

1946

303rd Signal Operation Battalion: an informal unofficial history, April 17, 1943 to February 25, 1946

United States Army

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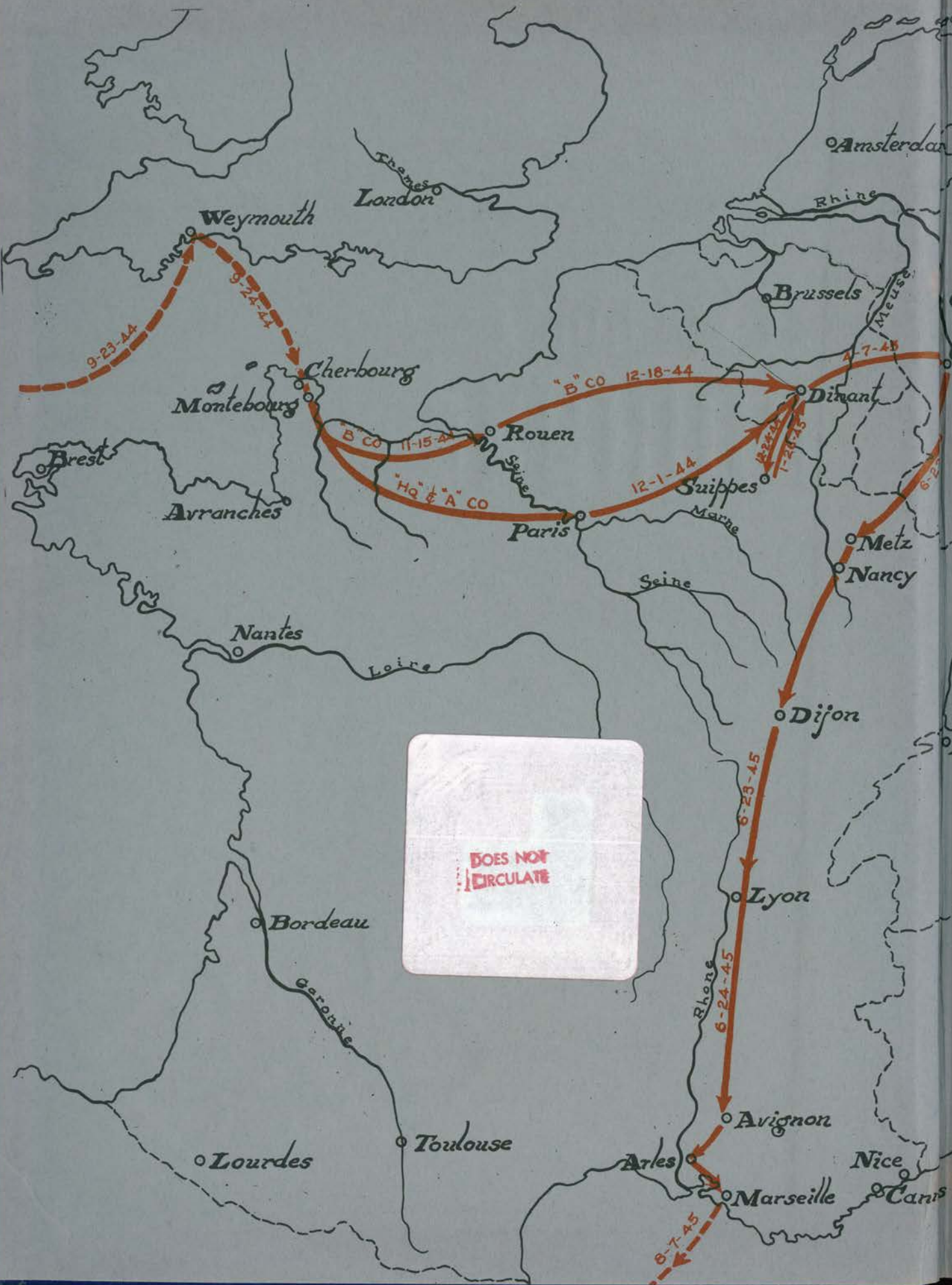
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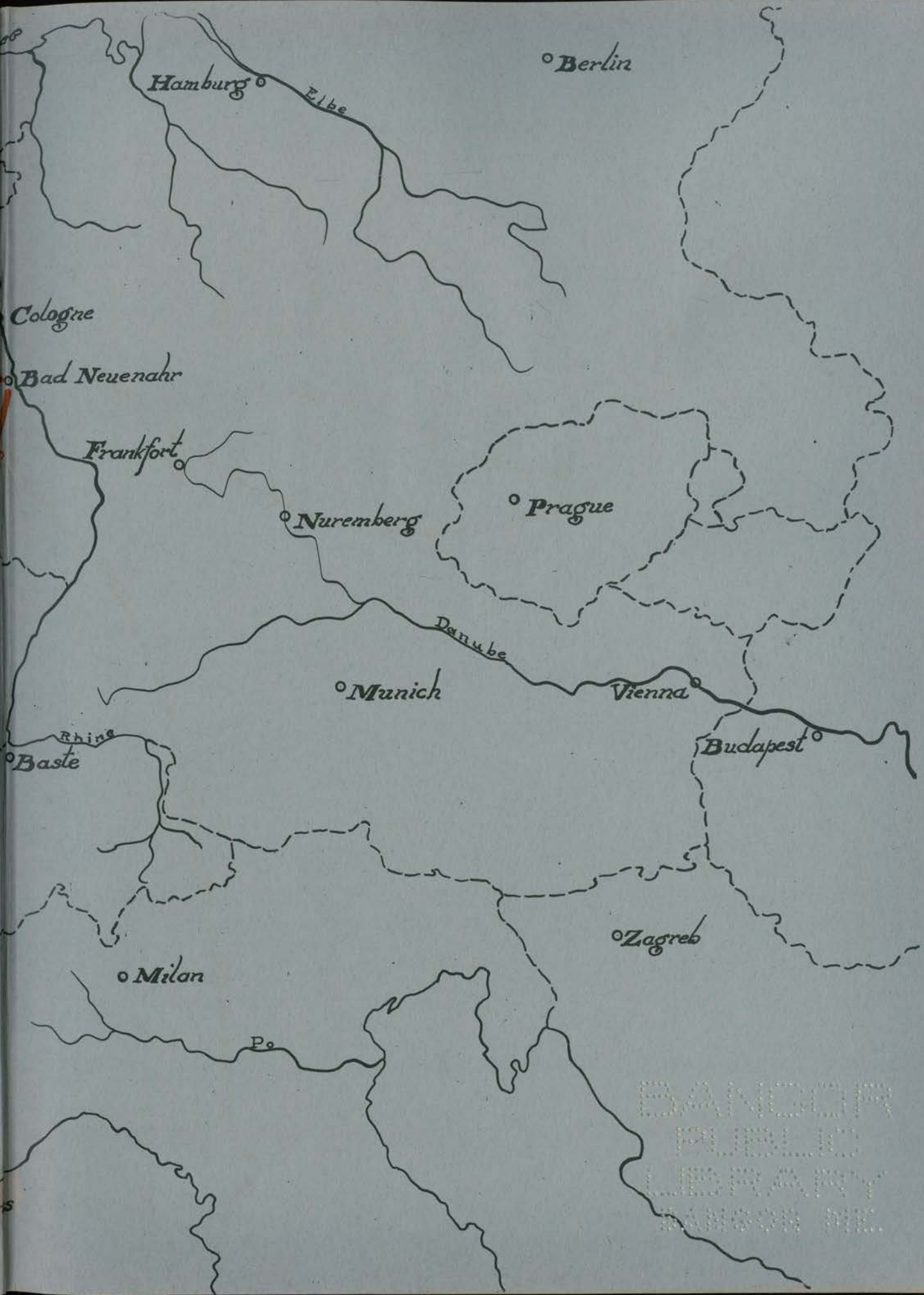
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LA GRANDE BURPÉE







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303RD
SIGNAL
OPERATION
BATTALION

AN INFORMAL UNOFFICIAL HISTORY
APRIL 17, 1943 TO FEBRUARY 25, 1946

c

"BY ORDER OF:"



First CO., Lt. Col. Lyle D. Wise, had the battalion from April 1943 to late winter 1945. Photo shows him directing a CPX at Crowder; gag at right is inspired by fact that he always wore two watches, and took a mean average of both before committing himself as to time of day.

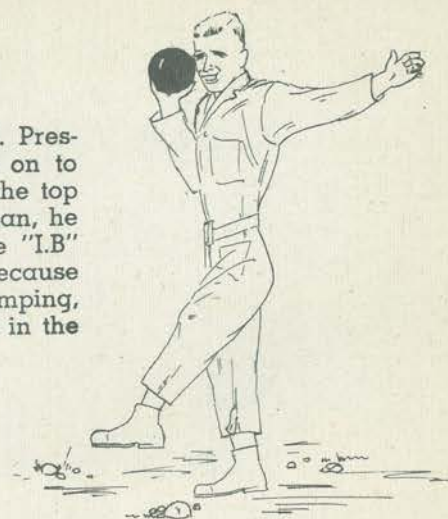


From activation date until Col. Wise left us in ETO, Maj. James J. Kearns served as Executive Officer. He inherited the outfit and commanded it until he accepted discharge in November 1945. Above, as he looked on maneuvers at Hunter Liggett; at right our artist has caught that famous bristling, catch-all mustache he grew in France, cultivated in Belgium, pampered in Germany, and (coward!) shaved off just as the ship docked in NY harbor.



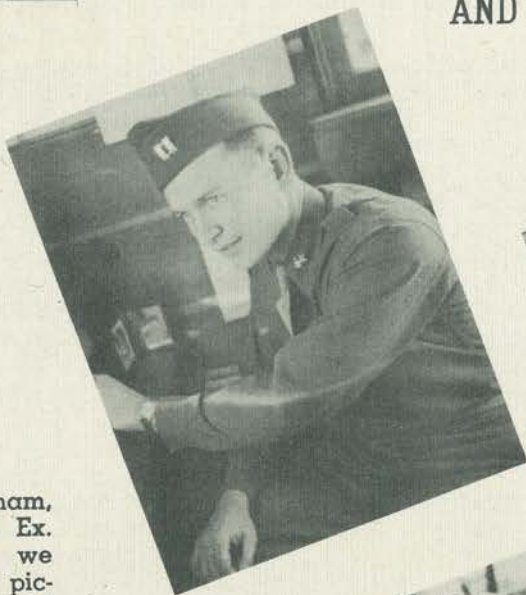


Third and last CO., Major Dana S. Prescott started out as CO., Co. A, moved on to Bn. S-3, Bn. Ex. O, and wound up with the top job when Major Kearns left. An OCS man, he became known to junior officers as the "I.B." standing for Iron Ball, named thusly because of his athletic fondness for running, jumping, rassling and throwing iron balls around in the hot sun, as at right.



AND THE COMPANIES:

Below — Andy Chatham, CO Co. B, later Bn. Ex. O. Sorry Cashion, we couldn't find your picture. Right—Fearless Ed Spethmann, CO Co. A; later Bn. S-3 and G. P.



Above—Dick Taylor, CO Hq. Co., later Bn. S-4; and Mike Daly, 1st Sgt. Hq. Co. At left, below—Fearless Ed Hodges, 1st Sgt. of Co. A.

IT ALL BEGAN . . .



Lt. Lee Kornel led his motor pool class outdoors for its blackboard instruction. Students listened attentively (?) but would rather have had a lecture on care and treatment of chigger bites.

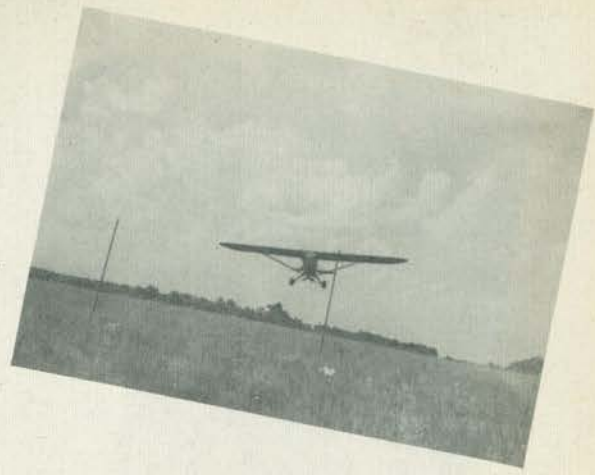
April 17, 1943 was officially activation day for the 303d at Camp Crowder, Missouri. Shortly before that, Lt. Clyde Burch had hearded a wild and wooly cadre crew northward from the 17th Sig. Opn. Bn., which was then on 2d Army maneuvers in Tennessee. Officers then began to trickle in, more cadre men, and the inevitable lesson plans and course outlines started to take shape.

The bulk of the "fillers" arrived around the first of June, and training took hold with vigor, if not with a great deal of vim. Basic training, hikes, calisthenics (TC-87!) and rain, rain, rain occupied our days, always under the fierce scrutiny of Col. Rinaldo Coe who ruled the 2d Army detachment at Crowder with the aid of Capt. Cohen and an assorted staff, guaranteed to give trouble. Col. Coe was a real soldier, and though we groaned under him, later we were damned proud of our state of training. He was aided in his inspections by his dog, which the men fervently believed came up to inspect our training on his own, and then scampered back to report our deficiencies to his master.

Days in "Shantytown," the girls in Neosho, bivouacs in the Ozark rocks . . . helluva war! And then there was the T/5 who called his squad to attention, and saluted as a small L-4 observation plane passed overhead. Explained he succinctly: "That was Col. Coe's



At left is the long tired line of a neverending, high humidity, hike into the beauties of Missouri's natureland. Most of us would have rather stood in bed. Right—Chow line. No "C" or "K" rations yet, but how about a little stew tastefully seasoned with dust?



Above left we see Lts. McManamon and Chuck Ebersold who took a training convoy down to Roaring River State Park, where our burly drivers splashed merrily in the river a la nudist. Above at right we learn to transmit messages via airplane, by means of "drop and pickup."



Sgt. Al Lesniewski and Lt. Dick Taylor in that hopped-up jeep. Looks like they are sitting on their duffs when they should be looking for rust on the spherical balls, hey?



Lts. George Laier and Harold Blankley on a CPX. They don't know it, but they are about to be flour-bombed and declared out of action. Harold, put down that cigar and we'll go ten rounds.

This Roaring River convoy looks pretty good. Of course we did it much better the night we made the mad dash across the Meuse during the Battle of the Bulge!



On this hike, Texas Jim Newby got too much of Missouri in his walk.

Motor Stables, dammit. In just a few minutes, this line will be inspected by 2d Army, and gigged because the tire pressure is 1/1,000 of a pound too low!

