill billy serenading came in handy at this point. — One night while **Field** and **Housman** were on guard they thought they heard a german receiving set — but upon investigation found it to be an alarm clock. . . Service Battery was now a haven for FO's, although the electric and gas comforts were in a state of flux.



Christmas Day found us in **Ratzweiler**. The meal was excellent (as non GI as possible) — and beaucoup liquor to wash it down with. **Fazzio** and **LoCascio** were quite happy that night, and **Tony** went over to the BC and saying, "Who is this guy?" the gave him a terrific wallop on the back and caused him to spill coffee on himself.

While the others were busily enjoying themselves in the refectory, **Maggy** and **Gary** were left alone guarding the CP. **Gary**, as Sgts of the guard usually do, was sitting by the fire reading the Stars and Stripes. While **Maggy** was knee deep in snow outside — finger on trigger waiting to hear the slightest sign of movement. Suddenly — as if from nowhere, flames appeared from a nearby house. **Maggy** notified **Gary**, who took over his post, while **Maggy**

went bucket in one hand, jeep fire extinguisher in the other, to put out the fire. With the aid of the master of the house, he finally succeeded in doing this and received as a reward for heroism not only the encomium due him but a bottle of schnapps and the good will of the owner's two daughters.

Graduation

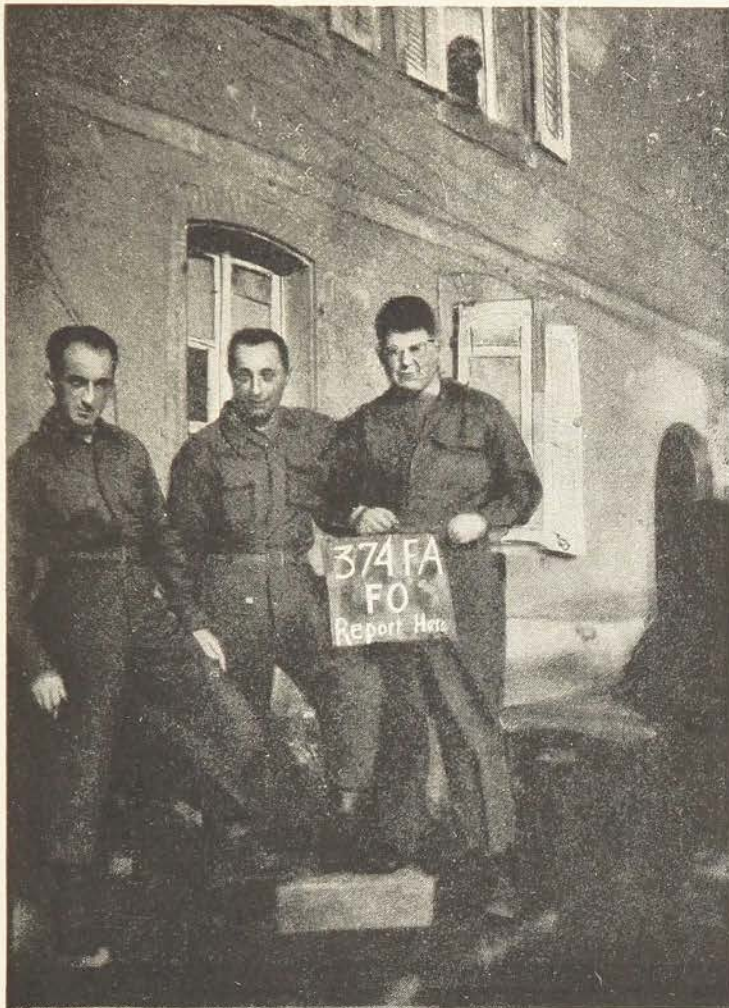
New Years was spent in **Rexingen**. It was here that the much prognosticated bulge finally became a reality and caught the unit in the state of merriment. Everyone was having a delicious mid-nite snack, welcoming in the New Year when suddenly a terrific barrage of enemy fire came in. Everyone ran to his post. During the course of events **Goss** and **Fazzio** went out on a reconnaissance when suddenly an enemy plane appeared — **Goss** jumped behind a tree and shot at the plane with his pistol, as a German mortar shell landed nearby, the next moment all that was to be seen of "Ostrich" **Fazzio** were his legs. The rest of his body was safely hidden in a nearby drain pipe.



Sarre Union followed as the next place suitable for the CP. The same night that the CP was moved to this spot, the famous paratrooper scare came and everyone from

buck private to silver leaf Colonel was up and on the alert. It was from here that **O'Donohue**, Service Battery's agent, went to deliver a message to the Battalion, CP at **Bining**. In the words of Pumpkin . . .

"In the little town of **Bining**, France something happened that I will never forget. It was the worst feeling a man could ever have and I thought I was going to be killed. It



all took place in one day. In the morning I was on my way to the firing batteries when two German planes descended and opened fire on me. They were so close I could have practically hit them with my carbine. No, I didn't get hit! Then in the evening another plane came over and dropped a 500 pound bomb three doors from me. Once again I escaped receiving injuries. Again that night the Germans shelled us with 280's. No, I didn't get hit but after that day it was like a pass to **Paris** to get back as far as **Sarre Union**." Pill boxes served as CP's in **Petit Rederching** for very little was left of the town and what ever bit was left was crowded with three or four families, and their few belongings. At one time Jerry planes strafed our position and one GI made a beautiful swan dive into a swill pile. Casualties — one pair of new OD's — ruined.

Termination

Bitche finally fell — the **Maginot** was pierced. Then the "Rat Race" began. **Mussbach** was the first German city in which the CP was located. Here it was in the R. R. Station.

For the first time in months liquor of all kinds was to be seen and tasted by the EM. The battery acquired a power plant and a very convenient kitchen trailer.

At **Kircharadt** once again the ammo train was kept busy day and night hauling ammo from **Mannheim** to the battery. During one of those trips **Moore's** jeep was hit by a bullet. As quick as a flash **Moore** was on the ground forgetting to turn the ignition off.

Quail and **Paraszczuk**, while on the ration run, came across a German soldier. Before one could say "Jack Robinson" **Quail** took out his trusty 45 and with a quivering voice and rhumba beating knees he said "Ha and Ho Höch".



The Battle of **Heilbronn** was fought and won. Soon the CP moved here. Although there was much shelling of the town there was also much liquor and many souvenirs to compensate — By the way who does have those Stamps?

Wustenrot, **Rechenbach** were next occupied by Service Battery — At **Rechenbach** the CP was in a Maneur House. Most of the people lived in air raid shelters. **Meem** had to shoot

in the street to get the people in their houses. They were that interested in seeing the "Amerikanishe Soldaten." At this point **Samas**, lived like a king with silk quilts — foot comforters — sheets and pillow cases.

On a hill at one end of **Backnang** was to be found our next position. The kitchen was situated in a Kindergarten Schule where the walls were decorated with murals of fabled characters. "Dali" **Buffo** used to spend hours each day painting these characters as he thought they should look — Red Riding Hood with a big black moustache and the wolf smoking a cigar.

It was at **Plochingen** that we readied ourselves for a grand entrance into the streets of **Stuttgart** — and most of our stay was filled with details of cleaning trucks, equipment and the like.

We didn't get to **Stuttgart**. It seems the French hadn't heard of our plans and had



decided to occupy the town before we could make our appearance. So we went to the vicinage of **Sillenbuch**. In this town lived the sister of Field Marshall Rommel. One of the most humiliating things happened to us. The entire battalion was lined up so that a querulous civilian could walk up and down the ranks and try to choose the guy who committed the crime of rape. Fortunately none of us were guilty of this.

Soon we left this mad dream and went to the town of **Rechberghausen**. It was here that we received the exultant news that Hitler was dead and Peace was Declared.



Occupation

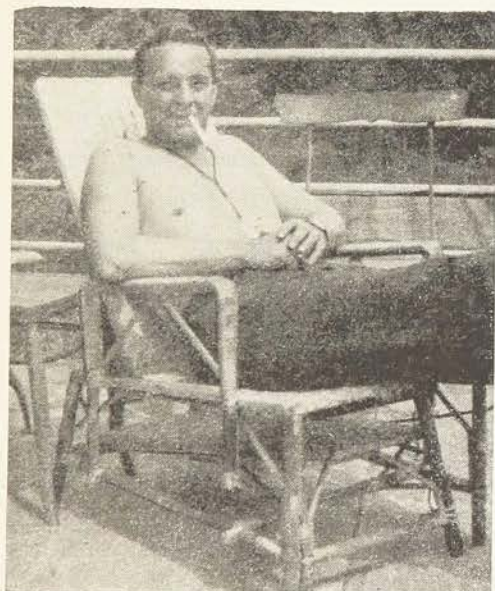
From **Rechberghausen** we went once again to a wide open field where we were forced to display all our belongings so that a search could be made, for some stamps that some raucous "Kraut" claimed was stolen by a member of our unit. It was the most heinous crime perpetrated by any individual upon another — but once again we proved that we were of sturdier stuff. Nothing was found — no one from our unit had taken them — and the plundering Krauts were wrong again.

We bivouaced in this area for one night. Some of us were called upon to guard an ammunition train that was abandoned on the tracks a few kilometers away.

The next day found us in **Lorch**, in a medieval castle once said to be inhabited by the great Fredrich of Barbarossa. We had our own private cloister, museum and garden. All the conveniences of home were present. **Al Ross**, our mail clerk, became good friends with a bird which he once treated for a broken wing while yet a fledgling. He kept it in the attic and used to visit it daily at feeding time. He later gave the bird its freedom but it always returned to him.

Boblingen was the last stop — and it is from there that this book is being written — redeployment has been started — our buddies are leaving — we are sweating out the shipments but with happy hearts and a bright outlook to the future we are looking toward home and the time when we will all be out of khaki and living our normal lives once again.





Medical Detachment



Medical Detachment

It is a difficult task, especially when one is not present to witness the goings on, to write of the initial activities of this medical detachment, from the division's activation to the time we inductees were finally selected to serve as medics for the battalion. So, we'll start with the opening words of the bible — "In the beginning was the word" — and that word was **Dawson** and **Jaccorina**. They were the cadre for this outfit and they constantly reminded us of that fact, also, that their word was law. But some of the boys had a tendency to forget quickly, especially since they were still civilians at heart, and as a result, the dispensary was always provided with a mopping and dusting detail.

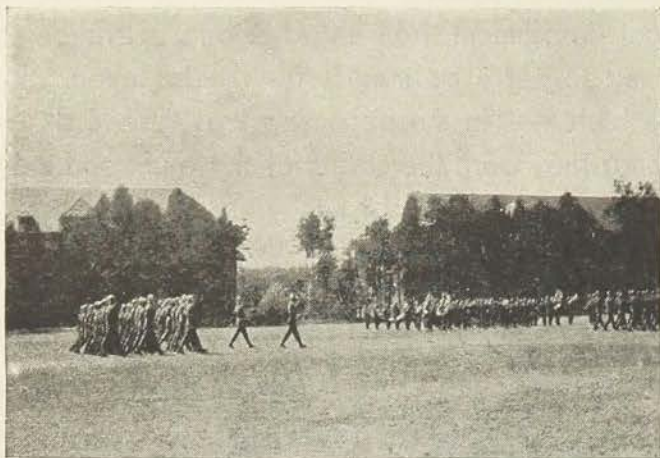
Basic training at **Fort Jackson**, South Carolina was pretty tough. The medics learned soldiering with Service Battery, then under the command of Capt. **Allen Greene**. We studied Anatomy, Physiology, and Materia Medica under the supervision of our medical officer, Lieutenant **Herbert Mores**, and all the other medical officers in Division Artillery. Toward the end of March, 1943, after a lot of hard work in the form of drilling, road marches, obstacle courses, and of course, not overlooking KP and the study of our medical work, we completed our basic period in good form.

The following months found us on numerous combat team problems intermingled with furloughs. Then too, this was the period that we lost some of our medics. The detachment consisted of:

Kenneth E. Best	John F. Corcoran	Vincent R. Marrone	Evert G. Olsen
Herbert L. Bornstein	Linwood B. Dawson	Joseph Napoli	George E. Richardson



About the middle of November 1943, with then Lieutenant **Kenneth Prince** in command of the medical detachment, we said goodbye to **Fort Jackson** and headed for the **Tennessee Maneuvers**, where we were to prove just how effective our training had been.



Living out in the cold, rain, and snow really toughened the lot of us more than we realized at the time for the hardships we were to endure in combat.

The one thing that griped the medics most during maneuvers was that the umpires would go around tagging a half dozen "wounded"

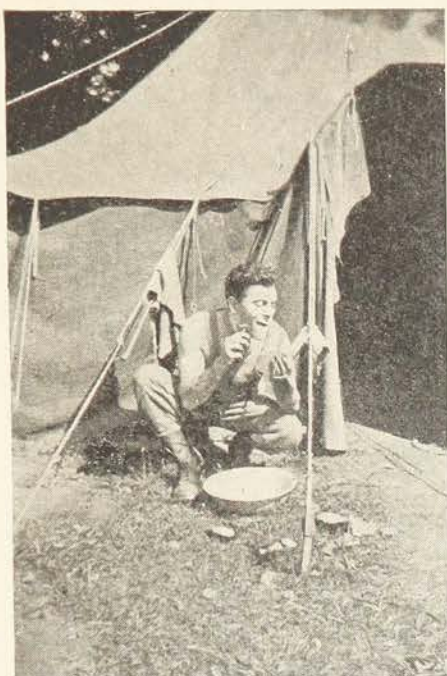
soldiers about the time everyone was ready to move on a "Close Station March Order" and all the wounded would have penetrating wounds, with fractures of the left femur. Occasionally, they would tag a man with a fractured forearm or chest injury — but this was not common.

The 17th of January, 1944, saw the end of maneuvers, and we headed east toward **Fort Bragg, North Carolina**, a weary and dirty lot. Boy, it sure felt good to take a shower again, and it took quite some time to get used to those beds, too! Then more furloughs . . .

From that time on, activities were varied, but it all pointed in one direction — getting ready for the real thing. And then, one day it came — the band was playing "Over There". It was then that most of us realized what our future course would be. We, too, were wondering just how we would react to combat. It was during this period that Lieutenant **Dean F. Nelson** came to us. He was destined to command the detachment throughout the battle campaigns of the 100th Division.

The following days were full of confusion, commotion, and sea sickness. Then, we landed at **Marseilles, France**. It sure felt good to be back on terra firma again. After 10 days of earnest work uncrating and readying our vehicles, supplies, and equipment, we were set for the long motor march to the battle front. Our vehicles and helmets were resplendent in their newly acquired red crosses. The EM's ribbed us about it with "You're an easy mark for a sniper" — but we could just laugh it off.





Our route to the "front" took us along the **Rhone River Valley**, through the cities of **Dijon** and **Valence**. It was on this road march that everyone saw some of the ravages of war — the destroyed bridges, homes, shell craters, and a grave occasionally where a mighty superman had fallen. We knew that the front was very close now for the booming of artillery pieces was apparent, and here and there would be a sign warning of the presence of mines which had not yet been cleared. At dusk, after a 3 day trip, we reached our bivouac area in the woods outside of **St. Hélène**.

Our first move in combat was made into **St. Benoit** where we saw our first German planes skim over the area. Most of the fellows looked up in wonderment not realizing the immediate danger — that the jerries were still able to get some planes into the air.

Subsequent moves were made to **Baccarat**, **Bertrichamps**, where we had our first baptism of enemy fire, and **Raôn L'Etape** which opened the gateway to the **Vosges Mountains**. The campaign ran smoothly for us until we arrived at **Les Voitines** where several casualties were brought into the aid station, including a rifleman wounded by a mortar fragment, and a French civilian shot by the jerries as they retreated. Our furthest penetration into the **Vosges** was at **Plaine**, where we were ordered back with the battalion to **Raôn L'Etape** to await further orders.

Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves beyond **Sarrebourg** in the town of **Neiderschulzbach**. Our aid station was located in the house of **Jacob Klein**, Postmaster. He was our house boy in a sense, for he kept the stove going all the time, and saw to it that plenty of fresh fruit was always available on the table. Every night he would provide, out of his generous heart, a little night cap of red or white wine. It was here that on a



bright Sunday morning, a lone jerry plane streaked out of the blue to strafe the immediate area. That same night German artillery came down on us, and **Jacob**, in his old fashion-



ed nightgown, came into our room very much upset and yelled, "Herr doctor, Die Deutsche Soldat schissen in hier — Kommen sie im kellar!" He was waved off and the men continued to sleep amidst the crescendo of whining 88's. Our next set-up in **Schillersdorf** wasn't very good and the only remembrance of that place was that our medical officer was promoted to Captain.

Then came a rapid series of moves until we reached **Hasselthal**, a hamlet not far from the **Maginot** stronghold of **Bitche**. It was near here

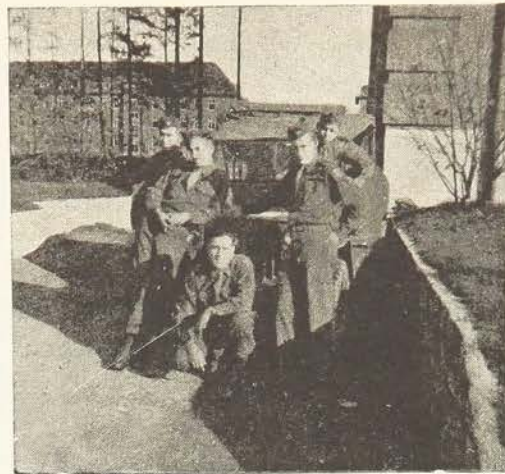
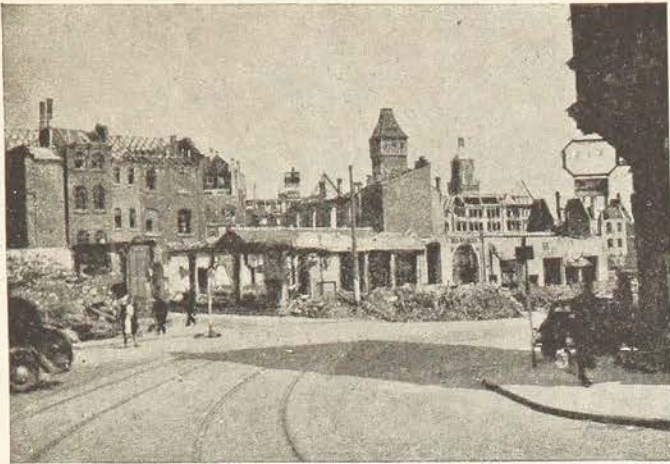
that a Headquarters wire jeep was blown up by a mine. First aid was administered to three men and they were evacuated to the rear. Two of the batteries and the aid station displaced forward much closer to the fortress of **Bitche** for tactical purposes, and the small group of medics dug laboriously into the side of a hill for two days to provide a reasonably safe shelter for the aid station. This area was fairly active, and every so often the enemy would send some 88's in just to let us know that he was still in the fight. The night with its accompanying wailing and roaring of shells overhead was grotesque indeed — like a bad dream. A week of that sort of thing and we were ordered to another sector. On Xmas Eve we moved into **Binning**.

Xmas was spent pleasantly singing carols with the Alsations, but the evening was shortlived when a collision of vehicles occurred on the hill near Battalion Headquarters, and the medics rushed up to administer first aid.

On January 1st, 1945, the medical detachment was called upon to supply aid men to the infantry medics due to heavy casualties there. **Herbert Bornstein**, **Kenneth Best**, and **John Corcoran** were selected for the transfer to the



397th medics. This was the first sign of the original medics breaking up. The period from New Year's Day to January 15th, 1945, was a hectic one, for we endured strafings,



bombings, and shellings — from 88's to the 210 variety. Word of infiltrating Germans reached us and we were given an order to be ready to move at any time. No doubt the move would have been an advance backwards.

During this time, replacements for the medical detachment were recruited from the battalion. **John Caruso** came from "A" Battery; **Edward Kraus** was formerly with "B" Battery; and **Peter Elsbury** was from "C" Battery. These men were new to the job as medic and the aid station personnel set about teaching them the ropes. After a brief period of learning, these men were sent to their respective batteries to act as aid men under the direction of experienced eyes.

