



**Medics of  
the Century:  
The History  
of the  
325th Medical  
Battalion**

## THE BATTALION INSIGNIA

Our insignia was designed by Mrs. Don S. Wenger, wife of our former Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Don S. Wenger, and was approved by the War Department. To the casual observer it probably holds no significance, but there is a story behind it, a logical meaning and sequence to each of the individual symbols.

Every unit must of necessity have a birthplace, a place where it grows up and molds itself into an efficient organization. Our birthplace was Fort Jackson, South Carolina, which explains the inclusion of the State Tree, the "Palmetto", in the design. The serpents within the maroon "V" are taken from the staff of Aesculapius, the ancient Greek mythological god of healing, designating our service, the Medical Department. The "V" itself stands for the "Victory" in which we were destined to participate. The "three" trees, "two" serpents and the "V" used as a roman numeral, combine to make up our numerical designation, "325". Our battalion motto, "TO THE SERVICE OF ALL", is inscribed on the scroll at the base of the insignia.

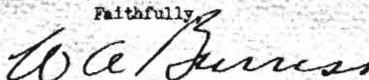
HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION  
Office of the Commanding General  
APO 447, U. S. Army

19 September 1945

TO: The 325th Medical Battalion, APO 447, U. S. Army.

1. It is most gratifying to learn that your battalion is going to record its splendid achievements in this war.
2. I am certain that I voice the sentiment of the entire division when I say that it has nothing but admiration and great respect for the courageous, intelligent and effective manner in which your outfit has always - in training and combat - carried out its vital task.
3. Shortly after the 325th Medical Battalion was organized, it established an enviable reputation in the division for its spirit and military efficiency. It has not only lived up to its reputation but glorified it upon every occasion. Some of the finest acts of heroism have been performed by its members. The battalion has every right to be proud of the outstanding job it has done in saving lives.
4. My best wishes go with you always.

Faithfully,



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



MAJOR GENERAL  
WITHERS A. BURRESS

*Commanding General 100th INFANTRY DIVISION*

# 325<sup>th</sup> MEDICAL BATTALION

## M E D I C S O F T H E C E N T U R Y



100<sup>th</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION



# Foreword

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*To: Members of the 325th Medical Battalion*

Only through the highest enthusiasm, unselfish devotion to duty, and utmost cooperation of every officer and enlisted man could the unit have won the respect and admiration of our superiors and what is more important, the complete confidence of our fellow soldiers. The unit has rightfully earned and enjoyed a reputation for its military efficiency as well as proficiency in performance of assignments peculiar to the Medical Department.

Through our efforts to relieve suffering, save lives, and conserve the fighting strength of combat units, the phrase "To the Service of All" has taken on new significance for all of us in addition to signifying the organization in which many of us have endured our most trying experiences and at the same time developed some of our closest friends.

I shall always cherish the associations I have had with the 325th Medical Battalion and wish to express my gratitude to each of you for your part toward a "job well done."

Now that the war is won and our paths diverge, it is hoped that memories of past associations and experiences can be refreshed by referring to this booklet.

Best wishes,

*Emil J. Genette*

Lt. Col., MC.

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## **STAFF**

### **NARRATORS**

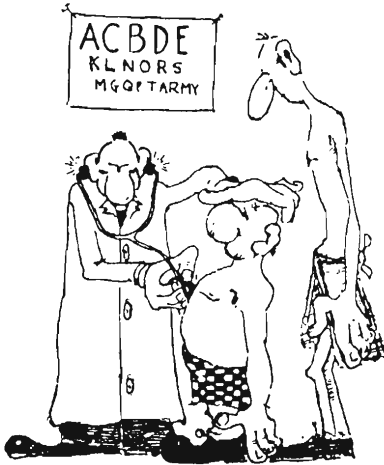
HQ & HQ Det	S SGT PHILIP SPERLING
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COMPANY "B"	SGT ANDREW M SHEEHAN
COMPANY "C"	CPL THOMAS W JACOBS TEC 5 YALE RUBIN
COMPANY "D"	1 SGT JOHN R BARBOUR S SGT PETER GIBSON

### **CARTOONS**

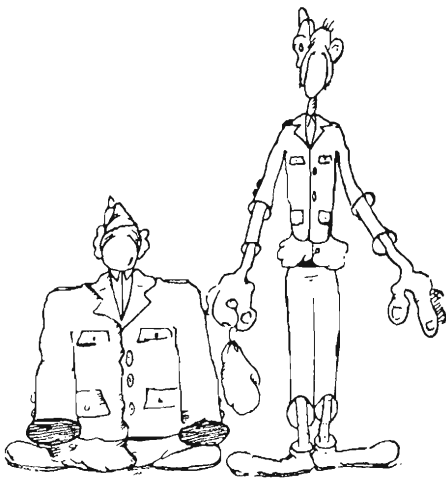
CPL LOUIS C BLASZYNSKI

### **LAYOUT**

TEC 4 NICHOLAS HUPALO



## EARLY HISTORY



On the 15th of November, 1942, a ceremony took place which was to effect the life of every former or present member of this organization. The ceremony was the activation of the 100th Infantry Division; the place, Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Amid the music, speeches, prayers and reading of War Department Orders the 100th Infantry Division became a potential fighting unit of the United States Armed Forces. Simultaneously the 325th Medical Battalion was designated as an integral unit of the division, its mission being to furnish second echelon medical support.

Few of the men who were present at the ceremony are still members of the battalion. Most of the men carried on the rolls now were totally unaware at that time that any such ceremony had taken place. Evenso, all realize now that it was an event which was to alter the course of their lives.

Battalion personnel on activation day consisted of a cadre of seven officers, and approximately sixty enlisted men plus approximately thirty "rookie" Medical and Dental Corps Officers and ten brand new "shavetails", branch M.A.C. The officer cadre had been transferred into the division a short time previous from several other organizations including VIII Corps, the 33rd Infantry Division, the 77th Infantry Division, the 8th Infantry Division and the 134th Medical Regiment. The enlisted cadre had been transferred in as a group from the 76th Infantry Division. Most of the "rookie" Medical and Dental Officers had just completed a "basic course in basic training" at Camp Pickett, Virginia, while the "shavetails" were very recent graduates of the M.A.C. O.C.S. at Camp Barkeley, Texas.

Shortly after activation day, however, filler replacements began to arrive from the various induction stations throughout the country. The bulk of the replacements came from stations along the eastern seaboard but all sections of the country were represented. By 1 January, 1943, the battalion had grown to T/O strength and everyone settled down to the serious job ahead.

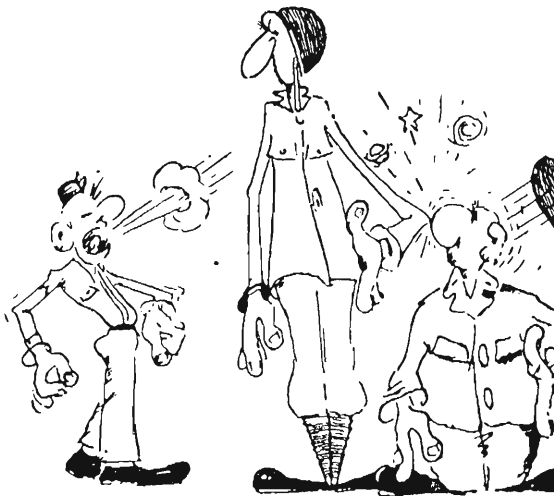
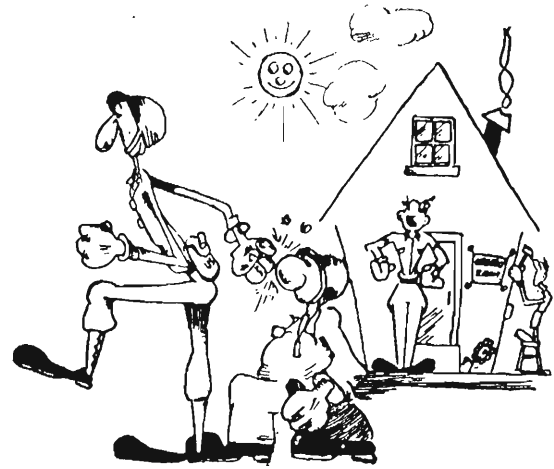
Basic training, of course, was the order of the day. The transformation of the individual, from a civilian to a neatly dressed, well disciplined soldier must be accomplished

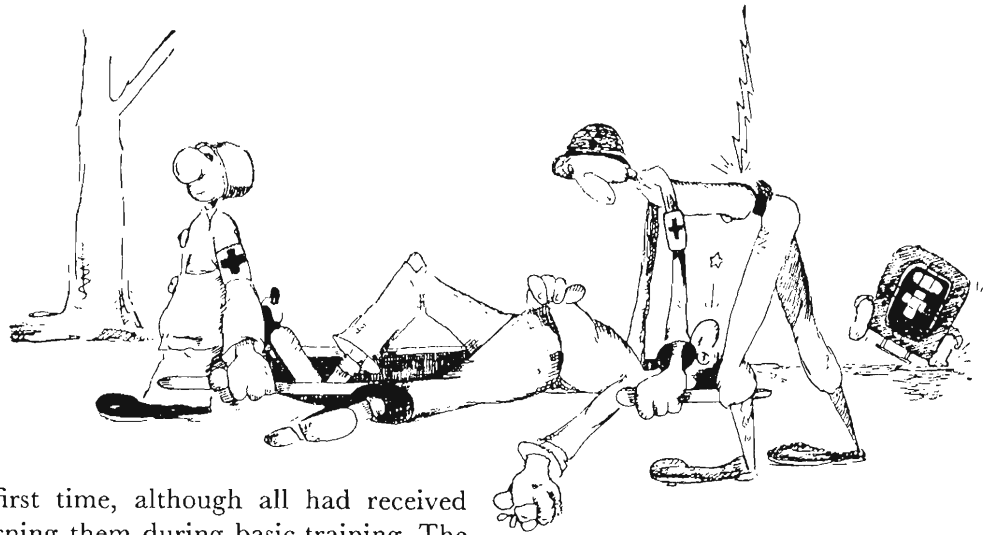


before the unit trains as a team. Close Order Drill with its accompanying "HUT, TWO, THREE, FOUR"; the reading of The Articles of War; Marches and Bivouacs with the emphasis on "Marches"; Tent Pitching; Personal Hygiene; Nomenclature and Care of Equipment; Individual Defense Against Air and Mechanized Attack; every "rookie", no matter what his assigned arm or service, must become familiar with these subjects. In addition, while those assigned to the infantry were learning the intricacies of the rifle, machine gun, mortar, etc., the "medics" were studying Anatomy and Physiology, Surgical Procedure and Technique, Ambulance Loading and Unloading, Litter Drill and, in general, obtaining a basic knowledge of the fundamentals of medicine.

Training such as this required considerable adjustment of the habitual daily routine of most men, for it was a life entirely new to them. The new environment also necessitated the forming of new recreational outlets. The PX became "the corner drug store," while many who had never patronized the movies to any great extent became "first nighters" at the Post Theater. Frequent trips were made by all to nearby Columbia, the Capital City of South Carolina. The Ship Ahoy Restaurant was the favorite eating place for those seeking a change from the army ration. The Town Theater stage productions were a welcome diversion and considerable time was spent in the several bowling alleys in town. Those fortunate enough to live in nearby towns had numerous opportunities to visit the home folks on "week-end pass." Thus, between work and recreation the gradual transition from civilian to soldier took place.

At the end of thirteen weeks basic training was completed and unit training began. Now that each man was trained as an individual, the next step was to train the squads, platoons and companies as a team. Technical and Tactical Training occupied a great deal of time on the training schedule. Motor personnel received training in convoy driving and blackout driving. It was during this period that the first overnight bivouac was scheduled, but, before this phase of training ended, Twin Lakes and Heise's Pond were very familiar sites. Many also communed personally with the

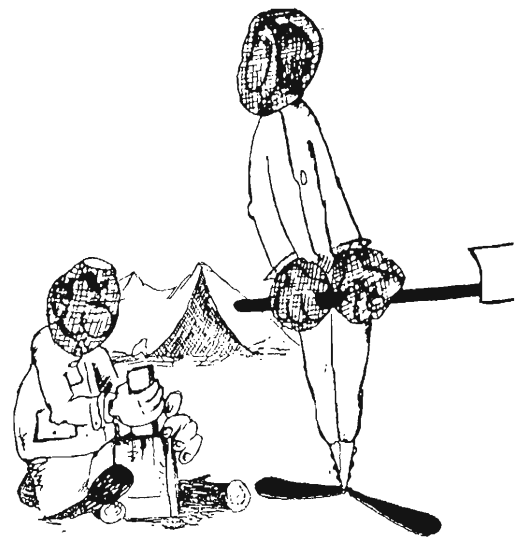


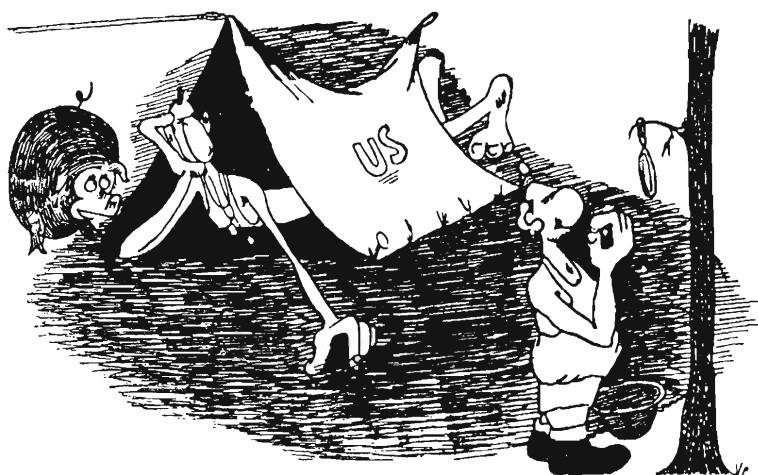


“chigger” for the first time, although all had received “booklarnin” concerning them during basic training. The collecting companies and the clearing company practiced setting up stations in the field while Headquarters Detachment broke down rations under blackout conditions and carried on motor maintenance. At the end of the unit phase of training everyone had been trained for his future job in the army.

The highlight of the combined training phase was the “D” Exercises carried out on the Post and surrounding maneuver areas. The exercises consisted of a series of short, two to three day combat problems designed to train the division for work as a unit. The collecting companies began working as integral parts of the combat teams. Company A was assigned the mission of giving direct support to the 397 Regimental Combat Team, Company B supported the 398 Regimental Combat Team and Company C supported the 399 Regimental Combat Team. Company D, of course, operated the clearing station and supported the entire division. It was during the “D” Exercises that we all learned to set up stations and tear them down again with speed and alacrity. Each collecting company had the chance of learning the individual characteristics peculiar to its assigned combat team. We had our first taste of riding over dusty roads in convoy and we also learned the importance of maintaining constant liaison with the combat teams and Division Headquarters. The “D” Exercises in other words were the first field problems in which the whole division functioned as it would in combat. Of course many mistakes were made by all units and we were still “rough around the edges.”

Upon completion of the “D” Exercises and the combined

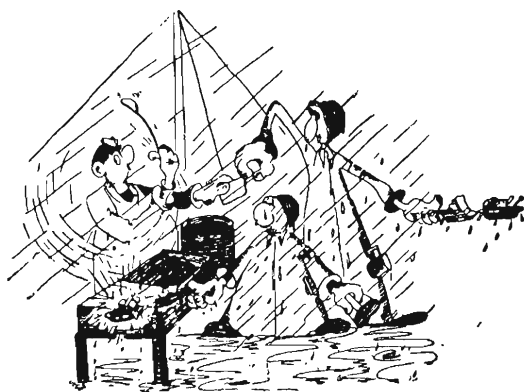


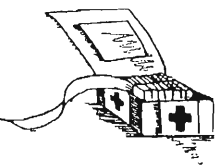
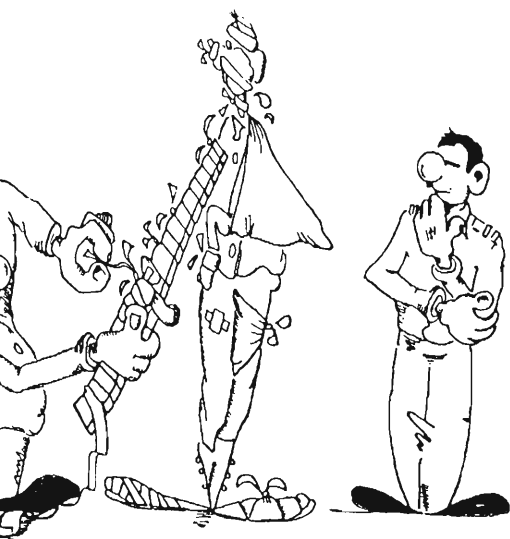


training period, the division was ready for maneuver training. On 15 November, 1943, we left Fort Jackson and proceeded by motor convoy to the Tennessee Maneuver Area to participate in the Fifth Phase of the Second Army Maneuvers. The trip to Lebanon, Tennessee, our assembly area, was accomplished in two nights and three days with bivouacs at Athens, Georgia and Chatanooga, Tennessee.