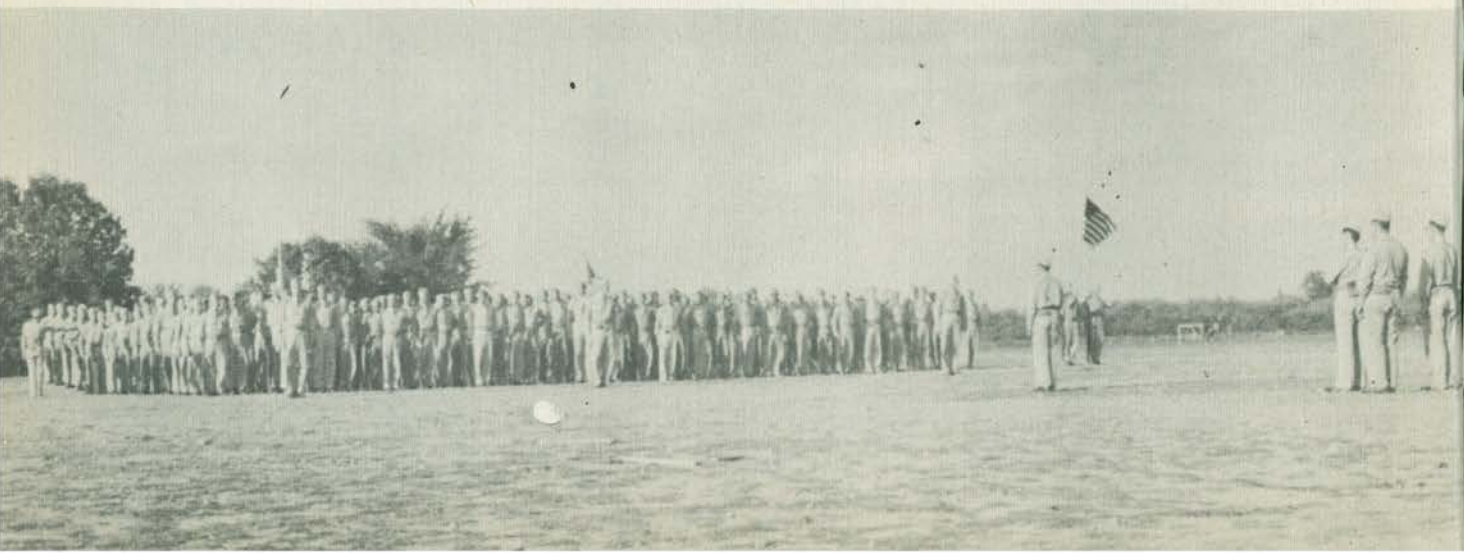




ABOVE LEFT: AL LESNIEWSKI, CO. A'S MOTOR SERGEANT. ABOVE AT RIGHT: ONE OF THE MOTOR CREWS HE LED ON MAD FORAYS INTO THE HILLS.



MESS OFFICER GIL BURKE DRIBBLES THE JAVA AT LEFT. RIGHT: SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT SAGMOUNT POOL. JIM NEWBY, HAROLD BLANKLEY, DANA PRESCOTT, CHARLEEN NEWBY, DICK TAYLOR AND HOYT WILSON.



THE BURPEE



THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF THE 303D SIGNAL OPERATION BATTALION
VOLUME 1 NO. 9 CAMP CROWDER, MO. AUGUST 5, 1943

FINISHED FIN; ALL IN!

Last Friday evening, after the usual formal retreat and parade, the battalion let down, and with cheers and good-natured cat-calls spurred five finalists in the Burpee contest on to a noisy conclusion.

The evening before, Co A had marched its best eleven men down before the battalion for its elimination. The only discord sounded in the process came from Pvt Bill Nahas, who did not finish among the first two, and who noisily complained that he had just come off KP, and was weighed down by a gullet full of macaroni and cheese.

Be that as it may, the five who completed Friday night were such robust individuals as Kenneth Hallstrom, and Anthony Silicato, of Co. B; Bruce Dunnet and Gennaro Manna of Co. A; and John DeFlaminis representing Hq Co. Modestly they stripped to the waist and flexed their biceps. The Burpee editor stepped forward and flexed his biceps too. Eighteen men then had hysterics. The editor then made a three hour speech, during the course of which he proposed himself six times as a likely candidate for president in 1948, and hinted that he wouldn't mind being promoted to Brigadier General in the meantime.

Finally he was helped into a straight-jacket and the contest went on. In a hectic 40 seconds, one man succeeded in doing 29 burpees. Who was it? Anthony Silicato! In an interview later, Silicato stated: "I got in trim by bending over to clean out the grease trap in Co. B mess hall!"

At the end, photographers from the 166th filmed the contestants and the editor reluctantly parted with the five dollars prize money which Silicato promptly pocketed and sallied forth to hire himself a man to make up his bunk for the next three weeks.

BATTALION ROUNDUP

Those of us who are perpetually too fatigued to turn the hand crank on a EE-8-A, are happy to see that the battalion is again using the office phones known as TP-6's. Incidentally "Dexter" is now a thing of the past, with "Attack", appropriately enough, taking its place.

Better keep an eye on those Tommy Guns, drivers! In spite of our high rating in the 2d Army inspection, we still had a few guns with traces of rust. That makes the inspectors very unhappy.

Happiest of all men in the battalion are the motor pool men. Next week they miss a few retreats and a few reveilles because of night convoys.

GENERALITIES

The tale is kicked about the Motor Pool that when Lt Storer was going to cadre school he once gave a talk and started out by stating that slit trenches should be dug 20 ft deep, so that when a man fell in, he stayed in!

Next week starts the Team Training period, with the ending of Specialists Training. Won't be long maybe before we get a crack at Japs and Jerries instead of Obstacle Courses and burpees.

The new miniature models of fighting planes are just about the best thing this battalion has seen yet. Studying them now will save a lot of grief when we come up for our MTP examinations. Tank and vehicle models are also on hand for the ambitious.

PFC. James "Pappy" Barr is the champion Indian rassler of the motor pool. When he runs the 300-yard dash, however, you have plenty of time to fry two eggs and take a hot oil shampoo.

From the bayous of Louisiana comes Pvt. Raymond Valdetaro, better known as "Canonball." His record: Washing 12 six-by-sixes in eight hours. He also washes stray dogs.

Pvt. Ralph Koester is running up a postage bill. He collects reptiles and sends them back home to a naturalist friend.

Sgt. McMahon, who runs the mess hall over in Co. A, says: "Sir, the reason there are more flies in A Co. mess than in B Co. mess is because the food is better here!"

T/5 Sturm is a hard man with a nickle. He runs the day room, and the other night he had two lines waiting a mile long. One for change and the other for cokes.

Apologies to Sgt. Whitehead, T/5 Hix and PFC. Coker. Last week we reported that they made lemonade in Co. A supply room and used the lemons over and over. T'aint true they holler. They change the lemons once a week.

New stripes: John Gregory and Bob Sheehan, PFC. to T/5. Also, the boys in T/4 Kretz' barracks wanna know where he slips out to all these evenings.

S/Sgt. Glenn Cole became a pappy on June 2. A future WAAC, 7 lbs., at St. John's Hospital in Joplin. Cigars!

T/5 Hunter Hughes ("Woo-Woo") says he's tired as hell of oiling spherical balls and wants to tell us what to do with our old trucks.

Pvt. John Quinn admits that when he first came to camp he thought a bivouac was non-com WAAC! S/Sgt. Nimmo is in station hospital for a tough operation. New Tech. Sgt. Musgrove of the Motor Pool. Get off that pillow Musgrove and sew on those stripes!

Didja know Pvt. Zweifach was a magician? Can't work his way out of KP though.

Co. B has a new member who has his head in the clouds. Pvt. James (Stretch) Williams who pushes 6 ft. 8. Lt. Polozowski has requisitioned him to use as a radio antenna!

Romeo Benigno may be the greatest lover in the battalion, but its biggest eater is Rocco Sansone, known to Lt. Burns as "Sandstone." Salami is his specialty.



Here's John Hofstetter before he donned the insignia of a Warrant Officer, at his favorite indoor sport. Those being led astray with Neosho beer are Mike Daley, 1st. Sgt., and Raymond Clayton, Supply Sgt., all of Hq. Co.



... OFF AGAIN to Sunnyvale, California, to live in the middle of a city park in worse shanties than Camp Crowder. Dana Prescott was married in the Stanford University Chapel to Lynn Cragin (left,) and faced the new world from under an arch of sabers held by fellow officers.

Below, Company B had big doings in the mess hall at Thanksgiving. This table is headed by its C.O., Andy Chatham. Pictures on following three pages sum up the event.







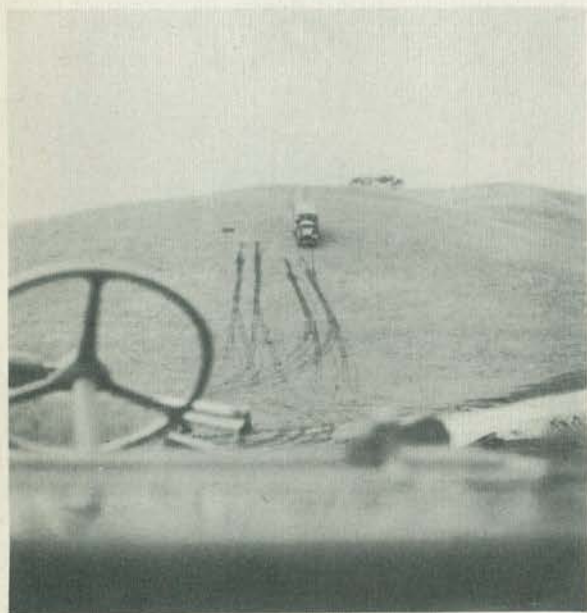
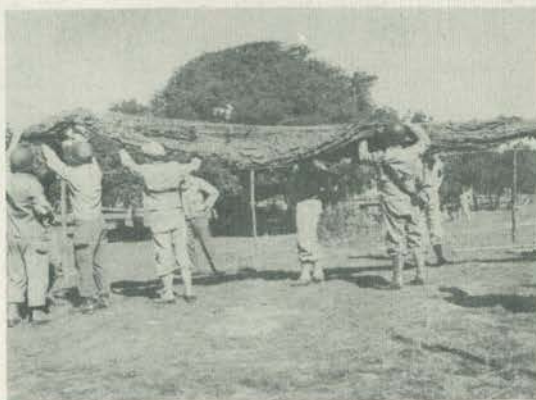


ANOTHER MOVE, this time to Fort Ord, where for the first time we were treated to real barracks; big, beautiful and white. At right we discover that Bill McIntyre's scowl is occasioned by the fact that he has to pull latrine orderly in those big, beautiful white barracks.

Below: Company A stands retreat.



... California training days were often muddy.

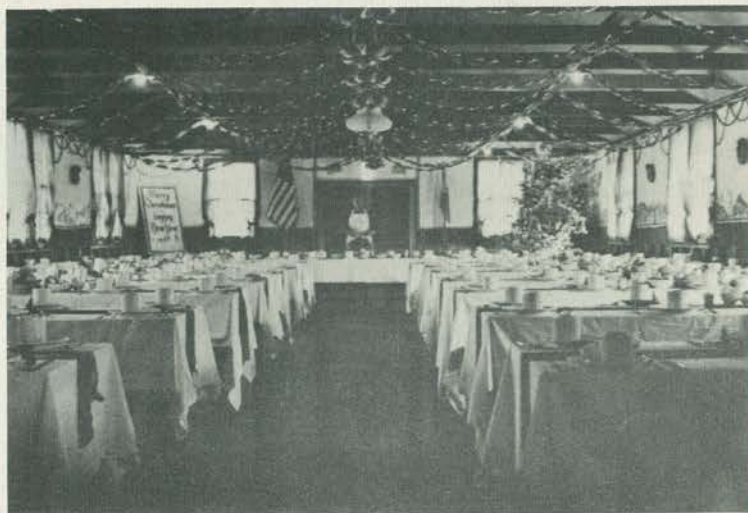


At right we have posed 1st. Sgt. Mike Daley of Hq. Co., the man with the earth-shaking voice. He developed this by screaming at bull seals on the rocks at Monterrey.

Below: more bivouacs. It was on this one that Fearless Ed Spethmann attempted to get an oil stove into his pup tent with him. Result: Statement of charges.



CHRISTMAS CHEER . . . AND BEER . . .
AT FORT ORD.





... A HIKE



CHOW ...

... AND BUNK FATIGUE, FEATURING PVT. WALKO.

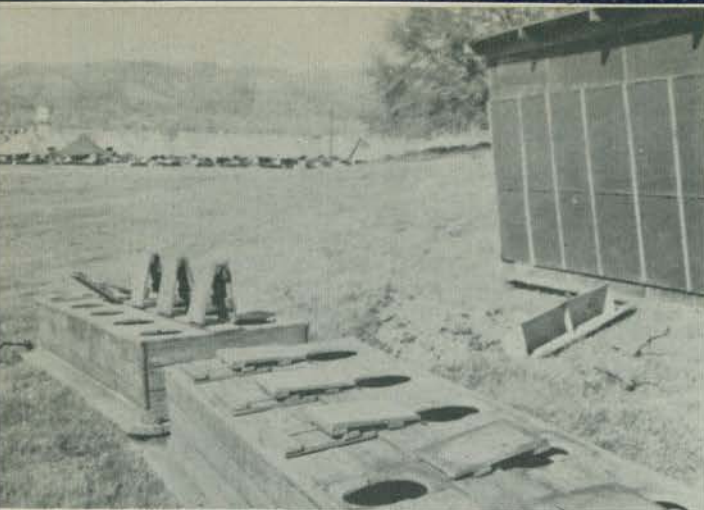






Then we found ourselves in the mountains of Hunter Liggett Military Reservation for a three months maneuver. We ran communications while the 81st and 79th Divisions battled it out by jeep, mule and pack board. Slightly chilly . . .







MORE MANEUVERS



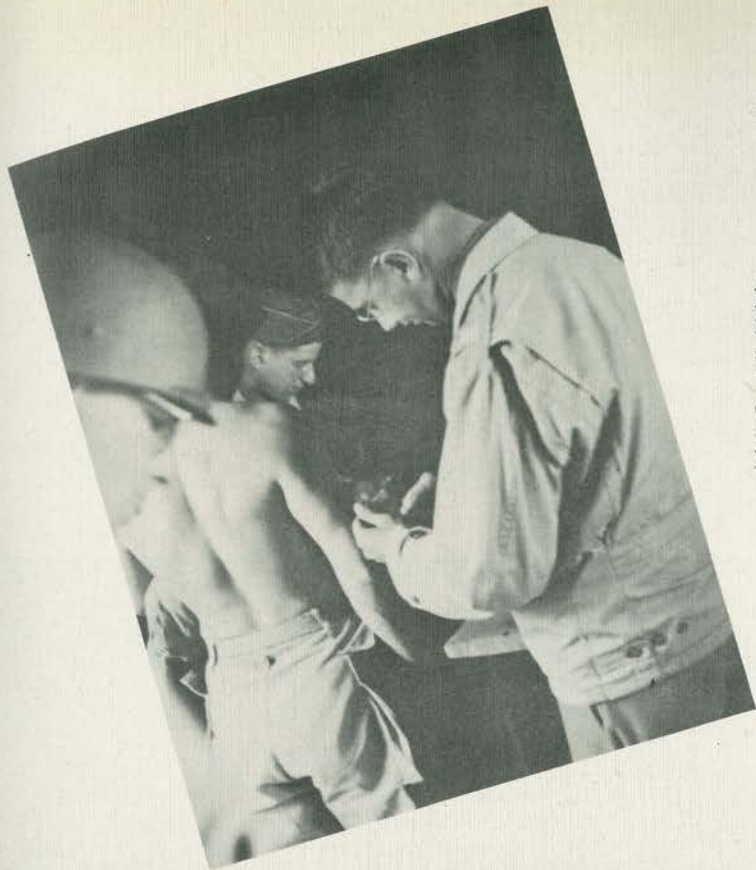


Sgt. Earl Dove of C. B Radio Platoon took his exams and became Warrant Officer Dove. Here at left he is sworn in by Lt. Thomas K. (Vermin) Scherman, battalion adjutant, who introduced the battalion officers to a murderous little game of wild, high-low poker known as "Vermin's Ruination."