When the situation quieted down, we took up new positions in **Petit Rederching**, with our aid station in a pill box of the **Maginot Line**. We stayed in that spot for six weeks, and only an occasional shelling or strafing would break the monotony of remaining in one place so long.

On March 15th, 1945, after two days of continuous artillery preparation and air bombings, our division moved forward to probe the defenses of the **Siegfried Line**, and consequently, made several short moves until we reached **Waldhausen** — the last French



city before Germany. It was here that the aid station was shaken a bit when a shell landed about twenty feet away. We thought that the cellar was a better place to



be in, but upon inspection of the dirty lower quarters, we decided to take our chances by remaining in the room we had. That night the jerries blasted the town with over two hundred shells, but no damage was suffered by us other than that the Geneva Flag was torn to shreds.

Late one afternoon we started out on what was to be a three day dash across the **Rhineland**. The highlights of that trip were the Dragon's Teeth of the **Siegfried Line** — how they stood out in the light of that brilliant moon; the dozens of dead Germans strewn along our path who fought so vainly; and the bewildered civilians who were hanging up the white flags of surrender. Upon arrival at **Oggersheim**, Germany, which was about one kilometer from the Rhine River, a building was commandeered to

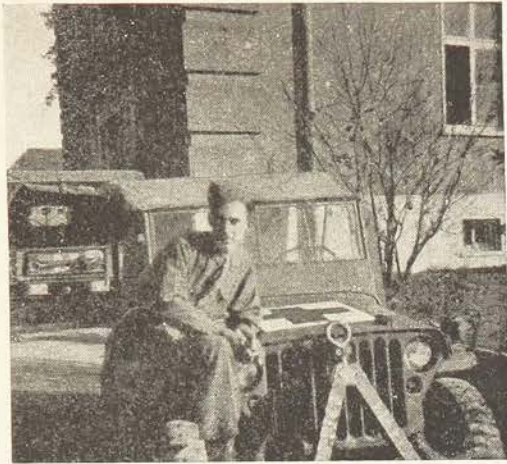
house the aid station. It was there that we had our first real rest since coming into combat.

After six days of rest we proceeded deeper into the heart of Germany. The Rhine River was crossed via a pontoon bridge which was within the shadow of the once majestic span that connected **Ludwigshafen** and **Mannheim**. Our route was for the most part in a south-easterly direction to the town of **Sinsheim** where we remained overnight. This time the aid station was amidst more comfortable settings. It was fun to settle back in a big soft divan again, but it made us think of home. It wasn't long after we set up station that an emergency had occurred. A "C" Battery truck had detonated a mine which resulted in two casualties. They were given first aid and evacuated to the Collecting Company. A short while later, another mine was detonated by a Headquarters jeep bearing an officer and two enlisted men who were laying communication lines. To our regret one man was dead, the other dying, and the third badly wounded. All means were taken to make evacuation as rapid as possible in an effort to save them.



CSMO came early next morning, and we departed towards **Heilbronn**. Somewhere along the route, infantry piled into the vehicles and the men sensed that some sort of

task force was in the offing. Atop a hill, we could see that a town located just over the ridge to our right was being attacked. The nearness of the sound of machine guns and detonating shells made us a bit uneasy.



The convoy was stalled a few hundred yards up the road, and then it happened — the jerries were trying to adjust artillery fire on that conglomeration of vehicles. Luckily the rounds were all over the target, but the shrapnel was flying everywhere. A while later, we managed to proceed on to **Frankenbach** where we were to establish an aid station.

There was a great battle going on ahead of us in **Heilbronn** that was inflicting severe casualties, and we were called upon to furnish more aid men to the infantry units.

During our stay in **Frankenbach**, the more serious casualties included an "A" Battery man who had been burned with gasoline, and two Signal Company men who had been wounded by mortar fire.

The detachment had to work understrength for two weeks, until we reached the town of **Wustenrot** where four medics, fresh from the states, added, to the strength of the detachment. They were **Herbert Gardner**, **Roy Ladwig**, **Joseph Giromini**, and **Bernard Ellisberg**.

The subsequent moves were very quiet until April 22nd, when we arrived at **Manolzweiler** during the encirclement of **Stuttgart**. A small party was ambushed there by approximately fifty German soldiers, and the ensuing fight cost us one dead, and two wounded. First aid was administered and the casualties evacuated to the rear.

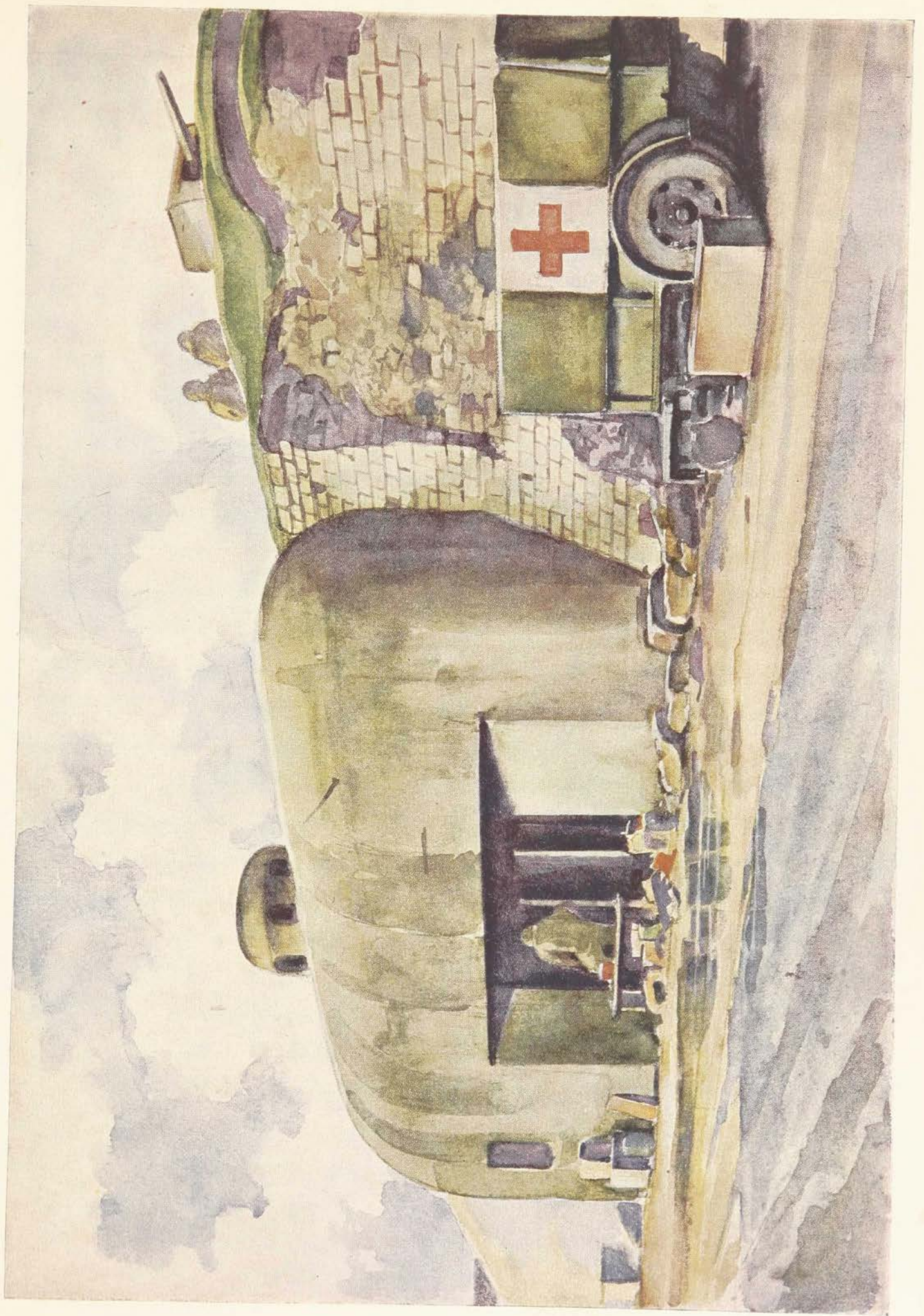
April 23rd, 1945, found us moving in the direction of **Ulm**, when we were ordered into army reserve. The following weeks brought us to **Lorch**, **Welzheim**, and **Böblingen** where we pursued occupational duties.

In August 1945, the division was alerted

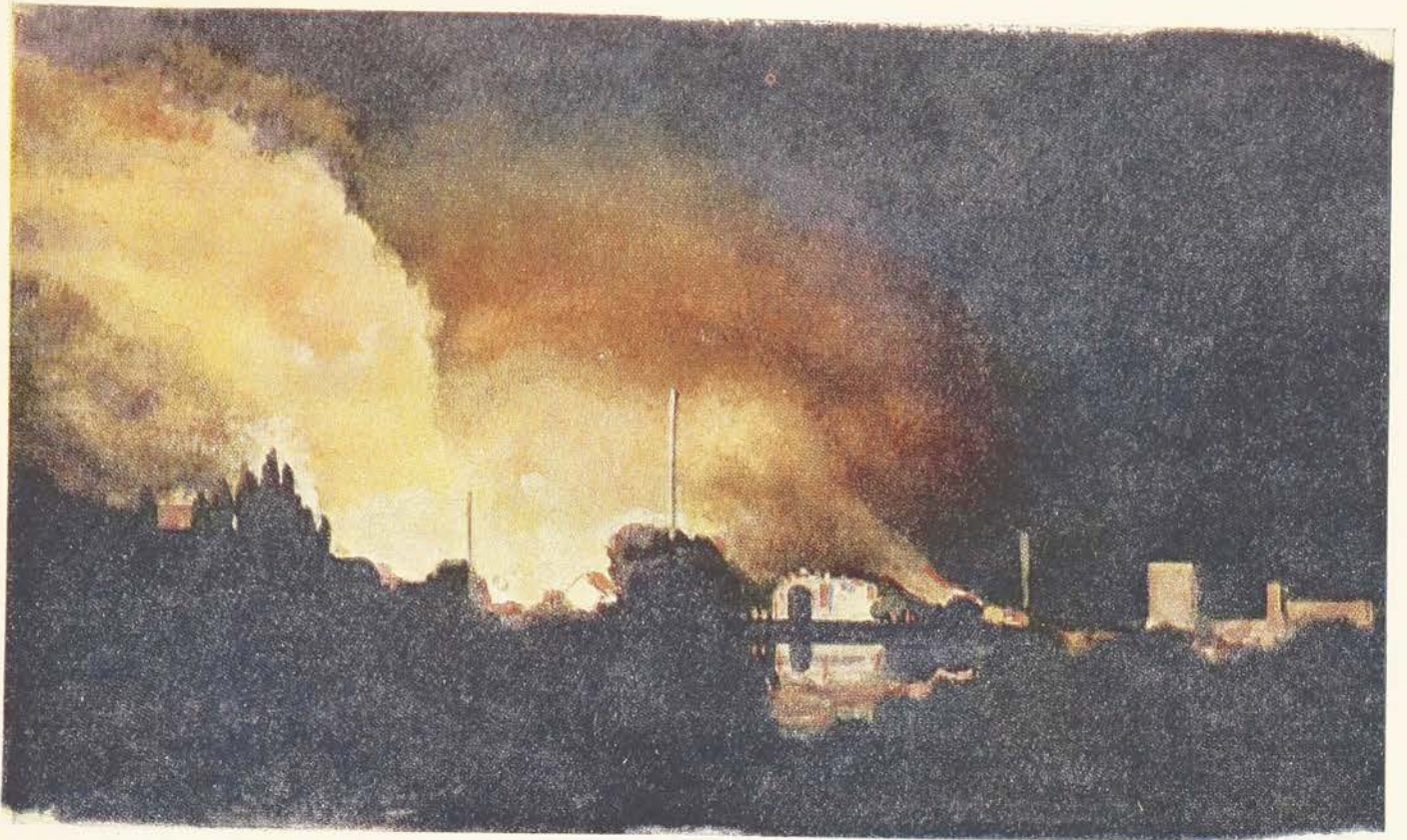


for redeployment to the Pacific via the states, when the surrender of Japan forced the cancellation of our plans. Now we are all waiting for that day when we can be civilians once again.

In conclusion of this brief history of our activities, we are proud to state that during the course of combat, all men — whether friend or foe, were given equal treatment. "Our duty is to relieve the suffering"







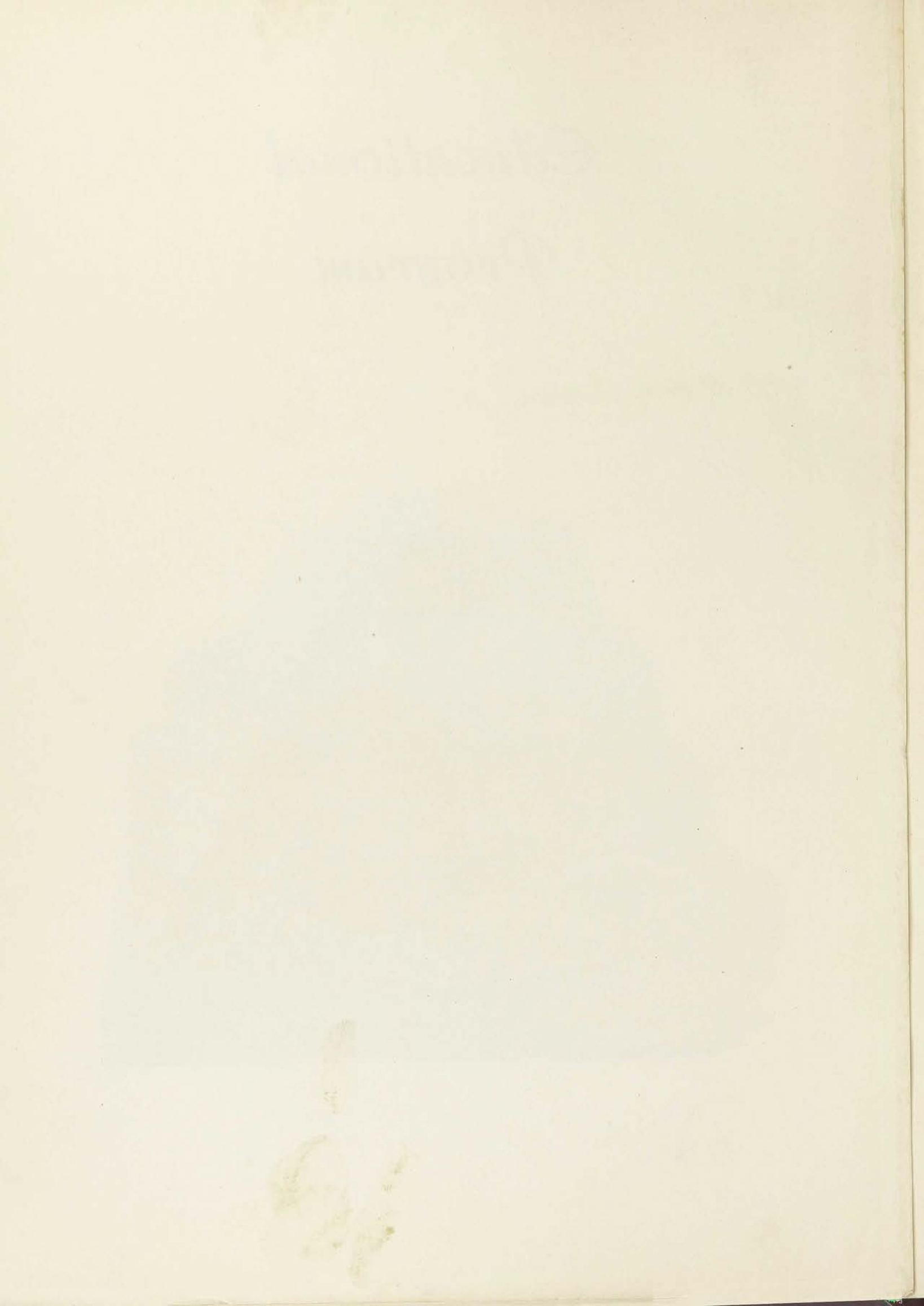
Fire at Heilbronn

For nine days men of the Century Division, fighting from zeroed-in positions and under constant observation from ridges overlooking Heilbronn from the East, endured a hell of Nazi hate in their efforts to cross the 100 yard Neckar River and capture the city of Heilbronn. Correspondents were unanimous in naming it the "toughest fighting East of the Rhine". One veteran observer labeled the position "another Cassino".

At night, watching from the West side of the Neckar, the city seemed a blazing, roaring inferno. Fire swept the city, as the terrific artillery duel continued relentlessly, and the infantry fought from house to house.

Educational Program





Information and Education

One day last spring as the bloody war in Europe came to an end, the Army's problem abruptly changed from one of training the men for battle to one of training them for peace.



To do away with the Army routine and change to a program of education presented many problems. It was solved by the formation of an Army Information and Education branch. Men from leading colleges and universities in the United States were commissioned to come to Paris and set up courses of instruction for the training of I & E officers and instructors, so that they in turn could establish unit schools. Only in this way could the school program reach the millions of men stationed in remote sections of France and Ger-

many. The Paris instructors' course was necessarily short and condensed but contained all the essentials on which to found a successful teaching program.

Upon the return of Captain **Lind**, the battalion representative at this school, the 374th I & E program began to take form. With the help of German PW's, previously vacant rooms on the 3rd floor of Headquarters' barracks began to take on a classroom-like appearance. Chairs, tables, blackboards, and all the equipment necessary to make up a functioning Battalion University were assembled and distributed. During the interim, forms were filled out stating qualifications of the prospective pupils and courses of instruction were outlined and decided upon, books were ordered, and directives started coming in almost daily — **Frog University** was born.



The school year got under way on September 3, 1945 with some two hundred soldiers taking courses ranging from Psychology to Auto Mechanics.

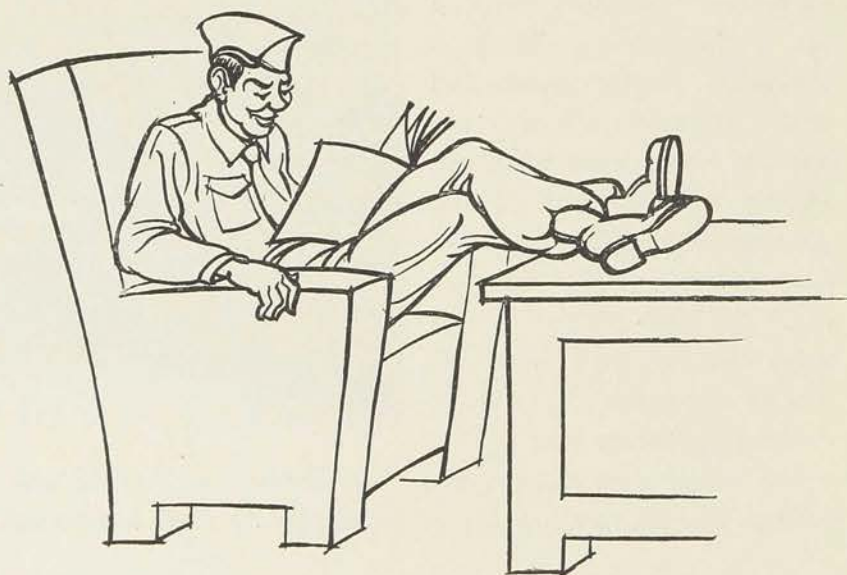
Although the men were frankly skeptical of a school program put on by the Army, the urge to get back to civilian ways was evident and most classes were filled to

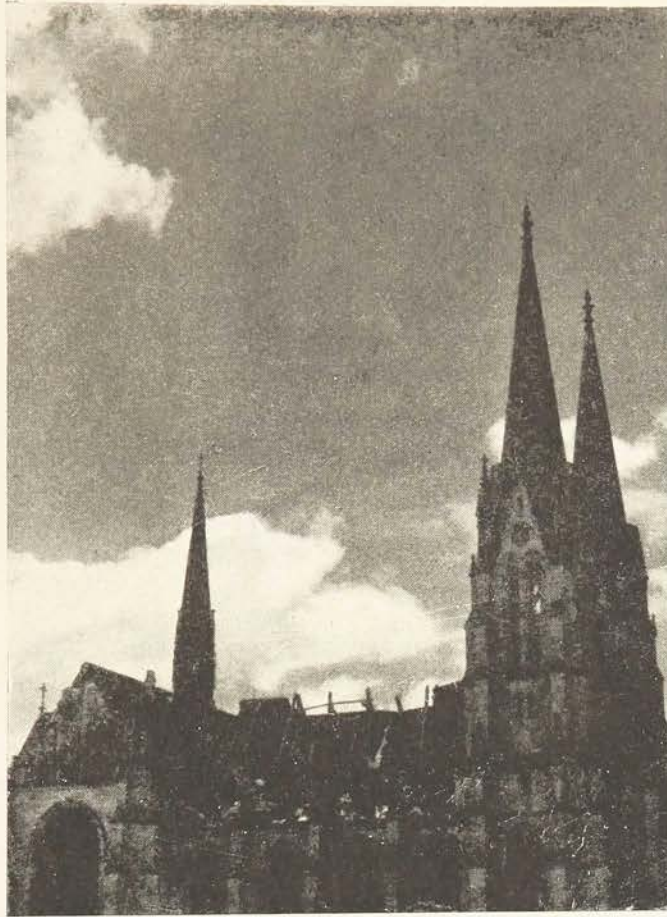


capacity. Unfortunately just when the students were reaching the peaks of their courses, the point system interfered and scattered our school personnel far and wide. A few students were able to finish some of the shorter forty-hour courses but these were only a handful of our once proud student body.