Participating in the maneuver with the 100th Infantry Division were the 35th Infantry Division, the 14th Armored Division and several other combat and service units. The maneuver consisted of eight field combat problems, one per week for a period of eight weeks with Saturdays and Sundays free for passes to nearby cities. We had Thanksgiving Dinner and Christmas Dinner in the field and celebrated New Year's in muddy bivouac areas. This was our first introduction to "mud en masse" but it proved to be good experience for what was to come when we finally landed on foreign shores and entered combat. Nashville, Lebanon, Murfreesboro, Gallatin, Shelbyville and Hartsville were the main centers of recreation. We also recall such names as Payne's Store, Doake's Crossroads, the Cedars of Lebanon, Baird's Mills and the Cumberland River. Maneuvers taught us how to live in the field for long periods of time under all sorts of conditions. We learned how to coordinate with other divisions and operated under a Corps. We also ironed out most of the rough spots we had noticed on the "D" Exercises. We learned to move convoys in blackout over roads congested with traffic. We even practiced malaria control in near zero weather. Remember sleeping with mosquito bars and wearing headnets in January?

On 17 January, 1944, the division left the maneuver area and traveled by motor convoy to Fort Bragg, North Caro-





lina, which was to be our new home for some months to come. Everyone welcomed the return to garrison life with enthusiasm. The first few days were spent in cleaning up equipment and making our barracks and administrative buildings as comfortable as possible. Then we entered the Post Maneuver Phase of training designed to allow each arm or service to conduct final tests in all types of training. The battalion put on several medical demonstrations and participated in numerous division reviews for high ranking War Department Officials and news correspondents. The recreational attractions centered around Fayetteville, The Country Club, White Lake (Ma Mashburn's Place) and even Raleigh and Charleston.

At last came word that we were alerted for overseas movement. The last days of August and the early part of September were devoted to packing and crating and final furloughs before leaving the States. On 25 September, 1944, the battalion boarded a train on the Post and departed for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. It was no "dry run". We were finally on our way. At Camp Kilmer we received final equipment and personnel checks, received training in censorship, abandoning ship, and gas mask drill. All men were given the opportunity to visit the "great metropolis", New York City, many for the first time. Many also had the chance to spend final hours with their families.

On the evening of 5 October, 1944, we left Camp Kilmer by train, our next stop being the Troopship George Washington. The following morning we started drawing overseas pay, for our ship hauled anchor and we waved farewell to "the little old lady" in New York Harbor. A few miles out our convoy began to take shape and by mid afternoon we had assumed our position in the convoy and were well under way.

On board ship it was necessary to alter our meal schedules for we received only two meals a day. The first few days out were calm and fair and most men spent much time on deck enjoying the sea air. Each night we received the same order, "Prepare the Ship for Blackout. There Will Be No Smoking On The Open Deck Nor The Showing of Any Naked Light."



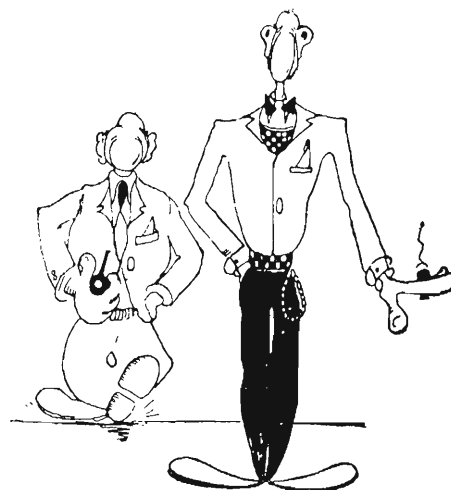
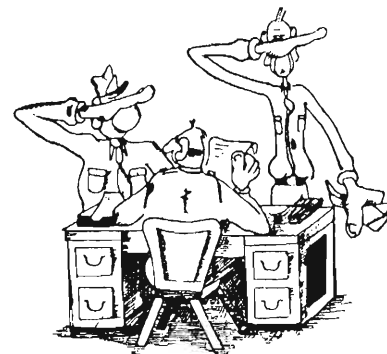
The highlight of the crossing proved to be a storm of hurricane proportions which swept around us for a period of twenty four hours. The mess hall was not so crowded during this time, for quite a few were suffering from “Mal de Mer”. At long last we sighted land on the starboard side, a faint outline at first, gradually becoming clearer. It was the rugged coastline of North Africa. Just about sundown that day we passed through the Gibraltar Straits. Next day, 21 October, we dropped anchor in the harbor at Marseille, France, and that evening while still on board ship we received an air raid alert, our first real experience of combat. About midnight we scrambled down landing nets to waiting LST's and were taken ashore. The crossing had taken two weeks and everyone was glad to feel good old terra firma under his feet once more.

Then came the long uphill march from the beach to the bivouac area at Septèmes, about ten miles north of Marseille. Once again we were on familiar terms with mud and rain, plenty of both. Time here was spent in drawing last minute supplies and being introduced to the strange customs of a foreign land. We visited Marseille and Aix while waiting for further orders which materialized much sooner than most of us expected.

On 29 October the first elements of the division left for the Seventh Army front in the vicinity of Rambervillers, France, a distance of approximately four hundred and fifty miles from Marseille. Some of us traveled in motor convoy while the rest of us traversed the distance in “40 & 8's”. Good old “40 & 8's”.

We were now about to enter into the combat operations for which we had so long and so diligently trained. On 9 November the 100th Infantry Division had completed relief of the 45th Infantry Division along the general line Baccarat, St. Remy, to La Salle. This was IT. Time would tell how thorough and complete our training had been. Our chance had come to do our part and every man was ready to give the best that was in him. “TO THE SERVICE OF ALL” was our motto and we intended to live up to it.

But all that is contained in the pages that follow. Our Early History ends and the stories of our Combat Operations begin.



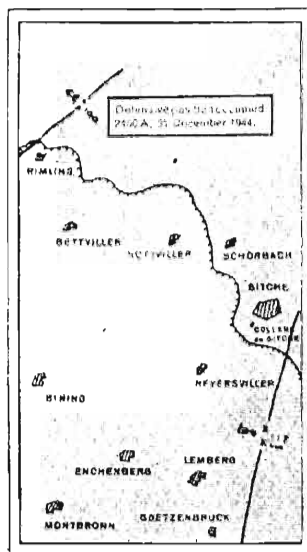


# OPERATIONS of the 100<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION in the EUROPEAN THEATER of OPERATIONS

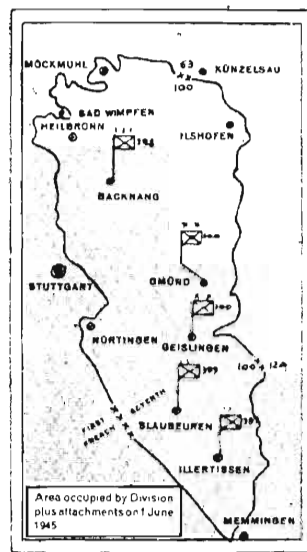
1 November 1944 — 11 May 1945



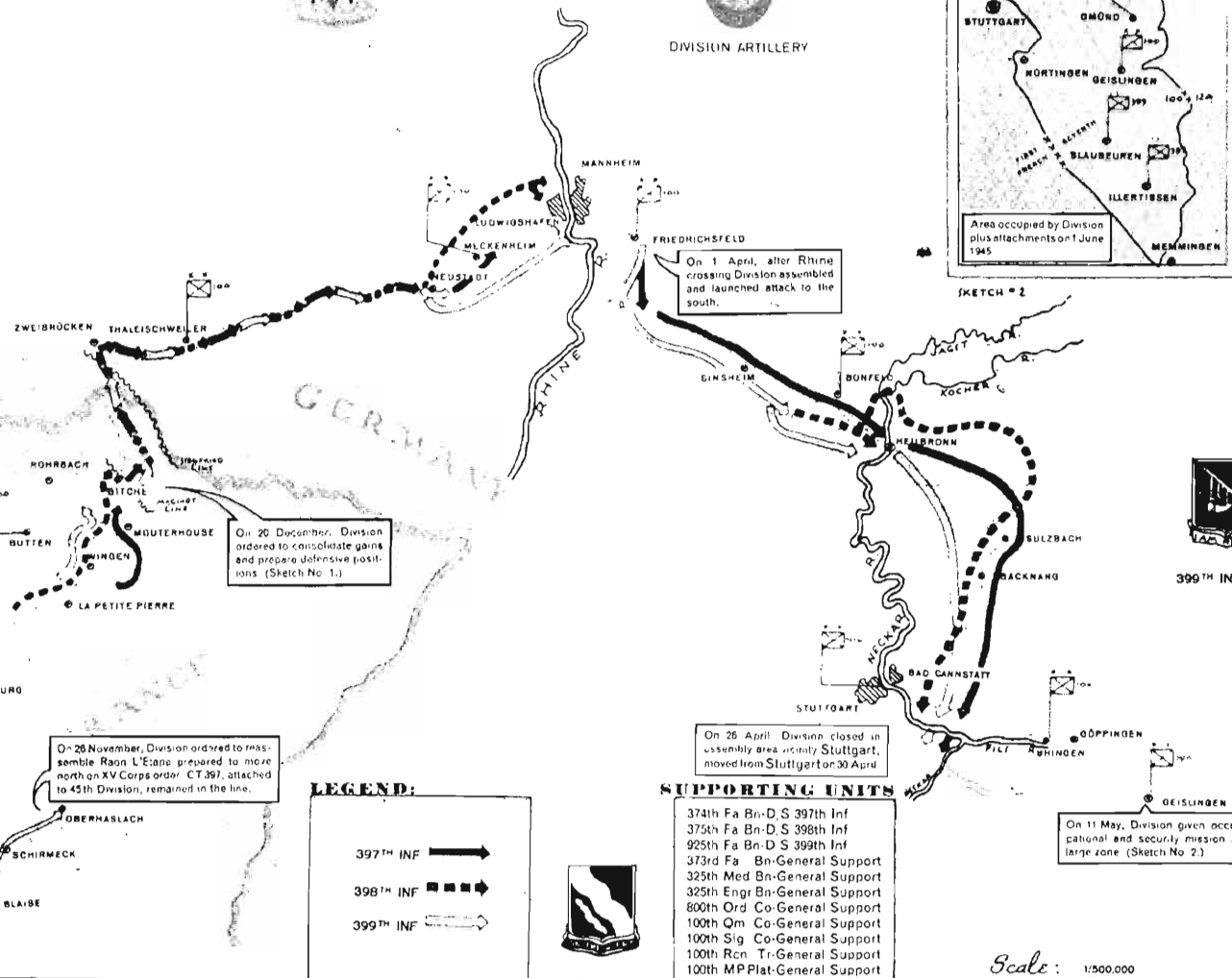
DIVISION ARTILLERY



SKETCH # 1



SKETCH # 2



397<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY



399<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY

On 27 November, balance of Division moved to Sarrebourg and jumped off in attack on 3 December toward Wingen.

On 28 November, Division ordered to reassemble Raon L'Etape prepared to move north on XV Corps order. CT 397, attached to 45th Division, remained in the line.

On 26 April Division closed in assembly area vicinity Stuttgart, moved from Stuttgart on 30 April.

On 11 May, Division given occupational and security mission in large zone (Sketch No. 2).

### LEGEND:

- 397<sup>TH</sup> INF
- 398<sup>TH</sup> INF
- 399<sup>TH</sup> INF

### SUPPORTING UNITS

- 374th Fa Bn-D S 397th Inf
- 375th Fa Bn-D S 398th Inf
- 925th Fa Bn-D S 399th Inf
- 373rd Fa Bn-General Support
- 325th Med Bn-General Support
- 325th Engr Bn-General Support
- 800th Ord Co-General Support
- 100th Qm Co-General Support
- 100th Sig Co-General Support
- 100th Rcn Tr-General Support
- 100th MP Plat-General Support



398<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY

Scale: 1:500,000



Division landed Marseille, France, 20 October 1944, and traveled approximately 450 miles to vicinity Rambervillers. Entered combat under VI Corps on 1 November 1944.

MARSEILLES



**COMBAT** → → → → → → →  
**OPERATIONS**



# COMBAT → → → → → → → → OPERATIONS



# Headquarters & Headquarters Detachment

Come hell, come high water, or the gray hairs of old age, who in Headquarters Detachment shall ever forget that hike from Marseille to Septèmes in the early morning hours of the 21st of October 1944? If we weren't told this was France, we would have thought we were in the Alps, Swiss, Bavarian or Schwabisch. But at 0400 we had the blessed feeling of reaching our destination for the night. Without much ado, we dropped like ripe apples to the ground and tried to get some rest on Mother Earth's bosom. And then the rains came! What a welcome to La Belle France! At that point you would have had to pay the Indians to take the place, and in American dollars too.

Came the dawn and K rations, we set to making a home for ourselves. Pup tents quickly blossomed on the ridge of the hill overlooking the little town. The small field-stone farmhouse under the trees, the equal of any great chateau then, housed our temporary Headquarters and Battalion S-4 Offices. Life was busy and varied. Here in Headquarters Detachment we not only take care of the administration, supply and motor maintenance functions of the Detachment, but also of the Battalion. All supplies dumped

on Callahan's Beach were picked up, uncrated and distributed to the proper units. But this was also our first contact with a new world—and the French language. Not to forget those bottles of bière and vin. While at Septèmes, the men had passes to the surrounding towns and to Marseille.

Right then and there, the packages started going home. Our men also confirmed the observation that "there just ain't no souvenir hunters in all of the wide world like G. I. Joe." Marseille grows a little dim now, but some of us can remember the Cannebière, the harbor, the Chateau D'If where Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo was imprisoned and of course those many sidewalk cafés and certain places marked "Off-Limits". Marseille also offered the first real chance to get cleaned-up. The cold salt-water of the Atlantic and of the blue Mediterranean certainly isn't guaranteed to get the dirt off. In many of the establishments marked "Douches Et Bains" the men had a chance for the first good scrub since leaving the States on October 6th.

Then after a week at Septèmes, we were on the move again. Headquarters Detachment moved up in two groups, one by motor convoy and the other by train. Could those "40

*Left: Bivouac in Septèmes, France*

*Center: Muddy France — Diemeringen*

*Right: Breaking down rations — Diemeringen*



and 8's" be called trains? The trip took us through some lovely country, but always there were signs to tell us of WAR. From the stations passed, we noted our route up the Rhone Valley, up France. Names like Avignon, Valence, L'Etoile, Lyons, Couzon, Mt D'Or, Villiers-sur-Rhone, Rambert D'Albon and Is-sur-Tille ring faintly in the ear. And then detraining and mounting trucks we were in Fremifontaine on the 2nd of November NEAR THE FRONT LINES.

The first day at Fremifontaine was rather quiet although smashed buildings, scurrying vehicles and mud told us this was IT. Our introduction to the sound of artillery fire came at night; fortunately the shells were going in the proper direction. We were sleeping quite comfortably in a hay loft when the barrage began and that was the end of sleeping for the night. Company D did not set up a Clearing Station here and it was not until November 6th when we moved to Rambervillers that we really started functioning and doing our share "TO THE SERVICE OF ALL."

At Rambervillers, in the Vosges Mountains, we pitched our tents in a large field just above the crossroads where one road lead to Baccarat and the other to St. Dié. The action centering around Raon L'Etape, we now were doing the work we had so long and so arduously trained for. Rambervillers can also be

remembered for our first real taste of French mud. Our area in the wake of constant rain became one of those seas of mud that seem to follow soldiers wherever they go. Walks and gravel paths alleviated the situation a little. Still this wasn't as bad as Tennessee. Never say we didn't learn something from our maneuvers. Here too we had our Thanksgiving Day dinner of turkey and all the trimmings. Our men in the personnel section were with the Division Rear Echelon which was located in town in French barracks on the Avenue de 17<sup>e</sup> Bataillon. But that address was more important for most of us as being the place for showers. And showers or baths in the Army as one soon finds out are a rarity and a luxury. The search for bathing facilities never ceases.

Our mail clerk now found himself buried under an avalanche of packages homeward bound. Northeastern France is a great glass manufacturing center, and if we didn't know it before we got here we soon found that fact out. Many American homes will display in the years to come glassware from the factory at Baccarat.

Raon L'Etape was taken, positions consolidated and the 100th Infantry Division moved -we on the 25th of November to Senones. Company D and Headquarters Detachment (these two units of the 325th Medical Battalion operate together) set up in the Hospital





*Chore time Diemerungen*

St. George. Space was at a premium. Battalion Supply found itself in the morgue! Personnel slept anywhere and everywhere in town but with events moving rapidly and plans being changed abruptly, we folded our "tents" again and like the Arabs silently crept away making a wide sweep around the end to a new sector coming to Buhl on the 27th. This time we set up in a large modern factory we never did learn just what kind it was but our stop was destined again to be a short one. Buhl is just a short distance from Sarrebourg (Saarburg to the Krauts). We can remember the cub planes using the large field around the factory as their base for operations. What choice companions to have! And showers under squad tents beside the Sarre River.

November 30th, 1944, and we come to Rauwiller, a sad sack of a town. Here roads and fields were heavily mined and moves had to be made with caution. Our tents were pitched in a field along a road, an M S R. We had to take into consideration an unwilling guest; a huge white horse and dead. When we got our tents pitched, there it was just about 30 feet out the back entrance of the Division Medical Supply Tent. At least we had a name for our station so reminiscent of old English hostleries and wayside inns; ours was "At The Sign Of The Dead White Horse". All we lacked now was a case or two of scotch-White Horse.