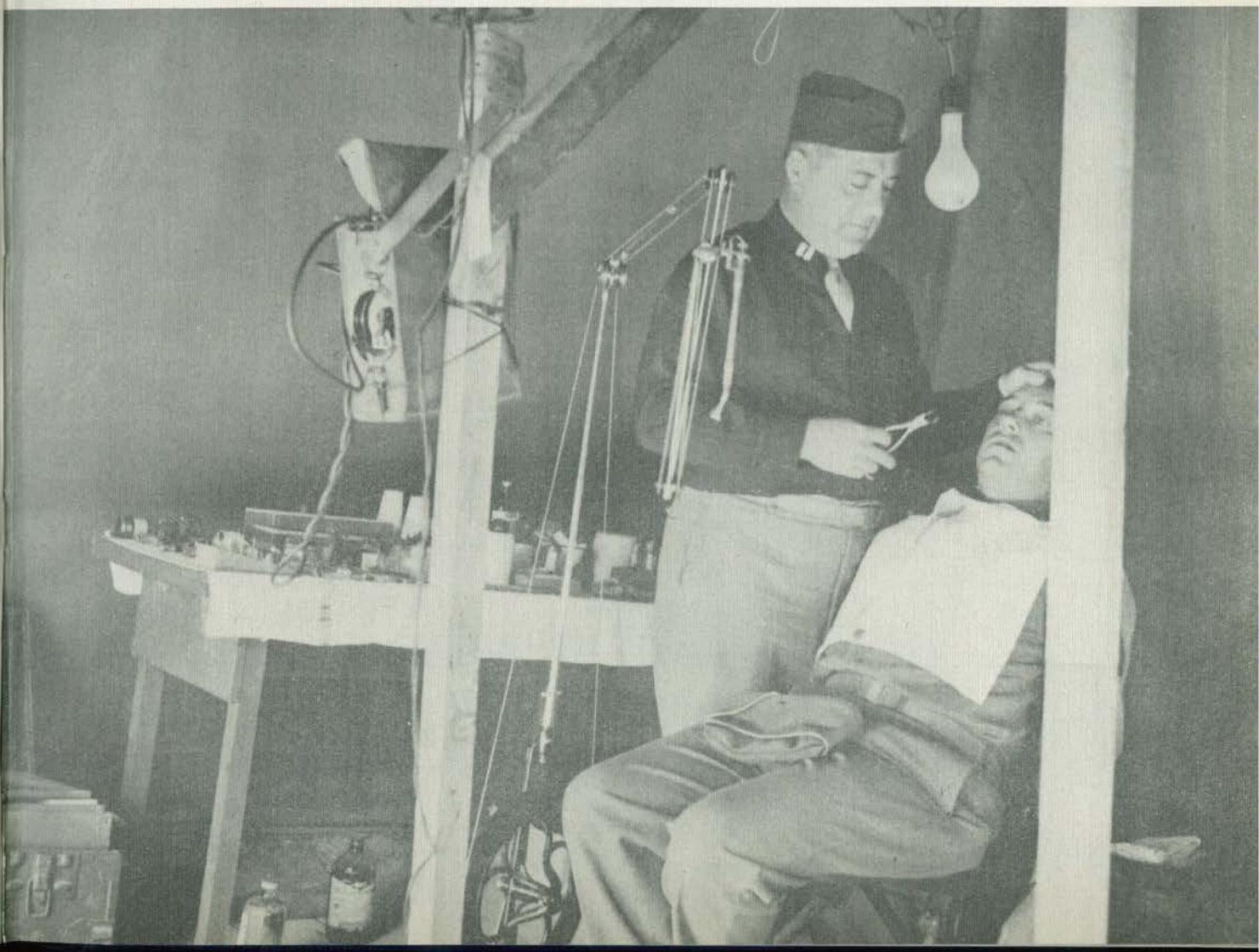
Below left: McKinley trims McKusker.

Below right: Bill Dorson, Les Henderson, George Rea and Dick Taylor.





While still on maneuvers, our overseas alert came. It was to be many months yet before we would sail, but we didn't know that. So Doc Krieger got out his little needle and stuck us like a bunch of pigs. At left we see "Smiling George" happily pumping us full of nasty little serums. Below: Doc Bryant got out of bed long enough to pull a few teeth. Frank Filipone is the victim here.



TRAINING DAYS WERE OVER

WE HAD BEEN THROUGH THIS:





... AND THIS

Major Jim Kearns inspecting at Motor Stables. The unhappy soul at right is Pvt. Stout. When the Major gets to his truck he will probably discover that the horn won't blow.



. . . AND ALL THIS BEHIND US:





... THIS TOO!







NOW THIS IS IT!

We were now maneuver-scarred veterans. (It says here.) With a final polishing-up period of a few weeks at Camp Shelby, we made ready for the big shipment . . . built boxes, loaded our vehicles . . . and Sansone took the sandwich out of his mouth long enough to pay attention to the war.



Then we hit the New York Port of Embarkation, Camp Kilmer, N.J., and Hofstetter promptly went into training for foreign service in the nearest bar. (Right.)

THE BOUNDING MAIN



On August 30, with all packing and crating finished, and Lt. Vliet and three enlisted men already in New York, supervising and guarding the equipment, the battalion left Camp Shelby by train, loaded down with personal equipment, for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

Camp Kilmer was a welcome resting place for the South-hardened 303rd, during the ten days before they left for the ETO. In addition to the fully furnished service clubs, with regular dances and NEW JERSEY girls, there were 12-hour passes every other night, and no fences to climb on the off-nights. Meanwhile days were half-taken up with physical examinations, clothing showdowns and exchanges, etc.

On the 10th, Col. Wise, Lt. Scherman and four clerks left for the POE, and the next day the battalion followed by train, loaded as before, and feeling very heroic as they waved at the girls who smiled goodbye at every town along the way.

H.M.S. Scythia looked like a big ship to most of the novices who boarded her that night, and the fact that she was an old English liner (pocket size) did not seem particularly bad. But when the line of men, which had gone up the gang-plank, and along the deck, wound down one stairway after another, into the bowels of the ship and then some, morale went down more than a few notches. Most apt expression heard to describe the bottom-deck quarters of "A" Co.'s enlisted men was "Hollywood wouldn't dare use this in a slave-ship sequence; it would be too drastic."

Needless to say, the 303rd survived.

Survived boiled potatoes and English bread, dirt and water, animal smells and noises, rocking boats and seasickness, hammocks and mess tables, Army nurses and rumors of submarines.

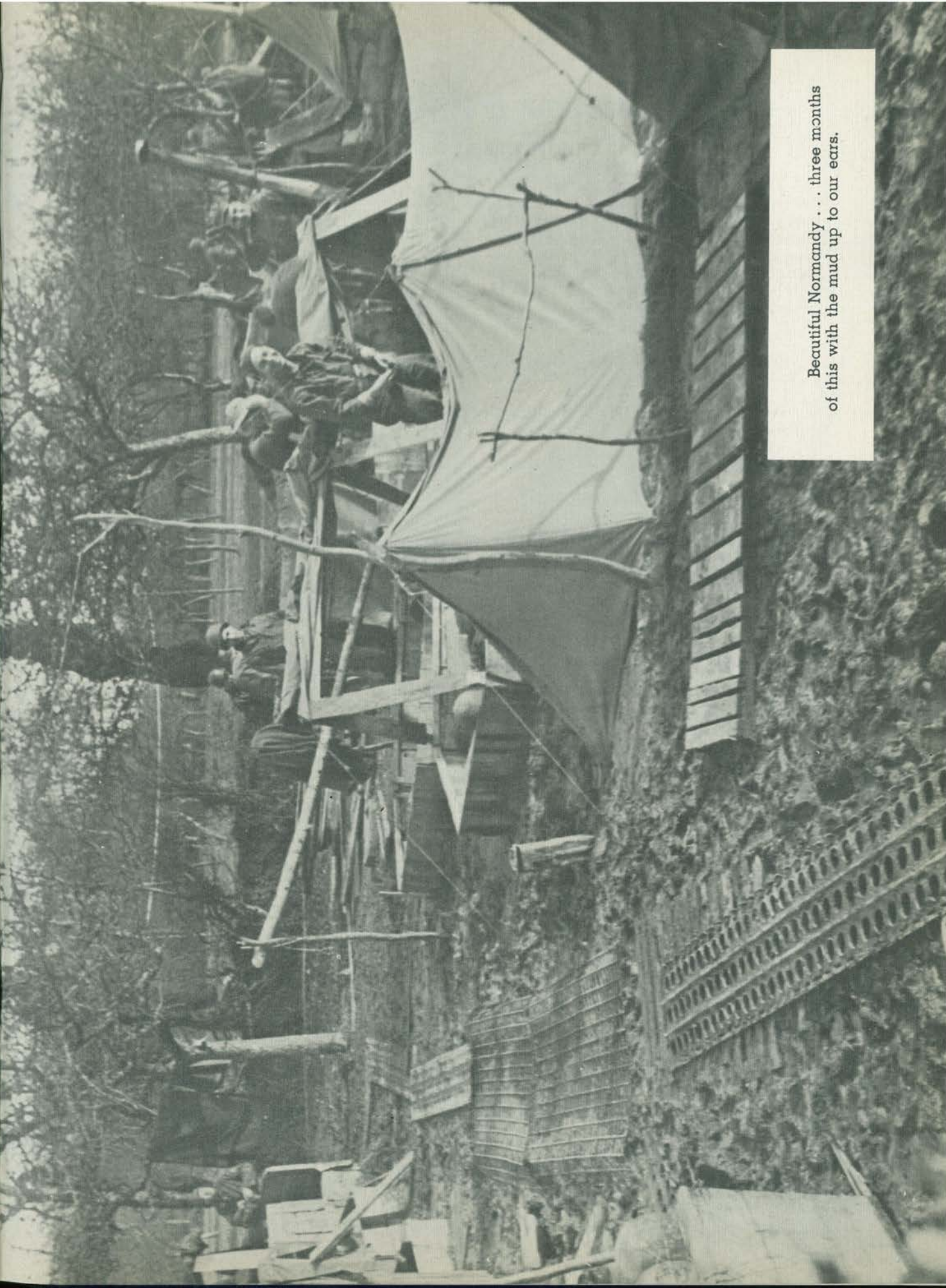
And when, Sept. 23, after a night spent in Weymouth harbor with the scattered lights of England welcoming them to land at least, the Scythia zigzagged across to Cherbourg, the battalion was again ready for anything.

They got it. In a heavy rain that could not be stopped by raincoat or shelter half, amid the shrieks of many painfully happy nurses, the 303rd left the Scythia, skidded down a wobbly plank to a landing scow, and huddled miserably on the deck for a long slow trip to land.

It's only an hour trip from Cherbourg to "D" area, where the battalion was supposed to set up camp, and there were some fine chateaux and more interesting ruins along the way. But when daylight began to break over the GI's herded in their Army trucks, after seven hours riding in the rain through what seemed to be all of Normandy, no one was interested in chateaux. We were lost.

Most of the men in the large convoy led by Col. Wise were not only sure that we were lost, but also that we had covered enough ground to have gone well beyond the forward allied lines, and the rumor quickly spread that ammunition would be passed out at the next break.

But by 9 A.M. "D" Area had been found, and the 303rd began sorting out the blankets and the K rations, preparing for a new life in a muddy home.



Beautiful Normandy . . . three months
of this with the mud up to our ears.

THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 23

BY RICHARD TAYLOR

Q.—This court of inquiry is convened per paragraph 83, subsection F, dated 10 Feb. 1946, Headquarters 24th Special Shuffle Troops, as amended by WD Circ 00.0, in order to determine why the 303rd Signal Operation Battalion was landed at Cherbourg at 0400, 23 September, instead of at 0355, 23 September, 1945, as originally scheduled. What is your name?

A.—Taylor, Junior, Richard I., Capt., SIC C., then First Lieutenant.

Q.—Did you sail from New York 12 September 1944 on the H.M.S. Scythia?

A.—Yes, dammit.

Q.—What do you mean, dammit?

A.—Do you like boiled—uh—kidneys and tea for breakfast?

Q.—No.

A.—Well, dammit.

Q.—Let's get back to the subject. Describe the type troops on board.

A.—Is this off the record?

Q.—Yes.

A.—My wife won't see this?

Q.—No.

A.—Well, there were beaucoup nurses. Hot damn! Zowie! Bearcat!

Q.—Let's confine ourselves to the tactics of the situation.

A.—It didn't take much tactics. They were all single.

Q.—Were the male troops all single?

A.—Any soldier twenty-five miles from home is single.

Q.—I understand that several submarine alarms were sounded while at sea. Can you describe them?

A.—Yes. I was in bed when the first alarm sounded. I ran out to the companionway.

Q.—What did you see there?

A.—Major Kearns was running up the stairs yelling: "Get on deck." Captain Prescott was running down the stairs yelling: "Go below!" I ran up and down for about ten minutes until I got out of breath.

Q.—What did you do then?

A.—I went back to bed.

Q.—Where was your Commanding Officer?

A.—Looking for Joe Lurenz, his Orderly.

Q.—There are rumors of some disciplinary difficulties between you and your Commanding Officer. Tell the court in your own words.

A.—Most of the Battalion was gathered in the well deck aft, ogling the legs of the nurses as they passed above them. I went by and the men yelled at me for a song. I had gotten through only three verses of "Roll the Leg Over" when Col. Wise nabbed me from behind.

Q.—Why?

A.—He felt the song was, shall we say, a trifle risqué.

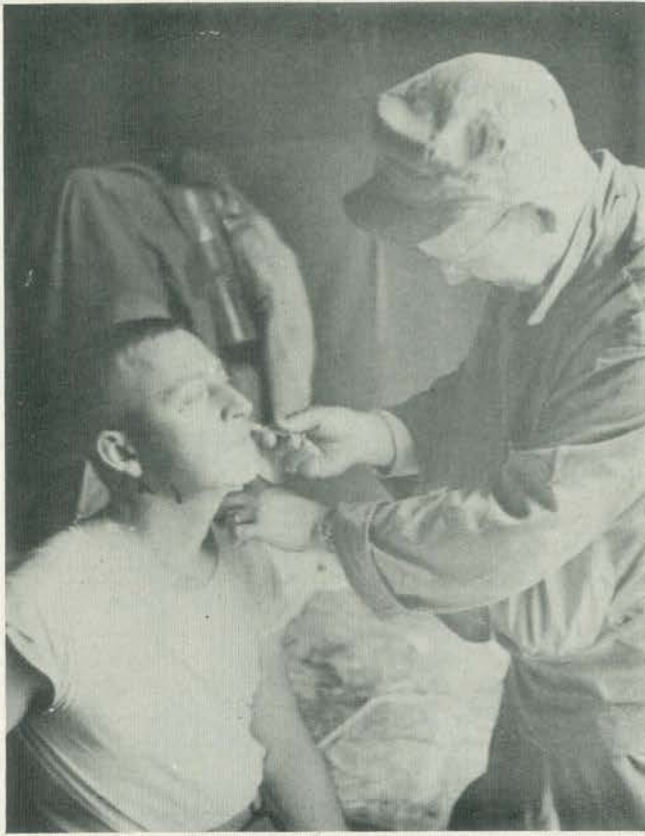
Q.—Then what happened?

A.—Then the C.O. of the General Hospital came along and said: "Colonel Wise, don't worry about my nurses hearing the song. They've all been around," and Colonel Wise said, "Colonel, I'm not worried about the morals of your nurses, I'm thinking about the morals of my troops."

Q.—Then what happened?

A.—My efficiency report dropped two notches and it took me four more months to make captain.

(Continued on page 126)



Once overseas, Mike Daley went ritzy, summoned Company Barber John Palmer to the supply tent for a barber shop shave with a safety razor. At right: Col. Wise and Major Kearns, whose mustache is just beginning to sprout.



The APO at Valognes, France, (above) which we haunted for almost five weeks before Taylor and Dorson (right) brought in the first V-Mails.

MUDDY
DAYS



Top: When their pup tent disappeared in eight feet of mud, Sgt. Blalock and Sgt. Graeff found a wrecked glider, sawed her down and lived in style.
Center: Supply and mess tents, Hq. Co.
Bottom: Tent rows such as these in the mud made us wish we'd joined the Navy.

BEAUTIFUL NORMANDY

BY JULIUS TURNER

Ask any 303rd man about "D" area and he will shudder violently and refuse to talk. (Common medical case—mud shock).

The battalion's operational record says without emotion: "During the months of October and November rain fell almost daily, creating a serious problem of mud and dampness." Indeed the problem was serious, as evidenced by the number of GIs who slept nights in some Normandy farmhouse, where they were constantly awakened by giggling farm girls, instead of sleeping in their tents, where, of course, they would have stayed if it hadn't been for the mud.

A few events brightened the smeary days. Mail began to trickle in after two weeks, and 20 men went down to help sort the mail at the Valognes APO, which had more than it could handle. The first PX shipment was handed out Oct. 6, Open Air Red Cross shows and movies began, and a day room (tent) with a well-filled library was set up. Meanwhile sports programs in volley ball, football and mudball were started and more fearful souls began digging cellars for their tents against a hard winter. Also, there was equipment to unpack and repair, finished by Oct. 9.