Not all of the I & E program suffered such an untimely end however, some nineteen members of the battalion were sent to schools and colleges all over the European Theatre. Fortunate were those who were sent to England for three months or to the renowned Universities at Biarritz and Paris.

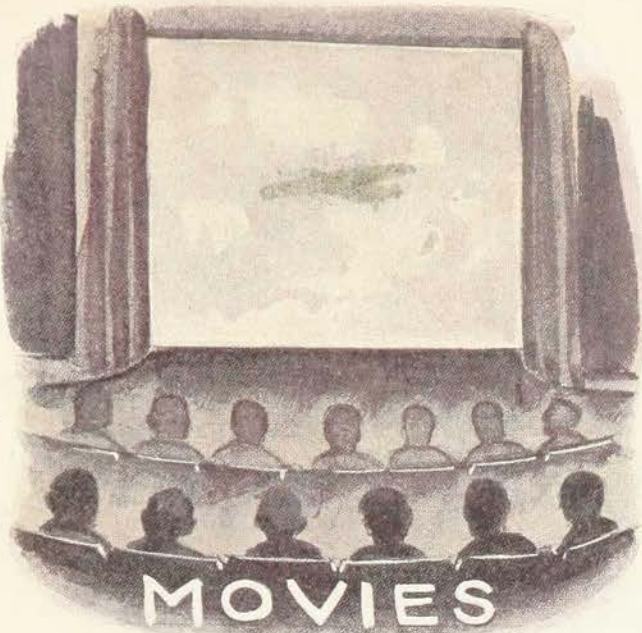
In summing up, let us say that at least from our viewpoint the battalion's I & E program has successfully performed its two main functions, those being, to better equip the individual for civilian career and to provide credit for those who intend to continue their education once they are released from the Army.



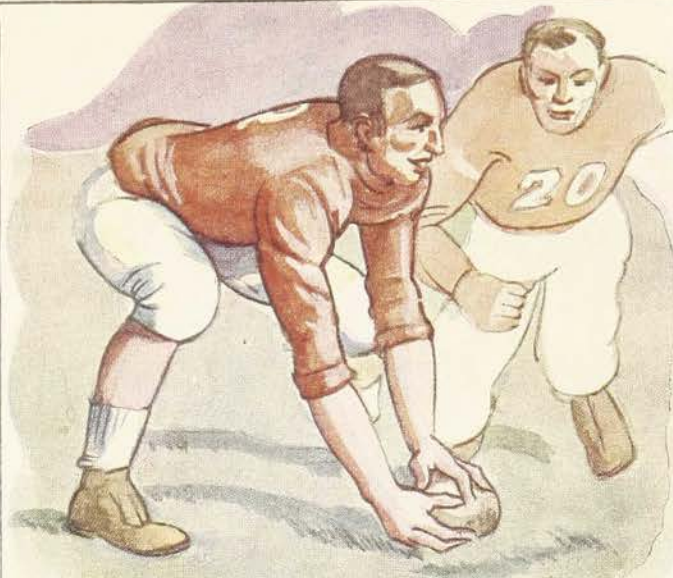


Spires of France

Tall spires standing silent,
Quietly aloof from the madness of men,
You have watched over your little town for centuries.
The evil of men is not new to you,
Nor is their pity or tenderness.
The laughter of girls has echoed in your towers,
As has the cry of the hurt.
You have seen strangerh invade your towns,
Burning and looting.
Always Spring has come again,
And the ebb and flow of your people's lives
Settled about you.
You have seen us come, driving the invader before us.
You shall see us leave - - and your live will go on
In its endless cycle.
You shall remain, silent guardians of France.



MOVIES



FOOTBALL



BASEBALL

SPORTS
AND
RECREATION



SERVICES



RED
CROSS

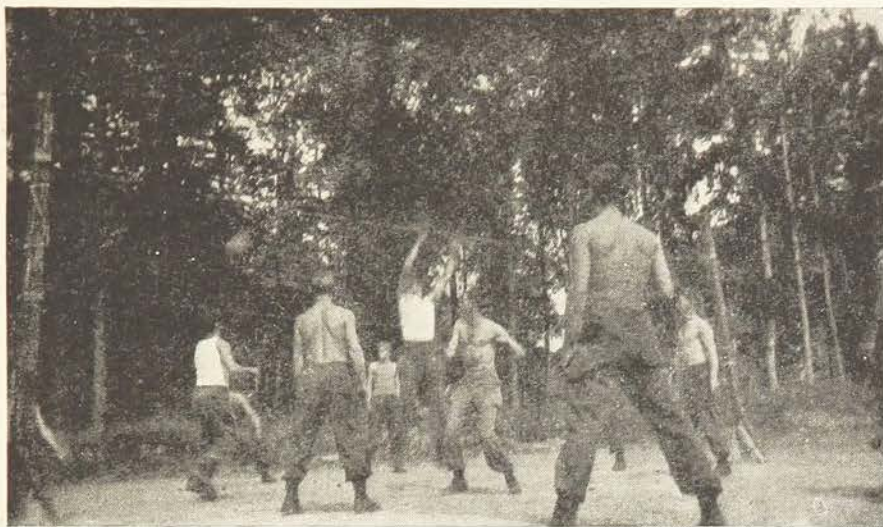


DANCING

Sports

"We are out to win, but win,
lose or draw, we do so honorably."
— General Burress

Regardless of how strenuous an army training schedule we have, there will always be a certain amount of time allotted in which to participate in athletics and recreation.



The backbone of Sports — coordination of mind and body — ties in very directly with the composite of the modern American fighting man. The perfect escape from the ever present regimentation also served to bring about a better relationship between the officer and

the enlisted man — for there was no saluting or "sirring" on the play field, for one brief moment in our army career you were on an equal basis with our superiors.

In the states the boys were quick to take advantage of all the sporting facilities available. Volley ball

and basket ball courts were built in the battery areas, horseshoe pits were set up alongside the barracks, the drill field served a dual purpose in that it afforded the batteries a large enough area to lay out a baseball diamond as well as a football field. When the weather became too cold to



play such sports as basket ball and volley ball on the outside courts, the boys retired to the spacious field house on the main post. This building was equipped with boxing rings and all necessary equipment for those interested in indoor track and gymnastics.

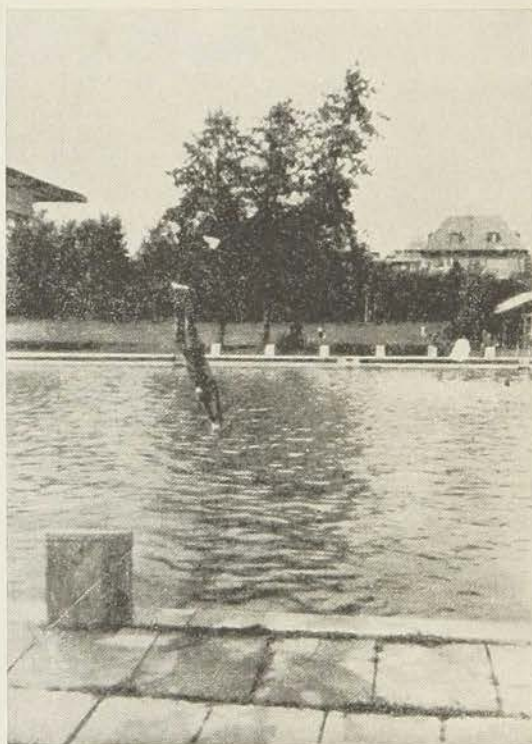


Tourneys within the division were arranged for whatever sport was in season, and the 374th never failed to come through with a scrappy team. In order to add color and interest to the program, and give those not fortunate enough to make the battalion team something to shoot at, inter-battery competitions were arranged. Because of the many army "details" in which we all became engaged at one time or another it was hard to keep a regular team. This made it necessary to form several auxiliary teams giving even more men a chance to play in the competitions.

When our number came up and the division was alerted for overseas shipment the athletic equipment was carefully crated in anticipation of some leisure time somewhere in the uncertain future.

It took a long time coming and it wasn't until a year later, after Germany had surrendered, that we were able to think of sports again. As occupational duties arose, the battalion arranged, in conjunction with the I & E program, an energetic athletic program designed to break the monotony of the long dull afternoons. Division special service provided equipment in addition to what we had brought over with us. Areas were cleared for use by the track men, soccer fields were converted into baseball diamonds, and volley ball courts were erected in previously rubble ridden areas.

Our period of occupation in Germany added several sports hitherto unavailable to members of the battalion. During the summer a large outdoor swimming pool was located near by and put to good use. Someone found a stable of very fine horses and riding was added to our already large variety of sports. In the evenings several members of the battalion borrowed vehicles and .03 Springfield with telescopic sights and went deer hunting. On the week-ends, trips were made





to nearby streams for the benefit of those interested in trout fishing. One rather ingenious member of the battalion with an eye to starting a gliding club assembled a 40 foot primary glider, previously used by the Hitler youth to train Luftwaffe pilots.

As it had done in the states, the battalion arranged round-robin play-offs for the various sports. To make competition more keen, prizes were given the winners of the round-robins. To the victors in the horseshoe pitching tournaments, a case of champagne, while champions in the volley ball tourney, two men from Baker battery, and the winners in baseball, two men from Charlie, got the much envied passes to Switzerland.

Cold weather brought an end to most outdoor sports, but the battalion athletic officer with his typical efficiency and foresight had anticipated the cold weather and commissioned the use of a large gymnasium in Böblingen. This came just in time to catch the basket ball season and once again the sports program was moving under full steam. With the coming of winter, trips were made to Garmisch-Partenkirchen for those interested in skiing and skating. The hunting sport became even more popular with the result that the battalion had many delicious Venison steak dinners.

And so the sports round goes on, and will continue to do so as long as there are American soldiers with Knute Rockne's favorite poem in mind unconsciously urging them on:

Dear Lord: In the battle that goes through life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare.
And if I should win, let this be the code:
With my faith and my honor held high.
And if I should lose let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by.



Recreation

Along with sports, the 374th had a recreational program that had been built up to what was probably one of the best in Division Artillery. Recreation in the States consisted mainly of the post movies, a get-together at the Service Club, beer and pretzels at the P. X. and occasional battery parties. Sundays were occupied with Church Services, trips to Columbia, Fayetteville, or New York, a social visit, and perhaps an impromptu picnic or swim.



In town, the Red Cross offered an outlet in plays, amateur shows, dances, and community sings.

The early stages of recreation in the

ETO were entirely handled by Division, but soon the units became enthusiastic and branched out on their own. As soon as the Division hit the line, we began sending men to the first of the Division's Rest Centers, which at that time was located in Ram-bervillers. Here facilities were available for showers, a change of clothing, movies, USO shows, and good meals, served in comfortable surroundings. When the division pulled out of the Vosges, and headed for Bitche, we realized that the division facilities were not enough and as a result, Service Battery's "FO's Haven" was born. This policy, carried on until the end of hostilities, enabled the FO parties to return to Service Battery after their period on the line and obtain some much-needed sleep in a good bed, hot meals, and the like, all of which were lacking up in the foxholes.

Upon Service Battery's moving to Sarre Union, this program reached its high point due to the proximity of Division and 397th Rest Areas. It was here that we opened Sarre Union's Roxy Theater with the cooperation, of the 26th Special Service Company. With their cooperation, we were able to obtain several USO shows, which at that stage of the game were a big treat to an "entertainment starved" bunch of soldiers. It was in Sarre Union that the 374th held the first of its weekly dances. Through the untiring efforts of Lt.





Roy Hanson, these dances came to be one of the high spots in the social life of both the men of the battalion and the girls of Sarre Union. Added enjoyment was provided through the magician shows and entertainment brought in by Mr. Debusky, ARC field director of Division. While all this was going on, movies were also being provided in the Maginot Line pillbox occupied by "C" Battery.

Following the start of the Spring offensive, recreation was left by the wayside until the end of hostilities, due to the lack of time to set up any acceptable facilities.

Immediately after the war, when we assumed temporary occupational duties in such places as Pluderhausen, Welzheim, Alfdorf and Lorch, the first battery bars sprang into existence. As time went on,

these reached large scale proportions as each tried to outdo the other in interior decoration. While these bars served as a place to dispense the liquid refreshments, they also served as a spot for some checkers, a hand of cards, or a place to while away the time. While in the vicinity of Lorch we made use of the local auditorium for such never-to-be-forgotten programs, as that presented by a group of DP's.

During this period, swimming was available at Welzheim and there were various battalion and non-battalion softball games. Horseshoes also came into their own for the first time.

Upon moving to the Boblingen Caserne, recreation and entertainment hit the peak of their stride. The Century Theater in Stuttgart as well as the ARC "Crossroads" provided its share getting things under way in the early days. Soon the Post Theater came into being, with facilities being improved constantly. Ser-



vice Battery got the ball rolling with the first dance on the post, put the other batteries were not long in swinging into line. Until the ranks were thinned by departures, these dances came to be regular affairs. As the original men were shipped out it became necessary to consolidate messhalls with the result that there was space available to open an ARC Club on the post. Here we could spend our evenings with a bit of ping-pong or shuffleboard or just listen to the phonograph while feasting on coffee and doughnuts. Soon dances were started on a weekly basis with the biggest event being a good old fashioned American Halloween Costume Dance.



As we close there is still much being done, by way of keeping up the morale of the men through recreation and entertainment until such time as we may embark for home.

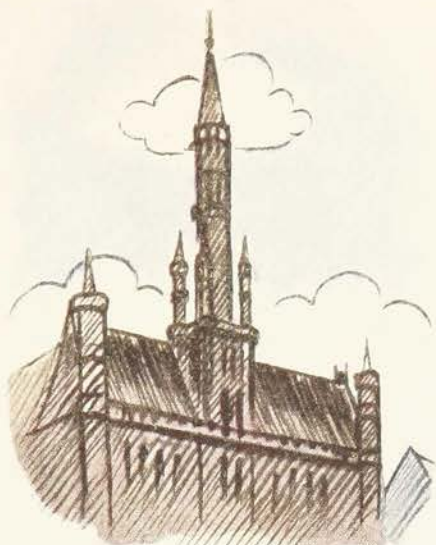




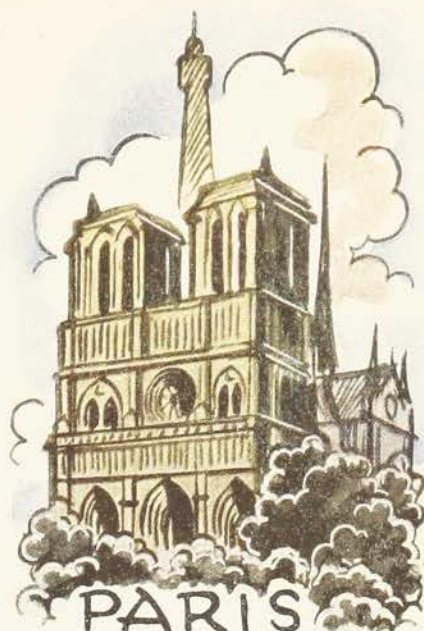
Century Theater, Stuttgart



LONDON



BRÜSSELS



PARIS



SWITZER LAND

P
A
S
S
E
S



NANCY



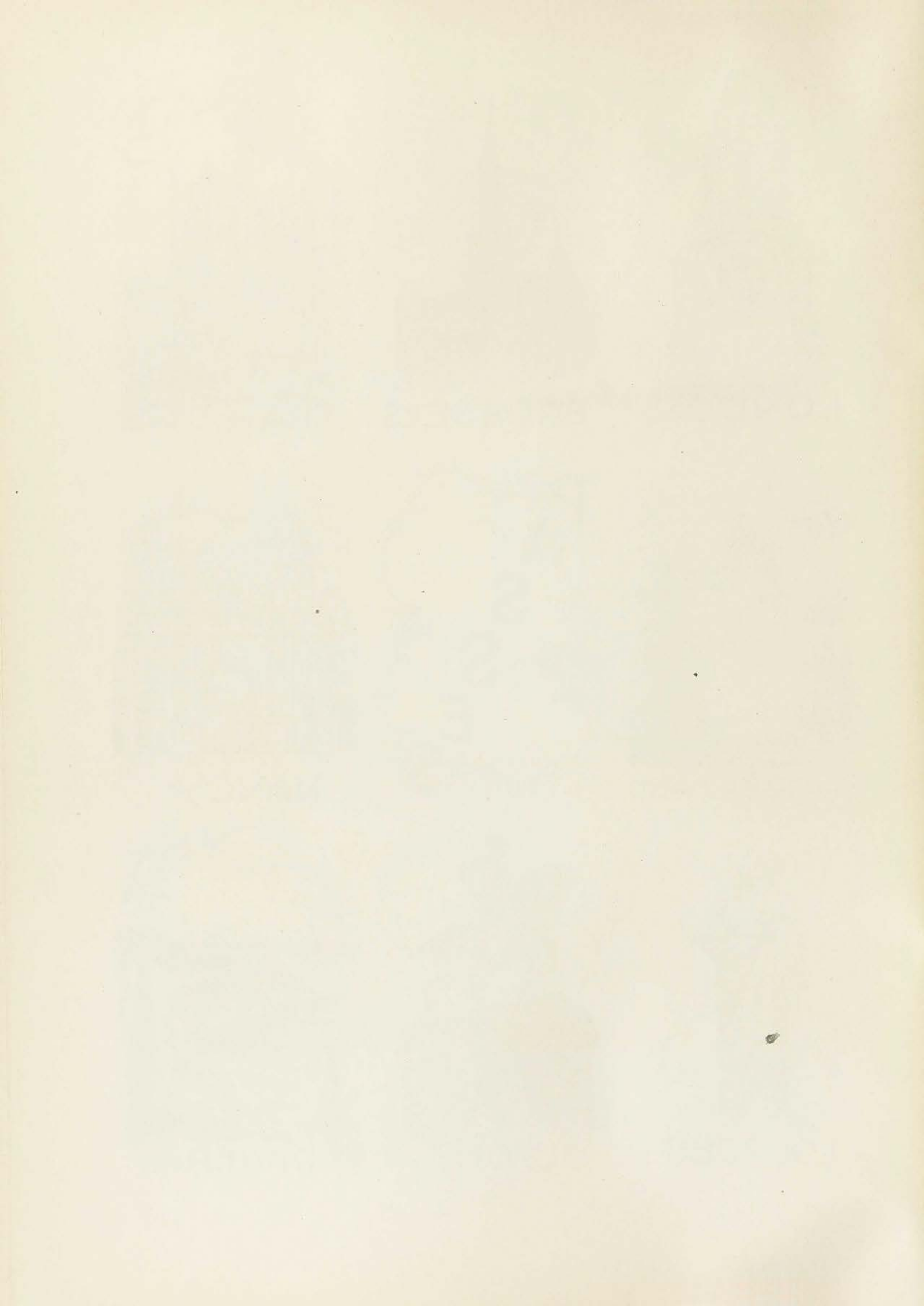
LOURDES



LYON



RIVIERA



Passes

"Haven't we met somewhere before?" — "Yes, I think so — could it have been at St. Moritz?" — "No, maybe it was Biarritz or at Nice." — "Perhaps — or possibly Paris. I stayed at the Grande Hotel at the Place de l'Opera for a while." — "No, I know where it was now! It was at the Metropole in Brussels last winter."