December 7th and we were at Lutzelstein, but now once again called by its French name, La Petite Pierre. Here we had added another installation for the pleasure of all, a movie tent. And mighty popular too. Then on the 13th we set our tents up on the side of a hill overlooking the town of Meisenthal. Battalion Motor Maintenance had its place in the woods with a concrete pillbox guarding the gate. What a seemingly impregnable position, but it seems whatever one man can create another can destroy. With the front lines not too far away and the guns booming and the planes flying in our front yard, the packages going home rose to a staggering total. Now we were surrounded by glass factories. There was one down in Meisenthal, another in Münzthal or St. Louis operating as far back as 1586, and another world famous one in Wingen, R. Lalique et Cie. Those men who were fortunate enough to get choice items from these factories really have something besides just a souvenir from France.

Our next move toward "TARGET BERLIN" was in the vicinity of Diemerungen and Bütten. We got our tents up just in time to celebrate Christmas Eve and not long thereafter, New Year's Eve. Even in War we found life goes on in old routines. Looking back, it is a great satisfaction to know that the message our General sent us on the 1st of January 1945 has come true:



*Supply trailers -  
Diemeringen*

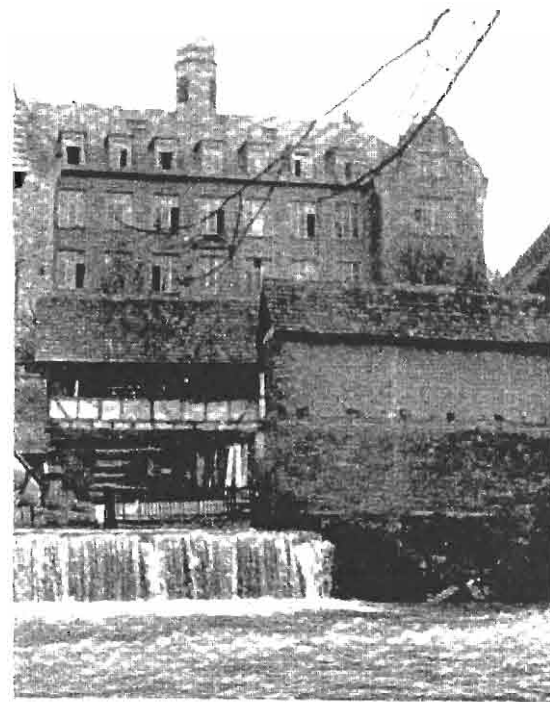
“Today, New Year’s Day, 1945, finds us closely engaged with the enemy, who is making a desperate attempt to drive us from our positions, but without success. Your splendid and courageous efforts will certainly defeat him in his purpose. May the New Year bring victory and peace.”

The mission of the Division combat troops while at Diemeringen was to hold the Krauts and they did—all through the winter, but we were also getting ready for our grand entry into Germany. It wasn’t long after we got here and were set up completely that heavy snows began to fall. A good many of our Southern boys were treated to a natural phenomena new to them. Thanks to Quartermaster for oil stoves and paulins and to our own G. I. ingenuity, our tents were made comfortable during these many weeks. Although it was a period of seeming inactivity, it was these very days that decided how quickly we would bring the German Army to its knees. Here we ate dirt (and liked it) during a strafing attack. On January 13th, the Battalion was awarded The Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for “superior performance of duty and the achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline during the period from 1 October 1944 to 31 December 1944.” Diemeringen also is the place where a program very dear to the heart of all Army personnel was instituted—that

of passes, leaves and furloughs. The first pass to Nancy came on the 21st of February and to Paris on the 10th of March . . . WOW!!! Then the assault. On the 18th of March we were in Bitché, a place long to remembered by every man in the 100th Infantry Division. Here our quarters, sans tents, were in the Hindenburg Kaserne. For us it was quite an experience to go rambling in, on and under the Citadel perched high above the city. It was understandable why such a fortress could be just about impregnable. As results proved however, it remained for the fellows from America to show the folks how to do the job. The Citadel, something out of the Middle Ages and the pages of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, must have an interesting history. Some day we should like to read it and learn such things as the meaning of the inscriptions engraved in the stones of one of the buildings. Inscriptions such as “Henry M. Worth, midshipmen late of H.B.M. Sloop Argus 1804” and “To Cole 1810 Portsmouth.”

*The “Orderly Room” - Diemeringen*





*Top: Our first stop in Germany - Neustadt*

*Center: Entrance to Sinsheim Area*

*Bottom: Our "Home" in Sinsheim*

March 23, 1945 - The Rat Race Begins! Leaving Bitche on the Maginot Line we travelled by fast motor convoy into Germany. At Neustadt we were quartered in a modern building that was formerly a High School for Girls. Address: Haardter Treppenweg and Villenstrasse. Neustadt shall be memorable in our minds for a number of reasons, chief among them being however: this was our first stop in Germany; the visit on the 30th of Marlene Dietrich and her company to entertain us at the local town hall; Passover Services for the men of Jewish faith, and last, **SOUVENIRS, TROPHIES OF WAR**

At last it came our turn to make the crossing over the much-vaunted, much-sung RHINE. Ours was made from Ludwigshafen over to Mannheim. While on the pontoon bridge some of us looked for those lusty Rhine Maidens, but we neither saw nor heard them. Neither did we see any of that Rheingold that Herr Richard Wagner made such a fuss about. Thus on the 31st of March, we hung up our hats and went to work at our jobs at 66 Zahringerstrasse. Again it was a schoolhouse in which we found quarters in this town of Seckenheim nach Mannheim am Rhein. Our journey took us on April 4th from Seckenheim through the famous university city of Heidelberg am Neckar, so fortunately spared the devastation of war (the Germans ought to give thanks for that), to Sinsheim. It was here where we gave our medical support to our fighting men waging a terrific battle for the key city of Heilbronn. A message from Our General told us that "the 100th Infantry Division was now engaged in what is probably the severest fighting on the Western Front. A fanatical enemy is doing everything in his means to hold the pivotal position around Heilbronn." But the Krauts' "everything" just is not good enough for the boys from America and Heilbronn was ours . . .

what was left of it. It was here at Sinsheim on the 13th that we got the news of our great loss and the world's too. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died the day before. There was not a man among us who did not feel the loss somehow, and wonder. It is said:

*"The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget lest we forget."*

Some New Yorkers, especially if they hail from the borough of the Bronx, may remember a Franz Sigel Park. Would it be a surprise if they learned that old General Franz Sigel was born in Sinsheim in 1824, but left the old world for a better one. He died in New York in 1902.

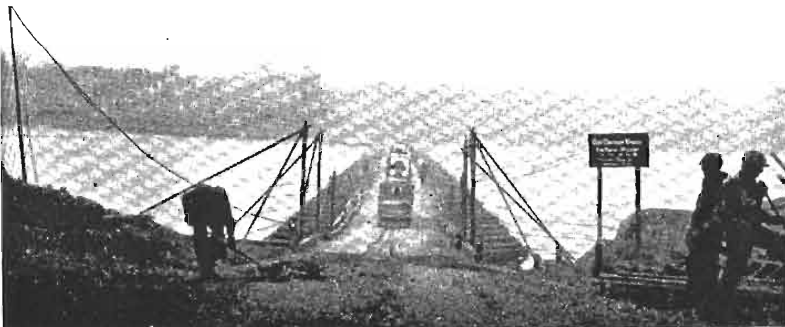
April 14th, 1945 -the scene: Heilbronn am Neckar. And as The Beachhead News of Friday, the 13th put it "nine days ago a relatively intact and beautiful city, Heilbronn

yesterday was a smoking rubble and the property of the 100th Infantry Division." At Heilbronn we set up in German barracks again -the Ludendorff Kaserne. Since our personnel section was always with Rear Echelon, it was in another world, but this time some of us who had contact with the men there wanted to go back for another visit. Why? It wasn't every time that Rear Echelon was set up in a place like this -the palace of the Grafs Von Neipperg at Schwaigern. What treasure trove! What loot! But it was "Tee Ess." Alles verboten! Still we found enough legitimate trophies of war on the premises of our barracks to keep us happy and sending packages home. This was also the time when everyone seemed to be taking up photography as a hobby! Now with Heilbronn ours and the Germans rapidly falling back everywhere, speculation was rife when the end would come. Our infantry didn't give the Krauts a minute's rest, but got right on their tails.

Loading up again, we were off again on the chase. Through Löwenstein (what a view, remember?) we got to Backnang the 21st of April and set up our installations in a great

*We cross the Rhine at Mannheim*

*Enroute to the Rhine Ludwigshafen*





*Battalion Headquarters  
on V-E Day*

building on Richard Wagner Strasse, formerly the home of the Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalt (Educational Institution of the National Political Party -the Nazis). Living at Backnang was luxurious, but not for long and April on 28th we were outside Stuttgart in still another barracks. This, our first visit to this German metropolis, was destined to be a very short one. And how we worked to prepare those filthy quarters for our headquarters! C'est la guerre.

Then, what was to be our last move before V-E Day occurred on the 30th day of April. This one took us to Eislingen just outside the city of Göppingen and our place was in the Richthofen Schule. Now it was just a matter of time before the Germans threw in the sponge. It came on the 7th day of May in the year of Our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and forty-five. For ourselves, the

event was celebrated rather quietly, with prayers and wishes on our lips, and thoughts in our mind. From men on pass in France we learned that the event was greeted with great joy and excitement. A soldier-poet of the last World War expressed this feeling for all of us when he wrote:

*“Everyone suddenly burst out singing,  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields; on on-  
and out of sight.”*

Now perhaps in the not too distant future, with the overwhelming might of the United Nations, and the grace of God, it might be Home, Sweet Home. The place that be it ever so humble is Home.

## COMPANY "A"

This might be aptly called a journal, or a history, or even a biography, but we prefer to think of it as a story, made up of distinct chapters, with a definite beginning and end. It is the story of the men of one small unit, in their final test after months of preparation and arduous training. It is a story in which these men become integrated into a whole, in which each man is forced to exhibit the stuff of which he's made. It is the story of a European tour, a fortress city, an Alsatian town, in which bitter fighting, chases, and river crossings figure prominently. It contains many thrills and much sadness, and at the conclusion each participant breathes a deep sigh and says a prayer. It's a story he'll never forget.

The story doesn't cover much time. We pulled out of the Delta Base Section Staging Area at Septèmes, France, on 30 October 1944

and ground to a halt at the schoolhouse in Eislingen, Germany, on 30 April 1945—a total of 6 months. This isn't much time, relatively speaking, but between those dates there's a lot of living—a period in which our company was constantly alert and prepared for any eventuality, a period of constant tension and strain in which we performed our duty to the best of our ability and at the conclusion of which time, each of us felt a profound sense of relief.

The story? Here it is —

We left Septèmes, France, near Marseille, on 30 October 1944 and headed north up through the Rhone River Valley. Our battalion, the 325th Medical Battalion, was split, and we were travelling in convoy with our combat team—the 397th Infantry Regiment, the 374th Field Artillery Battalion, Company "A" of the 325th Engineers and attached

*Left The Canal — Diemerigen*

*Right Station at Goetzenbruck*





method of deploying our company for action. We later found it to be so and stuck to the original plan throughout our entire period of combat.

On 10 November, 1944 the company moved through Rambervillers to Baccarat as our combat team moved on line and attacked the hills above Raon L'Etape on the Meurthe River. We learned quickly that "maneuvers were never like this." We saw our first casualties, heard for the first time first hand tales of mines, mortars, 88's. The company learned the fatigue of continuous operation. The station technicians had round the clock experience in administering plasma, dressing wounds, treating exhaustion patients. Ambulance drivers found that they had no rest during a push. Litter bearers evacuated casualties from the front lines, came back to give proud testimony to front line conditions and "whether they're coming in or going out-by the sound!" (so they said). We were baptized fiercely and completely to actual warfare during those first days-to the blood, pain and death that went with the handling of actual battle casualties, and we emerged stronger, wiser, prouder and more respectful.

Raon L'Etape was a tough nut to crack. The town was one of the keys to the German defense for the entire Vosges Mountains and the enemy resisted fiercely. The town of Bertrichamps was the scene of much of our activity-the site of the battalion aid stations. Many of us will long remember the day when a chance hit set fire to a house full of mortar ammunition and we were forced to run a

gauntlet as the shells exploded. Here we lost a jeep when it collided with another in total blackout. Another outstanding event occurred when a huge time bomb went off early on the morning of 18 November blowing a tremendous crater in the main supply route between Baccarat and Rambervillers. This charge had been planted 20 days before and completely disrupted communications over a road that we had travelled many times. On 21 November we moved through Bertrichamps into heavily mined Raon L'Etape. We no longer considered ourselves green troops but rather true veterans.

On Thanksgiving Day the weather was typical of the Fall-cold and unsettled. The mess sergeant had spent the entire night preparing 150 pounds of fresh turkey in his kitchen in a garage in Raon L'Etape. Part of our company had remained there in nearby houses

*Station in Frankenbach*





*Left: Headquarters  
Götzschleuch*

*Right: Our Christmas  
Home - Meyerhof*

special troops. The 7th ARMY, our [ARMY, had preceded us up this route 2½ months before, and here we saw for the first time, the waste of war—the vehicles, guns, tanks that had been destroyed by the invading forces, the bridges which had been methodically destroyed by the enemy in their retreat. We bivouaced at Valence, passed Lyon, bivouaced at Dijon, crossed the Moselle River, pulled into St. Helene, France—a total of 185 miles having been covered in 3 days.

In St. Helene we had our first taste of what was to come. We all felt very fortunate on that first night, to be indoors in a hay loft. We experienced our first real contact with the French people and the French way of life—its attractions, its inconveniences and its manure piles. We got used to being in a position which we considered “up front.” Nobody touched a thing for fear it might explode. No one lit a cigarette. We watched the artillery flashes with wide eyes, slowly got used to the incessant rumble of guns. Few will forget that first night when nearby artillery let go—ours of course, but there was some indecision and considerable discussion. We wrote some terrific letters home—made our censors groan.

The finishing touches were put on our anti-

cipitated mode of operation in combat. Our station was to operate as follows. There would be 2 station platoons, each identical in composition with a Captain MC in charge. The additional medical technicians would be taken from the litter platoon. These 2 stations, also with identical equipment, would operate one at a time in their job of receiving and treating casualties. The one behind would always be prepared to leap frog forward in an advance, thus providing for rapid movement, a rest, a relief. Guided by the experience of veteran units, it was decided that ambulances would operate from battalion aid stations. With each aid station there was to be a liaison man to supervise the loading of patients, to care for our drivers, and to keep our Company Commander informed. Litter squads of 5 men each were to be available to help evacuate aid stations, and in emergency, to assist the aid station forward. Our kitchen, supply, maintenance, and company headquarters would stay with the rear station except at such time as the tactical situation favored their position forward. Food was to be carried forward three times a day in marmite cans to forward elements of the company. We believed this to be the best



*Frankenbach to Heilbronn 4 Kilometers*

trying to keep warm, and part had moved forward to Moyencourt following up the rapid advance of our combat team. That delicious meal was a touch of something truly American—served in the midst of war, in the middle of France. That night we left Raon L'Etape, moved into the hospital at Senones for just a day, and then proceeded up into the high mountainous regions of the Vosges to Le Saulcy. We rested there. Our combat team and our division had completed their mission and our Army had succeeded in taking the Vosges Mountains for the first time in history. This ended the first phase of our combat action.

On 26 November 1944 we returned from our position high in the Vosges, assembled at Raon L'Etape, and on the following day we moved northeast to a point 64 miles away—to Dossenheim on the Alsatian plain at the mouth of the Saverne Gap. Our combat team

was attached to the veteran 45th Infantry Division and we were to attack northward through mountainous terrain towards our divisional objective—the fortress city of Bitch. The atmosphere here was entirely different from that which we had experienced up to this time. Streets and houses were neat and clean. People and places had German sounding names and the people spoke a variety of the German language. The mark was the prevailing medium of exchange, and manure was piled in the rear of the house instead of the front. We later learned of the great effort the Nazis had made since 1940 in their attempt to incorporate this area into the German state. French was forbidden. Names of streets and names of children were changed from French to German. We learned quickly enough that the Germans had not been very successful in winning over these people, but those of us who asked questions concerning nationality often as not received a shrug and the answer “Alsatian”. In 75 years their nationality had changed four times.

Few of us can ever forget the name Rothbach or the date 4 December 1944. The entire company had moved to Ingwiller on the Moder River, 8 miles from Dossenheim to support our combat team which was attacking high ground to the north. Towards dark on 4 December, two of our litter squads were called by an aid station in Rothbach. One squad found their casualty, brought him back over hazardous terrain. The other squad did not find their casualty. While following a wire through pitch black forest, they stumbled into a German laid booby trap. Two men, Cpl

Woodrow W. Bailey and Pfc Dimitri Butka were killed instantly, and S Sgt Michael Interlandi, T-5 Michael J. Ambrosio, Pfc Joseph J. Bravchok, Roy Craig, Alton Eberhardt all received wounds. The wounded men were evacuated through our station early on the following morning after they had walked into the battalion aid station. On that day one of our ambulances was struck in three places by shrapnel while travelling over high ground between our station and the aid station. On that day we handled 113 battle casualties—our biggest day through our entire period of combat. The combat team moved slowly forward towards the citadel of Bitche—a key position in the Maginot fort system, a fortress city never taken by any Army in any war. We moved from Ingwiller, set up briefly in Reipertswiller, passed through heavily wooded terrain across the imaginary line that divides Alsace from Lorraine. We set up a station in Goetzenbruck and one in Mouterhouse as the struggle for Bitche raged on. The fighting was fierce and casualties were heavy. For days our quarters in Goetzenbruck rocked with the jar of heavy artillery as the mighty fortress system of the “Ensemble de Bitche” was reduced. Then suddenly, on 21 December we moved from Goetzenbruck, through Enchenberg, to the crossroads at Meyerhof, 10 kilometers west of Bitche. The Germans had attacked in the Ardennes and, as a part of a fanning out defense, we were forced to halt the offensive of Bitche; forced to withdraw from hard won gains to high ground positions recently vacated by 3rd Army troops who were swinging north.