As the weeks went by, many escaped from the Staging Area torture. Officers and some noncoms went off for ten days of "school," at Paris and came back with wild tales about the Eifel Tower, Maquis and *filles de joie*. Detachments from Co. A operated the signal center at Colfax, XVI Corps headquarters, at Barneville, installed wire communications for the 89 QM Bn at Omaha Beach, and operated radio communications for Patton's famous Red Ball Highway, at Cherbourg, St. Lo, Utah and Omaha Beach, Tessy, Mortain and Falligny. Co. B operated the Signal Center at Century, III Corps, Carteret, installed telephone central office equipment at St. Mere Eglise for Utah District Headquarters, and finally in Nov. 1 took off en masse for a much envied stay in a chateau near Rouen, France, where they acted as a signal personnel pool for Channel Base Section and the Channel Ports of Rouen, Le Havre and Antwerp. Detachments went to those three ports and to Lille, Bosc Le Hard, and Serquex.

All bad things must come to an end, and by serials, Nov. 28-Dec. 3, A Co. and Headquarters took off by motor convoy for Houyet and Falmagne, Belgium, to set up signal communications for the new and secret US 15th Army.

COMMUNICATIONS ON the famous Red Ball Express highway was furnished by a six-station radio net, using Radio Set SCR-399-(), according to a report received recently from ETO. The net enabled the motor transport brigade in charge of convoy movements along this 200-mile speedway to control traffic and to be kept advised of conditions all along the route.

The Red Ball Express highway was a giant loop that feed one-way traffic to the front lines and sent empty trucks back to Normandy for more cargo. Lack of railroad facilities in France made formation of this trucking system necessary.

The radio communications system went into operation late in August 1944. Net Control Station was at headquarters of the motor transport brigade and averaged from 2,000

to 5,000 groups per day. A peak of 5,873 groups for 1 day was reached early in the system's operation.

When a convoy departed from the western terminus of the route, a message was forwarded to all stations along the highway as to the makeup of the convoy, its destination, and instructions for handling. Stations along the route kept the motor transport brigade, through the NCS, advised as to progress of convoys, calls for repair trucks, break-downs, relief of personnel, etc.

In addition to the radio net, the motor transport brigade had four trunk circuits connected to the military switchboard in Paris. Communications between ADSEC headquarters and motor transport brigade headquarters was also maintained by GHQ trunk messenger service.

COMPANY B AT CARTERET

By
James McCaffrey

The men from B Company got in their first work overseas by setting up operations for III Corps at Carteret, 12 Oct. 1944. Here we met the French for the first time.

We were billeted in what was once a small resort hotel, a bit on the worn side, but much better than the mud and rain of "D" Area. Our hotel commanded a fine view of the sea and also of the Channel Isles, on which were reported to be some 100,000 Germans still holding the fort, and giving us the jumps on dark nights.

Headquarters was located down near the beach, and was reached from our hotel by a long, narrow road which climbed and twisted among the high bluffs rising above the beach. This road was a dreary and God-forsaken trail for the boys to travel on those dark and windy nights and there were quite a few brave hearts which were thumping rapidly when their owners finally brought them to their destination.

The story is told about one particular message sergeant who was coming back from work one black night with a hair-curling wind blowing; upon reaching the darkest turn of the road he suddenly was aware of a figure approaching him from the other direction and not more than a few yards distant. He gave a hurried hello, to which the unknown gave a similarly hurried reply and both took off on the double for their respective destination. The unknown turned out to be one of the men going on shift.

Most of the men got a chance to enjoy the sun and to walk around the area investigating the mine fields, apparent

booby traps and other items of interest. There were some whose choice of souvenirs was not the best (in fact I don't know what kept some of them from being blown up). Several characters from Radio loved to roam the beaches and hills, carefully neglecting the warning signs, searching for salvageable enemy gear. One even dragged back several hundred feet of copper cable, which was of absolutely no use to anyone but a dealer in scrap metal. German searchlight and gun emplacements were methodically stripped and left entirely unrecognizable.

Aside from these bits of by-play and various trips into town to visit the stores, which had little to sell, and attending the local movie, there was quite a bit of work done, and no man let the outfit down.

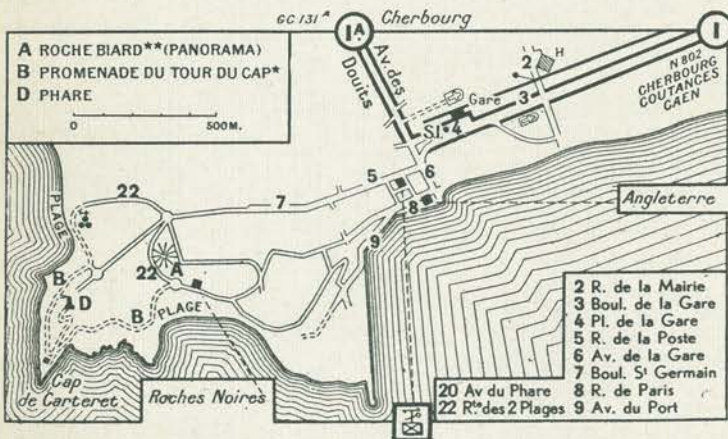
I and M platoons had a hard job on their hands and were continually busy. The condition of the wire was extremely bad. The original combat installation was still being used in many places and shorts, opens and grounds were common. In several places, wire had a habit of mysteriously disappearing soon after it was laid; the natives apparently regarding it as a gift, and they used it for many and diverse purposes other than its original use.

Message Center efficiently handled quite a bit of traffic, although they found it was more expeditious at times to send the traffic by jeep than to reply on wire services which were constantly jammed at boards beyond our control, or else were out of service because of line conditions.

Telephone and Teletype had an extremely annoying job, with many an operator left high and dry in the middle of a coded message.

Radio relieved a radio detachment which was operating an SCR-399 to Ninth Army in Luxembourg through a relay station not doing the best of work. After a few days of experimentation they finally brought Ninth Army in directly and in the next week, after using what seemed to be the wildest of antennae arrays, logged an almost constant five by five signal for the full 24 hour period. It was always a matter of interest to wander by the hill on which radio operated to see the latest developments. If there had been any German spies in the vicinity, they would have at least been confused.

Though Company B thought for a while that it had found a home for the duration, the installation finally closed down on 31 October, and Chatham's Channelers moved on to find another chateau in Rouen.

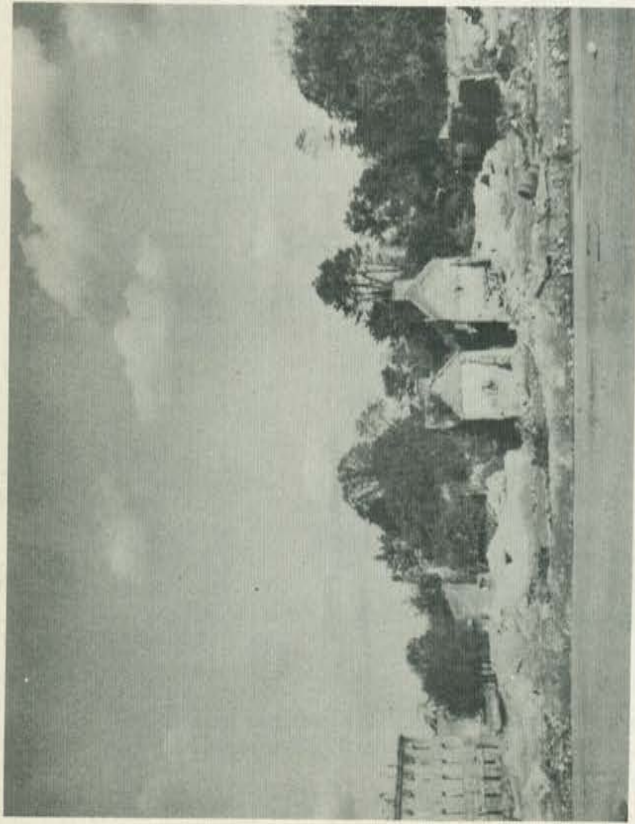




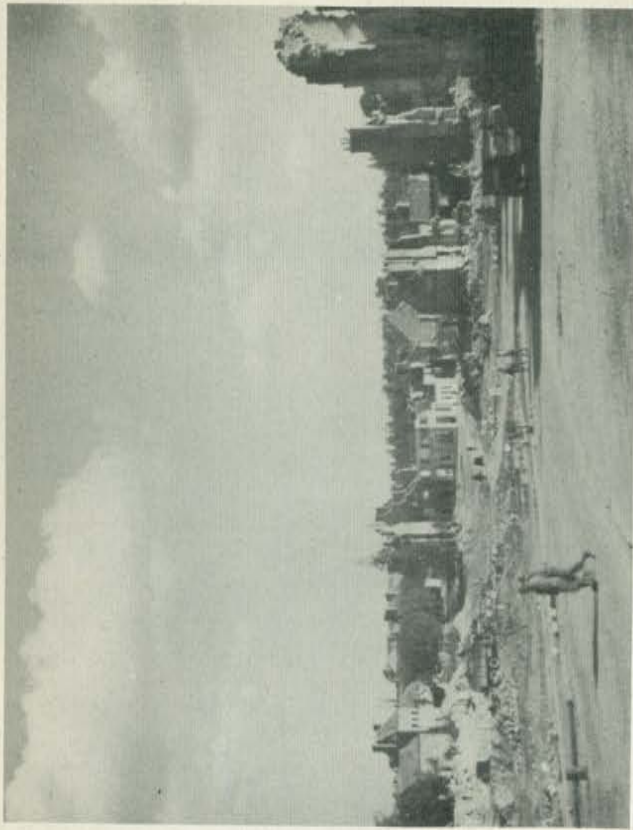
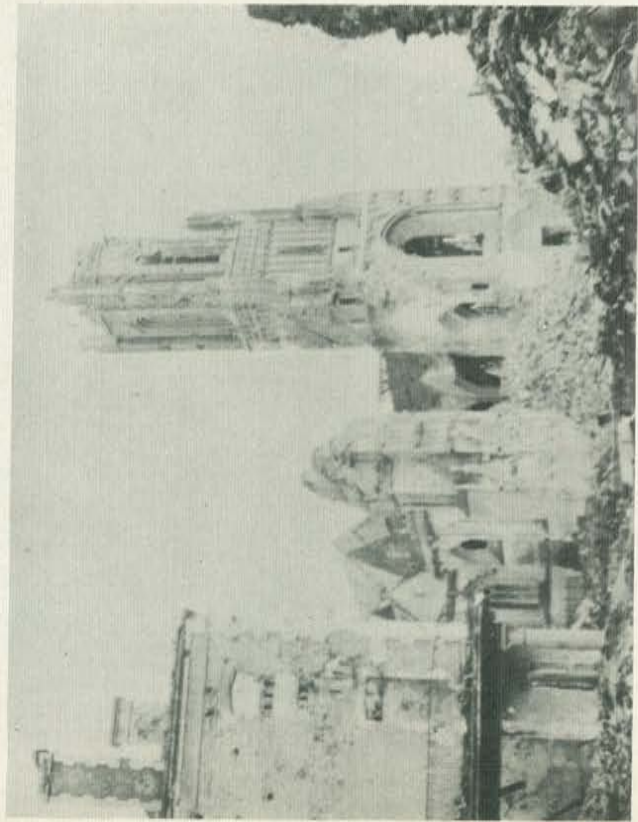
What bomb and shell had done to Normandy was not pleasant, as we see here and on the following two pages. Above: Church ruins at Montebourg.



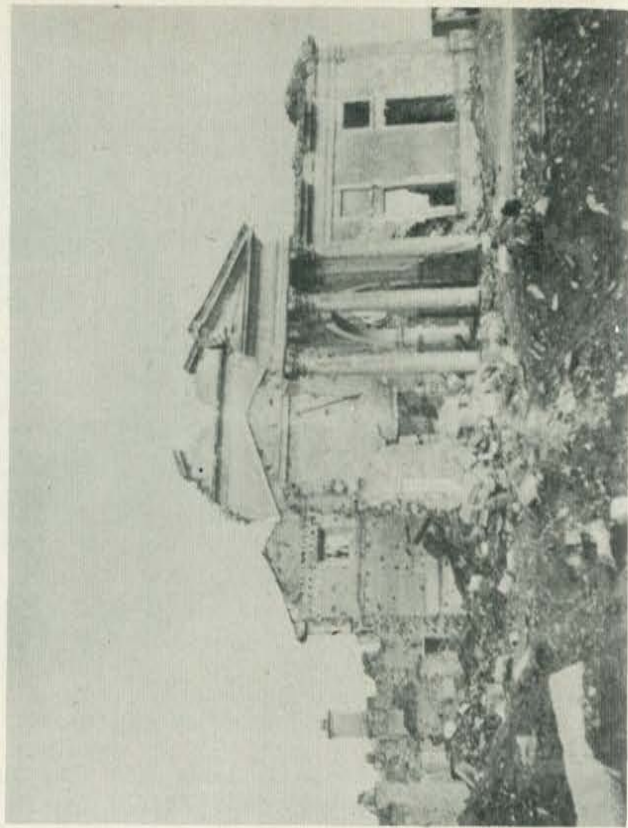
Former German hangar at Cherbourg. This was cleaned up and used as U. S. Depot for PX supplies.



Rubble strewn Valognes, above, was used as traffic control point on Red Ball Highway. Below: the cathedral at St. Lo.



Above: Valognes street scene. Lower photo shows court house at St. Lo. Only word left on stone facade is "Justice."



After Patton passed, St. Lo was left a hollow shell, totally uninhabited. Shells had smashed the cathedral and bombs had removed its roof, but Christ, on his shaky cross, had remained untouched.



COMPANY A AT BARNEVILLE

BY WILBUR PARKER

Utopia beyond a doubt . . . No more mud . . . No more leaking tents . . . No more "chicken." A lucky day for those men who were detached to the XVI Corps at Barneville, Normandy, to set up, maintain and operate communications pending the arrival of the corps' own signal troops.

After days of mud and rain, the morning of Oct. 19 broke bright and clear, ideal for the short motor convoy from D Area to Barneville. The famous apple orchards and hedgerows offered quite a contrast to this picturesque seaside resort. To most of us it brought memories of California and especially of Carmel by the sea.

That afternoon everyone worked like mad (with the exception of the usual souvenir hunters) to make the three homes assigned to the detachment liveable. In short order, we improvised oil burners (thanks, L. Barker, and we won't mention the numerous times the flame was smothered and oil flooded the floor of the room). Wood stoves and such removed the dampness and warmed things up.

But the beds yes, the beds, they were the masterpieces. From wooden frames with woven field wire springs to fancy love pallets with unheard of innerspring mattresses. Frames and posts came from the flooring of nearby vacant hotels, that is, until a Brigadier General caught Floyd Corbett, hammer in hand, and stressed to him the necessity for keeping up good relations with the French.

By noon the next day most all of the sections were operating. Early that morning the existing BD 72 installation had been cut over to two TC 4 switchboards. Company A was proud of its first overseas installation.

The real work was handled by Sergeant Grote and his team of station installers, who installed a picture job in the middle of the night, under blackout conditions, while a 40 mile per hour wind blew from the English channel.

It is still a matter of debate as to why Doc Lyons didn't drown himself with that sea-going belly tank of his. It was probably an act of God when Lt. Kneib refused to trade him a PE 77 for a scavenged PE 75 to power it.

Then message center went to town. Within a few days they were handling all the messages for the staging area in addition to the XVI Corps. That was when they first discovered SOPs as taught in training were not always followed under actual operating conditions. It was a common occurrence for a driver to take off unarmed in the middle of the night, with secret messages to be delivered.

Many were the scares that all men there went through. Ten miles off shore from Barneville lay the Isle of Jersey, which Jerry still occupied. Almost every night rumor had them making a raid on the mainland. We can justly be proud of one particular man in our unit. Fast . . . he was amazing. After gassing his power units at midnight the Hamtramick Kid would flash his light down the street to make sure all was clear. Witnesses will swear that after he clicked his light off and before the street faded back to darkness he was entering the door of the billet a block away.