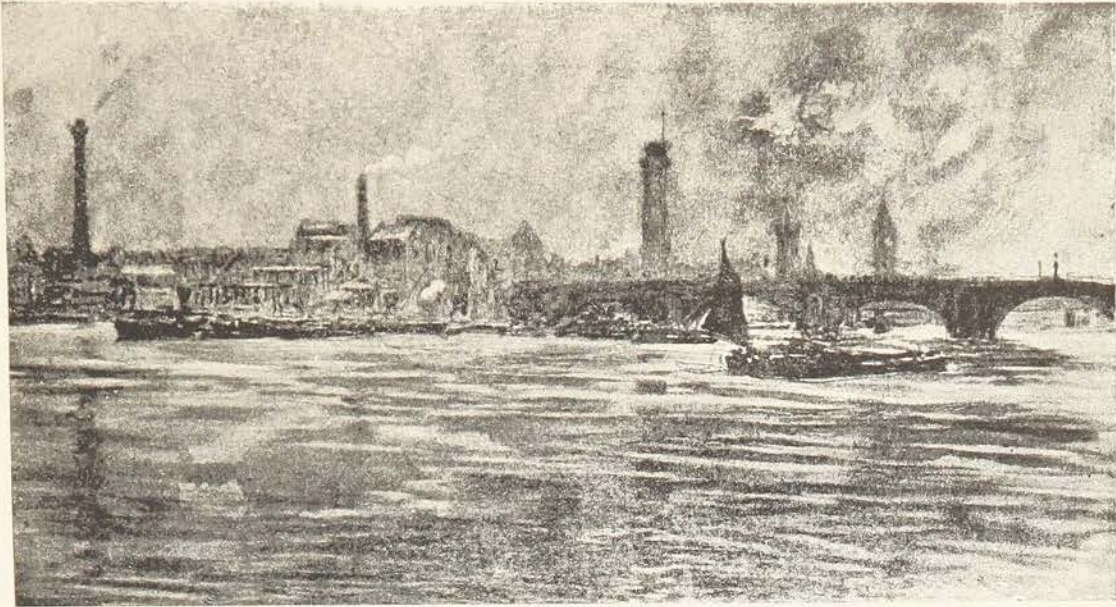
No, this isn't a conversation from a novel of the grande society of the Roaring Twenties — but the conversation of two GI veterans of the Fighting Forties.

Through the Army Special Service these dreamed of places became a reality — London, Lourdes, Paris, Brussels, Switzerland, Nancy, the Riviera, and our own tours of Southern Germany. Some of us will tell of Innsbruck, of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Berchtesgaden, or of the fabulous castles of King Ludwig of Bavaria; others will talk of the sunny days along the Promenade d'Anglais at Nice — and who will ever forget the haunting strains of "Symphonie", — and remember those gallant girls of the Folies Bergère, courageously performing despite the sub-zero weather of the Paris theatres — and what a problem trying to decide which watch to buy in Switzerland! —

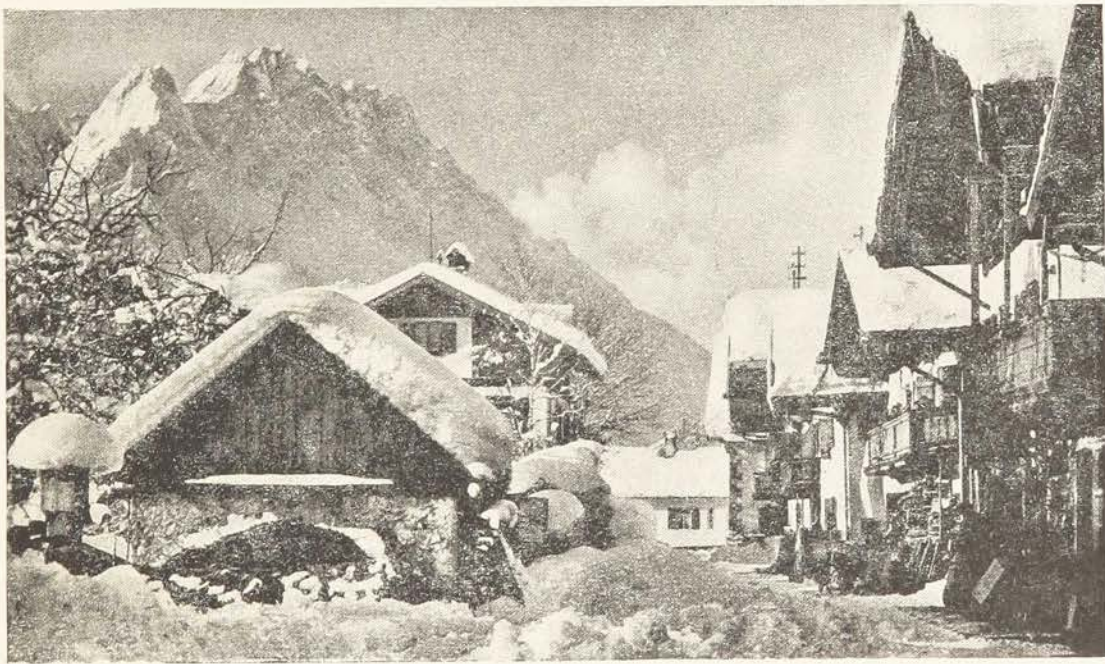
Yeah, we've been around, but give me the good ol' USA!







From London —



— to Switzerland

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS



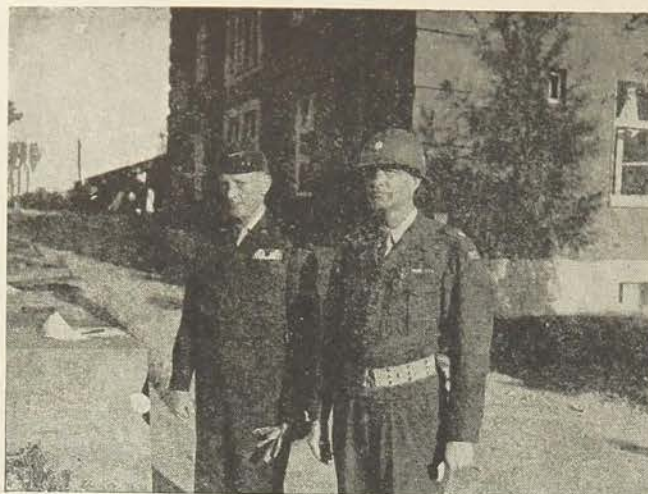


Lt. Howard receiving the DSC
from General Burrell

Awards and Decorations

Under the expert guidance of Maj. Gen. Withers A. Burrell, the 100th Infantry Division was trained, entered combat and did its job — did it well and with a minimum of casualties.

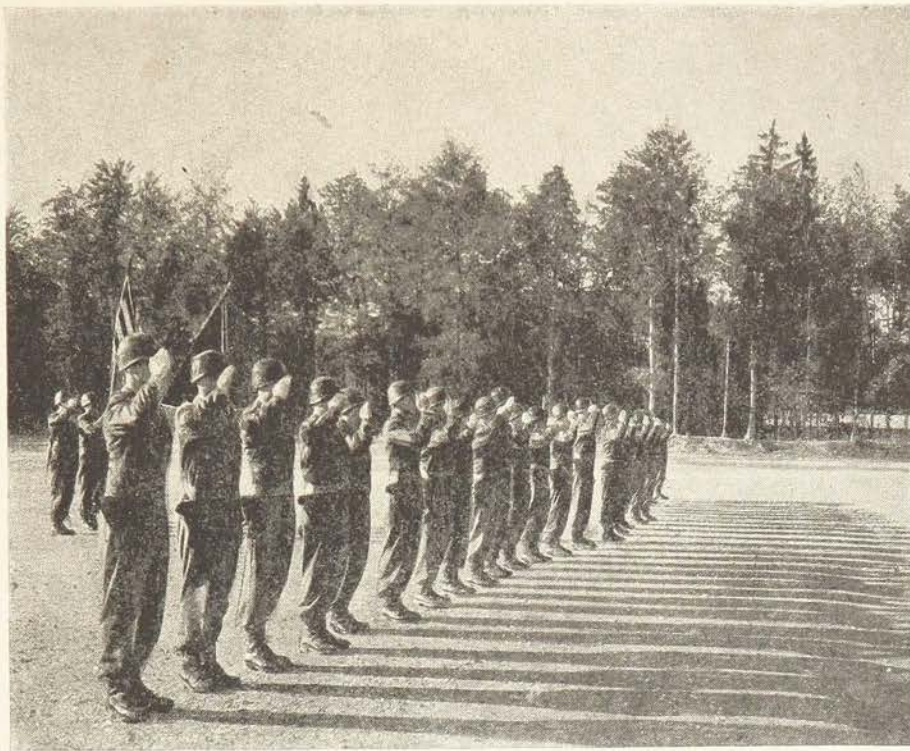
The 374th Field Artillery Battalion played its part, and made a record of which we all may be justly proud. It was the individual and combined efforts of all its members that made the 374th the "best damn battalion".



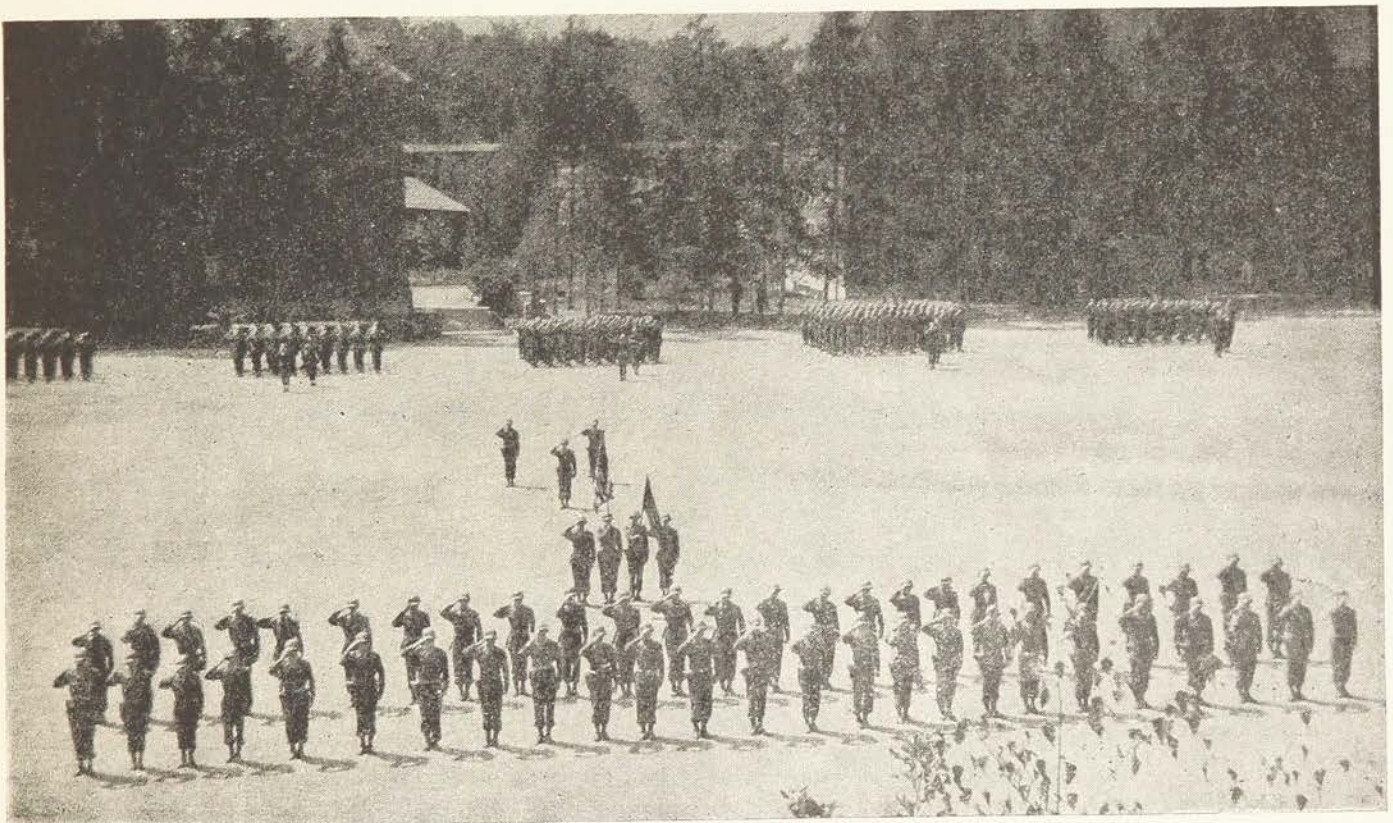
Gen. Burress and Colonel Allport



"Pass in Review"



"Present Arms"



List of Awards

Distinguished Service Cross

James S. Howard

Silver Star

William S. Kumpel

Soldier's Medal

Walter A. Henson

Arthur Athas

Bronze Star

John E. Aber
Robert B. Allport, Jr.
Norman E. Amundson
Gerald G. Anderson
Walter W. Anton
Henry Aubel, Jr.
George T. Bacsik
Michael F. Baier *
James R. Bailey
Frank J. Bartos
Emile J. Bassie
Joseph J. Bavasso
Henry F. Benson
David S. Bitterman
Floyd C. Bobcean
Laurence C. Boucher
Victor P. Bowler
Andrew A. Brafa
John M. Brannick
Grady H. Brown (MIA)
Robert G. Brunton
Bernard E. Cahilly
James W. Callahan
Ismael A. Carbo
Frank J. Cerbone
Preston R. Chambliss (MIA)
Kalman J. Chany
William M. Charney
William C. Chase
Robert J. Cheney *

Charles V. Colison
Warren G. Collins
Lewis R. Cooper
Terry L. Connell
Joseph A. Connolly
Charles A. Cortellino
Carl S. Covey
Martin H. Curtis
Lawrence S. Cushing
Raymond R. Davis
Linwood B. Dawson
Cyril J. Derrick *
Nicholas E. Devereux III
Rudy DeWaal Malefyte
Charles E. Dieterly
Richard A. Donnellan
Thomas J. Doorey
Peter J. Elsbury
Allen P. Ennis
Ralph W. Fahr
James H. Farley
Max W. Foster
Eli I. Fishpaw
Lester O. Frew
Francis J. Gary
Jesse F. Gibson (post)
James T. Gipson
Charles L. Glabau
John R. Goldsberry
Robert E. Goodrich

David W. Goodwin
George A. Goss Jr.
Samuel J. Granoff
William J. Greci
Allan R. Greene
James E. Hampton *
Andrew C. Hatch
Melvin H. Hellman
John E. Hemingbrough
Charles Herman
Harold C. Hill *
James S. Howard
James Hobson
Russel Hollar
John A. Howells
Henry G. Jackson, Jr. *
Henry J. Jennen
Carroll A. Johnston
Curtis M. Jones
Harold E. Joudrey
John M. Kinney
William A. Knight
Howard E. Kohn
William S. Kumpel
Erwin W. Kramer
John D. Lafferty
Joel M. LeSeuer
Claude M. Liles
Robert G. Lind
Zachariah E. Lindsey

Herbert G. Lutz
 Walter R. McGuire
 Thomas K. McLaughlin
 John J. Marshall
 John A. Massucci
 Fred Matts
 Rudolph A. Mazur
 Alexander B. McKee, Jr.
 Langhorne H. Meem
 David M. Merritt
 Norton F. Milne
 Arnold S. Moore
 Adrian J. Moreau
 Peter C. Moynihan
 Jack A. Navatta
 Dean F. Nelson
 Charles A. Nelson Jr.
 John A. Nocella
 Joseph F. Nugent
 Danny V. O'Brien
 Martin A. Orłowski
 Vincent A. O'Rourke
 Richard W. Pace
 Maynard Pohl

William Perry, Jr.
 Carl A. E. Peterson (MIA)
 Biagio J. Pezza *
 Philip D. Phillips
 Donald D. Pine
 Leonard A. Quail
 Harry Reichman
 Robert P. Robinson
 Carl P. Roman
 Albert P. Ross
 Joseph M. Sachs
 Robert J. Sawyer *
 Charles W. Schlosser, Jr.
 Clyde C. Scruggs
 Myer G. Segal
 Andrew J. Servas, Jr.
 John H. Shambo
 Frank W. Sibley
 Aloysius E. Sieminski
 Frank M. Skokan (MIA)
 Homer W. Slavey
 William J. Slayline (post)
 John B. Small
 Raymond G. Smith *

Robert D. Smith
 Richard J. Sullivan
 Gordon E. Stiles
 John E. Storey
 Frank Strenglein
 Oakley Strunk
 Andrew S. Tamayo
 Joseph H. Terebaiza
 John J. Uhrin, Jr.
 William G. Von Hegel
 (post)
 Homer C. Wall
 Kenneth E. Warren
 Isidore Weinstein
 Lewis N. Whitcraft, Jr.
 Robert E. Wikman
 Alton G. Williams
 William S. Wise
 Clarence E. Witherspoon
 Franklin J. Worth
 Salvatore A. Yannotti
 Harold W. Young
 Giacomo Zambrano

5 Purple Heart

Milburn W. Alicie
 Thomas E. Babbony
 Stanley Badertscher
 Emile J. Bassie
 Roy Beach
 Martin Booten
 Charles W. Brown
 William C. Chase
 Anthony S. Christobek
 John Chesunas
 Warren G. Collins
 Linwood B. Dawson
 John D. DeCoskey

John R. Detgen
 William H. Dodson
 Richard A. Donnellan
 Thomas J. Doorey
 Floyd E. Ferguson
 John R. Goldsberry
 Roy C. Hanson
 David Harkis
 James S. Howard
 George Hodosh
 Bernard C. Humphreys *
 Henry J. Jennen
 Charles Lestuck

Zachariah E. Lindsey
 Raymond O. Marston
 Fred Matts *
 Tulio A. Montini
 Adrian J. Moreau
 Martin A. Orłowski
 Wendell L. Roberts
 Robert D. Smith
 Andrew S. Tamayo
 Homer C. Wall
 Robert E. Wikman
 Earnest York
 Walter J. Zygmunt

Air Medal

Lloyd O. Borgen ***
 Frank A. Caldwell ***

Harvey A. Gerlach ***
 Melvin H. Gruensfelder ***

Wendell L. Roberts **

* cluster



FINAL DEDICATION

Killed in Action

Jesse F. Gibson

Clyde Lull

Anthony A. Pintabona

Andrew J. Servas, Jr.

William J. Slayline

William B. Von Hegel

Final Dedication

To those of us, the living, has been given the satisfaction of seeing our immediate job finished. The world is not yet safe, perhaps not yet ready for lasting peace. But at least we have given of our years, our thoughts, our labors; we have worked with those who have brought victory. Only indirectly can we make that victory mean lasting peace.

In so far as that end is attainable, our world is yet unfinished. We shall return to our homes, to our work. We shall take up the rebuilding of our lives. In so many ways the future is ours.

Those men of our Battalion who have died in action have paid the highest price that can be asked for victory. Their future exists only in our memories of them, and in the memories of their loved ones. Their work is finished; what remains is for us, the living, to do.