On Christmas Day the temperature was near zero. The skies were very clear and the huge fleets of heavy bombers that passed over left long cloud-like vapor trails behind. It was a struggle to find wood and coal in sufficient quantities to stay comfortable. One of our stations set up 3 miles from Meyerhof, in Rohrbach, in order that we might offer the best possible medical support to the regiment. Each station had a Christmas tree with improvised decorations. On Christmas eve each station held a little party with the contents of carefully hoarded packages from home, and celebrated with the small amounts of liquid refreshment that were available—there couldn't be enough to satisfy the wants of such a thirsty gang. The entire company came to Meyerhof on Christmas Day and ate a delicious turkey meal. We constructed long benches in the front room of the large Meyerhof house and everyone sat down to

*Ferrying across the Neckar — Heilbronn*





*Crossing the Neckar at Heilbronn*

cat for a change. But the artillery didn't stop. Nor did the air activity, nor the casualties. Then began several days that few will forget. On 30 December 1944 enemy air activity increased and nearby artillery positions were subjected to bombing attacks. A group of bombs fell within 100 yards of our Meyerhof station thoroughly jarring everyone, and breaking a good share of those windows which remained. The stroke of midnight on 1 January 1945 was marked by a tremendous artillery barrage, and shortly afterward, in the early hours of the morning, the enemy attacked the area of front directly to our north. There was little sleep that night as enemy shells screamed over. We could easily see the flares and tracers, and the sound of numerous fire fights was very audible. On 2 January the Meyerhof group moved to Dicmeringen 9 miles south of Rohrbach and the Rohrbach group moved to Bining, just south of Rohrbach. During the day of the 2nd, the Bining group, our forward station now, was subjected to bombing and strafing attacks and during the night intense artillery shelling hit two of our ambulances. On the

third they moved further south to Rahling. We maintained a rear station in Dicmeringen for exactly 10 weeks. Our forward station moved back to Rohrbach to fairly comfortable quarters in a schoolhouse. Our headquarters, kitchen, maintenance, litter bearers, resting ambulance drivers and the resting station remained in Dicmeringen. At various intervals ambulance personnel and the stations were switched. Three times a day, the chow truck crossed the line from Alsace into Lorraine and delivered hot food to the Rohrbach contingent.

Our company will always have a warm spot for little Dicmeringen. We were billeted in the rooms of 8 houses along the main street on the north side of town. In those 10 weeks, during which the majority of the company was situated there, life settled into a sort of routine, a series of daily acts. We caught up on our reading and correspondence. We gripped about the food, but many of us got fat. Our life revolved around daily mail call and consisted of little more than 3 meals a day, walks, card games, and digging garbage pits.

*Scenic view from Weinsberg*



The boredom was punctuated by an occasional movie at the Clearing station 3 miles away. But while life was lazy, it was also, and of necessity, alert, and we were constantly prepared for any eventuality. The enemy retook Mouterhouse and Reipertswiller and the front line ran down the main street of Goetzenbruck. After days of bitter fighting, our combat team successfully repulsed the enemy attempt to break the 7th ARMY front, in the Rimling area. Our forward station in Rohrbach handled casualties daily—both battle and non-battle. The entire sector quieted down eventually but air attacks and sporadic shelling continued. By the middle of March everyone was growing impatient. “Active defense” had become nerve-wracking. The ground was drying up with the increase in sunny days and warm weather. Bitche still had not been taken and we were still in France.

As if our impatience were a signal, things began to move. We left Diemeringen on 14 March and moved forward to Rohrbach. The roads were filled with men and materiel—moving up. At 0100 on 15 March the whole town of Rohrbach began to rock as artillery prepared for the “kickoff”. Shortly after dawn the first casualties were brought in by our drivers—the result of mines and phosphorous burns. The attack moved swiftly and our infantry took the high ground at Schorbach, north of Bitche, on the first day. They then swung north in hot pursuit of the enemy who fled to prepared positions behind their Siegfried Line. Bitche fell on 16 March to other elements of our division as our combat team

hurried on. We set up our collecting station in the ghost towns north of Bitche—first Hotwiller, then Schorbach, Briedenbach, Waldhouse—all abandoned by their civilian inhabitants in 1939 because of their dangerous position between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. Afterwards we remembered these shattered remnants as our low point in European living.

The first of our men to officially become subject to the Army non-fraternization policy were Pfc Theodore I. Nigri, Pfc Phillip Millman, and Pfc John W. Curran. This team crossed the borderline into Germany on 21 March with a battalion aid station. Part of our company followed on the next day and set up the first station in Germany at Hoheschweiller. The remainder of the company followed on 23 March, across the border, past the dragon’s teeth, tank trenches, pillboxes. The drive to clear the Saar was on. In customary fashion, our stations leaped each other, set up successively in Assenheim, Hochdorf, and finally on 24 March halted at Oggersheim, a few miles from Ludwigshafen and the Rhine River. A total of 60 miles was made in less than 36 hours through the Saar, past shattered cities, abandoned, wrecked, and burning vehicles, dead horses and dead men and a hostile, cold-eyed populace.

The crossing of the invisible line that marks one group of people as French and another as German caused considerable change in the complexion of our routine soldier’s life. Our missions and our mode of operation remained the same, but now we were transformed from “liberator” to “conqueror”.

Non-fraternization was the order. We initiated a system of continuous armed guard, regarded all Germans with coldness and distrust, didn't stray very far from the company. Our mode of living improved considerable because of the fact we no longer "shared", but rather "took over" a whole building that would serve our purpose and which was to our liking. A great amount of wine was "liberated" and souvenirs in the form of Nazi flags, guns, daggers, cameras began to appear. At about this time, to offset the loneliness of a cloistered existence, passes to Nancy, Brussels, Paris came in in limited quantities. Then there were also occasional movies and a few shows but most of the time these were inaccessible.

The entire company crossed the Rhine River at 0930 on 31 March 1945. The crossing was made on a pontoon bridge at a point between the cities of Ludwigshafen and Mannheim. For the first time many of us saw the utter and complete destruction wrought by our bombers on these industrial cities. Hardly a building was left standing. We marvelled that there was any life left. We crossed the celebrated river through a heavy smoke screen suppressing our desires of what we'd like to do—in the river!

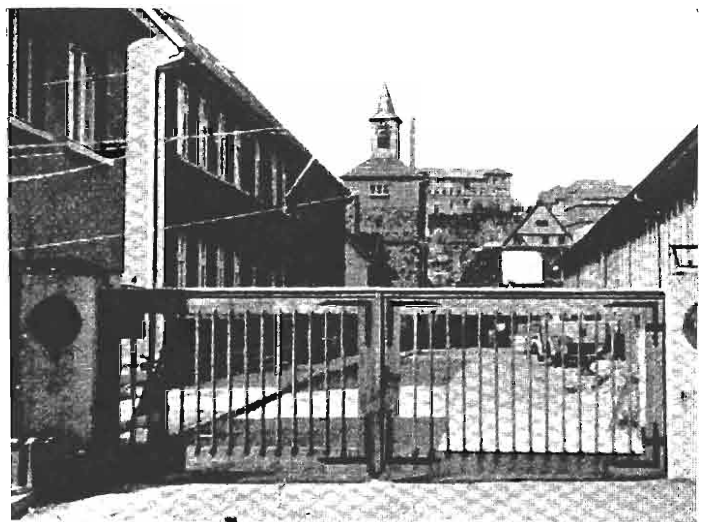
We proceeded in a southerly direction down the autobahn—the first of many miles we travelled on Germany's ultra modern highway system, and set up in Eppelheim, 3 miles from famed Heidelberg. On Easter Sunday, 1 April, the men attended services in nearby churches. Here we were paid for the first time in Allied military marks, exchanged our francs. We saw our first large group of foreign slave labor, imported by the Germans, now labeled "displaced personnel". We empt-

ied hospitals that overflowed with German war wounded. We evacuated several American and British soldiers who had been captured and hospitalized by the Germans.

There was no time for relaxation, however. Our infantry was advancing swiftly as the enemy fell back on a new defense line. We hurried on, stopping at the hospital in Sandhausen, the factory office in Wiesloch, the tavern in Eichtersheim, the city hall in Sinsheim, and finally halted at Frankenbach, 45 miles beyond Mannheim. Our infantry was a few miles ahead, deployed along the Neckar River. Across the river was the German held city of Heilbronn, key to the vaunted "redoubt" area of Southern Germany.

To our combat team fell the main effort—attack on the city itself at two points, above and below, involving a hazardous operation—a river crossing. Initial crossings began on 5 April with two battalions above at Neckargartach and one below at Böckingen. Our

*Company setup in airplane parts factory — Weinsberg*



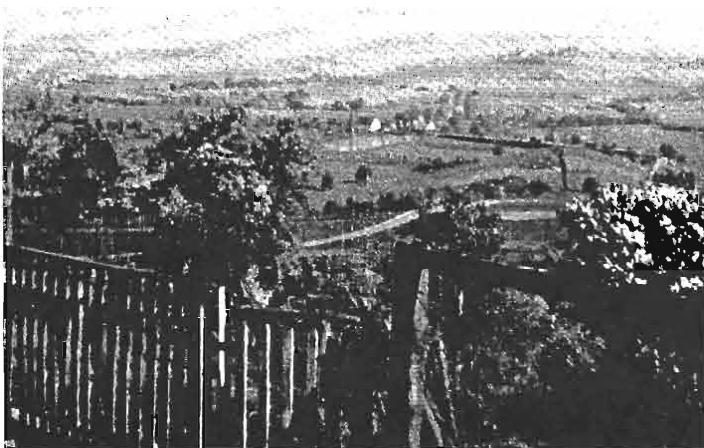
position in Frankenbach was ideally located at the junction of the roads running to these towns. Evacuation became a problem. Forward elements of the battalion aid stations crossed the river and they brought their casualties to the river's edge. These were paddled across in assault boats by engineers, picked up by our litter bearers and taken to the aid stations. Behind the city high hills towered and the enemy was able to observe directly our every move. Attempts at bridges, ferries, amphibious tanks failed as the enemy knocked them out with deadly artillery fire. The little assault boat remained as the sole means of transport—truly a lifeline. The majority of the company will long remember Heilbronn and many have a certain lasting affection for some deep cellars along the banks of the Neckar. Shells screamed both ways, planes bombed. We watched our own artillery and mortar fire land, heard the blast of rockets. At night burning buildings lit up the entire

area. This went on for over a week. On 12 April the first aid station crossed the river. We promptly sent a litter jeep, and then an ambulance across on a ferry that had finally been constructed at Neckargartach. All of our litter bearers worked on both sides of the evacuating casualties to advanced ambulance loading posts. Then on Friday the 13th, the city was declared clear and a skeleton station crossed on the ferry, passed through streets littered with rubble and with dead, to a point on the far side of the city where a few habitable buildings remained. There we were told that on a night in early December airplanes had bombed for 25 minutes, had destroyed the city, had killed 20,000 people. It was truly a dead city and the nauseating smell of death permeated everything. We stayed there one night only and then gladly moved on behind our advancing infantry.

We stopped briefly in Weinsberg where we set up in a former airplane factory, then hurried on to Lehrensteinsfeld, Willsbach, Löwenstein, Neulautern, Sulzbach, Backnang, Geradstetten—only stopovers as our division hurtled southward in its tremendous drive. Casualties were light. We passed by the dead horses, overturned wagons, abandoned equipment—the usual litter of war. Truckloads of PWs travelled in the opposite direction. We bypassed known pockets of resistance as we hurried to keep up.

The weather varied from bright sunny days to light rains, but Spring was definitely in the air. We remember the magnificent view from our station atop the mountain at Löwenstein and how the entire company engaged so actively in “liberating” wine during our short stay there. It was at the furniture factory in Geradstetten that our supply truck was liter-

*View from Löwenstein*





ally smeared along the road by a passing tank. A group of 14 Germans surrendered to an ambulance driver. Our liaison sergeant entered a town not yet cleared of the enemy and returned with seven prisoners. On 22 April, elements of our combat team were ambushed by a pocket of Germans and for heroic action in this encounter, T-5 Walter G. Roberts and Pfc Gerald F. Rowen were awarded the Bronze Star Medal. In Geradstetten, on 22 April 1945, we admitted what later proved to be our last actual battle casualty—the result of direct enemy action. On the next day the entire company moved to Plochingen, 10 miles east of Stuttgart. Here we set up in a large school building to rest and to await a new mission. On 26 April the company left Plochingen and travelled to Stuttgart. In our comfortable quarters in the fashionable eastern residential section of the city we enjoyed electric lights, hot water, a washing machine, and champagne by the case. News came of a junction between the American and Russian

forces. C-47's were seen flying overhead instead of bombers. On 29 April we moved to barracks north of Stuttgart into battalion assembly. Official word came for our station to "cease operation". But unfortunately the U.S. forces had only paved the way for Stuttgart's fall and were not the "liberators", and on 30 April we left Stuttgart to the French and proceeded 38 miles east to Eislingen where we set up in the town's school house. 8 May 1945, internationally proclaimed as V-E Day, found us there engaged in "usual company activity". Morale—superior. There it is. You've had it "A" Company in combat.

It's really an important slice of our lives and not easily forgotten. We saw plenty. We travelled approximately 350 miles from St. Helene to Eislingen in 179 days. Between these points we set up and operated 45 stations and treated a total of 3863 casualties. We also learned plenty. We learned to think in kilometers, to speak enough French and German to get us what we wanted, to pick up items necessary for our existence—a generator, a German ambulance. We learned to duck first and to look afterwards. We saw planes crash, heard land mines go off, learned to touch nothing. We learned to hate the enemy—mostly because he got us into this mess. We'll forget much of this as time blurs the dates, figures, places, incidents, but there is one thing none of us can ever forget—Company "A" and the spirit which makes us proud to be called its members. It's a mixture of men, machines, and materiel banded together under a letter of the alphabet for the duration plus. We don't know what the future holds. This story may have a sequel. As for our company, its members may change, but the organization will remain at the same solid consistency. We did it once, and we can do it again—if we have to.

*Captured German Ambulance*



## COMPANY "B"

We didn't know what it was like to hear the anguished cry of "Medic". We didn't know the feeling of a pounding heart, as life came back to man, yet after three days of traveling by motor convoy, over roads strewn with the debris of battle, we arrived in Villaincourt, France, prepared to relieve elements of the 45th Division. On November 6th the relief was completed and we were in full support of Combat Team 8. There wasn't a man in the Company, who didn't realize the seriousness of war as Staff Sergeant Paul F. Smith related what he had witnessed while spending two days with Company "A" of the 120th Medical Battalion. Faces became set in grim determination as our own casualties began to pour in. The first, a mine casualty, had his right leg amputated to the knee, by what is known as the "Shu Mine". This is a diabolical device conceived by the enemy to wreak havoc amongst our troops; we know for we have seen its results and shared the fears of the men who encountered them.

Now the time had come to put to test knowledge we had gained from a rigorous two years of training. We learned, and soon, that the best system was the simplest system. Our Station set up in a dugout a short distance forward of the town of St. Benoit, France, was forced to move back as "Jerry" zeroed in on the road fifty yards from their location. Now located in a tent a mile forward of St. Benoit, the Station worked fast and accurately as the battle for Raon L'Etape grew in fury.

The strategy or tactics of battle was not our concern, but it was our concern to remain in contact with the troops in battle. So as the combat team swung north through Baccarat to the hills around La Trouche, France, our ambulance drivers and litter bearers learned the meaning of "Under Fire". It was here, over the roughest of terrain and adverse weather conditions that litter bearers Tec. 5th Lawrence F. Bourgeois, Pfc. George Karaffa, Pfc. Loren J. McGovern and Pfc. Harold K. Scribner spent six hours evacuating one casualty. Because of the constant enemy Artillery and Mortar fire, the task was made more difficult. For this display of courage and loy-



*Top: "The little canal we remember so well"*

*Bottom: The shower tent in Diemeringen*





*The sled litter*

alty to duty they were awarded the Bronze Star Medal. Ambulance drivers still talk of the washed out roads and the pitch black nights lightened only momentarily by the glare of a bursting shell. Yes, we will always remember this spot on the map of France.

Now Raon L'Étape had fallen and the enemy's main line of resistance had been broken. He was in full flight. A Task Force consisting of Combat Team "8" and supporting armor was formed; Object: to catch the enemy in flight. This Company reinforced with men and vehicles from the rest of the Battalion brought up the rear of a huge motor convoy that was hampered by enemy mines, roadblocks and mortar fire. The Task Force was halted in Senoncs, France, as the enemy had been beaten as far forward as Strasbourg.

Thanksgiving Day had passed and, true, we had much to be thankful for. We had seen almost a month of combat; war in all its hell had so far inflicted no casualties upon the members of this Company. So missing the revered Thanksgiving dinner wasn't too bad to take.

The month of November spent in the Vosges was a month all men will remember. It was a month of rain and snow, bitter cold and rough terrain, but it was a month that made veterans of all the men of this Company. The

many wounded evacuated by this Company and the lives, perhaps saved by its members, are a tribute to its skill.