In no time at all Steirle and Boucher had their teletype units set up and waiting for the lines to come in. Contrary to expectations, they did come in, and a limited number of messages were cleared. At that time our circuit to Eagle was the longest physical circuit on the continent. That was our first experience with cooperation among signal units of various commands. Whenever the toll circuits went out the troubles were referred to the proper organizations. More often than not, two days later our own line crews were dispatched on the cases and cleared them up.

In between troubles our line crews rehabilitated the existing circuits and constructed a 14-mile spiral four lead between Barneville and Le Puit.

Due to physical circuit troubles radio at this time came into its own. For a period of a month, radio cleared more traffic than they did during their remaining 10 months in the ETO, most of it over 400 miles to 9th Army at the front, through German jamming from Jersey. (The range of a 399, says the book, is 250 miles.)

It is unknown to the rest of the company, but even they profited by our stay

(Continued on page 128)

AUTUMN IN PAREE

OCTOBER 1944

Paris was the land of enchantment to us after months of slopping around in the liquid land of Normandy. Though we knew it was off limits, still it was the city of our dreams from the time we hit the ETO.

We wondered, pondered, listened to tales and anticipated the mademoiselles, and fervently hoped they would understand our high-school French. Seeing, however, is the best way, and when we were finally detailed to Paris to Radio Link School, we tried our best to see everything. Our hours at school gave us little time during the day, but there were always the nights . . . ah, oui! . . . the nights! Zut!

Paris was just as the movies picture it: the grand avenues, tree-lined boulevards, majestic monuments. The sidewalk cafes were there too, but with the shortages, they offered nothing but watered beer. Cognac and champagne were available at the night spots, but one paid zroo ze nose, no? Yes.

There were plenty of eye-filling damsels astride bicycles, and we soon got tired of whistling. We ran out of breath. Here and there an ancient auto put-putted along by means of wierd boiler-like arrangements which presumably burned charcoal. Gasoline? Fini. Also present were the combination rickshaw-bicycles serving as taxi cabs. A ride cost about twenty dollars to go around the block, and the tip consisted of giving your right arm along with two pints of blood.

But we got along okay on the Metro, the Paris subway. We got lost on the ramps until we learned the difference between a "correspondance," and a "sortie," and too frequently we wound up right back where we started. And talk about rush hour jams! Bronx and Brooklyn subwayites have much to learn from the French about packing an already loaded car. The French method is unique. It is done backwards, as usual. The Parisian spots a packed car, plants himself with his back to the crowd, braces himself on a nearby pillar, and gives it the old heave-ho. This writer once got caught inside a car with his hands in the air, and couldn't get them down for half an hour. Anyway, we didn't have to ride on these things. We could always walk the four miles back to the Jean Fountain Military Academy, where we were billeted.

The billets were in the Michel-Ange section, a residential district across from a once-beautiful park. The park was then littered with smashed German, French and Allied war equipment. This section did not show too many of the scars of war, but it was not too safe to wander alone at night. The Maquis were still active in rounding up collaborationists who had not yet been taken into custody in the brief two months of Paris' liberation.

We took in the Montmartre, Pigalle (Pig Alley) and the rest of the after-dark entertainment areas, but we were rather limited in our activities because of a shortage of cash. Going to Paris required either five hundred dollars, or a dozen cartons of cigarettes to trade.

On Saturday afternoon we had no school and took in the daylight sights. We saw the old cathedrals and buildings, lofty symbols of a once-peaceful world. The Eifel Tower was breathtaking. Atop the Tower, the Americans had installed a radio link station, and although we tried every trick in the book, we could never get permission to go up. Around the Tower, air activity was at an all time high. Every pilot passing over Paris considered it his sacred duty to buzz the structure like a racing pylon. There were even stories of a C-47 pilot who had zoomed his ship right through the archway! Vive la sporte! Zeese Aimaireecains, zay crazeel!

Paris as a whole seemed to have taken little physical damage. The hurt was in the people and little children. Skinny little kids grubbed the garbage cans early mornings, squealing with delight over fruit rinds and bread crusts. They followed you down the streets. "Cigarette pour papa? Chocolat pour maman? Et pour moi—shooing gum!"

Soon military personnel began swelling the city's population. Some came on business, some on pass. Red Cross began opening its clubs and Rainbow Corner became a meeting-place for GIs. The Wacs moved in, and some base section commandos even appeared in zoot suits . . . pegged pants and all.

During our stay we ran into Colonel Wise. He told us that B Company had moved to Rouen, and that the rest of the battalion was preparing to move up into Belgium. School over, we hit the trucks to go back to Normandy.

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided at the right. Use typewriter, don't ink, or don't pencil. Hand or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

FROM THE BOYS IN -
HQ CO. 3032 SIG
APO 17105
2 Postmaster, N.Y., N.Y.
(Sender's complete address above)

TO: CHAMBERMAID
DE ANZA HOTEL
SAN JOSE, CAL.
U.S.A.
(SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2)

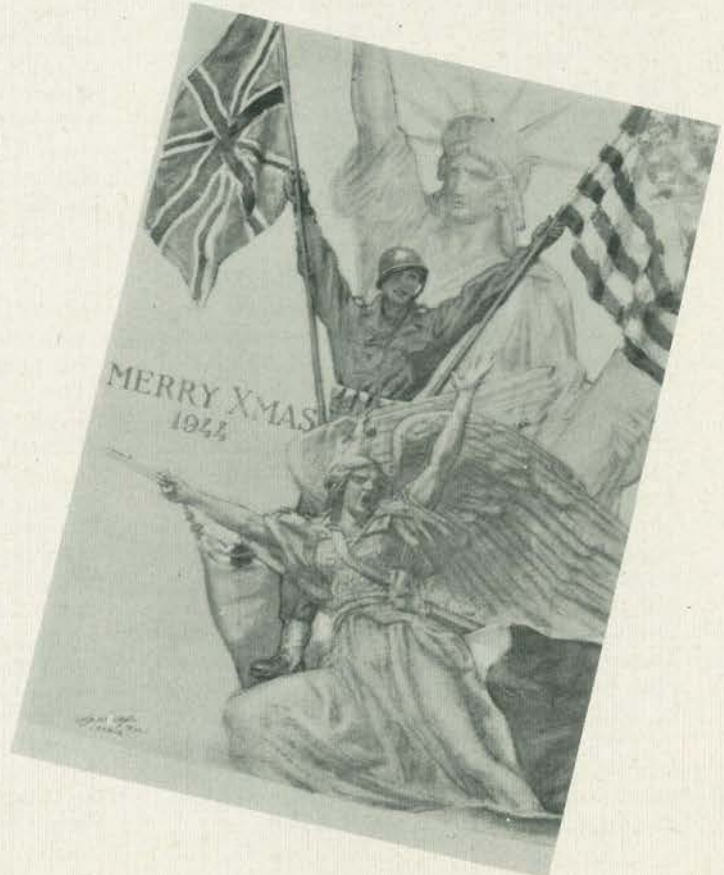
POSTAGE BY
U.S. ARMY EXCHANGE
Richard
(SOLDIER'S STAMP)

From Somewhere in France
1944

MERRY
Christmas
JOYEUX
NOEL
ET
BONNE
ANNE
*Shank, Pitcher, Daley,
Butler and the boys
- in fond remembrance.*

REPLY BY
V---MAIL
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

DO NOT PUT ANY ADDRESS IN THIS FIELD TO CORRECT ANY ERROR
NO OTHER INFORMATION SHOULD BE WRITTEN IN THIS FIELD





A muddy Thanksgiving dinner in Normandy reminded us that Christmas was fast approaching, and we began sending home greeting cards shown on these two pages. At top of page 42 is V-Mail card drawn by battalion draftsman Palmer Wexler and mimeographed in quantity. Other cards were distributed with PX rations.

FROM MUD TO MATTRESS

BY BRUCE DUNNET

Maybe we men of "A" Company weren't glad when we heard the news that we were going to leave "Mudville," Area D 52-54 of Valgonos Staging Area. "B" Company had pulled out a few weeks before, and now it was our turn. Only a few of the drivers knew where we were going; the rest of us were willing to be kept in the dark, and gamble on our destination proving move livable than our pup tents in the old mud hole.

The company was to move in three serials, the third to bring up those left to do the usual 303rd policing, which at this particular time included tearing down the junior apartment house that Bob* Orem and Bob Lang built; filling in the sub-cellars that most of us had under our tents, and a general cleaning of the area. The sad thing about the mansion that Orem and Lang built was that they had just finished it (all but the plumbing) a day before we left.

The first serial was to leave 0830 Sunday, Nov. 26. As usual on the day of a movement, we were awakened in the wee hours of the morning and were ready to go long before zero hour. Tractors and vans carried most of our heavy equipment, while 116 men rode in two and a halves, weapons carriers, command cars and jeeps. Radio Platoon had a good deal; they rode in the command cars, and had a comparatively pleasant trip (if you choose to use the word pleasant for a trip of that sort). The canvas doors and windows helped a lot in keeping out old man winter, and the radios made short work out of those lonely miles.

Before leaving, we had been given a three-day supply of caviar, frogs legs, and hors d'oeuvres in the form of GI "K" Rations. They weren't too bad though, and the little items like sugar, coffee and candy, if not the whole ration, sometimes were very useful when trading with the civilians . . . ah yes . . . but that is another story.

We made pretty good progress the first day. Passed a lot of towns, most of which weren't very large; just big enough to have a few pretty heads sticking out of the windows waving a friendly hell-o-o-o. That wasn't always the case though, for some of the towns and small

villages were just a mass of rubble, with not even a wall standing. All we could do was look, and thank heaven that it wasn't our town back home. About noon we stopped for a quick lunch, and were soon on our way. A cold wind blew up in the late afternoon, and the riding got a bit rough. The versatile shelter halves proved mighty fine wind breakers, when draped over the sides of a jeep or weapons carrier and across the back of a two and a half. The only exciting incident of the day happened in the morning when the brakes on Lou Tesaur's jeep failed to work and he bumped into Richard Brown's jeep ahead of him, almost knocking Sammy Zorger through the back window. We ate supper while on the move, stopping occasionally for the usual Peter Charlie (to any civilian who may read this, that means "Pressure Check"). Somewhere in the vicinity of 2200 we arrived at our destination for the day, the town of Damsville. The convoy stopped on the outside of town, alongside a much used cow pasture. It was there that we were to bivouac for the night. Those that did, had quite a job dodging little mounds of dirt that one finds in a pasture. A lot of fellers didn't like the idea so much, thought a hotel would be much better. It sure was, wasn't it?

Reveille came early again the following morning, and by 0530 the convoy was rolling towards Gay Paree; the city that we all had heard so much about, but which only a lucky few had seen. St. Germain and Versailles were the first large cities that we had seen since we landed in France. Their four or five story buildings looked like skyscrapers to us, after seeing nothing but little brick hovels for two months. It was only natural that the shelter halves be taken down and the cold borne long enough to get a good view of everything. At first there was a rumor going around that we were to bypass Paris.

That proved false and before long we rolled down the Champs Elysees with the Arch of Triumph in the distance, getting closer and closer, the Parisian crowds becoming thicker and thicker. It was no wonder, for we made enough noise while

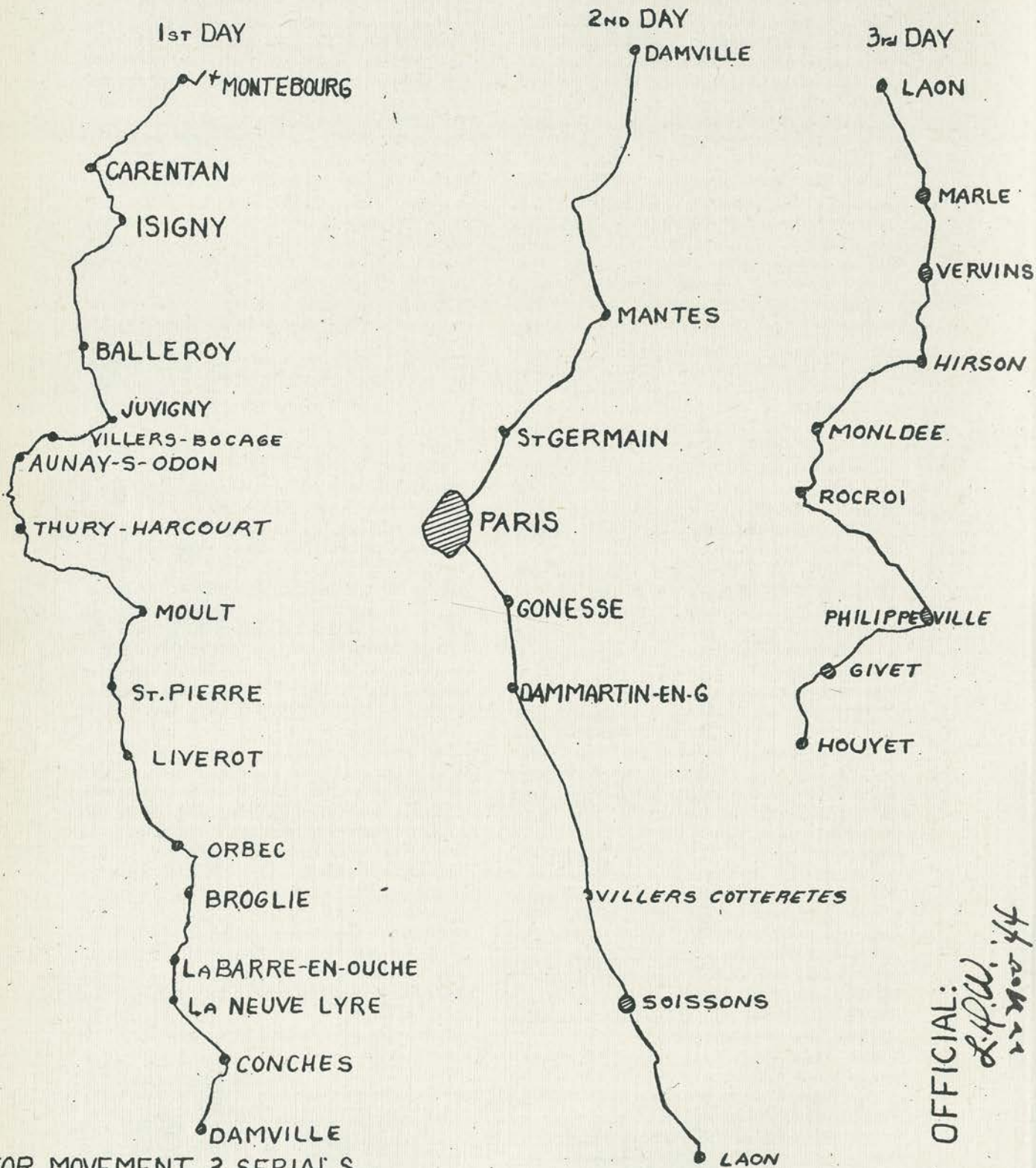
going through the city to make the civilians think the Germans were coming back. A few of the drivers managed to develop some sudden motor trouble for an excuse to stop a few minutes and parlez with some of the population. However, Paris passed too quickly, for within a half an hour it was miles behind us. The convoy went through the best places a lot too fast.

Some ten or fifteen miles outside of Paris we stopped out in the middle of nowhere for lunch. The Frenchies must have smelled the "K" rations and our cigarettes, for in five minutes they came up with their wares. A couple of women with bracelets, souvenir handkerchiefs, and scented water that they called perfume; there was an old man too bartering pipes. You could get most anything they had for three or four packages of cigarettes, or a couple of "D" ration chocolate bars, or a box of "K" rations; all of which were worth ten times more to them than the junk they sold. Bob Bloor bought a pipe, and the damn thing fell apart the first day he had it. If the women had been twenty years younger, I think they would have sold a lot more than they did.