Our words can add little to their honor. Their sacrifice asks only that it be not in vain. Each of us, the living, can in his own way carry on the work they and we shared.

*The
Battalion Staff*



Maj. Alton G. Williams



Capt. Robert G. Lind



Capt. Philip D. Phillips



Capt. Walter R. McGuire



Lt. Charles V. Colison



Lt. William E. Perry Jr.



Capt. Dean F. Nelson



Lt. Henry G. Jackson Jr.



Capt. Robert D. Smith



Maj. Allan R. Greene



Capt. Max W. Foster



Lt. Wendell L. Roberts



"Past in Review" Staff

ROSTERS

Officers

Aber, John E.		Shrewsbury	New Jersey
Albro, Myron D. Jr.	13 Jay Street	Binghamton	New York
Allport, Robert B. Jr.		Aberdeen	North Carolina
Armani, Marco A.	3765 62nd Street	Woodside, L. I.	New York
Ashabranner, Roy L.		Manila	Arkansas
Bailey, James R.	1106 Delaware Street	Bartlesville	Oklahoma
Bavasso, Joseph J.	736 Rivers Street	Troy	New York
Beall, Howard S.	Route No 3	Coshocton	Ohio
Beaver, Raymond E. Jr.	101 N. 44th Street	Harrisburg	Pennsylvania
Been, Delbert T.		Alton	Alabama
Bernstein, Erving G.	227 Kelly Street	Bronx	New York
Bielic, Paul P.	746 Grant Street	McKeesport	Pennsylvania
Bitterman, David S.		Broadway	North Carolina
Booth, Donald C.	Route No 1	Nashotah	Wisconsin
Borgen, Lloyd O.	96 Dicteem Court	Brooklyn	New York
Bryant, Huyland M.	208 Union Street	Schenectady	New York
Caldwell, Frank A.	8515 168th Street	Jamaica, L. I.	New York
Ciaglo, Michael J.	222 Prospect Street	Newton	Kansas
Chambliss, Preston R.	218 S. Montclair	Dallas, 11	Texas
Christobek, Anthony S.	18 Riverside Avenue	Montgomery	Pennsylvania
Church, Herbert Jr.	Spring Mill Road	Villa Nova	Pennsylvania
Clark, Daniel		Springton	Illinois
Cleghorn, William E.	1105 Fairground Road	Montgomery	Alabama
Coleman, Flemstead L.	219 Marion Street	Rock Hill	South Carolina
Colison, Charles V.	3612 Florida Road	Baltimore	Maryland
Conover, Walter K. Jr.	112 Pine Street	New Castle	Pennsylvania
Croak, James M. Jr.	4629 Moffit Avenue	St. Louis	Missouri
Curtis, Martin H.	2122 Marion Street	Columbia	South Carolina
Cushing, Laurence S.	202 1/2 A No. Main Street	Concord	New Hampshire
Dall, Jes J.	27 Field Avenue	Trenton	New Jersey
Derrick, Cyril J.	51 Gerard Avenue	Binghamton	New York
Detgen, John R.	1434 Genessee Street	Utica	New York
Devereux, Nicholas E. III	1400 Genessee Street	Utica	New York
Dodson, William H.	38 Grand Avenue	Ridgefield Park	New York
Dunn, James	218 Park Street	Plainfield	Connecticut
Ehrlich, Irving	1389 E. 29th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Emerson, William C.	1838 Rose Avenue	San Diego	California
Feichtner, Leo V.	8 Sunset Drive	Croton on Huds.	New York
Fishpaw, Eli I.	1818 Ramsay Street	Baltimore	Maryland
Flood, Eugene H.	111 SE 9th Drive	Pendleton	Oregon
Foster, Max W.	PO Box 375	South Daytona	Florida
Gasson, Louis F.		Lanes	Montana
Gleason, Thomas J.	13 Glenside Street	Providence	Rhode Island
Gorman, John C.	1733 S-53 Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Goss, George A. Jr.		Middlebury	Connecticut

Green, Arnold C.	184 Walnut Avenue	Albany	New York
Greene, Allan R.	712 Garden Street	Plainfield	New Jersey
Gruensfelder, Melvin H.		San Jose	Illinois
Gunson, Robert A.	4508 Street Elmo Avenue	Chattanooga	Tennessee
Hampton, James E.	15785 Fairfield Street	Detroit	Michigan
Handwerk, Rolland E.	234 Green Street	Fayetteville	North Carolina
Hanson, Roy C.	4052 Edwards Avenue	Oakland	California
Hayes, John S.	1828 Haymont Street	Vancouver	Illinois
Helwig, Robert J.	1931 Wall Street	Murphysboro	Illinois
Henson, Walter A.		Bracketville	Texas
Horn, Melvin D.	1540 Jesup Avenue	Bronx, 52	New York
Howard, James S.		Saratoga Springs	New York
Howells, John A.	326 Wilson Avenue	Gerard	Ohio
Jackson, Henry G. Jr.	530 w. 6th Street	Birmingham	Alabama
Jacobs, Bradford M.	67 Peck Street	Altoona	Pennsylvania
Jansey, Theodore T.	938 Orange Street	Brighton	Montana
Johnston, Carroll A.	General Delivery	Camauche	Iowa
Kieffer, Charles F.		Exeter	New Hampshire
Klish, Chester	7739 Fairgreen Road	Dundalk	Maryland
Kraft, William J.	219 No. Scrimons Street	Montebello	California
Kramer, Erwin W.	Broadwell Courts 69 B St.	Grand Island	Nebraska
Kumpel, William S.	159 Washington Street	Mount Holly	New Jersey
Lafferty, John D.	212 S. Main Street	Olean	New York
Landis, James H. Jr.	1703 N. Nelson Street	Arlington	Virginia
LeSueur, Joel M.		Ore Bank	Virginia
Liles, Claude M.	2643 McFaddin Avenue	Beaumont	Texas
Lind, Robert G.		Millerton	New York
Lombard, Frederick E.	66 South Street	Monasquan	New Jersey
Lutz, Herbert G.	3511 Penna. Avenue	Pennsauken	New Jersey
Maruez, Manny	18 Stone Street	Phoenix	Arizona
McGuire, Walter R.	104 Kimberly Avenue	Asheville	North Carolina
McKee, Joseph V. Jr.	4625 Fieldston Road	Riverdale	New York
Meem, Langhorne H.	Windsor Avenue	Lawrenceville	Virginia
Mersinger, Aloysius R.	Spring Road	Memphis	Tennessee
Mitchell, Hovell C.	785 Jackson Road	Middletown	Washington
Mores, Herbert R.	2909 Heyward Street	Columbia	South Carolina
Morse, Julian D.	1930 N. Wilson Street	Gainesville	Florida
Moynihan, Peter C.	790 Montello Street	Brockton	Massachusetts
Murphy, Edward A. Jr.	756 Adams Avenue	Cleveland	Ohio
Mutzabaugh, Earl S.	6274 Clairmont Road	Chicago	Illinois
Nelson, Dean F.	226 E. Chicago Street	Bronson	Michigan
Neumann, Donald S.	44 Brewster Road	Scarsdale	New York
Oakes, Gene L.	87 Lake Road	Memphis	Tennessee
Oliver, Harold C.	1515 S. Belmont Avenue	Indianapolis	Indiana
Owens, Floyd E.		West Liberty	Iowa
Outland, Arley L.	Box 8	Wewoka	Oklahoma
Pace, Richard W.	210 Arbor Street	Cranford	New Jersey
Palmer, Sylvus P.		Gasport	New York
Parks, Robert R.	54 Grove Street	Willimantic	Connecticut
Parman, Kenneth C.	342 Bracket Road	Middlebury	Vermont
Pace, Richard W.	210 Arbor Street	Cranford	New Jersey
Pepe, Salvator J.	18 Grant Street	Meriden	Connecticut
Perry, William E. Jr.	Box 13	Warrenton	North Carolina
Peters, Richard A.	23 Box Avenue	Portland	Oregon
Phillips, Philip D.	3411 Line Avenue	Armarillo	Texas

Piper, Davis	315 E. La Salle Street	Princeton	Illinois
Podber, Max	65 Blue Hills Avenue	Hartford	Connecticut
Prince, Kenneth C.	212 Dayton Blvd.	Racine	Wisconsin
Richards, Robert E.	1417 Hetzel Street	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania
Rickey, Victor	122 Water Street	Worcester	Massachusetts
Roberts, Wendell L.	Box 51	Snyder	Oklahoma
Robinson, Robert P.	Box 205	Smackover	Arkansas
Rodman, Sumner	37 Stratton Street	Boston	Massachusetts
Sawyer, Robert J.	39 Miner Avenue	Camden	New Jersey
Sibley, Frank W. Jr.	5106 Jackson Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Slayline, William J.	501 10th Avenue	Dayton	Kentucky
Smith, Howard P.	111½ W. Weir Street	Taunton	Massachusetts
Smith, Robert D.	455 St. Louis Road	Wood River	Illinois
Staff, Victor	3162 29th Street	Astoria, L. I.	New York
Stockell, Charles W.	5024 Lowell Street NW	Washington	D. C.
Synan, William E.	139 School Street N.	Dighton	Massachusetts
Walker, Alfred L.	727 Paoillian Avenue	Columbia	South Carolina
West, Glen D.		Oil City	Oklahoma
Wickman, John E.	756 Pilot Road	Miami	Florida
Wiehe, Robert W.	630 W. Dewald Street	Ft. Wayne	Indiana
Wilson, Harry T. Jr.	2700 Grand Concourse	Bronx	New York
Williams, Alton G.	1515 Westover Avenue	Petersburg	Virginia
Worth, Franklin J.		Switzerland	Florida
Zinkofsky, Louis	184-11 Radmer Road	Jamaica, L. I.	New York
Zuckert, Warren M.	50 N. Broadway	White Plains	New York
Zurmerly, Harry C.	616 Hope Street	Tcina	Ohio

Headquarters Battery

Amann, Karl W.	63 Ten Broeck Street	Albany	New York
Anderson, Gerald G.		Cheyenne Wells	Colorado
Anton, Walter W.	3738 N. Marshall Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Arundel, Martin D.	46 West 17th Street	New York	New York
Aubel, Henry Jr.	3767 62d Street	Woodside, L. I.	New York
Augstad, Andrew	137 8th Avenue	New York	New York
Ayotte, Richard E.	538 N. State Street	Concord	New Hampshire
Badertscher, Stanley	2255 Marango Drive	Toledo	Ohio
Balentyne, Harry I.	616 Willow Street	Belvidere	Illinois
Bannon, Tobias E.	340 N. Main Street	Waterbury	Connecticut
Barnard, Robert E.	8 Barnard Road	Worcester	Massachusetts
Barnes, George W.	Route No 1	Blountsville	Alabama
Barry, James J.	601 Church Street	Mobile	Alabama
Beach, Roy	761 Wood Avenue	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Beadle, Orville H.	305 Cherry Lane	Glenside	Pennsylvania
Bell, Leon F.	2535 Main Street	Springfield	Massachusetts
Beltowski, Frank J. Jr.	19244 St. Aubin	Detroit	Michigan
Bender, Charles S.	570 Tod Lane	Youngstown	Ohio
Bieber, Earl G.	W. Main Street	Kutztown	Pennsylvania
Bitz, John M.	89 Hillside Road	Rye	New York
Blasco, Angel F.	551 Cauldwell Avenue	Bronx	New York
Blum, Max D.	752 Kelly Street	Bronx	New York
Booten, Martin	941 Simpson Street	Bronx	New York
Boucher, Lawrence C.	Lakeview Avenue	Lynnfield	Massachusetts

Brannen, Forney F.	Gen. Del.	Bon Air	Alabama
Brown, Charles W.	Route No 1	Troup	Texas
Brown, Quenten	Route No 2	Lavonia	Georgia
Brown, Rodney F.	98 Bird Avenue	Buffalo	New York
Brull, John A.	11412 91st Avenue	Richmd. Hill, L. I.	New York
Buford, Andrew R.		Raines	Tennessee
Cabral, Euclides M.	66 Eugenia Street	New Bedford	Massachusetts
Cagle, Horace W.	Route No 1	Nauvoo	Alabama
Callahan, James W.	3315 Hayward Avenue	Baltimore	Maryland
Camps, Augustine	72 Prospect Street	Stafford Springs	Connecticut
Carnes, William E.	924 Bedford Avenue S. W.	Canton	Ohio
Carr, William V.	244 Clay Street	Carey	Ohio
Carrigan, John P.	829 State Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Carter, James W.	Box 568	N. Wilkesboro	North Carolina
Cebulske, Edward W.	12089 Mettetal	Detroit	Michigan
Chany, Kalman J.	429 East 65th Street	New York	New York
Chase, William C.	15 Charter Street	Exeter	New Hampshire
Clifton, Robert B.	Route No 7 c/o Henry Gainy	Fayetteville	North Carolina
Coggins, Gray M.	RFD No 1	Mooresville	North Carolina
Collins, Warren G.		Morristown	Tennessee
Connolly, Joseph A.	400 Main Street	Fort Lee	New Jersey
Connolly, Stephen J.	215 Dunseith Street	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania
Cooper, Lewis R.	385 East 18th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Corriera, John P.	119 Turners Road	Middletown	Rhode Island
Cortellino, Charles A.	14 Bedford Street	New York	New York
Covault, Roger L.	Box 77	Fletcher	Ohio
Crawford, William J.	48 Perry Street	New York	New York
Crusco, Michael J.	1181 Sherman Avenue	Bronx	New York
Deignan, Paul J.	82 Idalla Road	Worcester	Massachusetts
Della Ventura, Salvatore J.	146 Johnston Avenue	Plainfield	New Jersey
Denton, Kenneth M.	96 Bay Street	Springfield	Massachusetts
De Spirt, Angelo L.	206 Palisade Avenue	Union City	New Jersey
De Waal Malefyte, Rudy	562 Paramus Road	Ridgewood	New Jersey
Donaho, Paul J.	106 East 6th Street	Hobart	Oklakama
Donlan, Lawrence E.	7 Baker Street	Norwood	Massachusetts
Dorman, Irwin S.	291 Franklin Avenue	Hartford	Connecticut
Driscoll, Leo F.	78 Foote Street	Fall River	Massachusetts
Durling, John O.		New Milford	Connecticut
Ennis, Allen P.	43 Rich Avenue	Mt. Vernon	New York
Elliott, Thomas C.	Box 143	Winlock	Washington
Fairchild, John B.	1170 Main Street	Reading	Massachusetts
Faircloth, Joe C.	Route No 3	Fayetteville	North Carolina
Farrell, James V.	5019 Ludlow Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Ferris, James A.	290 Oak Street	Manchester	Connecticut
Fisher, Lester	3145 Brighton 4th Street	Brooklyn	New York
French, Hugh J.	1233 E. Anderson Street	Savannah	Georgia
Furman, Francis J. Jr.	18 Charlotte Avenue	Trenton	New Jersey
Ganser, Robert A.	523 S. Main Street	Ft. Atkinson	Wisconsin
Gibson, Jesse F.		Centenary	South Carolina
Gill, Abraham O.	2758 Holland Avenue	Bronx	New York
Gininger, Emanuel	640 Empire Boulevard	Brooklyn	New York
Gomez, Pedro J.	883 Longwood Avenue	Bronx	New York
Goodrich, Robert E.	2157 Main Street	Glastonbury	Connecticut
Goodwin, David W.	262 Mill Street	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Gosnell, David P.	15 Bailey Street, Sans Souci	Greenville	South Carolina

Gottlieb, Reuben	1649 East Street	Brooklyn	New York
Granoff, Samuel J.	3114 W. Diamond Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Green, Harry	520 Newport Street	Brooklyn	New York
Greene, William C.		Tipton	Pennsylvania
Guild, Phelps	35 Roxbury Place	Glen Rock	New Jersey
Hahn, Maurice	1391 Madison Avenue	New York	New York
Hakes, Edward J.	33 Grove Street	Adams	Massachusetts
Halbrook, Murle A.		Sweet Home	Oregon
Hammond, James R.	Route No 2	Albion	Michigan
Hamluk, John	519 West 44th Street	New York	New York
Harkis, David	14 Alpha Place	New Rochelle	New York
Harrison, Bealie J.	Route No 2	Grove Hill	Alabama
Hartford, John A.	170 Cumberland Avenue	Portland	Maine
Hayward, Chester E.	Winnmere Avenue	Burlington	Massachusetts
Healy, Edward P.	700 Prospect Street	Pawtucket	Rhode Island
Herkenfeld, Joseph W.	616 Garden Street	Hoboken	New Jersey
Herring, William S.	1351 Florida Street	Memphis	Tennessee
Herrman, Francis H.	119 French Avenue	Westmont	New Jersey
Hipkens, John H.	254 Huntley Street	Syracuse	New York
Horton, Jared C.	35 Perryridge Road	Greenwich	Connecticut
Irwin, Leonard G.	321 North "O" Street	Pensacola	Florida
Jone, Fong	71 Mott Street	New York	New York
Jones, Curtis M.		Fieldale	Virginia
Joudrey, Harold E.	111 Olean Street	Worcester	Massachusetts
Kaplan, Fred S.	618 Sheridan Square	Evanston	Illinois
Karch, Adalbert	RFD No 1	Lakewood	New Jersey
Kiekenapp, William T.	6724 Forestdale Avenue	Hammond	Indiana
Kentler, Daniel R.	78 Tillary Street	Brooklyn	New York
Klingelsmith, Dean K.		Brethren	Michigan
Klingenstein, Jack L.	1869 Walton Avenue	Bronx	New York
Knorr, Charles N.	RFD No 3	Wyoming	Pennsylvania
Kochman, Walter F.	518 East 7th Street	Plainfield	New Jersey
Kuklinski, Michael A.	512 S. Vine Street	Shamokin	Pennsylvania
La Londe, John A.	602 Worth Street	Fulton	New York
Lambert, George W. Jr.	RFD No 1, White Street	Springfield	Vermont
LaRocque, George W.	21 Howells Street	Providence	Rhode Island
Latendresse, Louis M.	Gazza Road	Mapleville	Rhode Island
LaValle, Carmine	3627 Waldo Avenue	Bronx	New York
Lavey, Joseph F.	31 Seven Pines Avenue	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Lee, John H. Jr.	1800 Rossville Avenue	Chattanooga	Tennessee
Levine, Saul L.	72 Popular Street	Chelsea	Massachusetts
Lewis, Max V.		Normangee	Texas
Lopez, Arcadio M.	923 E. Kuhn Street	Edinburg	Texas
Lucas, Michael	9 Clover Street	Rutland	Vermont
Lueck, John L.	1213 S. 84th Street	West Allis	Wisconsin
Lynch, Gerard M.	2056 27th Street	Astoria, L. I.	New York
Maconaghie, William A.	1421 156th Street	Beechurst, L. I.	New York
Maher, James F.	37 Newberry Street	Malden	Massachusetts
Majors, Joseph R.	3809 5th Avenue S.	Birmingham	Alabama
Malgady, George J.	52 Boston Avenue	N. Arlington	New Jersey
Malgeri, Lucius F.	955 Atwells Avenue	Providence	Rhode Island
Malinski, Walter T.	88 N. 19th Street	East Orange	New Jersey
Mallett, John L.	50 Cedar Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Margeson, James P.	58 Adelside Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Markowitz, Jerome	1152 College Avenue	Bronx	New York