The Vosges campaign was over for us as we headed north to partake in the assault on the Maginot Line. No, not as those who must pit their marksmanship and courage against the enemy but as those who must stand behind, ever to the service of all. Trois Fontaine came next in our series of Towns along the highways of France. Action had since passed this town and so here we were enabled to rest while the plans for further action by our Combat Team were drawn up. On December 2nd we were once again in pursuit of an enemy who fought by day and retreated by night. A jump of sixteen miles took us to a town called Moderfeld. Here again it was mines and mortars and the never ending string of enemy snipers. Jerry's determination to stop us was great, yet not so great as our determination to move forward. How well we remember the courage of Infantrymen and Engineers, smiling, yes even joking as they passed through our Station, telling us their experiences. Yet how much more we remember the stories written on the faces and bodies of others. Stories that told of men charging up hills in the face of an enemy well dug in and fortified against their fire. Stories that told of weariness from long nights and the things which night on the front brings about. The stories our own men told were no different. Tec. 5th King A. Jackson and Pfc. Isaac J. Rosen can tell you how their Ambulance tipped and blew a mine without injury to themselves or damage to the vehicle. Driving through mined roads and fields is a job that demands courage and is in keeping with the high standards of the Medical Department. Here, two more "Bronze Stars" were awarded men of this Company. All these are the memories of and around Moderfeld. Of

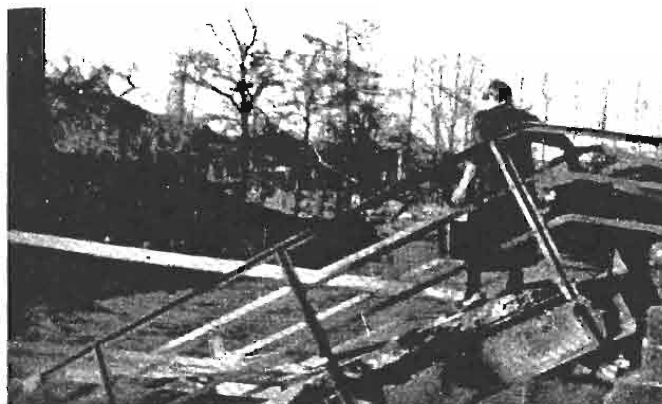
course there are more, many more that some of our technicians can tell you about. Moving on through the ruins of Rosteig, our next location was in the town of Meisenthal. Now we were beginning to see and realize how close we were to the borders of Germany. Meisenthal is another small town battered and beaten by a passing war and like all other towns in this region, it too is nestled in a valley. Ever moving forward, the infantry was now engaged in a desperate battle for the town of Lemberg, and although surrounded, the enemy offered bitter opposition. These then were days and nights of continuous driving for Ambulance Drivers. Days and nights where Doctors and Technicians plied their skills to help those who had tried so hard. Lemberg could not hold out against punishing blows dealt by our Artillery and so on December 7th the town was entered. Close on the heels of the continually moving Infantry, we moved our entire company into the town for a closer and more direct support of the combat team, for soon the assault on the Maginot Line was to begin. Lemberg will never be forgotten, for there are none of us who do not remember the crack of shells as they struck buildings and roads, nor can we forget the roar of our own guns as they dealt their punishing blows to the enemy. Still forward to the town of Reyersviller, an advance Station was set up for a speedier handling of the most serious casualties. All this was necessary, for the Maginot Line was a strong point of the enemy.

The men who attacked this strong point must have had a queer feeling in their stomachs. Reading in the newspapers how the pillboxes could be picked apart with a pencil and then seeing 240 mm shells bounce off them would turn any man's stomach upside down. The battle was mounting in fury. Back in the towns of Lemberg and Reyersviller, "B"

Company with its ambulance drivers, litter bearers and technicians worked with all the knowledge they had gained to relieve the pain and suffering of the men who tried. While at Lemberg, Pfc. John E. McMahon felt the cold sting of enemy steel as it slashed across his face, and became our first casualty and Purple Heart recipient. Now the enemy had struck very close to home and although John received only minor injuries, surely the memories of that bursting shell are printed for ever on his mind.

Could we return to these towns today, we would find none of the buildings so familiar to us. Instead, where once they stood we would find heaps of rubble or perhaps a vacant lot. Yet always there will be a memory of Technicians straightening those twisted bones, of Doctors assuring those who asked, that they would come back for that one more chance. All this took place in a Gasthaus in the town of Reyersviller. It was the same Gasthaus where litterbearers, tired from a day of crawling, would lay their head upon the floor, oblivious to the noises of the maddened world at war. Outside the door could always be heard the screeching brakes of an ambulance as it told still another story. There is no glory

*Diemeringen*



in our page of this war. Just a feeling of pride and satisfaction.

The great series of Forts that made up the Fortress of Bitche were crumbling under the direct fire of artillery and the courage of Infantrymen and Engineers. Soon a page was to be written into history and some 200 years of military history was to be shattered, but we didn't know then, that the large scale German counter attack had begun in Belgium. This was to put us on the defensive as the Armies on the front were shifted. A swing to the left found us in the town of Siersthal. Another small French town where you will find those tiled roof houses huddled closely together at the foot of the hills, and, like other localities in France, one could see that warning white tape and the glaring red sign that said "Mines" by the side of the roads. Yes, Siersthal was just another stop with a new name. Another two days and we were in the town of Enchenberg.

Here we will remember the snow and the white clad Infantry boys as they worked in the fields outside of town, building new defenses. Here we will remember a Christmas far from home. A Christmas made cheery by those who had cut a large tree and decorated

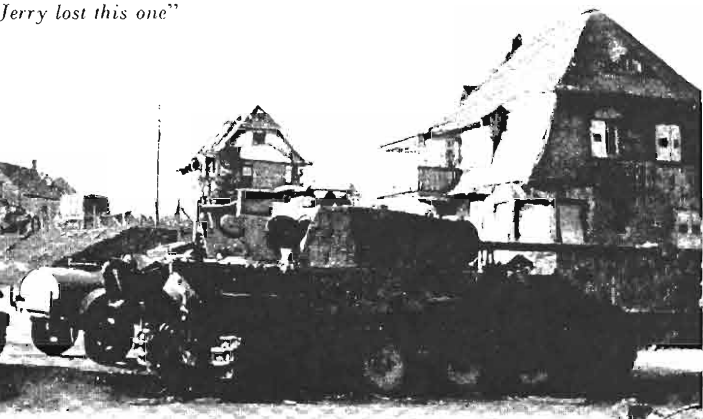
it with what could be found. Men smiled and laughed that night and I'm sure the war was forgotten for that little while. Could we have gotten a suit, I'm sure Staff Sergeant Ben Toomer would have made the perfect Santa Claus. The members of his platoon looked upon him as such, anyway.

A war of defense brings very little casualties from man made weapons but as medical soldiers we learned that cold and snow could bring sickness and disease. Now we were beginning to see the dreaded "Trenchfoot". Feet burned and discolored by a disease which knew no preference. In our position it did not come within our means to help these men. Our only help was speedy evacuation.

Tec. 5th Wallace L. Stevens has a memento of Enchenberg, for it was while we were there he learned the steel pressed to make the doors for his ambulance would not keep out the flying steel of bursting shells. It was in Enchenberg too that Technicians Stanley J. Sigelheim and Lonny R. Tachenko perhaps learned the thoughts of a litter bearer under fire. It was dark that night with the only light coming from the enemy's shells but when the call for medic came it was these two who answered.

Yes this was now a defensive war and an all out defense for us. Jerry had made a spearhead and was forcing units around us to withdraw. Attack after attack was made by the enemy. An enemy determined to do here, what he had done further north. He had mustered strength and was throwing it at points along our entire line. It was during these attacks that our Combat Team was shifted farther north, to take up secondary defenses and to assist another Combat Team in stemming the enemy's attack. We took our place in the town of Oermingen, ready to aid those who were in need. It was here some of us were introduced to Jerry's so called

*"Jerry lost this one"*



“Rocket”. A bundle of Hell, with a scream that sends those icy little needles running up and down a man’s spine. Maybe that is the feeling it gave aid men, litter bearers, and ambulance drivers as they crawled over territory alive with the bursting of these same “Rockets”. Surely those who feel the bite of their steel have a feeling indescribable. Maybe someday those members of this unit who have had that feeling might try to describe it to us. Men like Corporal Henry J. Andersen, Pfc. Francis H. Chase, and Pfc. Edward F. Ronan might try, but then it would be very hard.

The smoke of battle had cleared now and it showed we had not given in and those to whom we owe so much, had proven our faith in them. We in a Collecting Company, could not have appeared to play a large part in this melodrama of life and death, but during the days of this bitter struggle we did our job with courage and faith, and a determination that we too were part of the outfit that would change the tide of battle. The New Year had seen this little medical outfit staying doggedly close to those who needed us. It had seen us give all our efforts and more, some of our men. Jerry had tried and lost. It was now a case of settling down and holding what we had. All around could be seen the preparations for better defenses. Day after day we would watch the huge bombers flying overhead, leaving behind their trails of vapor in a sky clear and cold. Things were now becoming very quiet and action was limited to patrols and artillery duels, with an occasional thrust at straightening and shortening the front lines. Now our Combat Team was to take up positions in the forward line, so once again we moved forward to the town of Rahlingen. Rahlingen with its ancient buildings and winding streets, its battered appearance and weary people was much the same as all we



*The Citadel of “Fortress Bûche”*

had seen. Forward of this town we had set up an Aid Station and it was from this Station we first used a sleigh in the evacuation of the wounded. It was our Commanding Officer, Captain Paul H. Goodman, who conceived the idea that it would be much easier and a more rapid means of evacuation over these snow covered hills in Alsace. It worked, and well too, as I am sure men will testify. There was only an occasional roar from the front now and it appeared that winter was holding its hand over war and that we must wait and plan our moves for the days to come.

On the 20th day of January 1945 we moved our tired Company back to the town of Diemeringen, away from the reaches of those little guns that make life at the front so unpleasant. This way we were able to rest a group of men while another group maintained the forward station, now located in the town of Montbronn. There are no streets in Diemeringen that cannot be described by all the members of this Company. The little canal that ran through the town and flooded it in the days to come, when the weather warmed and the sun began to shine; its busy people knowing the war had passed them, now beginning to rebuild what had been destroyed; these things all spell Diemeringen to us who spent the many days of winter in that town.

During the time we spent in Diemeringen the casualties were very light, that is to say the

casualties inflicted by the enemy were light, but something else struck amongst us, something that turned the skin of man yellow and turned his insides upside down until that awful feeling of nausea overcame him. Hepatitis or Jaundice are the names given it by the Medical Officers who have tried so hard to obliterate it.

Our forward station in the town of Montbronn worked very smoothly all the time they were there. They handled all the ailments brought on by winter, the ever increasing Hepatitis and those sudden results of the enemy who never ceased to throw some amount of artillery and mortar fire, with sureness and sincerity of veterans who had learned much since that day in the November past.

The winter months were growing short and the sun shone more brightly as the month of February passed and March came into being. A month that was to hold many new experiences for us and new data for the pages of history. On March 15th we continued the

assault on the Fortress of Bitché. Combat Team "8" was to make a frontal assault against the once impregnable line.

Against the determination of the men we followed, no enemy could hold. So on the second day of the attack the city "Bitché" was entered. We all remember the constant shelling and the diving planes; the nights that were bright from the burning of surrounding towns; the days that brought the wounded, telling their stories of a "Citadel" high on a hill and a city spread out at its feet. Our stay in Bitché was short for the enemy was running.

Swinging northeast, crossing the Hardt mountains and through the Siegfried Line, Combat Team "8" penetrated the borders of Germany on the 22nd day of March giving us memories of our first German towns and their houses, decorated with a single white flag. A drive of sixty miles found us in the town of Hassloch, Germany. Here we were to see for the first time, at close range, the German people. All during this lightning drive the casualties remained very light and thus our part was made easy. Now the roar of the guns seemed far away as our Combat Team remained in reserve and the enemy continued his running. Hassloch, for us was uneventful and soon our flag was moved to the town of Dannstadt.

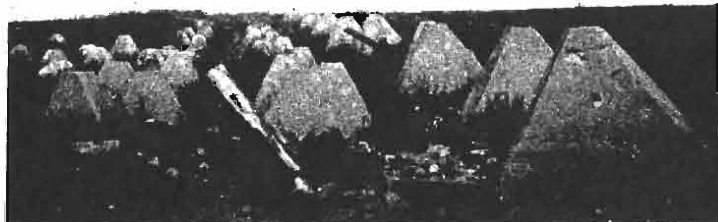
With our Station set up in Dannstadt, we were ever drawing closer to the River Rhine. The highway that passed our door carried the never ceasing flow of men and materials that were soon to bridge this very same river. As we waited our turn to cross, we trained in the things we were yet to use and rested for the harder days yet to come. Who amongst us can forget that day in Dannstadt when the screech and roar of a diving plane brought



*Top: "Frankie clips 'em"*



*Bottom: "The Maintenance Shop"*



*"Dragons teeth in the Siegfried Line"*



*"We crossed the Rhine here"*

us all to attention. The deafening crash of an exploding bomb struck fear in the hearts of men, for there was no warning. Now another dive and another crash, but this time not a bomb but the plane itself had struck the ground. We learned then why there had been no warning, for the plane was ours and the bomb had been dropped by a quick thinking pilot for our protection and not our destruction. As the pilot was treated for minor wounds, we learned the story of his troubled plane and his desperate attempts at landing it. These things all made Dannstadt eventful but it shall always be remembered as the place we stopped before crossing the "Rhine". At 1730 hours the 31st day of March 1945, our convoy, marked with its blazing red crosses moved along the highway towards the city of Ludwigshafen. A city once beautiful, now destroyed by the marksmanship of the "Bombadiers". Over a pontoon bridge, under the protection of a dense smoke cloud, to the eastern bank of the Rhine and the city of Mannheim moved this same convoy. Southeast along the great highways of Germany we witnessed the damage done by a retreating enemy and our relentless Infantry and Air Corps. A one night stop in the town of Friedrichsfeld and then on to the town of Schwetzingen. Now the enemy was retreating very fast and it wasn't long before we were once again on the highways. This time a long trip to the town of Bad Rappenau. As we moved along we began to see signs of a once retreating enemy, fighting. The casualties came and were treated. As we appro-

ached the Neckar River the battle grew in madness. Once again the stories we had seen enacted many times before were being played on the dark roads leading from the river and on the fields that lined its banks. The continual roar of artillery and the steady staccato of machine guns could be heard now as men and equipment were pushed across the river, with the city of Heilbronn as their objective. In the many months that preceded this engagement we had learned many things but never had we evacuated casualties across a river under such heavy fire. There was no bridge by which an ambulance could cross and the hasty foot bridge laid down by the Engineers could not be used by a litter team carrying a wounded man. Assault boats were our only answer and these were made into "Ferries". With the necessitated slow movement by the ambulances and the long litter hauls, evacuation might have been slowed, so a dressing station was set up near the river's bank while the bulk of the Company was moved along the river to Bad Wimpfen. Never before had we faced an enemy so determined. From everywhere and everyone came the stories of the fight that was ensuing for the city of Heilbronn. Bad Wimpfen is the place where men of this Company watched a drama so real and stirring that it could never be reenacted by the mind and hand of man. Looking across the river to the fields on the opposite bank we could watch the Infantry boys as they pushed their desperate enemy back. We watched shells burst above their heads, yes,



and we saw them burst at their feet. We watched the diving Air Corps and we listened to the ripping sound of their guns and the dull thud of their bombs. We watched all of this and more. We watched it because the part we played was to come to the aid of those who had fallen, smitten by these very same implements of war. It was great to look out across this field, upon the stage of life, but it was a privilege to watch the group of men that eased the pains and kept life in the bodies of the actors.

Ambulances come and leave Collecting Stations all day long. The one driven by Pfc. Michael De Nardo had made many trips to the Station in Bad Wimpfen with its loads of wounded. How very odd it was that this same ambulance was to bring him this time, among the wounded. Yet he laughed that day and no one could keep him from continuing his work. Yes, it seems there were many towns that could be remembered by the spilled blood of our own men.

It was in Bad Wimpfen that we said goodbye to our Company Commander Captain Paul H. Goodman and greeted a new Commander, Captain Archibald D. MacDougal. Captain Goodman had worked hard in molding us into the unit we were and now he was going higher. The war was by no means over and there were many more problems still to come and for the solving of these we must look to our new Commander.

Across the river, the city of Heilbronn had fallen and once again the enemy was running

and we were chasing. To where no one could answer. The list of towns and places stopped mounted. Such towns as Jagstfeld and Neckarsulm were merely heaps of rubble for these were the towns where the enemy made his last stand. The town of Rappoch with its ever present incoming mortar fire will be remembered as the town where Lt. Wallace A. King and Sergeant Joseph E. Gross captured five enemy prisoners of war.

Towns like Willsbach, Weinsberg, Mainhardt and Murrhardt, were next on our list but they too held very little memory other than the same white flags of surrender and wide eyed people as the might of America passed their doors. Through these towns to the town of Winnenden for a few days and then on to the town of Waiblingen.

The war had ended for us in this town of Waiblingen for at long last we had been relieved and were now to get the rest we had waited for so long. Yes, this phase of the war was over and what the future held we could not tell. It was on April 24th that we moved into the town of Waiblingen and it was the 8th day of May that the War in Europe came to its end. Somehow there was not the joy that this would be expected to bring. Perhaps it was the thoughts that many thousands of miles away there was a booming of guns such as we had heard many times ourselves, and maybe the thoughts of those who were still giving lives took away some of the glory of this great victory.