After lunch Chuck Coker and Jim Hix unloaded the ammunition that we had carried from Normandy, and each man was issued either 75 rounds of Carbine or 90 rounds of Thompson ammunition. Having this we felt a bit better, not that we were planning to meet any of the enemy, but still in all, it added to our prestige. Most of it was destined to be shot at rabbits, crows, and tin cans. About 1830 we reached Laon, our stopping place for the night. We were billeted above a large garage, where most of us slept on the stone floor. A few found some old tables. As French towns go, Laon was fairly large. It wasn't very gay on the surface, but that was because of the strict blackout regulations. We were free to go to town, that is, except ten or twelve volunteers (the you, you, and you kind) for M.P. duty. In the end it turned out that they had just as much fun keeping the rest of us out of trouble, as we had in getting into it. Most of us were taken for a ride (high prices and such). . . . But we got more out of the town than we gave it. A few of the Medics stationed there could tell you that we broke all records. Luckily we didn't have any casualties. By three or four the next morning all was quiet, except for a burp or two coming from a blanket-hidden head.

Again the morning came too soon; and oh for a drug store and a "Bromo". But with "big heads" and all, by the time the sun stuck its nose above the horizon, the vehicles were lined up, and we were on our way. It was a cold and dreary day, the gloomy kind. By this time most of us knew that our destination was to be in the vicinity of Dinant, Belgium, but what kind of a set-up we would find there still remained a mystery. For awhile, things didn't look too encouraging; we kept passing bivouac areas, the sight of which would be enough to discourage a saint. Our morale really hit bottom when the convoy halted on a high barren hill, a million miles from nowhere. The misery didn't last long for Capt. Spethman called us together and told us the good news. We were to proceed to a little village of Houyet, twelve miles south of Dinant, where we would be billeted in hotels and private houses. Our assignment was to set up communications for the new Fifteenth Army, whose skeleton staff was to arrive shortly. Only once have I seen the morale of the company jump so quickly. That was on the 16th of August, 1945, aboard the USS General Harry Taylor; but you can read all about that in one of the following chapters. It didn't take us long to reach Houyet, once we came out of the huddle with the Captain. Curious heads peeked out of the doors and windows, as we drove into town. The people knew of our coming, and were wondering just who they would be getting to occupy their vacant rooms. Half of the company were to live in Houyet's three small hotels, the other half in private homes. The convoy stopped in front of the hotels, and without too much ado we were unloaded and waiting to be assigned quarters. John Quinn hadn't been there five minutes when he spied a store with a window full of pipes, good pipes, not like those we got stuck with outside of Paris. The Belgique proprietor didn't seem to think much of the French Francs we had, but did put a couple aside for him until he could convert his money. They were nice pipes too, it was a shame that Quinn's were eventually to wind up in the South Pacific some place, along with the Company's equipment. No one had insomnia that night, not with the box springs and feather mattresses we had on our beds. It seemed like you sank down about two feet in the bed Murray, Pinkiert and I had. Man, what a life we were in for!

22 NOV. 1944



MOTOR MOVEMENT 3 SERIALS
1st SERIAL - 26 NOV. 44
2nd SERIAL - 28 NOV. 44
3rd SERIAL - 30 NOV. 44
EACH SERIAL WILL CROSS
IP AT 0700

SCALE 1:1,000,000



OFFICIAL:
L.P.W.
12 Nov 44

IN HASTE: RETREAT!

BY RICHARD TAYLOR

Falmange is a tiny Belgian village huddled around a church. A muddy road makes a square around the plot of grass which surrounds the church, and all day long cattle graze on this plot. On one side of the church stands a lovely stone home, the summer residence of a Brussels lawyer, and on the other side is a tiny cafe where the price of cognac never went up, even after the half a hundred men of Headquarters Company arrived.

On another side of the square live the Bricards, one of the wealthiest families of the community. Gynette Bricard plays the organ when the handful of villagers gather for Sunday morning worship. She plays with a lack of technique made up for by enthusiasm. Behind the Bricards, where the rutted road makes an entrance to the town, is the Sinet home. Monsieur Sinet is the Burgmeister. He fell heir to this position by a tacit common consent, when after the Germans left, he and another well-to-do Falmagnian appeared at the door of a Monsieur de Nuit, pistols in hand, and marched off with Monsieur de Nuit to the prison in Dinant, nine miles away. Monsieur de Nuit had served the community for many years as Burgmeister. Some said he had collaborated during the dark days of the German occupation; others shrugged and said he had only tried to do his best for the community. Opinion is greatly divided. Discussions on this subject are apt to grow stormy. Hands and arms wave violently, and words pour forth in anger. Meanwhile Monsieur de Nuit languishes in a cell in Dinant, and the authorities do not know what to do with him.

In Falmagne there are a few wealthy families. They own the land. The rest of the village works on the land. Some are poor, some are not, but the homes are clean, the beds are good, and the people are hospitable. Into these homes went every man in Headquarters. The villagers took the G.I.'s to their hearts. They had them to dinner whenever their meager food stock would permit, they did the laundry, they opened their hidden bottles of vin and cognac, and in the frozen nights a hot brick, warmed at the stove or fireplace, was always waiting under the covers when a man went to bed.

Life for our men was peaceful. It was comfortable. It was good. Days were spent doing the routine work of Headquarters, and fixing up the billets to an even more comfortable state. The company arrived several weeks before Von Rundstedt started his Bulge attack,

and there were persistent rumors of paratroopers in the area. Every day at least one patrol took off into the woods to track down a report of enemy jumpings. Otherwise all was quite.

At night there were movies in the big dining room of the summer home of the lawyer from Brussels, where the company orderly day room and mess were located. Half the village children turned out for these movies, though they could not understand a word that was spoken. Other evenings were spent at the cafe, where the Americans startled the Belgians by drinking straight cognacs with beer chasers.

Still another group passed the evenings at the Bricards, where they practiced carols for the Christmas service, along with the two or three original members of the choir who were left. American catholics, protestants, jews and even agnostics joined the Falmagne catholics, and learned to sing Latin and French Christmas tunes: "Les Anges Dan Nos Campagnes," and others. The Belgians in turn learned from us "Silent Night," which, strangely, they had never heard of.

Tom Scherman took over the playing of the organ on Sundays, and the priest, a fat, jolly, red-faced soul, invited small groups to his home and pleasantly surprised his American guests by producing a bottle for each occasion, and smoking our American cigarettes with relish.

Meanwhile the Bulge was developing too rapidly for comfort. We got a confusion of rumors from the Belgians, who had it from Radio Luxembourg, and we got even more confusing reports from Triumph Headquarters at the Chateau d'Ardennes. The Germans were fifty, twenty, fifteen or five miles away; no one knew for sure. The guard in Falmagne was doubled, then tripled, until every man was on guard at night, and caught snatches of sleep during the day. The villagers began moving out: in cars if they had gas, in carts, on bicycles, on foot. They and the frightened folk from other nearby villages began jamming the roads to Brussels, 100 miles away. The weather was bitter, and snow flurries made it worse.

The Bricards were trapped. They had two bicycles for four women. So once again, as in 1940, they hid the family silver and heirlooms in Papa's tomb, fixed up the cellar shelter with mattresses, and held their breaths.

They told us that when the Germans had

(Continued on page 128)



The Meuse River at Anseremme looking north toward Dinant. The famous cut in the rock at right of photo was mined during the Bulge.

HOUYET FOR "A"

BY JULIUS TURNER

To the mud-spattered 303rd, Houyet and Falmagne, Belgium looked like heaven when it arrived in early December, 1944. So did the orders, which included notice of billets in private homes and the wearing of overseas caps instead of the heavy helmets.

After a dinner of steak and beer in a local restaurant, not yet caught by the rationing orders from the Belgian government, and an evening in a warm house with friendly civilians, the GIs turned in to sleep on real mattresses, with real sheets on very material beds.

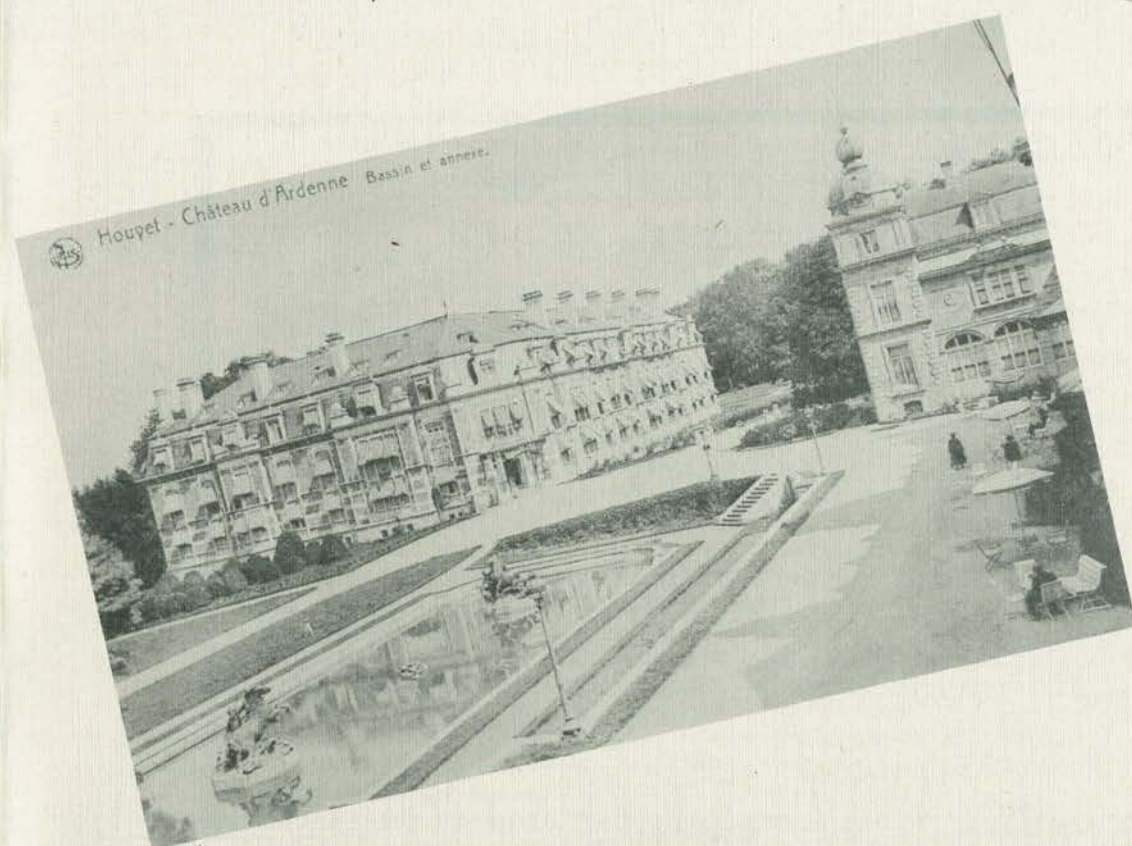
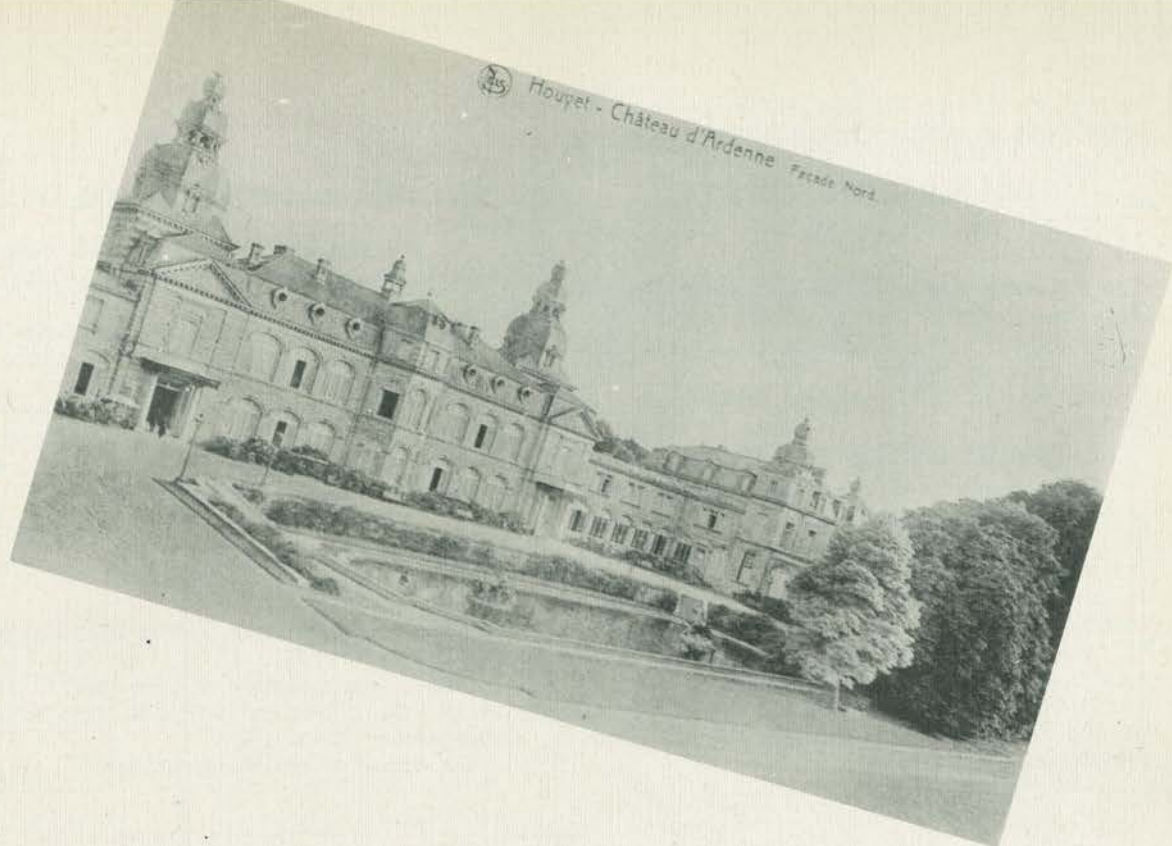
Work started almost immediately on installations for the big Army headquarters about to be set up, and to I & M fell most of this job. Censorship was strict, and radio silence was enforced, but Teletype, I & M and Message Center were busy.

First note of uneasiness came Dec. 4 when paratroopers were spotted by both civilians and GIs descending within a few miles of the chateau. Patrols went out from the 303rd, of which one captured two

men in civilian clothes who were turned over to the CIC. Guards were doubled, and Houyet remained tense for several days.

The German bulge attack, two weeks later, confirmed our worries. The civilian radio and civilian-spread rumor showed us that by the 20th the Germans had bypassed Marche, and were only a few hours away, with no troops in between. Alert orders for movement came Dec. 19, and on the evening of the 21st, A Co. left its job of guarding the now-empty Triumph chateau, from which all movable equipment had already been removed by I & M, said goodbye to their scared and tearful families, and took off for Waulsort, over the Meuse River, where they joined Headquarters and advance detachments of B Company.

Sounds of the great tank and airplane battle continued to reach them until on Dec. 24, the battalion left again by motor convoy to join 15th Army Headquarters, on its way over from England, at Suippes, France.



Triumph Headquarters (15th Army) may have been slow forming, but when it did, it picked out the loveliest spot in Belgium to shack up in. This was for Co. A.

AND THIS IS WHAT CAME FROM TRIUMPH.

HEADQUARTERS TRIUMPH

APO 408

The following Order of the Day issued by the Supreme Commander is to be delivered to every member of all headquarters and units under your command.

(From SHAEF MAIN signed Eisenhower) 22 December 1944:

TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE AEF:

The enemy is making his supreme effort to break out of the desperate plight into which you forced him by your brilliant victories of the summer and fall. He is fighting savagely to take back all that you have won and he is using every treacherous trick to deceive and kill you. He is gambling everything, but already in this battle your gallantry has done much to foil his plans. In the face of your proven bravery and fortitude, he will completely fail.

But we cannot be content with his mere repulse.

By rushing out from his fixed defenses the enemy may give us the chance to turn his great gamble into his worst defeat. So I call upon every man, of all the allies, to rise now to new heights of courage, or resolution and of effort. Let everyone hold before him a single thought—destroy him! United in this determination and with unshakable faith in the cause for which we fight, we will, with God's help go forward to our greatest victory.