Marshall, John J.	16 Woodruff Avenue	Melrose	Massachusetts
Marston, Raymond O.	305 Manchester Road	Glastonbury	Connecticut
Martin, William E.	321 Springfield Avenue	Hasbrouck Hts.	New Jersey
Martinez, Carmelo L.	113 West 49th Street	New York	New York
Matts, Fred	124 Pleasant Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Mayo, Alvin H.	Route No 2	Ashland City	Tennessee
Mazur, Rudolph A.	16 Webbs Court	Ware	Massachusetts
Mc Fadden, Eugene J.	697 Hancock Street	Brooklyn	New York
McKinion, Elmer E.	Route No 1	Union	Missouri
Meineke, Edwin E.	415 East 148th Street	Bronx	New York
Meltzoff, Julian	490 West End Avenue	New York	New York
Merritt, David M.		Center Hill	Florida
Meyers, Johann W.	1323 Intervale Avenue	Bronx	New York
Miller, James W.	2004 Mott Drive, W.	Mobile	Alabama
Moeller, Norman G.	208 Hunting Hill Avenue	Middletown	Connecticut
Moll, Joseph M.	122 Hawthorne Avenue	Newark	New Jersey
Monroe, George R.	Brattle Street	S. Berwick	Maine
Montini, Tulio A.	Louis Street	Lee	Massachusetts
Moquet, William F.	1083 Campbell Avenue	West Haven	Connecticut
Morganstein, Jacques P.	5 Central Avenue	Spring Valley	New York
Murray, Peter J.	120 Washington Street	Hoboken	New Jersey
Myers, Flavius L.	Route No 4	Chippewa Falls	Wisconsin
Napolitano, Carmello S.	28 Madison Avenue	Pleasantville	New York
Nelson, Charles A. Jr.	1818 W. Huntington Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Norton, Francis W.	82 W. Main Street	Millbury	Massachusetts
Noto, Vincent	1312 Avenue "U"	Brooklyn	New York
Nugent, Joseph F.	18 N. Newport Avenue	Ventnor City	New Jersey
Ober, Josef	8707 Union Turpike	Glendale, L. I.	New York
O'Brien, Joseph F.	46 Columbia Street	Lee	Massachusetts
O'Neil, Gerald E.	185 Main Street	Catskill	New York
O'Rourke, Vincent A.	1480 Parkchester Road	Bronx	New York
Pakko, Raymond M.		Nashwauk	Minnesota
Panasuk, Theodore P.	7002 Perry Terrace	Brooklyn	New York
Parrott, Billy J.	106 Maulding Avenue	Marshall	Texas
Patrick, James K.	6620 108th Street	Forest Hills, L. I.	New York
Patti, Salvatore	42 Eldridge Street	New York	New York
Peeler, Gilbert L.	1516 McCormick Street	Greensboro	North Carolina
Philipson, Milton	1447 S. Sierra Bonita Ave.	Los Angeles	California
Pillinger, Leonard	1724 Bergen Street	Brooklyn	New York
Pine, Donald D.	Route No 4	Marshall	Illinois
Plake, Bobbie G.	515 N. West Street	Tipton	Indiana
Plummer, Harold G.	2034 Park Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Pohl, Maynard	408 Springfield Avenue	Cambridge	Maryland
Potter, Joseph E.	120 Loring Road	Columbia	South Carolina
Pupin, Michael	Columbia Cl., 4 West 43rd St.	New York	New York
Rabinoff, Murray	184 Tapscott Street	Brooklyn	New York
Ragione, Lucius D.	1406 McDuff Street	Los Angeles	California
Rancati, Frank P.	48 Harvey Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Reinacher, Ernest A.	146 W. Marie Street	Hicksville, L. I.	New York
Reisbaum, Herman	561 West 147th Street	New York	New York
Ressler, William G.		Dalton	Ohio
Ribaud, Raymon A.	438 West 40th Street	New York	New York
Richardson, Walter E.	153 Newkirk Street	Newark	New Jersey
Robinson, Samuel H. Jr.	310 S. York Street	Gastonia	North Carolina
Ross, Albert P.	Box 18	West Pawlet	Vermont

Ross, James T.	122 Terrace Avenue	Felton	Delaware
Rypkema, John A.	688 Watkins Street	Lodi	New Jersey
Salis, Sam	2236 Cambridge Street	Brooklyn	New York
Saltsiak, William J.	1 Pacific Street	Baltimore	Maryland
Samardak, Anthony	10304 Flatlands Avenue	Central Falls	Rhode Island
Sardisco, Benedict J.	692 East 241st Street	Brooklyn	New York
Sasser, Woodrow W.	6 Kafer Street	Bronx	New York
Schafle, Edward T.	1168 Vyse Avenue	Trenton	New Jersey
Schiffman, Harry M.	154 Collquitt Road	Bronx	New York
Schimmel, Fred	Rose Road	Columbia	South Carolina
Schlaugies, Edward	West 4th Street	Nanuet	New York
Schlosser, Charles W. Jr.	736 Fox Street	Waterford	Pennsylvania
Schlueter, Frederick S.	258 Beacon Street	Bronx	New York
Schmidt, David M.	555 57th Street	Athol	Massachusetts
Schmitt, Martin C.	Route No 3	West New York	New Jersey
Schramm, Lawrence A.	1710 Berry Avenue	Perrysburg	Ohio
Schroeder, Robert P.	357 East 19th Street	Chicago	Illinois
Schwab, Irving	Box 15	New York	New York
Scruggs, Clyde C.	54 Leslie Avenue	Cliffside	North Carolina
Secord, Earl K.	S. Main Street	Utica	New York
Sellew, Ralph G. Jr.	322 Delavan Avenue	East Hampton	Connecticut
Senf, Donald A.	138 Lake Avenue	East Pt. Chester	Connecticut
Servas, Andrew J.	115 W. Smith Street	Clifton	New Jersey
Sester, Peter J.		Herkimer	New York
Shambo, John H.		Willsboro	New York
Sherman, Perry G.	110 Penn Avenue	Oxford	North Carolina
Shreve, Daniel H.	17 Pulaski Street	Egan	Louisiana
Sieminski, Aloysius E.		Lakawanna	New York
Smith, Raymond G.		Pine Hill	New York
Southard, Warren G.	133 Howe Street	New Haven	Connecticut
Springs, George L.	Route No 2	McColl	South Carolina
Strauser, Philip J.	1 Darby Place	Roxbury	Massachusetts
Sullivan, Richard J.	36 W. Broad Street	Burlington	New Jersey
Sussman, Gerald	2117 East 35th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Swain, James H.	Box 242. Chadwick Station	Charlotte	North Carolina
Swiattouski, Ernest	32 Sheridan Street	Chicopee Falls	Massachusetts
Tait, Thomas K.	15 Yale Avenue	Stratford	New Jersey
Talbert, Alvin	Route No 1	Tyler	Texas
Tamayo, Andrew S.	913 McKee Street	Houston	Texas
Thomas, Richard C.	69 Miller Avenue	Homer City	Pennsylvania
Thomas, Robert R.	Margaret Street	Monson	Massachusetts
Tilley, Edward L.		Beaver	West Virginia
Tlumak, Seymour	489 East 95th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Torjussen, Anders C.	706 122nd Street	College Pt., L. I.	New York
Tranquillo, Michael	Box 12	Southington	Connecticut
Ursini, John	13 Cargill Street	Providence	Rhode Island
Veo, George A.	49 1/2 Taber Avenue	Brockton	Massachusetts
Von Hegel, William B.	227 Pine Street	Holyoke	Massachusetts
Walsh, Robert L.	111 Ocean Street	Dorchester	Massachusetts
Warren, Kenneth E.	7 Quincy Street	Portland	Maine
Waskiewicz, Edward J.	63 Ward Street	Worcester	Massachusetts
Willette, Louis A.	12 N. Park Street	Bangor	Maine
Willis, Robert M.	Box 36	Donalds	South Carolina
Winn, Charles A.	12 Middle Street	Nashua	New Hampshire
Wood, Paul D. Jr.	Acadia Apts, W. Main Street	Merrimac	Massachusetts

Woodbury, Franklin T.
 Woodson, James L.
 Word, Everett C.
 Worley, Ralph J.
 Zeedyk, Daniel W.

Range Road
 1048 South Street
 Route No 2
 58 Franklin Avenue

Canobie Lake
 Portsmouth
 Minor Hill
 Appleachcoler
 Midland Park

New Hampshire
 New Hampshire
 Tennessee
 Florida
 New Jersey

"A" Battery

Aigner, Henry J. Jr.
 Alves, Joseph, A. Jr.
 Athas, Arthur
 Atwell, Hicks Jr.
 Austin, Melvin O.
 Baier, Michael F.
 Barley, Richard P. Jr.
 Bartos, Frank J.
 Beeler, Dale L.
 Belanger, Albany O.
 Bell, Louis
 Bellmer, William H.
 Beninato, Albert J.
 Blackman, Henry F.
 Boland, James F.
 Born, Harry E.
 Boucher, Raymond R.
 Bouthilier, Rene H.
 Bowen, Robert W.
 Bracco, Thomas S.
 Brannick, John M.
 Bredeson, Chester S.
 Brooke, Robert D.
 Brown, Rodney F.
 Burke, Benedict R.
 Cahn, William
 Carbone, Salvatore F.
 Carey, Daniel J.
 Carlisle, Raymond W.
 Carney, Leonard J.
 Carrozzo, Vincent N.
 Caruso, John G.
 Cassano, Pasquale
 Cassimis, Spiros
 Casterline, Henry J.
 Chaiken, Irving
 Chesunas, John
 Christie, Ernest L.
 Colosimo, Dominick
 Comtois, Francis R.
 Conti, Charles J.
 Covert, Jack J.
 Cucci, Adolph M.
 Davis Carl E.
 Davis, Mirchie

11 Gibbsboro Road
 30 Arlington Street
 8 Paleologos Street
 6 Clerendon Streets
 138 Old Foxen Road
 2935 N. Fairhill Street
 Satans Kingdom
 Route No 3
 159 Annette Street
 26 Ralph Place
 292 Wellington Road
 551 15th Avenue
 Route D
 14½ Gold Street
 331 E. 39th Street
 34 Euimvy Avenue
 86 W. Hollis Street
 15 W. Henry Clay Avenue
 190 Hamilton Avenue
 RFD No 3
 Route No 1
 Route No 4, Box 66 A
 98 Bird Avenue
 192 13th Street
 621 Linwood Street
 24 North Oxford Street
 922 Elesmere Place
 56 Columbia Street
 55 Hick Street
 108—70 52nd Avenue
 Briar Avenue—Russel Rd.
 827 McLean Avenue
 233 West 19th Street
 16517 Prest Street
 968 47th Street
 RFD No 1. Box 177
 1704 Rhode Island Ave, NW
 28 Clinton Street
 118 Remsen Street
 37 Robinson Street
 15046 Ilene Street
 248 Kingsland Avenue
 Route No 1

Clementon
 East Providence
 Peabody
 Malden
 East Haven
 Philadelphia
 Linden
 New Hartford
 Lancaster
 New Bedford
 Buffalo
 Mineola
 Newark
 Griffin
 Norwich
 New York
 Lesbrook
 Nashua
 Covington
 Brooklyn
 Minooka
 Fergus Falls
 Anaheim
 Buffalo
 Brooklyn
 Brooklyn
 New York
 Bronx
 East Paterson
 Brooklyn
 Corona, L. I.
 Albany
 Yonker
 New York
 Detroit
 Brooklyn
 Fayetteville
 Washington
 New Britain
 Cohoes
 Dorchester
 Detroit
 Lyndhurst
 Linden
 Grand View

New Jersey
 Rhode Island
 Massachusetts
 Massachusetts
 Massachusetts
 Pennsylvania
 Alabama
 Connecticut
 Missouri
 Massachusetts
 New York
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 New Jersey
 Georgia
 New York
 New York
 Maine
 New Hampshire
 Kentucky
 New York
 Illinois
 Minnesota
 California
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 New York
 New York
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 New Jersey
 New York
 New York
 New York
 New York
 Michigan
 New York
 West Virginia
 D. C.
 Connecticut
 New York
 Massachusetts
 Michigan
 New Jersey
 North Carolina
 North Carolina

Davis, Raymond R.	Curtiss Street	Southington	Connecticut
Dechaine, Wilfried J.	1310 Carney Blvd.	Marinette	Wisconsin
DeCoskey, John D.	413 Devlin Street	Gallitzin	Pennsylvania
Del Busso, Anthony	3871 Carpenter Avenue	New York	New York
Derrick, Leonard C.	812 Bronson Street	Watertown	New York
Doolin, James E.	640 Boxford Place	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Dooley, Daniel E.	102 Circle Avenue	Ridgewood	New Jersey
Doorey, Thomas J.	29 Milbourne Avenue	Upper Darby	Pennsylvania
Doust, Norman A.	RD No 1	Marcellus	New York
Egan, William R.	77 Spring Street	New Haven	Connecticut
Fahr, Ralph W.	Avon Heights	Collinsville	Connecticut
Farley, James H.	34 Larch Street	Pawtucket	Rhode Island
Farrell, Thomas F.	42—25 Haight Street	Flushing	New York
Fleming, James	791 East 19th Street	Paterson	New Jersey
Forbes, John C.	614 East Broadway Street	Eagle Grove	Iowa
Foster, Gordon J.	1102 Church Street	Wisconsin Dells	Wisconsin
Friedman, Archie	1184 Fox Street	Bronx	New York
Gardner, George M.	Route No 1	Church Hill	Tennessee
Geiger, Eugene H.	207 Railroad Avenue	Marion	South Carolina
Giandomenico, Joseph D.	427 Cordon Street	Reading	Pennsylvania
Glabau, Charles L.	149 Lawrence Avenue	Hasbr. Heights	New Jersey
Golden, Harry P.	Route No 3	Crawford	Nebraska
Grace, Albert J.	1991 West Avenue	Bronx	New York
Grandt, Edward	903 Woodrow Street	Columbia	South Carolina
Gregory, Lyle M.	69 Brook Street	Wellesley	Massachusetts
Grosso, Martin A.	71 Maryland Avenue	Paterson	New Jersey
Guadagno, Angelo A.	854 Michigan Avenue	Buffalo	New York
Hall, George W.	609 Adams Street	Streator	Illinois
Hamilton, Ronald A.	1 Farnsworth Street	New London	Connecticut
Hanley, Herbert H.	654 West Englowood	Chicago	Illinois
Harvey, James C.	Route No 2	Concord	Tennessee
Haughey, Thomas J.	784 Beacon Street	Boston	Massachusetts
Heirbaut, Corneel		Pequannock	New Jersey
Hellman, Melvin H.		Raymondville	Texas
Herman, Charles	923 12th Street	Fairlawn	New Jersey
Hilburn, Thomas C.	84 Oakland Apts	Mobile	Alabama
Hobson, James	429 Camino Del Sur	Palm Springs	California
Holcomb, James L. Jr.		Tate	Georgia
Houlihan, Michael J.	24 Evarett Road	West Albany	New York
Hubbard, Shelby		Manchester	Kentucky
Hunt, William J.	1208 Southern Blvd.	New York	New York
James Lewis E.	RFD No 1	Seneca	South Carolina
Johnson, Kenneth F.	8 Center Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Jones, Enaif A.	RFD No 3	Gaffney	South Carolina
Kay, Frank	Box 153	Garfield	Georgia
Kammerer, Virtus C.	1823 22nd Avenue, South	Clinton	Iowa
Keough, James R.	172 Beech Street	Belmont	Georgia
King, Frank L.	522 Tremont Street	N. Tonawanda	New York
Kirk, Frederick Jr.	1334 East 92nd Street	Brooklyn	New York
Kuhn, Willard R.	3704 N. Central Park Avenue	Chicago	Illinois
Kupchik, Steve	2359 West 7th Avenue	Cleveland	Ohio
Landry, Harold U.	10 Bridge Street	Salem	Massachusetts
Laudas, Michael L.	4331 Nottingham Way	Robbinsville	New Jersey
LaRaia, Joseph	77 West Eagle Street	East Boston	Massachusetts
Leahy, Robert E.	4632 12th Street	Washington	D. C.

Lee, Clyde W.	649 West Side Avenue	New Castle	Virginia
Lestuck, Charles	151 Troy Avenue	Perth Amboy	New Jersey
Liberatore, Liberate	52 Monmouth Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Linzmayr, Borchman H.	275 Main Street	Navesink	New Jersey
Long, James R.	31 Commerce Street	Russellville	Kentucky
Mann, Charles C.	Route No 1, Box 23	Lockhaven	Pennsylvania
Manning, Willie H.	3347 Vernon Blvd.	Jesup	Georgia
Marcantonio, Vincent L.	RD No 4	Long Island City	New York
Martin, Harry J. J.	33 Burnett Avenue	Troy	New York
Mason, Thomas A.	6141 Maynard Avenue	Maplewood	New Jersey
Massey, Bobby G.	1636 South 13th Street	Scattle	Washington
Mattia, Edward E.	49 West Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
McGeown, William J.	7530 Belleville Road	Manchester	Connecticut
McQuade, Edwin H.	422 East Baker Street	Belleville	Michigan
McWilliams, William F.	604 Bradford Street	Baltimore	Maryland
Miller, Ben	3117 Avenue "R"	New York	New York
Miller, Ernest R.	Route No 6	Brooklyn	New York
Miller, John	1222 Southern Blvd.	Gainesville	Georgia
Mitchell, James	38 Mt. Vernon Avenue	Bronx	New York
Morin, Conrad R.	843 Hilldale Avenue	Augusta	Maine
Najuch, Julian	1536 Minford Place	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Nastaszewski, Brono T.	2254 Crescent Street	New York	New York
Nenadich, John C.	564 Ellis Street	Long Island	New York
Oakes, Richard S.	Gas Street	New Britain	Connecticut
Oberstadt, Ernest A.	649 East 9th Street	Newtown	Connecticut
Olernick, Maury	15 Voorhies Street	New York	New York
Orlowski, Martin A.	2917 West Poplar Street	Amsterdam	New York
Palumbo, Nicholas	9 Pentucket Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Parker, Milton E.	27 Furber Avenue	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Petteruto, Ralph	86 "C" Street	North Andover	Massachusetts
Pezza, Biagio J.	607 East 139th Street	Cranston	Rhode Island
Pichacz, Michael		New York	New York
Pile, Leon E.		Wolf River	Tennessee
Platt, Augustus J.	281 Clifton Place	Brooklyn	New York
Poole, David L.	Route No 2	Eatonton	Georgia
Postlewait, Thomas J.		Littleton	West Virginia
Pupin, Michael	4 West 43rd Street	New York	New York
Quinn, Gurman R.		Magnolia	North Carolina
Raymer, Warren W.	Route No 1	Goodletsville	Tennessee
Rawls, Tommie F.	916 Copper Street	Memphis	Tennessee
Revier, Charles G.	425 Marshall Street, N. E.	Minneapolis	Minnesota
Rich, Gordon		Byrdstown	Tennessee
Ritter, Charles P.	319 East 144th Street	New York	New York
Robinson, John J.	414 East 137th Street	Bronx	New York
Roggeman, Francis R.	9240 77th Street	Woodhaven L.I.	New York
Roman, Carl P.	914 East Stewart Avenue	Flint	Michigan
Rosenberg, Sol	103 Malta Street	New York	New York
Rosia, Joseph M.	22 Clark Street	New Britain	Connecticut
Rosolinsky, Jacob	929 44th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Russell, William C.	Box 133	Booneville	New York
Sanders, Calvin M.	Route No 1	Renfro	Alabama
Saulino, Frank J.	129 Heket Street	Belleville	New Jersey
Scatamacchia, Ralph L.	1430 Greenport Road	Far Rockaway	New York
Schirmer, Paul A.	2073 Bailey Avenue	Buffalo	New York
Schiavone, Joseph Jr.	826 Summer Avenue	Newark	New Jersey