With this part of the job finished Collecting Company, Combat Team "8" looks to its Rendezvous with Destiny with determination and a lighter heart, gained with its experiences and now stands ready "To The Service Of All."



*Our Senegalese Allies parade in Stuttgart*

## COMPANY "C"



*Water covered street of Rambervillers on route to Fraipertuis*



*Convoy "We are on our way"*

It is hard to describe the feeling of nervousness and anxiety that each individual has upon his first arrival at the front. There is always talk and discussion that evolves into a moody silence of thought and fear. On the night of November 1, 1944, the men of Co. "C" were no different in that respect from the first unit which landed on the rocky coast of North Africa back in 1942. Orders to proceed to the front had come quickly for us, perhaps more quickly than to any other combat unit. Thus, it was on the morning of October 29, 1944, that Co. "C", commanded by Capt. Robert E. Johnstone, joined Brig. Gen. (then Colonel) Andrew C. Tychsen's 399th Combat Team in the motor convoy which made that regiment the first in the Century Division on the line. Certainly, the lightning speed with which we were assigned to combat, surprised most of us;

however, morale was excellent among the 93 enlisted men and five officers as we proceeded on our way.

The long trip, more than 400 miles, was featured by two excellent bivouac areas—the first night at Valence, the second at Dijon, and the third stop at Fremifontaine, France, where the ominous rumble of artillery pieces attested to the fact that we were now in the vicinity of the front lines.

It was 1830, on Nov. 1, 1944, that we did proceed to the front lines. Due to confusion, inevitable in a first night in combat, we found ourselves within range of small arms fire on a muddy road near La Salle, France. Enemy mines and the tactical situation made it impossible for us to retrace our course that night, so the men were ordered to bed down under what cover they could find until the next morning.

With the dawn, we moved to a starch factory in the vicinity of Fraipertuis where preparations were made for evacuation to begin at 1600. The first casualty to be treated by Captains Richard V. Meaney and James F. X. O'Rourke was Pfc James C. Carver of "K" Co., 399th Infantry. He had a penetrating wound of the left flank caused by shrapnel. None of us who were there that evening will ever forget the scene that unfolded before us. To see the doctors and able station technicians work on the casualties under the flickering candle light was stirring and vibrating and a perfect example of the cooperation that makes the American Army, yes, America what it is.

For the next few days, casualties were fairly heavy, but evacuation was continuing well due to the efforts of ambulance drivers, their platoon leader 1st Lt. Richard E. Snyder, and platoon sergeant John J. Boesen.

On Nov. 5, 1944, Maj. Gen. Brooks, commanding general of the VI Corps, visited and inspected our station. That same evening,

while at Fraipertuis, the first of a series of shows for which "C" Co. became locally famous was presented for the enjoyment of personnel and patients. The director was Pfc Robert J. Samp.

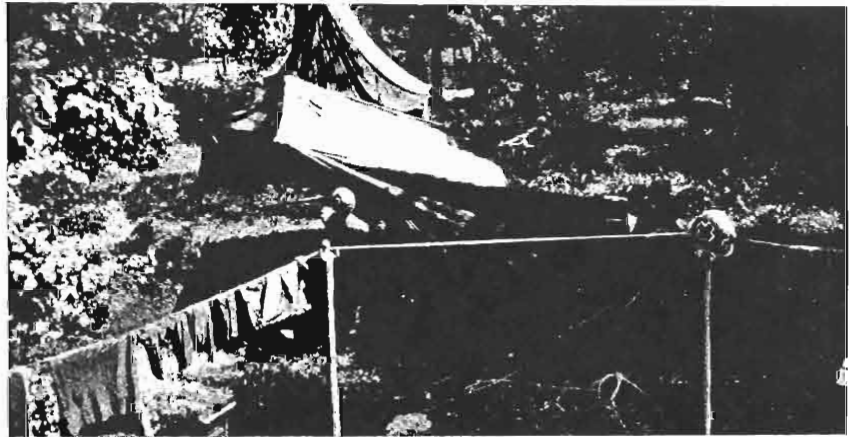
But, this brief period of relaxation was just a temporary thing, for the casualties continued to be moderate as the 100th Division, along with the rest of the Seventh Army, intensified its attack in the Vosges Mountains.

The Collecting Company moved to St. Benoit and then set up for a few days in Baccarat. From here, there was a succession of quick moves to Bertrichamps, the strategic Raon-L'Etape, and Senones, where welcoming liberated throngs greeted our arrival with wine, song, and "beaucoup" kisses. The final breakthrough along the entire Seventh Army front had been achieved, and we proceeded to Plaine and Schirmeck, the latter within 35 miles of the famed Rhine city of Strasbourg. The Vosges Campaign was now officially over, and we were ordered to retrace our course to the town of Moyennoutier

*"GI Washing machine"*



*"Putting up the canvas"*



where the 399th regiment would regroup. It was for the action around Raon-L'Etape that the 1st Battalion, 399th Infantry, eventually received a Presidential Citation. Our litter bearers deserve mention at this time for they were really kept busy forward of the aid station, helping hard pressed boys of the medical detachment. Tec 4 William H. Shaw, Pfc Yale Rubin, Pfc Cornelius J. Moynihan, and Pfc Leonard Landsford were among the many fellows who spent several days and nights up there, "sweating it out". Our ambulance drivers—Tec 5 Thomas J. Rykaceski and Pfc John G. Callahan, Tec 5 Robert J. Burwell and Pfc Vincent J. Paparella, Pfc Samuel F. Yanz and Pfc Ray Astin also did much evacuating in this encounter.

On Nov. 28, 1944, we departed for a new sector which eventually proved to include the vaunted Maginot Line. Our first rest since we entered combat came at Niederweiler, France, as the 399th combat team was placed in division reserve.

On Dec. 2, 1944, it was back to the wars for

Company "C". Resistance in our first assault on our new position was moderate and, in close support of the infantry, we moved quickly and successfully to the Alsatian towns of Veckersviller, Petersbach and Wingen. On Dec. 7, 1944, Pearl Harbor Day, we entered Goetzenbruck which was still under heavy enemy mortar and artillery bombardment. Our station in Goetzenbruck was located in a partially bombed out Gasthaus (Beer Hall) at the road junction upon which the main German fire was directed. Our kitchen was on the opposite side of the crossroad and here in the early evening we suffered our first casualty. First cook, Tec 4 Eric P. Rogall of New York, City, was seriously wounded by mortar shrapnel when a lightning barrage landed close by the kitchen truck. He was rushed to the station for immediate treatment, evacuated to Clearing Company, then to a field hospital. A week later, we received the unfortunate news that he had died on Dec. 13, 1944. During a 14-hour period Dec. 7th, we evacuated 146 casualties.

*Chow line*



*"The Infantry moves up"*





*"Scenes like this were common"*



*We "Hit the road"*

Shelling continued heavily for the next several days and, at times, swift and immediate evacuation seemed almost impossible. All of this was combined with steady snow and frigid weather. Credit must be given to all ambulance drivers including such men as Tec 5 Harold J. Seebeck and Pfc John A. Montecalvo, Pfc James D. Stocker and Pfc Nathaniel Raichelle, and Pfc Notley D. Tomlin and Pfc Ralph D. Priest.

Yes, those weeks at "petite" Goetzenbruck were mighty rugged. When we left the town on Dec. 22, 1944, we thought we had seen it for the last time, but, on Dec. 24th, we returned and it was there we enjoyed the massive Christmas dinner, and on Christmas night the third and outstanding show of Co. "C's" ETO series. The show included a parody on our own collecting company, appropriate songs by an eight-man choral group, and a talk on the meaning of Christmas by Chaplain Thaddeus Koszarek. Father Koszarek, incidentally, along with Chaplain William P. Fraser, Protestant chaplain spent much time with us during combat, doing an

inspiring job, consoling the sick and wounded as they passed through the station and conducting services both for us and the 399th Infantry boys. Our comparatively swell Christmas celebration was concluded with much revelry on the part of the boys. However, another popular member of the company was missing for S/Sgt Wilfred Buckman, our supply sergeant, had his right femur fractured in a truck accident.

Soon the New Year would be here and Victory in Europe, we hoped. We knew that the boys in the Ardennes were having it tough, for most of the heavy artillery that had been plastering Fortress Bitche had left us for that front. Were the Germans strong enough to counterattack here now that we were undermanned?

Early morning of the New Year, Jan. 1, 1945, brought the answer to this question. The enemy started to counterattack; his artillery, mortars, and small arms began popping. We were awakened at 0300 by a heavy barrage falling around us. Hurriedly packing, we pulled out shortly after dawn and set up in

Montbronn. Our casualties were very light in contrast to those of the fanatic Germans who obviously, crazed by drunkenness and blind fanaticism, forgot all basic rules of ground warfare and were literally moved down by our alert infantry.

The 100th Division had stemmed the tide in its sector. However, it was now clear, for the time being, we would have to assume an aggressive defense. The company was split, the station moving to Meyerhof and the rear section to Ratzweiler. For five days at Meyerhof the shelling which we had experienced in Goetzenbruck continued day and night. Battery and counterbattery fire was fierce.

There were movements again. The forward station went to Enchenberg and the rear to Diemeringen. It was here the company received the shocking and sorrowful news of the sudden death of Paul L. Becker on Mar. 12, 1945, from pneumonia. He was our second member to fall. As the month of March arrived and the push on the other sectors of the Western Front had already begun, we knew it wouldn't be long before we would be on the move again. Certainly that was what everyone wanted, for offensive war at best is hell but the war of nerves which we had been playing often was as trying to the individual.

On Mar. 15, 1945, our infantry made its second attack on Bitche, and two days later the proud Citadel fell. After moving into Bitche the forward section of the company moved to Haspelscheidt and, later on in the afternoon of the 18th of March, the rear section, for the first time since Jan. 1st, joined it to make a full company. This latter town was a ghost town, ruined during the German breakthrough in 1940 and later used by them as a target for artillery practice.

Co. "C", along with the rest of the 399th combat team and the division moved out Mar. 22, 1945, on a two-day rat race that took us as far as the Rhine River. On our move we passed through the Siegfried Line defenses. Our first night in Germany was spent in Waldfischbach; the second night we set up in Dannstadt and, after moving to and spending several days at Mutterstadt, we crossed the Rhine at Ludwigshafen-Mannheim on March 31st. While at Mutterstadt our first sergeant Everett D. McGinnis took sick and had to be evacuated.

Our first stop east of the Rhine was at Brühl. Resistance was very light and, in quick succession in the first week of April, we stopped over in Waldorf, Sinsheim, Massenbachhausen, and Frankenbach—the latter, a few kilometers from what proved to be one of the fiercest battles of the final campaign on the Western Front. This, of course, was the battle for Heilbronn on the Neckar River.

*The remains of Heilbronn*





*Where the Battalion assembled in Stuttgart*

Here, all parts of the collecting company, as all other units of the division, functioned at full speed in doing their part to insure the success of this battle. The station platoon and the platoon leader at this time, Capt. Robert M. Rose, swiftly and efficiently treated the many casualties. It is difficult to designate individual credit in this platoon where all nine men have an equal hand in keeping the station in operation twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

1st Lt. Richard E. Snyder and driver, Pfc Reamer R. Floyd, made many trips of reconnaissance down to the heavily shelled banks of the Neckar to determine the quickest possible opportunity to move the collecting station across for better support. We were unable to move, however, for about a week as each time the rugged engineers would "throw up" a bridge, Jerry artillery, aided by direct observation from surrounding hills and well camouflaged observation towers, would knock it out. Despite the fact the river

separated the fighting men and medical installations, evacuations continued successfully.

Our litter squads were posted at the battalion aid stations from whence they carried the casualties over rough terrain and obstacles down to the east bank of the river. Here the wounded were loaded on a rope-towed ferry or assault boats and rowed by German prisoners to the opposite bank. Once on the west bank other litter squads picked up the wounded and carried them up the bank to the rear aid station. The ambulances would then carry them to the collecting station. At all times during this crude evacuation the whine, whistle, and thunder of the 88's and rockets were constant. Yes, our litter bearers saw plenty of the Neckar River that second week of April. Such men as Tec 5 Nathaniel Levine, Pfc Stanley D. Hoisington, Pfc Richard J. Camarota, and Pfc Remo De Marco can attest to this fact. Ambulance drivers as Pfc Morris Horowitz and Pfc Gary Greenway, Pfc Nelson B. Clark and Pfc Jack Parry, and Pfc Thomas E. Floyd and Pfc William C. Rogers will agree that it was really rugged.

Finally, on Apr. 13th, we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge and moved into Heilbronn. Resistance continued to be heavy for several days; but, concluding a month of intense action, our infantry did achieve a fast breakthrough. To keep in close contact we maintained a split mobile station. Yet, during the time of the breakthrough, 3rd Battalion, 399th Infantry moving swiftly, were ambushed near Lehrensteinsfeld on April 18th. Once again, the ambulances evacuated the wounded with speed from the aid stations to the collecting station and from collecting station

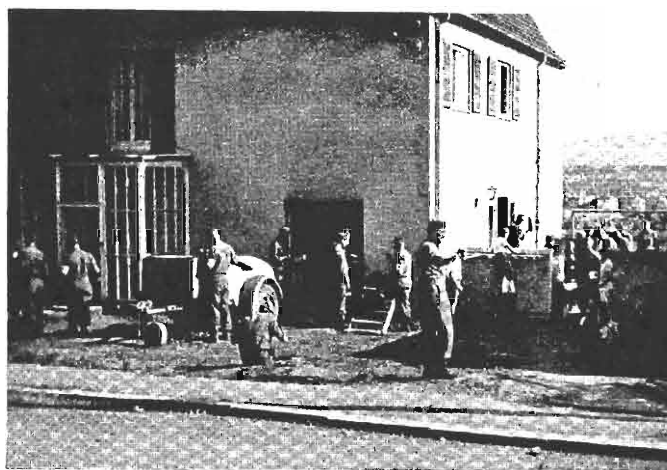
to clearing station. Tec 5 Charlie B. Barrett and Pfc Elton Smith moved 45 of the wounded, ten of which were litter cases, in five trips. For the next week, we moved steadily toward the big objective of Stuttgart in a joint drive with the French. Our station treated few casualties in Stocksberg, Backnang, Winnenden, and Endersbach. Finally, with the whole division we convoyed to Stuttgart on April 26th. The French had taken Stuttgart a few hours after the Century Division had surrounded it on three sides. We moved from our original billets to a huge former Wehrmacht training camp on the outskirts of the city where for the first time since the 29th of October, 1944, in Septèmes, France, Co. "C" rejoined the other companies of the 325th Med. Bn. It was now thought, after approximately 180 days of almost continuous combat, we would get a rest and would probably not go back on the line again. The war with Germany was fast drawing to an end and on May 8, 1945, Victory was here. Yes, it was at last here. But, our reaction, typical of most combat men, was not one of wild unrestrained laughter and celebration; rather, it was an outwardly, unemotional period of thought. Inside each man's heart was thankfulness for his own well-being and the victory in which our Utopia, called America, had played such a big part in achieving. It was not so much that the men were thinking of further fighting in another theater, but more, each individual, aware of it or not, had become a thinker. He had seen war in all its futility—blood, horror, and destruction. Was it a time for celebration or were thought and prayer proper! Only a man who has seen war directly accepts the latter with full understanding.

War certainly had knit our company into a cohesive unit. Working and sweating and suffering and laughing together in such close contact had brought this about. And, really, there were plenty of laughs. Morale had continued well during combat. It's amazing when one comprehends the amount of stimulation that one gets out of a common brotherhood—slogging through the mud, sleeping in a hay loft, sharing a cold ration, all born of simplicity and the animal-like, make for a common understanding among men. This cooperation among all components of Co. "C"—the station, ambulance platoon, litter platoon, headquarters, and the kitchen—becomes stronger and stronger during each succeeding day in combat.

Yes, and now that it is all over and we are once again enjoying the comparative comforts of a garrison life, we can look back with pride and with thoughtfulness, contemplate the individual values that are perceptible in a war of might and blood and horror. Perhaps we have gained something despite it all

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*"Chow Time"*





## COMPANY "D"

Night marches, after the first few minutes, are usually quiet, and the men of Company D weren't talkative on that early morning hike from Marseille, where they had disembarked from the troopship, *George Washington*, onto a flood-lighted beach. It was October 21, 1944, and we had been welcomed to the ETO by German planes attempting to get through the port's defenses. Standing on the deck of the ship, we could see the few lights of the city black out, and behind the hills inland the flash of anti-aircraft guns.

We reached our bivouac in the staging area near Septèmes about 2 a. m., after a hike of nearly 10 miles. By the time we settled down it was raining, and we were soon to learn that rain was quite common in France.

Major Robert C. Thompson (then Captain) assumed command of Company D on October 24, and led us during most of our combat time.

Several days were spent at Septèmes in unpacking and organizing our equipment, and

receiving and checking our trucks. Many of the men visited Marseille and near-by Aix on passes for their first good glimpses of French cities.

A 500 mile train ride in the famed "Forty and Eight" cars took most of the personnel of the company from the staging area to Thaon, and after a few more miles by truck, they arrived at Fremifontaine. Meanwhile our equipment was trucked up in our own vehicles and arrived the following day.

Our clearing station set up for the first time in combat on November 7 on the outskirts of Rambervillers, where the 100th Division was relieving the 45th Division.