/s/ Dwight D. Eisenhower

1st Ind.

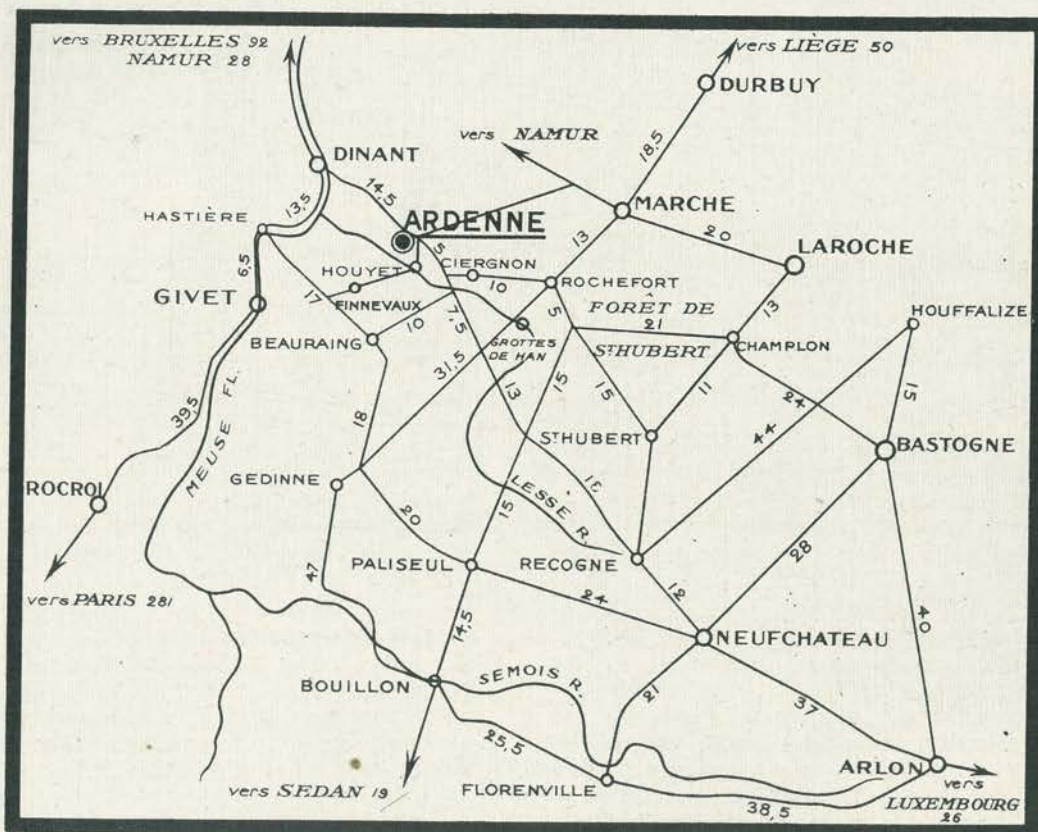
HEADQUARTERS TRIUMPH, APO 408

22 December 1944.

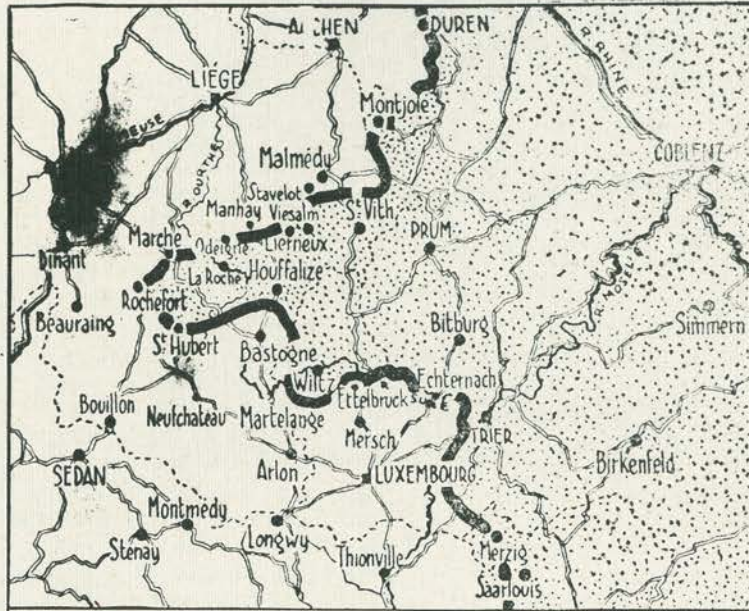
TO: Commanding Officer, 303d Signal Operations Bn., APO 408

The above message will be read to every man of your command not later than reveille 23 December 1944.

By order of the Commander:



THE BULGE COMES CLOSER:



MEUSE RIVER TRACK MEET

BY CHARLES COPELAND

Darkness sets in early in Houyet. Especially in the winter months that are so much like our own mid-western winters. December 23, 1944 was no exception to this rule and the only thing that was different than any other winter evening was the fact that there were Dutchmen crowding hell out of the Chateau where we were operating. I use the word operating advisedly because there was the usual buck passing between Carrier and I and M. When the teletypes went out we would call Carrier who would inform us it was wire trouble, so we would call the wire chief who would give us a verbal blasting and end up by saying there must be some trouble with Carrier. We would then give the message to Radio who would refuse it, saying that the Dutchmen were jamming the Channel. Then we would call for a motor messenger who would have some trouble with his jeep. We would wind up by using pogo stick or dog sled, but we always got the message through.

On this particular night we were operating in the manner just outlined and

the weather was just as rough as the weather in Belgium could be. The C.O. had told us a few days previous to be ready for any emergency. Because of this warning all the men were expecting anything to happen. We had special guards at the bridge and all around the roads leading into the town. There had been several patrols sent to look for parachutists who had been seen dropping all around the town. As a matter of fact our First Sergeant, FEARLESS ED HODGES, even captured two of them. He was aided and abetted by the Bulova watch kid from Cleveland, Sam Tribby. It seems as though they caught these two stinkers while they were on a routine patrol of checking all persons on the highway outside of Houyet. The spies were posing as cattle buyers from Liege. Fearless Ed decided to bring them both in for questioning because they had too much identification on them. Our beloved C.O., Silent Eddie Spethmann, knew right away that they weren't kosher and

(Continued on page 75)



One of the major mysteries of the Battle of the Bulge was the question of who blew the bridge across the Lesse at Houyet. The Yanks blamed the British, the British blamed the Belgian Maquis, and the Maquis only shrugged and didn't reply. In these two photos we see the temporary bridge thrown across by U.S. Engineers. It was important to men of Co. A, for without it they could not reach the Chateau except by a long, roundabout route.



DAYS AT SUIPPES

Probably the worst of all was the chow. Because things were so bad in the ration line, we took to going out in the nearby forests after deer and boar, and at night we'd sit around the stoves in the huge barracks rooms and cook the loot. Company A's Charles Wilson gets the prize here. He used to bring in quail, shot with a Tommy Gun. Honest! Quoth Wilson: "Huntin' quail with a Tommy Gun isn't too tough. Yuh just got tuh remember to shoot 'em in the head. Hit 'em in the body with a '45 slug and it just plumb ruins 'em."

And then there was Charlie Slater of Hq. Co., who was placed in a fox hole in the snow with an M-1, when the Jerries were bombing and strafing us on their way back from a raid on Reims. One night Slater was chased out to his fox hole about 1800. He watched mightily



for several hours, and at 2100 the alert was over, and the all clear sounded. Slater didn't hear it. He sat all night in the snow.

When chow got too bad you could always bum a ride into Reims and get a corned beef sandwich at G. I. Joe's.

A sign in one of the bistros in Reims said: "Beer, 10 francs (with music,) 7 francs (without music.)" Combien just to hum?

Best of all was our introduction to "Ack Ack" practice within the confines of the movie theater. Copyrighted by the 82d Airborne Division.

And coming out of the theater in the blacked-out, snow-covered area . . . two steps and everyone took a prat fall. A difficult place for a chicken colonel to keep his dignity. You could tell how many went down by the sound of steel helmets crashing to the ground.





This is Camp Suippes, a former French Cavalry Garrison. The barracks had ceilings 25 feet high, and the outhouse latrines were continuously frozen. Here we spent Christmas and New Year's, which Jerry celebrated by bombing and strafing us. Photo by Ralph Koester.



BOMBS, YET!

By
Julius Turner

A Christmas eve party at the Suippes Red Cross building welcomed the frozen men of Hq. Co. and Co. A, as they dragged wearily in from the long ride from Waulsort and the bulge. They soon found out that the party was only the silver lining for the cold clouds of life in a damp barracks under alert conditions. Softened by their stay in comfortable Houyet and Falmagne, the men were not ready for guard duty and wood gathering details on the cold French plain, nor for the dreary barracks, board beds and primitive latrines.

The whole company was rudely awakened early Christmas morning by a lone Nazi plane which dropped two bombs on an ammunition building in the area. Luckily only grenades and small ammunition were in the building, and none of it was set off. The area, which was being evacuated by the important 82nd Airborne, continued under observation through the rest of the battalion's stay, and rigid blackout and passive defense rules were held in force.

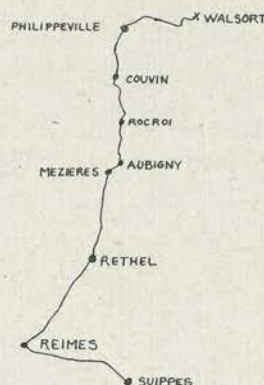
Additional Triumph troops poured into Suippes throughout December and early January, including "B" Company, from the chateau at Cleres, on Dec. 30-31. "A" Company continued communications for Triumph, while "B" Company took over Guard Duty. Triumph Headquarters officially opened for business Jan. 6.

Two main methods of recreation kept our minds off the cold and dullness of the barracks. One method was hunting, and many rabbits and deer were brought in from old French battlefields of World War I. The other was passes into the Champagne country, at Suippes and famous Rheims. Both champagne and girls were still plentiful in France, and the mild excitement of dodging a street battle between the 82nd Airborne and the MP's added to the fun.

High point in recreation was a Swanson-McIlroy led musicale, complete with a Floradora Quartet which brought down the house with Stan Gordon's version of "We Wanna Get Married." In the quartet were Gordon, Loren Frye, Alex Schultz and Jimmy Cisar. Solid backing for McIlroy's vocals on Swanson's always popular tunes was provided by the 82nd Airborne band, which was so impressed

HQ. 303^d Sig. Oph. Bn.
APO 408

24 DEC. 1944



MOTOR MOVEMENT 3 SERIALS
SERIALS WILL CLEAR IP
AT 0900; 1300; 1315; 24 DEC 1944

SCALE 1:1,000,000

OFFICIAL:

L.R.W.
24 Dec '44

with composer-arranger Swanson that it tried to kidnap him for the rest of the winter. Said Swanson: "I ain't from jumping out of airplanes!"

Meanwhile reconnaissance by Col. Wise, Capt. Taylor and Capt. Spethmann, indicated that the Germans would not be long in the bulge area, and that though many bridges, including the one at Houyet, had been demolished, the Houyet-Chateau-Dinant area remained suitable for Triumph operations. With added help of 85 men from the 3187 Sig Serv Bn, the 303rd prepared to move back to the old location. The first serial left for Waulsort Jan. 24, and was completed Jan. 30, although 69 men from A Co. were left behind until Feb. 18, when the Suippes installation was finally closed.

ARMY EXCHANGE SERVICE RATION CARD ETOUSA

ANYWHERE IN ETOUSA

ITEM	EVERY TWO WEEKS	EVERY FOUR WEEKS	EVERY WEEK
BEER	8	7	5
SOFT DRINK	8	7	5
TOBACCO RATION	8	7	5
CANDY RATION	8	7	5
CANDY ROLL OR GUM	8	7	5
COOKIES	8	7	5
MATCHES, BOOK OR BOX	8	7	5
PEANUTS, 4 OZS.	8	7	5
SOAP, TOILET	8	7	5
BLADES, RAZOR 5's	8	7	5
SOAP, LAUNDRY	8	7	5
JUICE, FRUIT	8	7	5
TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE	8	7	5
SHAVING CREAM OR STICK	8	7	5
TABLET, WRITING	8	7	5
ENVELOPES OR PORTFOLIO	8	7	5
CLEANERS, PIPE	8	7	5
HANDKERCHIEFS, WOMENS' (2)	8	7	5

809

NO. 4
NAME: Walter Harrison
ORGANIZATION: 1st Inf. Div.
SIGNATURE: Walter Harrison
DATE ISSUED: 30 Dec 44
UNIT: 1st Inf. Div.
C.O. 1st Inf. Div.
APD: 408

ALTERED CARDS WILL BE FORFEITED

EVERY EIGHT WEEKS

1 BRUSHES, TOOTH	1 HANGERS, CLOTHES
1 CARDS, PLAYING	2 HANKERCHIEFS, MENS'
1 COMBS, MENS'	1 NESCAFE
1 DEODORANT, PERSPIRATION	1 PIPES
2 FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES	1 POLISH, SHOE
1 FLINTS & WICKS	1 TISSUE, CLEANSING
1 FLUID LIGHTER (FLAME OR FLAMELESS)	1 TOWELS, BATH
1 INK, WRITING	1 TOWELS, FACE
1 VASELINE (TIN OR JAR)	

SALE REGULATED BY A.E.S. TECHNICAL DIRECTIVES
AND/OR THE UNIT EXCHANGE OFFICER.

- WATCHES
- LIGHTERS
- CANDY, 1-LB. BOX
- FOUNTAIN PENS
- MECHANICAL PENCILS
- ALARM CLOCKS
- COMPACTS
- SPECIALS

G
ALL EXCHANGE MERCHANDISE IS SOLD
FOR THE PERSONAL USE AND CONSUMPTION
OF AUTHORIZED PURCHASERS.

Sometimes we had a good deal on PX rations, but too often we went without such necessities as razor blades, such luxuries as candy bars. For several weeks in Normandy we had no cigarettes at all, and later we were glad to get two packs a week per man.

Low point was when we had to leave two whole weeks supply of candy, cigarettes

and gum behind in the mad retreat from Belgium. The British ate these.

Finally we got on a regular system of supply, rationed by the use of the above cards. Best of all: when we hit the Arles Staging Area, and got three bottles of beer (American vintage) per man per week. The brew was warm, but—hic!—foamy, and it tasted like home.

RETURN TO HOUYET

January to March 1945

By
Julius Turner

Ever since early January, the 303rd had been hopefully rumoring a move back to Belgium, particularly Co. "A" which wanted to go back to its Utopia at Houyet. When the move did come, from 24 to 28 January, there were many celebrations in the country village, and even the last of Belgium's steaks were brought out before Belgium's ration plans were enforced.

Triumph headquarters was scheduled to begin operations at the Chateau d'Ardennes February 16 and 18, and all the old installations had to be repaired and put back in again. The Germans and after them the English, had used the chateau as a barracks, and the results were evident: broken glass, refuse, and woodwork pulled out for firewood.