Scheiner, David	937 East 89th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Senec, Eugene V.	99 Andrew Street	Bayonne	New Jersey
Servidio, Joseph B.	301½ Harold Avenue	Greenwich	Connecticut
Siegel, Sidney	2915 Mermaid Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Skidgel, Bernard J.	RFD No 4	Caribou	Maine
Skulski, Leonard	604 Greenwich Avenue	Paulsboro	New Jersey
Slip, John	RFD No 2	Bethel	Connecticut
Speirs, Andrew H.	198 North Vinren Street	Bergenfield	New Jersey
Stancavage, Henry E.	336 Putnam Street	West Hazelton	Pennsylvania
Stellas, Ted	209 West 33rd Street	Manhattan	New York
Sundblom, Armas K.	204 East 75th Street	New York	New York
Sturm, Charles H.	194 Railroad Avenue	Peterson	New Jersey
Thomas, Carl M.	2927 North Delaware Street	Indianapolis	Indiana
Thiele, Frederick C.	1500 St. Louis Street	Fort Worth	Texas
Tinney, Robert	726 Boyd Street	Carnegie	New Jersey
Tirgrath, Harry P. Jr.	468 2nd Avenue	Lyndhurst	Pennsylvania
Valvo, Anthony J.	1838 West 10th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Varieur, Gustave H.	31 Groove Street	Lewiston	Maine
Vella, Anthony J.	1308 Mary Street	Etich	New York
Voelkel, William G.	89 Homes Avenue	Dorchester	Massachusetts
Waterman, Fred J.	403 West 54 th Street	New York	New York
Westerlund, Marvin D.	336 Saluda Street	Rock Hill	South Carolina
Whitlow, Billy F.		Cornelius	North Carolina
Wiesmann, Joseph F.	48—16 30th Avenue	Astoria	New York
Wilbanks, Benjamin H.	Route No 2	Chatsworth	Georgia
Wiltsie, David P.	50 Chiswell Road	Schenectady	New York
Winterbotham, George J.	943 Lexington Avenue	Washington	D. C.
Wise, William S.		Hannastown	Pennsylvania
Woods, Robert A.	6425 Ingleside Avenue	Chicago	Illinois
Wright, Vernon O.	Route No 3	Stratford	Oklahoma
Yannotti, Salvatore A.	1103 East 94th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Youngs, Earl W.	206 West Willette Street	Rome	New York
Ziegelstein, Robert	2450 Main Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Zimmerman, George W.	41 Olean Street	Worcester	Massachusetts

„B,, Battery

Alongi, Emanuel P.	1414 2nd Avenue	New York	New York
Arsenault, Wallace H.	37 Apel Place	Manchester	Connecticut
Axler, Herbert H.	1803 S. 5th Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Ball, Earle F.	107 S. Warren Street	Trenton	New Jersey
Banjo, Joseph	42 Oak Street	Saratoga Sprgs.	New York
Batory, Zigmund T.	51 Rice Avenue	Edwardsville	Pennsylvania
Beckman, William A.	891 Tiffany Street	New York	New York
Belden, Herbert B.	1181 E. 39th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Bennett, Willis C.		Clifton	Colorado
Bentley, George W.	64 Shore Road	Riverside	Rhode Island
Bielski, Ted S.	640 Page Avenue	Jackson	Michigan
Blank, Arthur H.		Freedom	Pennsylvania
Boies, Clayton S.	100 Howe Street	New Haven	Connecticut
Bowler, Victor P.		Beecher Falls	Vermont
Broad, Myron	11 Bilodeau Road	Dorchester	Massachusetts
Brown, Edgel D.	Route No 1	Dexter City	Ohio

Brown, Grady H.	Route No 4	Gainesboro	Tennessee
Brunning, Louis A.	9518 Avenue "K"	Brooklyn	New York
Brunton, Robert G.	501 Arthur Avenue	Topeka	Kansas
Burgess, Virgil E.		Albertville	Alabama
Burgess, Wallace L.	145 Winter Street	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Cain, Allen Jr.		Roseland	Florida
Caracciolo, Angelo	2464 Hughes Avenue	Bronx	New York
Carbo, Ismael A.	243 W 21st Street	New York	New York
Caulfield, Kenneth R.	8451 Beverly Road	Kew Gardens L.I.	New York
Cazaban August J.	495 Third Avenue	New York	New York
Cheney, Robert J.		West Roxbury	Massachusetts
Chrin, Frank	RFD No 1	Allentown	Pennsylvania
Ciminale, Peter A.	281 Chestnut Street	Camden	New Jersey
Cleere, Mason C.	2427 11th Street	Tuscaloosa	Alabama
Cogan, Donald	346 Woodside Avenue	Buffalo	New York
Collins, Paul A.	1002 Pierree Avenue	Toronto	Ohio
Connell, Terry L.	Gen. Delivery	Allisoma	Tennessee
Conway, Gordon R.	308 E. Church Street	Greeneville	Tennessee
Cook, James	Route No 2	Mosneim	Tennessee
Cycon, Leonard J.	43 Miller Avenue	Blasdell	New York
Danyo, Michael		Walkill	New York
Davis, Otis J.	Route No 2	Dadeville	Alabama
DeLeua, Dante J.	264 20th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Demstrom, Arvid V.	25 Overpeck Avenue	Ridgefield Park	New Jersey
DeMuro, Salvatore D.	92 Westervelt Place	Lodi	New Jersey
Devins, James H.	1136 Albany Street	Utica	New York
Donnellan, Richard A.	1233 E. 32nd Street	Brooklyn	New York
Downey, John R.	1 Broadview Terrace	Granville	New York
Fagan, James E.	2665 Bedford Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Farmer, Wilson		Hasty	Arkansas
Fowler, Roy	Route No 1	Fairmont	Georgia
Finenen, Harry A.	362 E. 23rd Street	Patterson	New Jersey
Ford, Thomas J.	304 E. 183rd Street	New York	New York
Freese, Donald A.	1237 E. Washington Blvd.	Fort Wayne	Indiana
Frew, Lester O.	Middleboro Road	E. Freetown	Massachusetts
Fryman, Virgle	Route No 1	Cynthiana	Kentucky
Gagliard, John J.	241 Layfayette Avenue	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
Garcia, Joseph E.	179 E. 96th Street	New York	New York
Garrett, Wesley J.	8 Kingham Street	St. Albans	Vermont
Gearry, William M.	4 Cogswell Avenue	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Gallagher, John J.	410 W. 25th Street	New York	New York
Gaines, Joseph E.	Route No 5	Shelbyville	Kentucky
Gerstein, Irving A.	338 Beach 69th Street	Arverne	New York
Gier, Wade S.	324 Main Street	N. Kensington	Pennsylvania
Goodman, William R. Jr.	26 Mansfield Street	Auston	Massachusetts
Goodwin, George S.	2 Woolson Avenue	Springfield	Vermont
Gorovitzc. Joseph W.	202 W. 60th Street	New York	New York
Greci, William J.	905 Bluehills Avenue	Bloomfield	Connecticut
Greenwald, George E.	2606 Pins Avenue	Niagara Falls	New York
Griffith, Myles M.	Box 85	Prentiss	Missouri
Hall, Arthur	618 16th Street	Phownix City	Alabama
Hamilton, Fred H.	3 Blvd. Terrace	Brighton	Massachusetts
Hauer, Jack	398 Hinsdale Street	Brooklyn	New York
Hefter, Harold A.	1553 Sawyer Avenue	Chicago	Illinois
Hodosh, George	34 Detroit Avenue	Providence	Rhode Island

Hill, Harold C.	3524 Louisiana Avenue	St. Louis	Missouri
Huber, William W.	856 Rosepletz Street	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania
Humphreys, Bernard C.	509 N. Montford Avenue	Baltimore	Maryland
Idyle, Albert		Arsay	Kentucky
Kane, Douglas J.	414 Grand Street	Brooklyn	New York
Kay, Kenneth M.	99 George Avenue	Groton	Connecticut
Karlan, Joseph	6134-65 Road	Maspeth, L. I.	New York
King, Ralph W.	Box 1042	Cramerton	North Carolina
Kirchoff, Richard W.	83 Shaler Avenue	Fairview	New Jersey
Komski, Henry T.	241 Cedar Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Kurshner, Nathan	418 Hupkinson Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Ladwig, Lyle W.	Route No 1	David City	Nebraska
Lehman, Arnold L.	147 Chester Field Road	Pittsburgh	Pennsylvania
Lesniewski, Stanky	10413 Inwood Street	Jamaica	New York
Lewis, Glyn M.	Route No 7	Fayetteville	North Carolina
Lingle, Graige S.	811 E. Innes Street	Salisbury	North Carolina
Lombardi, Michael J.	161 Golo Street	Brooklyn	New York
Lotito, Fred	214 Summit Avenue	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
MacDonald, William J.	5 Arcadia Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
McGeehan, Leroy V.	198 Avenue C	Bayonne	New Jersey
McLaughlin, Thomas K.	600 W. 169th Street	New York	New York
McLean, Andrew J.	1701 Church Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Madero, Joseph C.	90 Burns Heights	Duquesne	Pennsylvania
Madeux, Howard H.	25 Lawton Street	Torrington	Connecticut
Magnotto, William W.	511 Haywood Street	Farrell	Pennsylvania
McGuire, Daniel H.	Route No 4	Sweetwater	Tennessee
Meyer, Raymond E.	731 Aberdeen Street	Akron	Ohio
Meyer, Johann W.	1323 Intervale Avenue	New York	New York
Meyer, Robert L.	932 Sherman Avenue	Plainfield	New Jersey
Miller, Clayton A.	2 Elm Street	Auburn	Massachusetts
Millitte, Armond C.	164 Babcock Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Minchew, Hubert J.		Bay Minette	Alabama
Mulligan, Joseph P.	261 E. 236th Street	New York	New York
Nalley, Walter L.	RFD 4	Easley,	South Carolina
Navatta, Jack A.	218 Orient Way	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
Newton, Archibald M.	605 Fifth Street	High Point	North Carolina
Nocella, John A.	165 Union Street	Everett	Massachusetts
Nolan, Raymond A.	Route No 6	Amsterdam	New York
O'Brien, Danny V.	Route No 2	Mt. Pleasant	Michigan
O'Donnell, Maurice L.	101 Third Street	Pittsfield	Massachusetts
Peet, Leslie L.	182 Dewey Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Perelmuth, Max	210 Madison Street	New York	New York
Peterson, Carl A.	417 Hancock Street	Hancock	Michigan
Polay, Sidney	312 E. 24th Street	Patterson	New Jersey
Raymond, Louis R.	104 Frederick Street	Athens	Pennsylvania
Reed, Windol B.		Ft. Ritner	Indiana
Reese, William C.	1345 N. 21st Street	Lincoln	Nebraska
Repec, Flory	Route No 1 Box No 58	Kinmundy	Illinois
Riley, Albert		Summerville	Georgia
Rochester, Reuben P.	Route No 2 Box No 25	Whitmire	South Carolina
Rosenbluth, Irving	1039 Simpson Street	Brenz	New York
Ross, David R.	38 Schermerhorn Street	Brooklyn	New York
Sachs, Joseph M.	199-18 Park Place	Richmond Hill, L.I.	New York
Santoro, Santino	157-60 10th Avenue	Beechhurst	New York
Sarle, Anthony	86 Chauncey Street	Brooklyn	New York

Scandura, Frank L.	10-11 36th Street	L. I. City	New York
Schultz, Leroy J.	314 Howard Blvd.	Reding	Pennsylvania
Segal, Myer G.	628 Central Avenue	Needham	Massachusetts
Shelton, Theodore	1414 Eighth Street	New Orleans	Louisiana
Shortell, Thomas M.	2162 Valentine Avenue	New York	New York
Silberberg, Morris	2428 Webster Avenue	Bronx	New York
Skokan, Frank M.	Box 37 E.	Atlanta	Georgia
Smith, Claude F.	14 Roseway Circle	Rome	Georgia
Smith, William		Riverton	W. Virginia
St. Peter, Leslie W.	35 Birch Street	Millinocket	Maine
Stefani, Walter S.	211 Wyonia Street	Brooklyn	New York
Storey, John E.	8007 S. LaSalle Street	Chicago	Illinois
Strenglein, Frank		Eldred	New York
Sullivan, John W.		Antwerp	New York
Suttles, Perry L.	505 W. 41st Street	Chattanooga	Tennessee
Sweigart, Chewter B.	522 Walnut Street	Denver	Pennsylvania
Tavares, Antonio	14 Shaws Lane	Bristol	Rhode Island
Terebaiza, Joseph H.	71-53 71st Street	Glendale, L. I.	New York
Tesoriero, Vincent	174 Union Street	Brooklyn	New York
Thomas, Arthur H.	458 State Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Thysen, William F.	63 Jefferson Street	Passaic	New Jersey
Tirpak, Ernest	1206 W. 18th Street	Erie	Pennsylvania
Torrans, John R.	746 College Street	Shreveport	Louisiana
Urell, John W.	5 Whitney Place	East Orange	New Jersey
Verbiski, Joseph J.	34 Snow Street	Brockton	Massachusetts
Vermilye, Frederick E.	423 E. 137th Street	Bronx	New York
Vieira, Antone C.	21 Oregon Street	Fall River	Massachusetts
Villano, William J.	Laureldale Road	Worcester	Massachusetts
Waller, Julius W.	Route No 2	Fairburn	Georgia
Weinstein, Isidore	198 Penn Street	Brooklyn	New York
White, Carl A.	Route No 2	Winamac	Indiana
Whittier, Gordon E.	865 Bellefontaine Avenue	Marion	Ohio
Williams, Eugene L.	655 Park Street	Marquette	Michigan
Witham, Perley A.		Northwood	New Hampshire
Witherspoon, Clarence E.	Route No 2	Beach	Virginia
Witkowski, Walter J.	151 Berlin Street	Clinton	Massachusetts
Wood, Otis J.	413 Biedmont Street	Waterbury	Connecticut
Wright, Everette L.	1717 Ailor Avenue	Knoxville	Tennessee
Yarbrough, William S.	Route No 2	San Sala	Texas
Young, Harold W.	West Market Street	Hyde Park	New York

"C" Battery

Alicie, Milburn W.		Cedar Bluff	Virginia
Alvarez, Benjamin N.	Box 622	Mecca	California
Anderson, Thomas F.	9 Ends Place	Jersey City	New Jersey
Andre, Ralph O.	203 Walnut Street	Yankton	South Dakota
Amundson, Norman E.	1427 Orange Place	Seattle	Washington
Arata, Michael J.	333 59th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Atherton, Howard C.		Shelburne	Vermont
Azzarello, Frank J.	144 Summit Street	Brooklyn	New York
Babcheck, George B.	Clifton Avenue	Fairbank	Pennsylvania
Bacsik, George T.	29 Virginia Avenue	Trenton	New Jersey

Ball, Major S.	Route No 3	Concord	Tennessee
Barnett, Moseley, C.	R F D, Box 100	Memphis	Tennessee
Bates, John R.	103 Pinckney Street	Union	South Carolina
Beigleman, Ervan	3531 West Center St.	Milwaukee	Wisconsin
Benson, Henry F.	3253 32nd Street	Astoria, L. I.	New York
Beres, George P. Jr.	R F D 2	Conneautville	Pennsylvania
Bits, Gordon H.	547 Dauphin Street	Lancaster	Pennsylvania
Bobcean, Floyd C.	7711 Card Road	Mount Clemens	Michigan
Bocuzzo, Albert J.	240 Groveland Street	Haverhill	Massachusetts
Boland, James P.	2021 Lake Street	El Mira	New York
Bonifacino, Charles J.	3306 Virginia Avenue	Baltimore	Maryland
Brady, Clenn W.	3403 Walnut Street	McKeesport	Pennsylvania
Brafa, Andrew A.	2317 Poplar Grove St.	Baltimore	Maryland
Bryan, Charles J.	4229 Maywood Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Bull, William H.	448 Elm Street	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
Bulzak, Joseph T.	1332 Lansdowne Avenue	Camden	New Jersey
Butcher, Lewis D.		Davin	West Virginia
Butler, Wilfried S.	45 Manchester Place	Newark	New Jersey
Camien, Robert T.	1856 East 51st Street	Brooklyn	New York
Carll, Harry L.	R F D 2	Kane	Pennsylvania
Carlton, Whytte F.	Route No 5	Lexington	North Carolina
Carriero, James V.	467 West 42nd Street	New York	New York
Carroll, Eugene G.	3159 33rd Street	Astoria, L. I.	New York
Cerbone, Frank J.	1240 Rogers Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Chabot, Frank R.	158 Mulberry Street	Pawtucket	Rhode Island
Ciarleglio, John Jr.	100 Plainfield Avenue	West Haven	Connecticut
Clarke, Patrick J.	2410 Davidson Avenue	New York	New York
Clopton, Adam R.	710 Laurel Street	Des Moines	Iowa
Cogivan, Joseph P.	1907 Holland Avenue	Bronx	New York
Cohen, Irving	435 Sackman Street	Brooklyn	New York
Conley, Hermann H.	404 East 5th Street	Rock Falls	Illinois
Conliffe, Arthur F.	430 Grand Concourse	New York	New York
Corriera, John P.	19 Walnut Street	N. Tiveeton	Rhode Island
Corona, Roberto Jr.	PO Box 181A	Rio Grande City	Texas
Coulthart, Carlton H.	5301 Reiger Street	Dallas	Texas
Coviello, Anthony V.	278 Harrington Avenue	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
Cummings, Lawrence C.	5504 Penna. Avenue	Nashville	Tennessee
Curry, Olie G.		Richmond	Kentucky
Detrick, James L.	Maine Street	La Porte	Pennsylvania
Dieterly, Charles E.	2317 McElderry Street	Baltimore	Maryland
DiGregorio, Pautleo J.	11 Agate Avenue	Worcester	Massachusetts
Ditiberiis, Victor	18—19 27th Avenue	Astoria, L. I.	New York
Dobitsky, Frank R.	Water Street	Scitico	Connecticut
Donahue, Frank E.	415 East 236th Street	New York	New York
Downing, Thoms F.	10 Front Street	Rochester	New Hampshire
Dowrey, Albert E.	44 Roper Street	Lowell	Massachusetts
Dugle, Walter W.	316 Walnut Street	Rising Sun	Indiana
Eaton, Albert N.	Worthley Avenue	Seabrook	New Hampshire
Elsbury, Peter J.	R F D 1	Marianna	Pennsylvania
Erickson, Philip L.	303 First Street	Merrill	Wisconsin
Fama, Joseph F.	99 Bartlett Street	Charlestown	Massachusetts
Ferranti, Alfonso	163 State Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Fields, Harold E.	R F D 2	Fort Fairfield	Maine
Fortunato, Pasquale J.	130—13 127 Street	S. Ozone Park	New York
Garnett, Donald E.	No. Conway P. O.	Conway	New Hampshire

Gerlach, Harvey A.	255 Page Avenue	Lyndhurst	New Jersey
Gipson, James T.	255 14th Street	Bowling Green	Kentucky
Givens, James M.	218 Johnston Street	Rockhill	South Carolina
Goldsberry, John R.	Main Street	Unionville Cent.	Ohio
Gonzales, Paul R.	Box 701	San Benito	Texas
Gori, Albert J.	2158 Cretona Avenue	Bronx	New York
Grant, George B.	70 Moringside Drive	New York	New York
Greco, Louis A.	9 Nancia Street	East Boston	Massachusetts
Griffith, John W.	201 Grawford Street	Monroe	North Carolina
Gurganus, Floyd B.	Route No 1	Cordova	Alabama
Haggerty, John M.	1071 Lincoln Place	Brooklyn	New York
Harmon, Sidney		Justice	West Virginia
Hart, Bruce F. Sr.	Route No 2	Rockingham	North Carolina
Hatch, Andrew C.	404 Central Avenue	Point	New Jersey
		Pleasant	
		Beach	
		Bronx	New York
Hawkins, Thomas	440 East 141st Street	Asbury Park	New Jersey
Hemingbrough, John F.	c/o. P. Hurley		
	615 Monroe Avenue		
		Lafayette	Alabama
Henderson, James R.	99 Oakland Street	Brockton	Massachusetts
Hill, Earl V.	451 East 150th Street	Bronx	New York
Histon, David	713 Oxnard Blvd.	Oxnard	California
Hoo, Paul S.	16 Walnut Street	Springfield	Massachusetts
Hunde, John E.	Route No 1	Bells	Tennessee
Jarvis, John T.	1018 North 9th Street	St. Saline	Kansas
Jellison, Charles D.	Route No 5	Morganfield	Kentucky
Jenkins, John M.	206 West 69th Street	New York	New York
Jennen, Henry J.	612 East Gray Street	Louisville	Kentucky
Kaltofen, Albert	Route No 3	Franklin	Texas
Kenner, Jack	P. O. Box 632	Morristown	New Jersey
Kinney, John M.	469 Central Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Klueg, George V.	805 Grove Street	Avoca	Pennsylvania
Kritzer, Joseph T.	1762 67th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Krinsky, Benjamin	3400 Inwood Road	Dallas	Texas
Knight, William A.	432 East 15th Street	New York	New York
Lachut, Thomas	10 Bridge Street	Salem	Massachusetts
Landry, Harold U.	General Belivery	Midland	Maryland
Langley, Robert P.	5415 Fleet Avenue	Cleveland	Ohio
Lash, Edward J.	6505 Central Avenue	Glendale	New York
Lava, William J.	84 Willow Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
LeClair, Eugene P.	2504 Memorial Avenue	Lynchburg	Virginia
Lindsey, Zachariah E.	15442 Kentucky	Detroit	Michigan
Love, Wilfried E.	521 22nd Street	Union City	New Jersey
Lucy, Jeremiah P.	Route No 1	Prole	Iowa
Lull, Clyde	RD 3 Clerview Avenue	Mercerville	New Jersey
Lup, George Jr.	735 W. 183rd Street	New York	New York
Malaver, Maximilian	50 Cedar Street	Cambridge	Massachusetts
Mallett, John L.	131—56 Sanford Avenue	Flushing	New York
Maione, Michael	181 Franklin Street	New Haven	Connecticut
Manguso, Pasquale	General Delivery	Somerville	Tennessee
Manley, Bennie T.	S. O. Box 137	E. Glastonbury	Connecticut
Marston, Raymond O.	265 High Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Martino, Frank	10 South Ecker Street	Irvinton	New York
Martino, George C.	Box 321	Newton	North Carolina
Mauney, Clyde H.			