On that day 56 patients were admitted to the station, 38 of them battle casualties. Our official opening at noon was to mark the beginning of an unbroken series of operation days in combat that had reached 182 when V-E day came the following May.

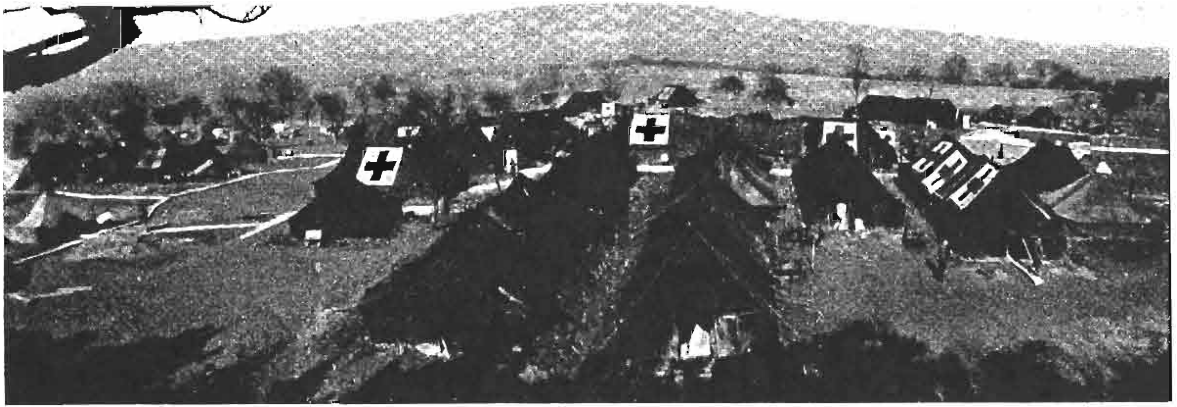
We stayed at Rambervillers until November 24, and while there admitted over 1700 patients, many of whom were held at the station,

*Sojourn in Septèmes*



*"40 & 8 Pullman DeLuxe"*





*Tent City - Diemeringen*

which grew into a tent city of unimagined size, for treatment and return to duty. Here as in future days the clearing station played an important part in the division's efforts to conserve trained men and maintain the high standards of unit efficiency with which this division entered combat.

Many of the classical ideas of clearing station operation were discarded in the light of experience we gained in those first few weeks. It was quickly seen that complete separation of equipment, vehicles and personnel by platoons was impractical under the tactical situation we faced. One platoon's equipment was insufficient to operate as large a station as was found necessary for the number of patients we were holding, and soon second platoon tentage was erected and their equipment in use. When it was found that even this was not enough, additional tents, blankets, cots and stoves were drawn from the Quartermaster.

Also established at the clearing station was the Division Exhaustion Section, under Major William H. McCullagh. This section remained with us during our entire combat period, and through rest and various types of psychotherapy provided there, the great majority of

exhaustion cases were able to rejoin their units.

When the men of the company found time, they cursed the seemingly bottomless mud that surrounded the station. Board and gravel walks between tents helped some but many a luckless medic wandering around, outside at night, when strict blackout had to be observed, soon was literally lifting himself out of the mud by his bootstraps.

A siege of diarrhea, with the latrine set 40 yards out in the mud taught us that all that talk about mess and personal sanitation wasn't just day-room time-killing.

Our first casualty occurred on November 23, when Tec 5 Jonas B. Harrell was killed in action near Moyennoutier while on temporary duty with Collecting Company B as a truck driver. Though we had become accustomed to wounds and death, we were saddened at this personal loss of a man who had been with us and a part of us since our early training days.

With the fall of Strasbourg, resistance in our sector collapsed, and on the morning of November 24 the second platoon packed and loaded preparatory to moving to a new position. That afternoon the second platoon moved



23 miles to Senones, where a station was opened at 1800 on the ground floor of a civilian hospital. The city was still in the throes of its liberation celebration, and all American Soldiers were enthusiastically greeted.

The first platoon continued in operation at the old station until the following day when it moved up to join the second. The problem of moving the great amount of equipment we had accumulated and the many patients we were holding and treating was met and solved without confusion and with an efficiency that spoke well for future operations. We stayed at Senones for only three days. At 3 a. m. on November 27 the first platoon loaded up and prepared to move out. As the convoy was forming, Sgt Gibson was caught between two trucks and injured. He was hospitalized in the station and was soon able to resume duty.

At noon on November 27 the first platoon pulled into its new location, three miles southeast of Sarrebourg and 49 miles from Senones. The station was set up in what had been a dairy plant, after the mess the Germans had left was cleaned up.

The following day as the second platoon was moving up to the new location, one of our one and a half ton trucks, driven by Pfc

*"Come and Get It" — Diemeringen*

*"Bogged Down for the Duration" — Jerry Tank*

*The Kitchen Sink — Diemeringen*

*"The Movie Palace" — Diemeringen*

Stubbs and carrying kitchen equipment and personnel, was forced off the road by an ambulance a short distance from Sarrebourg. The vehicle overturned and rolled down a steep embankment, scattering men and equipment. Stubbs was the most seriously injured and had to be evacuated. The other occupants were less seriously injured and most of them were able to resume duty after treatment.

Two days later, on November 30, the second platoon moved 10 miles to the small village of Rauwiller and opened its station. The town, badly shelled, was still smoking and burning when we moved in, and a few carcasses of dead animals had to be moved from the station site for sanitation's sake.

At Rauwiller the mud made the Ramberwillers area seem like a smooth beach by comparison. Adding to the general discomfort was another widespread outbreak of diarrhea. From that time on, future moves were preceded by a work detail who went to the selected new areas and prepared roads and walks before the whirl of trucks and men could grind a smooth field into mud, in the activity of setting up a station.

The first platoon moved forward to a field outside La Petite Pierre on December 7 and



*The Tonsorial Parlor - Diemeringen*

*"Mail Call at Tent City"*

*"All Clear in Admissions"*

*"Merry Christmas" - Diemeringen*

two days later was joined by the second platoon.

On December 13, as division troops began pounding into the outer defenses of the city of Bitche, key point of the famed Maginot line, the second platoon moved to a new site, high on a hill overlooking the town of Meisenthal. That station stayed in operation until December 24. Often the men had a grandstand view of the terrific artillery bombardment then in progress against the Bitche forts, and at night found sleep sometimes difficult as the ground shook and the air lighted up from the big guns.

A new station was opened between Batten and Diemeringen by the first platoon on the evening of December 24, and on Christmas day the second platoon moved up and joined it.

We stayed in that area for nearly three months, as the division reverted to a defensive position. During this time we developed and expanded a clearing station such as rarely, if ever, has been seen in combat.

Two large ward tents were pitched together and used as a theatre (after the single tent

we had up burned down one dark night) where movies were shown three times daily. Board walks and a solid ambulance turn-around were constructed by the men of the company. Tents were heated and electrically lighted.

During our stay in that area, more than 5,000 patients were admitted to the station. Many of these were held for treatment and eventually returned to duty. At all times a maximum number of patients were held in the station.

As New Year's approached, we were alerted for air attack several times. On New Year's day, in the early morning, the enemy launched a powerful attack on the east of the division's right boundary. That night, in anticipation of a possible hurried rear movement, we loaded five trucks with equipment and sent them back to the vicinity of Rauwiller.

The division front held, however, and the danger passed.

The clearing station's record day for admissions was on January 3, when 217 patients passed through. At this time patients were received and evacuated from units of the

*Basking in Bitche*



*"Curt Service in the Mistress of the Maginot" - Bitche*



36th, 63rd, 45th and 100th Infantry Divisions, and the American 14th and French 2nd Armored Divisions. The evacuation became such a problem that for some time a 2½ ton truck from Headquarters Detachment was used to evacuate the walking wounded.

On January 13, Company D, with other units of the battalion, was awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque.

The station was strafed by several planes on March 3. Although several vehicles were hit and minor cuts received by some men in taking cover, there was no serious damage. The strafing occurred during mid-morning of a clear day, when the Red Crosses on our vehicles and trucks must have been visible for several miles.

On March 18 the second platoon moved into a large military building in the city of Bitche, which had fallen to our division at the start of the spring offensive.

After the rain, snow, mud, open fields, and leaky tents for three months at Diemeringen, it seemed like a return to partial civilization to get into buildings and into a city again. Many of the men visited the famed "Citadel" atop the hill in the center of Bitche, climbing like tourists over the wrecked buildings.

As the rat-race to the Rhine had commenced, we were in Bitche only a few days, and on March 22, the first platoon left that city at 0600 for Neustadt, 70 miles away, in Germany. They arrived shortly after noon and immediately opened a new station in a build-



*General Von Claer leaving Clearing Station – Backnang*

ing that had been a girl's school but more recently a German hospital.

For the first time we had a chance to see what the war had done to German cities, most of which were thoroughly leveled. The roads we traveled were lined with released displaced personnel of all nationalities; scattered German soldiers marching dazedly to the rear looking for someone to surrender to; and the smoking ruins of enemy truck and wagon convoys.

For the first time, too, the non-fraternization rules were tested. After many months of observing French war poverty, we found the Germans well-fed and well-dressed, and quick to deny that they were Nazis or had supported the war. A few buildings away from the station was a government warehouse, where we found large stocks of food, clothing, toys, chinaware, typewriters, etc. Much of this equipment we added to our stocks and put to good use.

On March 31 the second platoon crossed the

Rhine on a pontoon bridge between Mannheim and Ludwigshafen and moved to the small, undamaged village of Seckenheim. The station here was set up in a school house. The first platoon moved up to Seckenheim on April 3, and the following day moved out again, traveling 27 miles to Sinsheim, where a German hospital was appropriated. The station opened just before noon and that evening the second platoon joined the first. Here at Sinsheim many of the men first got to know well the displaced personnel, who at that time were teeming over all the conquered sections of Germany. We stayed at Sinsheim while division troops

slugged their way across the Neckar River and into the city of Heilbronn. On April 14 we moved through the battered city into military barracks on the outskirts of the city. The new station was opened that afternoon by the second platoon and two days later was joined by the first platoon.

At Heilbronn Capt. Paul H. Goodman assumed command of the company, relieving Major Thompson. Here, too, the division rehabilitation center and division dental clinic became adjuncts to the clearing station. On April 21 the first platoon moved to Backnang, where it was joined the following day by the second platoon. The station here was set up in a large school building on a hill overlooking the city.

Our troops, in conjunction with French forces, were closing around the key city of Stuttgart, 30 miles away. The city fell, and on April 28 the second platoon moved there and established a station in the German military barracks, distinguished by their filth and disorder. The first platoon moved into this area the following day.

Now the 100th division was relieved and reverted to 7th Army reserve, where it remained until hostilities ceased.

From November 6, 1944, when the first battle casualty was admitted, until April 25, 1945, when the division went to Army reserve, nearly 13,000 patients were admitted to the clearing station. Of these, nearly 3,000 were returned to their units for duty after periods of treatment in the station.

The men of Company D are proud of their record of service, and confident of the future.

*After the Battle in Heilbronn*

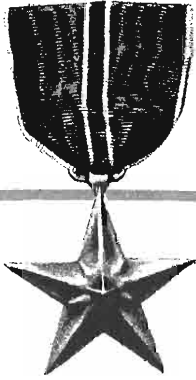
*Clearing Station on V-E Day Eisingen*





*Awards & Citations*





## AWARD OF *Bronze Star Medal*

*Awarded to any individual who, while serving in any capacity in or with the Army of the United States, on or after 7 December 1941, distinguished or has distinguished himself by heroic or meritorious achievement or service not involving participation in aerial flight.*

\* \* \*

### HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Lt Col Emil J. Genelti  
Capt Robert H. Draddy  
Capt Anthony S. Kazmierski  
\*1 Lt Edwin R. Kelley  
Capt Samuel S. Morrison  
Capt Robert R. Moylan

Capt Willard F. Seaton  
1 Lt Paul A. Schneider  
WOJG George J. Schramm  
\*Maj John K. Webb  
M Sgt William M. Bartlett  
Tec 5 Thomas A. Boger

T Sgt Thomas D. Maggipinto  
Tec 4 John J. McMahon  
T Sgt Paul M. Prew  
Tec 5 Paul A. Wods

### COMPANY "A"

1 Lt William K. Farquhar  
1 Lt Joseph R. Pawl  
Capt Robert M. Rose  
Pfc Roy Craig  
Sgt Albert F. Droleskey

S Sgt Michael Interlandi  
Tec 4 Truman R. Lowe  
Sgt Robert S. Pieratt  
Pfc Andrew B. Pribulka Jr.  
Tec 5 Walter G. Roberts

Pfc Gerald E. Rowen  
Tec 3 Albert W. Slowick  
Pfc Darell W. Stevenson  
Pfc Harry A. Strandell

### COMPANY "B"

\*1 Lt Frederic C. Brown  
1 Lt Wallace A. King  
Capt Archibald D.  
Mac Dougall  
\*Capt Harry F. Mignerey  
Capt Knighton V. Waite  
Cpl Henry J. Andersen  
Tec 5 Lawrence F.  
Bourgeois

Pfc Donald L. Charlton  
Pfc Lory W. Clevenger  
Sgt Andrew P. Cocozza  
Tec 5 King A. Jackson  
Pfc George Karaffa  
Pfc Thomas F. Kenny Jr.  
Tec 5 Alfred H. La Fleur  
Tec 5 Leo Lefebvre  
Pfc Loren J. McGovern

Sgt John E. McMahon  
1 Sgt Joe L. Newman  
Pfc Isaac J. Rosen  
Pfc Harold K. Scribner  
Sgt Andrew M. Sheehan  
Pfc Oscar N. Tolson  
S Sgt Benjamin T. Toomer  
\*Pfc George F. Traylor

### COMPANY "C"

Capt Robert E. Johnstone  
Capt Richard V. Meaney  
1 Lt Richard E. Snyder  
Sgt Charles B. Barrett  
1 Sgt John J. Boesen

S Sgt Martin Feldman  
Tec 5 Thomas E. Floyd  
S Sgt Charles F. Frowein  
Pfc Nick Gercis  
S Sgt Louis G. La Buda

Tec 4 Nathaniel Levine  
S Sgt John B. Rahl  
Tec 5 Harold J. Seebeck  
Tec 4 William H. Shaw  
Sgt Samuel F. Yanz

### COMPANY "D"

Maj Robert C. Thompson  
Capt Harold W. Bly  
1 Lt Richard J. Flading  
\*Maj Paul H. Goodman  
Capt Lester B. Weiss

1 Sgt John R. Barbour  
Sgt Clifton E. Coward  
Tec 3 Mortimer S. Friedner  
Tec 5 Carlos M. Jacoff

1 Sgt Herman P. Kuebler  
Tec 4 Theodore R. Scanlon  
S Sgt George T. Shannon  
\*Tec 4 Argel W. Talkington

\* Denotes cluster to above award

**AWARD OF**  
*Purple Heart Medal*



*Awarded to those who are wounded in action against an enemy of the United States, or as a direct result of an act of such enemy, provided the wound needs treatment by a medical officer.*

\* \* \*

**COMPANY "A"**

Tec 5 Michael J. Ambrosio  
Pfc Joseph J. Bravchok  
Pfc Roy Craig  
Pvt Alton Eberhardt  
S Sgt Michael Interlandi  
Pfc Charles A. Marsch  
Pfc Irving Wallach

**COMPANY "B"**

Cpl Henry J. Andersen  
Pfc Francis H. Chase  
Pfc Michael De Nardo  
Tec 5 Leo Lefebvre  
Sgt John E. McMahon  
Pfc Albert F. Powell  
Pfc Edward F. Ronan  
\*Pfc George F. Traylor

**COMPANY "C"**

Pfc George H. Gordon  
Pfc Granville Shankles

**COMPANY "D"**

Tec 5 Carlos M. Jacott  
Tec 4 Theodore R. Scanlon  
Tec 4 Argel W. Talkington

\* Denotes cluster to above award



## AWARD OF

*Good Conduct*

### HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

M Sgt William M. Bartlett  
Pfc Joseph Betheil  
Cpl Louis C. Blaszyński  
Tec 5 Thomas A. Boger  
Pfc Jack Bosworth  
Pfc John H. Carter

T Sgt Alfred J. Conrad Jr.  
Pfc Douglas L. Fry  
Pfc Ray H. Gaston  
Tec 4 Nicholas Hupalo  
Tec 5 Robert W. Karjala  
Tec 5 Alexander L. Kay  
T Sgt Alfred M. Kohl  
T Sgt Thomas D. Maggipinto  
Tec 4 John J. McMahon  
Tec 5 Lloyd Marcus

Pfc Rodney E. Marshburn  
M Sgt John Millar Jr.  
Tec 5 Robert F. Miller  
Tec 5 William H. Moore  
Pfc James T. Pait  
Tec 4 George Pagnotta  
Tec 5 Walter H. Peters  
Tec 4 Orville L. Petty  
S Sgt Gerard V. Pfaff  
T Sgt Paul M. Prew  
Tec 5 William C. Rimmer

Tec 5 Irving E. Rink Jr.  
Tec 4 Paul E. Rock  
T Sgt Charles A. Scutero  
S Sgt Philip Sperling  
Pfc Anthony R. Spino  
M Sgt Roman F. Sikorski  
Tec 5 Robert W. Siemens  
Tec 5 Anthony St. Angelo  
Tec 5 Anthony T. Valenti  
Tec 5 Paul A. Woods  
Tec 4 Joseph Yakowski

### COMPANY "A"

Tec 5 Michael J. Ambrosio  
Tec 5 Robert H. Andersen  
Pfc James W. Arant  
Pfc Alador B. Balas  
Sgt Louis F. Baldassano  
S Sgt William W. Bottomsione  
Pfc Claudie H. Bradshaw  
Pfc Louis R. Bratton  
Pfc Quentin D. Brewington  
Pfc James L. R. Brown  
Tec 5 Charles G. Burkert  
Pfc Boyce L. Carpenter  
Pfc Richard L. Childs  
Pfc John P. Clancy  
Tec 4 William W. Cox  
Pfc Roy Craig  
Cpl Charles W. Cropley  
Pfc John W. Curran  
Pfc Nicholas D. D'Abate  
Pfc Donald P. Darsch

S Sgt Anthony M. De Angelis  
Tec 3 Edwin S. Denby  
Pfc William E. Dodd  
Sgt Albert F. Droleskey  
Pfc Philip E. Foley  
Sgt Ewen J. Fraser  
Sgt James A. Fuller  
Pfc Robert H. Hannon  
Pfc William D. Heagney  
Pfc Oscar T. Hendrickson  
S Sgt Michael Interlandi  
Pfc Charles J. Jackivicz  
Tec 5 Mack J. Jordan  
Tec 5 Abraham Kaufman  
Sgt John G. Kennedy  
Pfc John J. Keppner  
Tec 5 Sol N. Kosofsky  
Pfc Wilmer L. Laney  
Pfc Dominic A. Locurcio  
Tec 4 Truman R. Lowe

Pfc Charles A. Marsch  
Pfc Frank P. Martelli  
Pfc Reuben E. Marten  
Pfc Lowell A. Martin  
Tec 5 Frank E. McDonald Jr.  
Tec 4 Bartholomew F. McDonnell  
Tec 4 George J. McDonough  
Pfc Richard T. McLeod  
S Sgt Aaron B. Milam  
Tec 4 William H. Miller  
Pfc Philip Millman  
Pfc Winifred L. Millwood  
1 Sgt Arpad A. Molnar  
Sgt Leon N. Morse  
S Sgt Bryce L. Moschel  
Sgt Emery D. Nelson  
Pfc John P. Nelson  
S Sgt Umberto A. Neyroz  
Pfc Theodore I. Nigri

Tec 5 Joseph C. Nogaj  
Tec 4 Raymond G. Orres  
Pfc Eugene S. Osinski  
Pfc Lucas B. Perdue  
Cpl Joseph F. Pesce  
Sgt Robert S. Pieralt  
Pfc Andrew B. Pribulka Jr.  
Pfc Herman R. Pseny  
Pfc Frank Radicella  
Pfc Joseph M. Reed  
Tec 5 Walter G. Roberts  
Pfc Marvin Rosenberg  
Pfc Gerald E. Rowen  
Pfc Johnny S. Sizemore  
Tec 3 Albert W. Slowick  
Pfc Clarence L. Spearman  
Pfc Darell W. Stevenson  
Pfc Evan G. Thomas  
Tec 4 James F. Walters  
Tec 4 Daniel Weissenberg  
Pfc Joseph W. Zebracki

### COMPANY "B"

Pvt William J. Abbate  
Pfc Walton N. Adams  
Pfc Herbert R. Aemisegger  
T/5 Wade W. Benson  
Pfc Michael Bender Jr.  
T/5 Lawrence F. Bourgeois  
Pfc Frank A. Bunn  
T/5 Ewell B. Bramble  
T/4 Dale O. Bright  
Sgt James A. Brooks  
Pfc Richard E. Carpino  
Pfc Donald L. Charlton  
Pfc John Chvostal  
Pfc Lory W. Clevenger  
Pfc Charles E. Crandell

Cpl John E. Cronin  
Sgt Arthur N. Curtis  
Pfc Michael DeNardo  
Pfc Harold Edelson  
Pfc Sylvester E. Ertman  
Pfc Francis L. Estes  
Pfc Roscoe M. Evans  
Pfc Fred J. Fawcett  
Pfc John Feczkanin  
Pfc Frank E. Florio  
Pfc Russell V. Guidry  
Pfc William H. Graeff  
T/5 Edward F. Grillo  
S Sgt Joseph E. Gross  
T/4 Abner L. Head Jr.

S Sgt Trowbridge L. Higgins  
Pfc James J. Holden  
Pfc Charlie T. Hudson  
Pfc Thomas G. Hunt  
T/5 King A. Jackson  
Pfc George Jacobs  
Pfc Peter M. Jannuzzi  
Pfc Paul W. Johnson  
Pfc George Karaffa  
Pfc Thomas F. Kenny Jr.  
T/5 Alfred H. La Fleur  
T/5 Leo Lefebvre  
T/4 Paul Libri  
Pfc Bobbie B. Little

Pfc John L. Luzzi  
Sgt Thomas J. McGowan  
Pfc Loren J. McGovern  
Pfc Richard L. McKiddy  
Pfc John E. McMahon  
Pfc Lester B. Meltesen  
T/5 Joseph Mikorzewski  
Pfc George F. Moore  
1 Sgt Paul Naumchik  
T/5 Harry R. Naylor  
Pfc Lloyd R. Neaves  
Pfc George E. Newton  
Pfc Wallace B. Nolen  
Pfc Harry T. Oldland  
Pfc Lawrence J. O'Leary

*Awarded to those enlisted men who have demonstrated fidelity through faithful and exact performance of duty, efficiency through capacity to produce desired results, and whose behavior has been such as to deserve emulation.*

Pfc Albert F. Powell  
Pfc Arthur F. Reichel  
Pfc Edward F. Ronan  
Pfc Isaac J. Rosen  
T/5 Oscar Schoor  
Pfc Harold K. Scribner  
Pfc Earl K. Secord  
Pfc Albert J. Shafer

Sgt Andrew M. Sheehan  
T 4 Stanley J. Siegelheim  
Cpl Joseph M. Skrodenis  
Pfc Elmer O. Smith  
S Sgt Paul F. Smith  
Cpl Bill F. Stephenson  
T/5 Wallace L. Stevens  
T/3 Alfred R. Stinard

Pfc Warren T. Svenson  
T/3 Lonny R. Tachenko  
Pvt Vincent Taranti Jr.  
T/5 Charles N. Tardiff  
Pfc Oscar N. Tolson  
S Sgt Herman Traystman  
Pfc George Trombino  
Pfc Frank E. Vest

Pfc Manley C. Vinson  
Sgt Harvey B. Waterman  
Pvt Cecil S. Watkins  
T/4 Frank J. Wheeler  
S Sgt Frank L. White  
T/5 Ernest Yannace

#### COMPANY "C"

Pfc Joseph Anuskowitz  
Sgt Anthony J. Augenti  
Tec 4 Andrew W. Babon  
Sgt Charlie B. Barrett  
Tec 4 David B. Berschler  
1 Sgt John J. Boesen  
Pfc Louis Boitano  
Pfc Harold R. Bowden  
Cpl John T. Brock  
Tec 4 William Brumberg  
Sgt Robert J. Burwell  
Pfc John G. Callahan  
Cpl Richard J. Camarota  
Tec 5 Nelson B. Clark  
Tec 3 Charles J. Coleman  
Pfc Remo L. De Marco  
S Sgt Martin Feldman  
Tec 5 Thomas E. Floyd  
S Sgt Charles F. Frowein  
Sgt Thomas H. George  
S Sgt Biagio Guisto

Sgt Herbert N. Goldberg  
Pfc George H. Gordon  
Pfc Gary Greenway  
Pfc Henry Hamlett  
Pfc Paul I. Harshberger  
Pfc John Herrmann  
Pfc Stanley Hoisington  
Pfc Glenn M. Huff  
Cpl Thomas W. Jacobs  
S Sgt Lawrence W. Jennings  
Pfc Martin Kaplan  
Pfc Paul T. Kelty  
Tec 4 Anastaze W. Kupiec  
S Sgt Louis G. La Buda  
Pfc Leonard C. Lansford  
Pfc Rocco T. Lettiere  
Tec 4 Nathaniel Levine  
Pfc Melvin J. Lobell  
Tec 5 Norman C. Martin  
Pfc George D. Mason  
Pfc Johnnie W. McCranie

Pfc Everett L. McDowell  
Pfc Joseph V. McNabb  
Pfc Eugene W. McPherson  
Tec 4 Alfred H. Meads  
T Sgt Charles Mickey  
Pfc Elmore Miller  
S Sgt William M. Moschetto  
Cpl Cornelius J. Moynihan  
Tec 4 Paul R. Mundell  
Tec 3 Leonard T. Murphy  
Pfc Vincent J. Paparella  
Pfc Jack Parry  
Pfc Ralph D. Priest  
Pfc Albert P. Puzauski  
Pfc Lenwood B. Ragan  
S Sgt John B. Rahl  
Pfc Nathaniel Raichelle  
Pfc Curtis Reed Jr.  
Pfc Milton B. Richey  
Pfc William C. Rogers  
Tec 5 Yale Rubin

Tec 4 Thomas J. Rykaceski  
Pfc Robert J. Samp  
Tec 5 Harold J. Seebeck  
Pfc Samuel I. Shaffer  
Tec 4 William H. Shaw  
Pfc Myron H. Shefts  
Pfc Edward E. Smith Jr.  
Pfc Elton Smith  
Pfc Lovely B. Smith  
Pfc Alvin J. Smitansky  
Tec 3 Charles W. Stonkas  
Pfc Charles H. Tate Jr.  
Tec 5 Notley D. Tomlin Jr.  
Pfc David M. Torsell  
Tec 5 Edgar J. Viscecchia  
Pfc Harry W. Webb  
Pfc Frederick J. Werner  
Pfc James C. West  
Tec 5 Walter W. Woodbury  
Cpl Stuart H. Woodruff  
Sgt Samuel F. Yanz

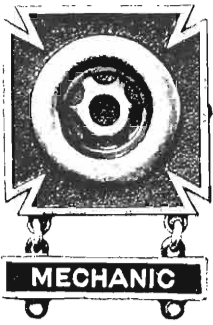
#### COMPANY "D"

Tec 5 Frank Y. Adams  
Pfc Fernando M. Alfonso  
Pfc Cloyd L. Arbogast  
S Sgt John R. Barbour  
Cpl Arthur J. Barnes  
Pfc Lawrence L. Bennett  
Sgt Frank A. Bellissimo  
Pfc Paul C. Blumenstock  
Pfc Nelson H. Brown  
Tec 5 James H. Cain  
Pfc Leon W. Caldwell  
Pfc John J. Clark  
Pfc Timothy L. Cronin  
Sgt Clifton E. Coward  
Pfc Neil J. Cox  
Pfc Bernard DiStefano  
Pfc William S. Donta  
Sgt Milo J. Dunbar Sr.  
Pfc John C. Eichenauer, Jr.  
Pfc Jack Friedman  
Tec 5 Mortimer S. Friedner

Pfc Barney J. Friel  
Pfc Robert F. Gaddie  
Pfc Howard L. Gentry  
Sgt Peter Gibson  
Pvt William J. Gilfeather  
Pfc Israel Gliner  
Pfc Paul J. Gowan  
Tec 5 Harold J. Grainger  
Pfc Steve O. Greer  
Pfc James W. Hall  
Pfc Hugh C. Hamilton  
Pfc Edward J. Hanus  
Tec 5 David J. Harmer Jr.  
Tec 4 Julian C. Helms  
Tec 5 Walter M. Holland  
Pfc William A. Hopper Jr.  
Tec 5 Carlos M. Jacoff  
Pfc Irwin W. Johnson  
S Sgt Lander J. Johnson  
Pfc Garland G. Jones  
Tex 5 Walter P. Joyce Jr.

Tec 4 Edward G. Kevorkian  
Pfc Kenneth S. Kirby  
Tec 4 George C. Kilgore  
Pfc Andrew J. Kite  
Tec 4 Matthew C. Koehler  
1st Sgt Herman P. Kuebler  
Pfc Guy W. LaFevers  
Pfc John E. Lester  
Pfc Archie R. Litton  
Tec 5 Fred A. Malone Jr.  
Sgt James M. Malloy  
Pfc Lloyd Marcus  
Pvt Howard D. McCann  
Tec 5 Joseph Mecus  
Pfc Albert J. Miller  
S Sgt Alexander E. Muras  
Tec 4 Gilbert H. Nastasia  
Pfc Leslie M. Nelimark  
Tec 5 Allen B. Nelson  
Tec 4 Norman H. Penfield  
Pvt Norbert J. Perry

Tec 3 Jon P. Preston  
Tec 5 Donald M. Puffer  
Pfc Frank M. Reagan  
Cpl Rex J. Robertson  
Tec 4 Theodore R. Scanlon  
Tec 3 Donald W. Schaumberg  
S Sgt George T. Shannon  
Tec 5 Nathan Skolnick  
Pfc John W. Stewart  
Pfc Leonard H. Stiles  
Tec 4 Argel W. Talkington  
Tec 5 Samuel Tucker  
Tec 5 Gerald E. Turner  
Tec 5 Calvin L. Wilder  
Cpl Russell O. Wood  
Pfc Donald R. Woodbeck  
Pfc Burie L. Wright Sr.



## MECHANICS AWARD

### HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Tec 5 Thomas A. Boger  
Tec 5 Robert Karjala

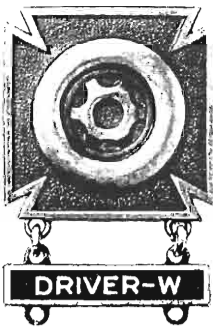
Tec 4 Paul E. Rock  
Tec 4 Joseph Yakowski

### COMPANY "A"

Tec 4 Truman R. Lowe

### COMPANY "B"

Tec 4 Lloyd R. Neaves  
Sgt Harvey B. Waterman



## DRIVERS AWARD

### HEADQUARTERS & HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Pfc Joseph Bethel  
Tec 5 Thomas A. Boger

Pfc Ray H. Gaston  
Tec 5 Alexander L. Kay  
Tec 5 Robert F. Miller  
Tec 5 William H. Moore

Pfc James T. Pait  
Tec 4 Paul E. Rock  
Tec 5 Robert W. Siemans  
Pfc Anthony R. Spino

Tec 5 Anthony St. Angelo  
Tec 5 Paul A. Woods  
Tec 4 Joseph Yakowski

### COMPANY "A"

Tec 5 Robert H. Andersen  
Pfc Claudie H. Bradshaw  
Tec 5 Charles G. Burkert  
Pfc Boyce L. Carpenter  
Pfc William E. Dodd

Pfc Harold A. Dugan  
Sgt Ewen J. Fraser  
Tec 5 Mack J. Jordan  
Tec 4 Truman R. Lowe  
Pfc Reuben E. Marten

Pfc William F. Melton  
Pfc Philip Millman  
Pfc Winifred L. Millwood  
Pfc Theodore I. Nigri  
Tec 5 Walter G. Roberts

Pfc Johnny S. Sizemore  
Pfc Burnell Z. Willbanks  
Pfc Joseph W. Zebracki

### COMPANY "B"

Pfc Herbert R. Aemiseggar  
Sgt Ewell B. Bramble  
Pfc Donald L. Charlton  
Pfc John Chvostal  
Pfc Michael DeNardo

Pfc Harold Edelson  
Pfc Frank E. Florio  
Pfc Casimir C. Kaminski  
Pfc Francis T. Kennedy  
Pfc Bobbie B. Little

Pfc John L. Luzzi  
Pfc Patrick J. McCormack  
Pfc Richard L. McKiddy  
Sgt John E. McMahon  
Pfc Lester B. Meltesen

Tec 5 Harry R. Naylor  
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Pfc Arthur F. Reichel

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Cpl Thomas W. Jacobs  
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Tec 5 Alfred H. Meads  
Pfc John A. Montecalvo

Pfc Vincent J. Paparella  
Pfc Jack Parry  
Pfc Ralph D. Priest  
Pfc Nathaniel Raichelle  
Pfc William C. Rogers  
Tec 4 Thomas Rykaceski

Pvt Dominick Saponari  
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Pfc James D. Stocker  
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Tec 5 Lawrence L. Bennett

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Pfc Meil J. Cox  
Pfc Irwin W. Johnson

Pfc Garland G. Jones  
Pfc Walter P. Joyce  
Pfc John W. Stewart

Pfc Leonard H. Stiles  
Pfc James J. Stubbs

# AWARD OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

*Awarded to service units for superior performance of duty, or outstanding devotion to duty, in the performance of exceptionally difficult tasks and achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline.*



By direction of the President, and under the provisions of Section 1, Circular Number 345, War Department, dated 23 August 1944, The Meritorious Service Unit Plaque is awarded to the 325th Medical Battalion for superior performance of duty and the achievement and maintenance of a high standard of discipline during the period from 1 October 1944 to 31 December 1944.

★ ★ ★

*To you who died on foreign soil,  
That our land might still be free,  
We raise our hearts in words of prayer,  
We revere thy memory.*

*To you we chant the victor's strain  
Which comes when battles cease,  
To you who died for victory's sake  
We dedicate the peace.*

*To you who made the peace complete,  
Who have so nobly served,  
We give to you this solemn vow:  
"The peace shall be preserved."*

★ ★ ★

*In Memoriam . . .*

**CPL WOODROW W. BAILEY**



**PFC PAUL L. BECKER**



**PVT DIMITRI BUTKA**



**TEC 5 JONAS B. HARRELL**



**TEC 4 ERIC P. ROGALL**



**PFC THOMAS A. WINNIE**



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