McGeown, William J.	49 West Street	Manchester	Connecticut
McNulty, Edward	628 E. 141st Street	New York	New York
Medaglia, Joseph A.	15 Harden Road	Somerville	Massachusetts
Meyer, William A.	R F D 3, Box 197	Lakewood	New Jersey
Mikionis, Joseph C.	167 Kimber Street	New Phila.	Pennsylvania
Miller, Burdette L.	545 Seaside Street	Long Beach	California
Moreau, Adrian J.	21 Spruce Street	Sanford	Maine
Morganstein, Jacques P.	5 Central Avenue	Spring Valley	New York
Morrissey, Joseph W.	27 Ferries Street	E. Boston	Massachusetts
Mullis, Dan L.	321 E. Gordon Street	Valdosta	Georgia
Mullis, Douglas C.	600 East Hill Avenue	Valdosta	Georgia
Mussa, John	801 West 181st Street	New York	New York
Musial, Walter M.	1054 Hamilton Avenue	Farrell	Pennsylvania
Nailor, William E.	36 Devlin Street	Cohoes	New York
Napolitano, Joseph M.	6002 Hudson Avenue	W. New York	New Jersey
Narby, John T.	26 East 8th Street	Erie	Pennsylvania.
Newberry, Bascom		Somerset	Kentucky
Nesselson, Morton	283 East 171st Street	Bronx	New York
Newton, Ellis W.	Brodie Mt. Road	Lanesboro	Massachusetts
Nobles, Charles J. Jr.		Hallsboro	North Carolina
Novack, Jack	85 17th Avenue	Newark	New Jersey
Olzsanski, Theodore E.	165 Maple Street	Winsted	Connecticut
Ottenheimer, Edward P.	1000 Artic Avenue	Atlantic City	New Jersey
Overton, William H.	5th Street	St. James	New York
Pachman, Morris J.	465 East 24th Street	Paterson	New Jersey
Perry, Bennie	Route No 5	Saluda	South Carolina
Perry, Joseph S.	771 Newark Avenue	Jersey City	New Jersey
Perry, Theophus T.		Zebulon	North Carolina
Picard, Wilfred E.	286 White Street	Lowell	Massachusetts
Pintabona, Anthony A.	1518 Eastern Parkway	Brooklyn	New York
Pizzuto, Michael	800 East 219th Street	Bronx	New York
Porri, John R.	486 Front Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Posses, Frederick	110 Causeway	Lawrence	New York
Powell, William J.	59 East Luzerne Avenue	Larksville	Pennsylvania
Raines, Charles H.	Rt. 1, Barnesville Road	Thomaston	Georgia
Reichman, Harry	264 Avenue O	Brooklyn	New York
Reiter, Harry	33 East 208th Street	Bronx	New York
Reynolds, Harry S.	Coeymans	Albany	New York
Ridenour, J. W.	313 E. Caldwell Avenue	Knoxville	Tennessee
Ridolfe, Frank	8 Rhode Island Avenue	Pawtucket	Rhode Island
Rivera, Jules B.	170 Clinton Street	Brooklyn	New York
Roberts, William C.	R F D 2	Statesboro	Georgia
Robertson, Nolan C.	2920 Partridge Avenue	Los Angeles	California
Rola, Frank	810 West Chester Avenue	Bronx	New York
Russeff, James A.	13457 Orleans	Detroit	Michigan
Sanchez, Baldemar G.	P. O. Box 394	Floresville	Texas
Schaefer, David H.	4731 Grosvenor Avenue	New York	New York
Scheriff, Anthony J.	6207 Flushing Avenue	Maspeth	New York
Schneider, Solomon L.	2400 Valentine Avenue	New York	New York
Segna, Alfred	446 Adam Street	Freeland	Pennsylvania
Shalley, Joseph E.	51 Laurel Street	Lee	Massachusetts
Sherrick, Ned E.	503 South Martha Street	Angola	Indiana
Slavey, Homer W.	1339 So. 20th Street	Louisville	Kentucky
Siemers, Henry D.	3517 Broadway	L. I. City	New York
Small, John B.	133 East 58th Street	New York	New York

Smith, Jesse L.	108 2nd Ave Park Place	Breenville	South Carolina
Sokol, Louis	79 Willett Street	New York	New York
Stewart, Claren E.		Rockview	West Virginia
Stiles, Gorden E.	Route No 1	Spiro	Oklahoma
Strunk, Oakley	37 Featherbed Lane	Bronx	New York
Sullivan, John W.		Antwerp	New York
Sunnenberg, Joseph H.	1005 St. Gregory Avenue	Cincinnati	Ohio
Swanger, John G.	Mtr. Rt 2, Box 37	New Kensington	Pennsylvania
Talbot, Curtis A.	788 Neponset Street	Norwood	Massachusetts
Tate, Willie H.	Route No 4	Lexington	Tennessee
Thomas, Arthur H.	195 West Street	Essex Junction	Vermont
Trexler, Blair L.	Box 84	Amsbry	Pennsylvania
Troiano, Achele U.	28 School Street	Lee	Massachusetts
Taylor, Deward J.	278 E. Ferries Street	E. Boston	Massachusetts
Uhrin, John J. Jr.	835 Cross Avenue	Elizabeth	New Jersey
Van Beuskhen, Henry E.	Box 277	Wortendyke	New Jersey
Wall, Homer C.	410 Gardner Street	Shelby	North Carolina
Walsh, Stephen	48 Chapel Street	Shirley	Massachusetts
Watkinson, John J.		Livona	North Dakota
Webber, Paul	R F D 1	Vinton	Virginia
Wesselt, Albert J.	1008 Brandy Wine Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Weston, Philip	235 East 46th Street	New York	New York
Whitcraft, Lewis N. Jr.	40 Sutton Place	New York	New York
Whitesell, Harry E.	401 S. 8th Street	W, Tereee Haute	Indiana
Wickstrom, Carl W.	577 Willow Street	Woonsocket	Rhode Island
Wikman, Robert E.	154 Canfield Avenue	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Williams, Earl, D.		Eldon	Missouri
Wolfe, L. T.	Route No 1	Cordova	Alabama
Woody, John C.	Route No 3	Danielsville	Georgia
Yantosos, Manio	2560 33rd Street	L. I. City	New York
York, Earnest		Whiteside	Tennessee
Zygmunt, Walter J.	6 Woodruff Street	Southington	Connecticut

Service Battery

Anderson, Stellan E.	1316 — 7th Street	Rockford	Illinois
Angel, Silas W.	Route 2	Jacksonville	Alabama
Ansis, George J.	679 Snediker Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Aukstolis, Joseph	34 Woodbridge Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Austin, Melvin O.	Route 2	Milford	Connecticut
Baker, Nelson	Lincoln Street	Denton	Maryland
Barnes, Lester	Route 1	Ballston Spa	New York
Bates, Norman A.	Route 1	Tallapoosa	Georgia
Bayles, Dean T.	Route 1	Cullom	Illinois
Boland, James F.	14½ Gold Street	Norwich	New York
Bonderowitz, William	190 Orchard Street	New York	New York
Bourcier, Herbert E.	1033 Mason Street	Rhineland	Wisconsin
Buffo, Donato	3 John Street	Ossining	New York
Butler, Robert F.	Route 2	Auburn	Illinois
Breves, Chester P.	1522 E. 51st Street	Brooklyn	New York
Bystrom, Nelson A.	713 West 3rd Street	Elmira	New York
Cahilly, Bernard E.	6717 Linmore Avenue	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Carrell, John L.	Star Route	Brooksville	Alabama

Caswell, Ernest A.	Box 574, Chestnut Street	S. Tanbridge	Vermont
Catalino, Neil	6122 So. Monitor Avenue	Roseto	Pennsylvania
Celio, Dominic J.	158 Mulberry Street	Chicago	Illinois
Chabot, Frank R.		Pawtucket	Rhode Island
Charney, William M.		Houtzdale	Pennsylvania
Choma, Mike		Gracetown	Pennsylvania
Cichy, Edward S. Jr.	4029½ Melrose Street	Chicago	Illinois
Cotton, Howard R.	Route 2	Spencer	New York
Covey, Carl S.	Clayton Rd.	Joppa	Maryland
Cromer, Clyde G.	Route 2	Westminster	South Carolina
Cronin, Edward W.	2336 36th Street	L. I. City	New York
Dambakly, Louis E.	332 46th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Daon, George	314 East 56th Street	New York	New York
Desimone, Anthony	54 Broad Street	Springfield	Massachusetts
Diller, Blakely E.	355 Main Street	Neward	Ohio
Dilopoulos, George C.		Los Angeles	California
Durbin, Louis M.	Route 3	Vine Grove	Kentucky
Dym, Martin	6703 181th Street	Flushing, L. I.	New York
Epps, Byron H.	98 Hooker Street	Allston	Massachusetts
Esslinger, Howard H.	49 Williams Street	Bellows Falls	Vermont
Falank, Frank Jr.	395 Chenango Street	Binghamton	New York
Fazzio, Anthony F.	1151 Stratford Avenue	Bronx 59	New York
Ferguson, Floyd E.		Mitchell	Indiana
Field, Robert B.	513 Schofield Street	Knoxville	Tennessee
Fiorello, Albert	Burwell Avenue	Southington	Connecticut
Forrester, Edgar W.	408 E. Grindale Street	Baltimore	Maryland
Furlong, William F.	14205 Lakewood Avenue	L. I. City	New York
Gardella, Timothy	62 High Street	Ansonia	Connecticut
Gary, Francis J.	1192 Piedmont Ave., N.E.	Atlanta	Georgia
Gibson, Steven	Park Station	Waynesboro	Virginia
Grandt, Edward Jr.	903 Woodrow Street	Columbia	South Carolina
Greene, William C.		Tipton	Pennsylvania
Gregory, Lyle M.	69 Brook Street	Wellesley	Massachusetts
Grimes, William A.	730 Echo Street N.W.	Atlanta	Georgia
Hall, Arthur	618 16th Street	Phoenix City	Alabama
Haber, Abraham	1402 Avenue K	Brooklyn	New York
Hallman, Cecil L.	313½ West Arch Street	Lancaster	South Carolina
Hammer, Charles L.	Route 1	Heiskell	Tennessee
Hancock, J. D.	Box 215	Big Wells	Texas
Harakal, Frank G.	1826 W. 5th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Hartigan, Gerald C.	66 Marlboro Street	Newton	Massachusetts
Hawkins, Jack B.	Box 113	Ball Ground	Georgia
Helms, Henry J.	820—3 Street	Grand Rapids	Michigan
Heron, Edward W.	502 Summer Avenue	Newark	New Jersey
Hogerhuis, Frank Jr.	57 Demund Lane	Midland	New Jersey
Hollar, Russell	130 Burgess Place	Passaic	New Jersey
Hopkins, Charles E.	666 North 27th Street	Camden	New Jersey
Housman, Stephen L.	523 North Maple	Marysville	Ohio
Howell, Clayton W.	404 South Center Street	Marshalltown	Iowa
Hrabik, Alexander M.	473 Penn Street	Perth Amboy	New Jersey
Jackson, Hayden	Gen. Del.	Menard	Texas
Johnson, Woodrow		Benton	Louisiana
Kaskavitch, Chester L.	505 Wood Place	Linden	New Jersey
Kaub, Adolph B.	503 Amboy Avenue	Perth Amboy	New Jersey
Kay, Frank	Box 153	Garfield	Georgia

Kohn, Howard E.	6 Edison Avenue	Albany	New York
Krowka, Walter	34 Sherman Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Krupa, Marian V.	4838 Delta	Detroit	Michigan
Kukurin, William J.	211 Caldwell Avenue	Wimerding	Pennsylvania
Kump, Charles A.	8821 77th Street	Woodhaven	New Jersey
Larkin, Clarence L.	302 Main Street	W. Springfield	Massachusetts
Lewis, Walter A.	66 Belle Avenue	Maywood	New Jersey
LoCascio, Anthony J.	3424 102d Street	Corona, L. I.	New York
Loggins, Robert L.	1 Coral Pl. N.W.	Atlanta	Georgia
Legato, Joseph R.	330 Harbors Road	Mariners Harbor	New York
Magnuski, Raymond A.	73 Pelton Avenue	Staten Island	New York
Massucci, John A.	65 LaFontaine Street	Winooski	Vermont
Matfus, Milton	600 West 169th Street	New York	New York
McGuigan, James J.	6433 Central Avenue	New York	New York
Middleton, Warren W.	8 West 9th Street	Marcus Hook	Pennsylvania
Millette, Armond C.	164 Babcock Street	Hartford	Connecticut
Minick, Edward	61 Hill Street	Bridgeport	Connecticut
Monroe, Lyman F.	8 Autumn Street	Providence	Rhode Island
Moore, Arnold S.	Gen. Del.	Auburntown	Tennessee
Morris, Hoyt A.	89 Arcade Street	Rock Hill	South Carolina
Mundt, Carl F.	3315 28th Street	L. I. City	New York
Mumm, Eric G.	1522 West 3rd Street	Plainfield	New Jersey
Nastaszewski, Brono T.	1536 Minford Place	New York	New York
Nelson, Charles J.	46 Vernon Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
O'Donohue, Edward W.	4025 West Broad Street	Richmond	Virginia
Owens, William C.	1601 Highland Park Ave.	Chattanooga	Tennessee
Palmer, Charles T.	322 South Columbus Street	Lancaster	Ohio
Paraszczuk, John	Litchfield Avenue	Babylon	New York
Payuayis, Teofil	4 Hopkins Street	Plains	Pennsylvania
Pierce, Elwood	Box 304 Route 2	Lexington	North Carolina
Powell, Ransom D.	10216 North Polk	Portland	Oregon
Quail, Leonard A.	25 High Street	Littleton	New Hampshire
Quinn, Thomas F.	9009 214th Street	Queens Village	New York
Radziewicz, John A.	250 38th Street	Pittsburg	Pennsylvania
Ramsey, Cavell B.		Vinton	Ohio
Reisbaum, Herman	561 West 147th Street	New York	New York
Richardson, Curtis G.	2140 South 67th Street	Philadelphia	Pennsylvania
Rippey, Oliver A.	Shuford Rural Station	Hickory	North Carolina
Ruffin, Wheeler D.	125 Henry Street	Hot Springs	Arkansas
Sacco, Anthony I.	167 Stockholm Street	Brooklyn	New York
Smas, Abraham	2414 Avenue L	Brooklyn	New York
Samson, Arthur	14204 Liberty Avenue	Jamaica, L. I.	New York
Sardisco, Benedict J.	10304 Flatlands Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Sasser, Albert K.	7204 73rd Place	Glendale	New York
Scheiner, David	937 East 89th Street	Brooklyn	New York
Schmidt, Walter J.	29 Junction Street	Franklin	New Jersey
Schultz, LeRoy J.	462 Center Avenue	Reading	Pennsylvania
Segedin, Frank A.	428 Gregory Avenue	Weehawken	New Jersey
Spital, Frank	174 Baltimore Avenue	Hillside	New Jersey
Stephanofsky, Frederick J.	128 West Church Street	Seymour	Connecticut
Stokes, Henry F.	Route 1	Auburndale	Florida
Stull, Lloyd S.	Route 1	Asper	Pennsylvania
Sudati, Fred A.	110 Orange Street	Chelsea	Massachusetts
Szulewski, Theodore A.	Route 7 Norwick	New London	Connecticut
Terschan, Frank J.	515 E. 83rd Street	New York	New York

Thaler, Arthur G.	13501 99th Street	Ozone Park, L.I.	New York
Thomas, Orie L.	Box 61	Mount Ayr	Indiana
Tobia, Albert	380 Bristol Street	Brooklyn	New York
Varga Emil A.	2520 South Broad Street	Linden	New Jersey
Varieur, Gustave H.	31 Grove Street	Lewiston	Maine
Vogel, Leo W.		Oran	Missouri
Wilson, Warren A.	56 John Street	Kingston	Pennsylvania
Wright, Clarence	207 W. 102 Street	New York	New York
Young, Streety H.	Route 2	Savanah	Tennessee
Yudin, Sidney	16 Brighton 10 Path	Brooklyn	New York
Zambrano, Giacomo	41 Foxon Road	East Haven	Connecticut
Zelenko, Bernard	8451 Beverly Road	Kew Gardens	New York

Medical Detachment

Best, Kenneth E.	12 Norwell Street	West Windsor	Vermont
Bornstein, Herbert L.	Briar Ave., Russel Road	Dorchester	Massachusetts
Caruso, John G.	3104 36th Avenue	Albany	New York
Corcoran, John F.	887 Midland Avenue	L. I. City	New York
Cornish, Malcolm S. III	212 Healy Street	Oradell	New Jersey
Dawson, Linwood B.	754 Coster Street	Fall River	Massachusetts
Ellisberg, Bernard	Route 1	Bronx	New York
Elsbury, Peter J.	3145 Brighton 4th Street	Marianna	Pennsylvania
Fisher, Lester	RFD 2	Brooklyn	New York
Gardner, Herbert E.	1610 Buchanan Street	Georgetown	Ohio
Giromini, Joseph J.	191 Temple Street	Amarillo	Texas
Goiangos, John	1700 Bryant Avenue	Hartford	Connecticut
Goodman, Paul		Bronx	New York
Grodzicker, Harry	473 Penn Street	Brooklyn	New York
Hrabik, Alexander M.	366 Stegman Parkway	Perth Amboy	New Jersey
Jaccorina, John F. Jr.	Box 171	Jersey City	New Jersey
Keener, Carey A.	399 Berkeley Avenue	Logan	West Virginia
Kiekeissen, Arthur J. Jr.	36 Glendale Park	Bloomfield	New Jersey
Kraus, Edward O.	Route No 1	Rochester	New York
Ladwig, Roy F.	300 Neptune Avenue	Mishicot	Wisconsin
Marrone, Vincent R.	17 Woodville Street	Jersey City	New Jersey
Moran, John J.	139 Summer Avenue	Roxbury	Massachusetts
Napoli, Joseph	130 Stonehouse Road	Brooklyn	New York
Olsen, Evert G.	3600 Fieldston Road	Glen Ridge	New Jersey
Petter, Elias	105 Hillberg Avenue	Bronx	New York
Richardson, George E.	192 Stafford Street	Brockton	Massachusetts
Smith, Russell K.	Route No 3, Box 61	Worcester	Massachusetts
Thomas, Herman O.		Andres	South Carolina
Tucker, Ronald B.	216 S. Lawrence Street	Jonesport	Maine
Urquhart, William A.	1469 E. 96th Street	Ironwood	Michigan
Weiss, Alex	3508 New York Avenue	Brooklyn	New York
Werner, Bruno		Union City	New Jersey