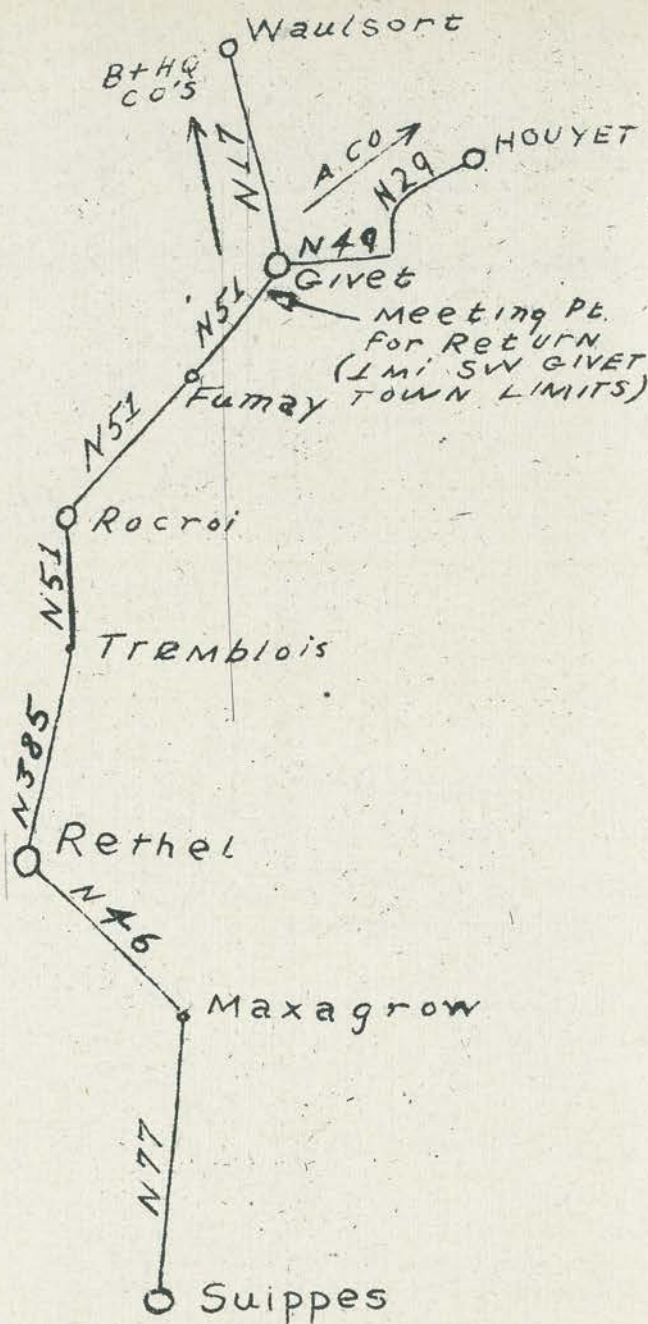
Actual battle damage was slight however, and the English had already replaced the Houyet bridge (destroyed by the combination of one charge by English engineers and five unknown charges placed long before by enthusiastic Maquis) which had been blown up just before the German tanks reached the village.

On March 23 General Bradley announced that the 15th Army would turn from its previous retraining duties and take an active part in the campaign, which was moving to a climax as the Third Army crossed the Rhine at Remagen. The British and the American Ninth army were getting ready to jump across the following day. XXIII Corps of the 15th moved up into the line, and XXII Corps and Army Headquarters prepared again for a move.

Radio silence had been suddenly lifted in the middle of February, and nets were established with advance headquarters, XXIII Corps, XXII Corps, Field Force Port Detachment, and the 66th Infantry Division. Radios at Triumph headquarters were operated from vans a half-mile from the Chateau. Other operating platoons worked in the Chateau itself.

Telephone operations had expanded to a peak of 632 calls in one hour March 20, one call every 5¾ seconds. By the end of March, teletype installations had mounted to four BD-100's (21 trunks) seven locals, one duplex machine, and long locals in the G-3 office and the Radio van.

(Continued on next page)



AND THE ROAD BACK

APPROXIMATE DISTANCES

Suippes to Maxagron, 22 miles via N77
Maxagron to Rethel, 16 miles via N46
Rethel to Rocroi, 36 miles via N385 and N51
Rocroi to Givet, 12 miles via N51

A COMPANY

Givet to Houyet, 13 miles via N49 and N29

B and HQ COMPANIES

Givet to Waulsort, 9 miles via N11

TOTAL DISTANCES

A Company, 99 miles

B and HQ Co's 95 miles



Street scene in Houyet, train station at right. At left is Co. A's Orderly Room, where a fragment from the explosion at the bridge smashed across the room. If Fearless Eddie Spethmann had been sitting at his desk, it would have neatly removed his noggin.

(Continued from preceding page)

The battalion had been operating under T/O 11-95 since activation. On March 20 it was reorganized under a new T/O & E 11-95, resulting in the loss of five officers, one Warrant Officer and 67 men, most of whom were sent to the 67th Signal Battalion, operating for XXIII Corps. Shortages created by the loss of men and increase in traffic were filled by augmentation teams from the 3186 and 3187

Signal Service Battalions and the 3137 Signal Motor Messenger Co., all of whom stayed with the battalion until June.

Movies in the local equivalent of a Grange Hall were shown twice a week, and Mickey Rooney almost made it in person. (He got sidetracked by the big brass at Army HQ.) Swanson's band continued to toodle for Saturday night dances, with a small civilian saxophonist adding a touch of the cosmopolitan to the band's looks.

The station at Houyet, scene of many lover's rendezvous. Wonder if our boy Fenn is still there?



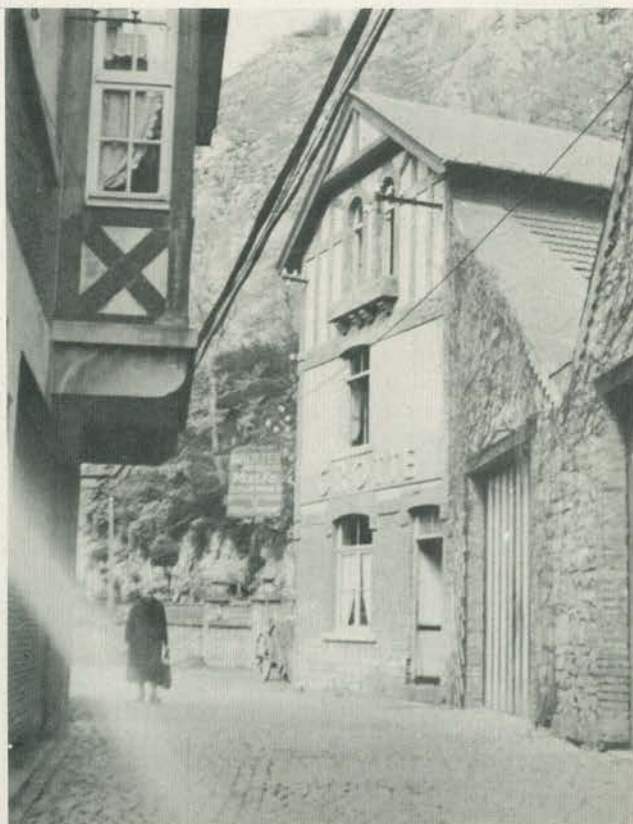
Right: The church in Houyet.
The priest objected to Co. A's
weekly dances. Below: The
road up the mountain to the
Chateau.



Right: A wing of the Cha-
teau d'Ardennes, Triumph
Headquarters. These shots by
Ralph Koester.



From the hills above Dinant, Belgium; Koester shot the above view of the bridge across the Meuse, which had been destroyed earlier. For a time the Army had used a pontoon bridge before repairs were made. At right is a back street scene in Dinant where one could enter the "Grotte" or cave. Dinant was the location of Triumph Rear, where Co. B operated the Signal Center. Hq. and B Co. were billeted four miles south on west bank of river at Waulsort.





Major Dana Prescott, then Bn. Ex. O., enjoys Waulsort sunshine and the Stars and Stripes on veranda of officers billets, above. Below is one of scenic views of Meuse valley at Waulsort. During spring floods, this area was inundated.



WAULSORT AND WATER

BY LEONARD KRUSCH

Returning to Waulsort, Belgium, from Suippes, Hq Co, B Co, and half of the Med Det were wondering what would follow. Memories of the two days in Waulsort just before Christmas, were chiefly of the Bulge Battle, and left doubt as to the possibilities of entertainment, for off-duty hours.

It did not take long for the men to become acquainted with all that Waulsort had to offer. Living in hotel rooms, sleeping in beds and having the unprecedented luxury of hot and cold running water in the rooms, raised morale to an overseas peak. The village was not large, but it was one in which the GIs were treated as sons, and not as suckers. There were exceptions such as the bar in the Pergola Hotel. When the advance party moved in cognac was 12 francs a shot. It did not take more than a couple of weeks for this to become 25 francs. But most of the cafes maintained their prices, and some occasionally offered rare drinkable cognac.

Through the efforts of Special Services, we frequently had movies and at times a USO stage show. Dances were given, with girls from Waulsort, Hastiere, Falmagne and other nearby villages as partners to the jitter-bugging, not-so-lonely GIs. Evenings and Sundays were pleasant strolling along the Meuse's banks, or canoeing along its swift-flowing current.

The lack of GI laundry did not mean

we had to use the washboard. The villagers were most co-operative in this respect, not only laundering our clothes, but even returning them ironed. Some of them commercialized, charging a nominal sum, while others were well satisfied with soap, cigarettes, candy and other items not ordinarily available to them. Yet there was the customary difficulty, such as procuring enough laundry soap from the stingy supply sergeants.

This happy life was saddened by the drowning of Bill Nahas in the Meuse. His funeral services were well-attended by his friends in the unit and the townspeople, the latter looking to him as their own village hero. Flowers were abundantly given by the villagers, who turned out en masse to pay their respects to one of us that left.

The overflowing of the Meuse's banks was not unusual, but was an unfamiliar sight to those of us not accustomed to heavy spring thaws along an active river bed. Flooding of the west-bank highway, and many of the adjacent stores caused much concern and inconvenience but little actual loss. On March 20, we lost many of our buddies who were transferred from our unit with the change of T/O and reduction in number of personnel, and then not long afterward began the gradual movement into Germany, nearer our final destination, and to our final goal in Europe.

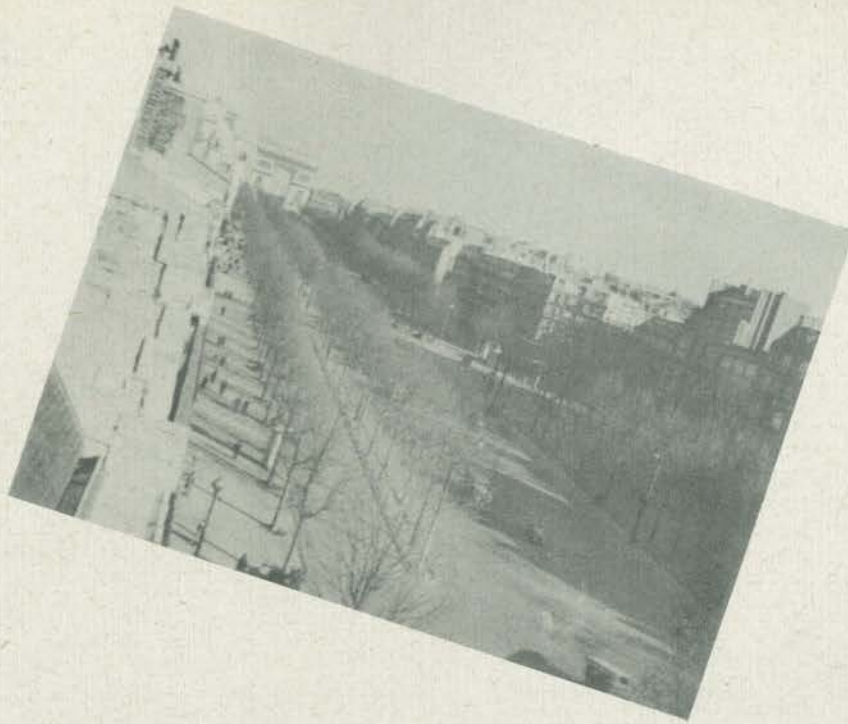


Looking down on Waulsort from east bank hills, we can see the chateau, the motor pool, and Co. B and Hq. Co. billets. Ferry boat, shown in middle of river, operated on a cable; moved only by power of river current.

PARIS PASSES!

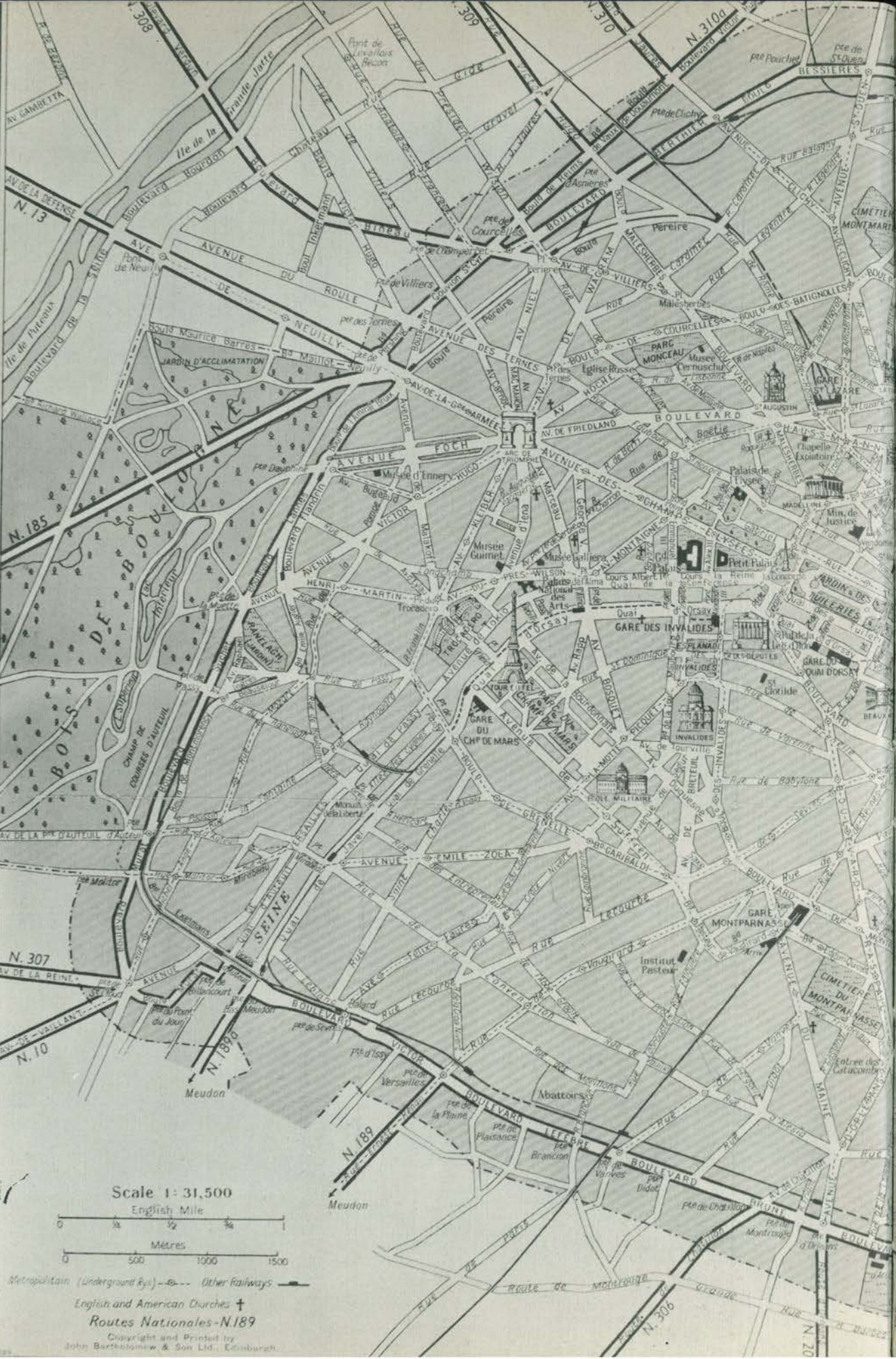
After the Bulge we began getting our first 72 hour passes to Paris. Sightseeing all day . . . as per Jim Newby's Texas rubberneck at the Eiffel Tower below . . . or sitting on the Champs Elysees and shooting pictures of the ladies' legs, as Doc Krieger and Newby are doing below right . . . or the Bal Taborin, right, all night . . . oo! la, la!





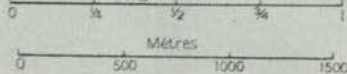
The most famous stretch of street in the world, the Champs Elysees in Paris. Favorite sport was sitting on a sunny afternoon in a sidewalk cafe, quaffing une biere, and ogling the femmes. For cigarettes, one could take a horse cab from Arc de Triumph to Tuilleries Gardens.





Scale 1:31,500

English Mile



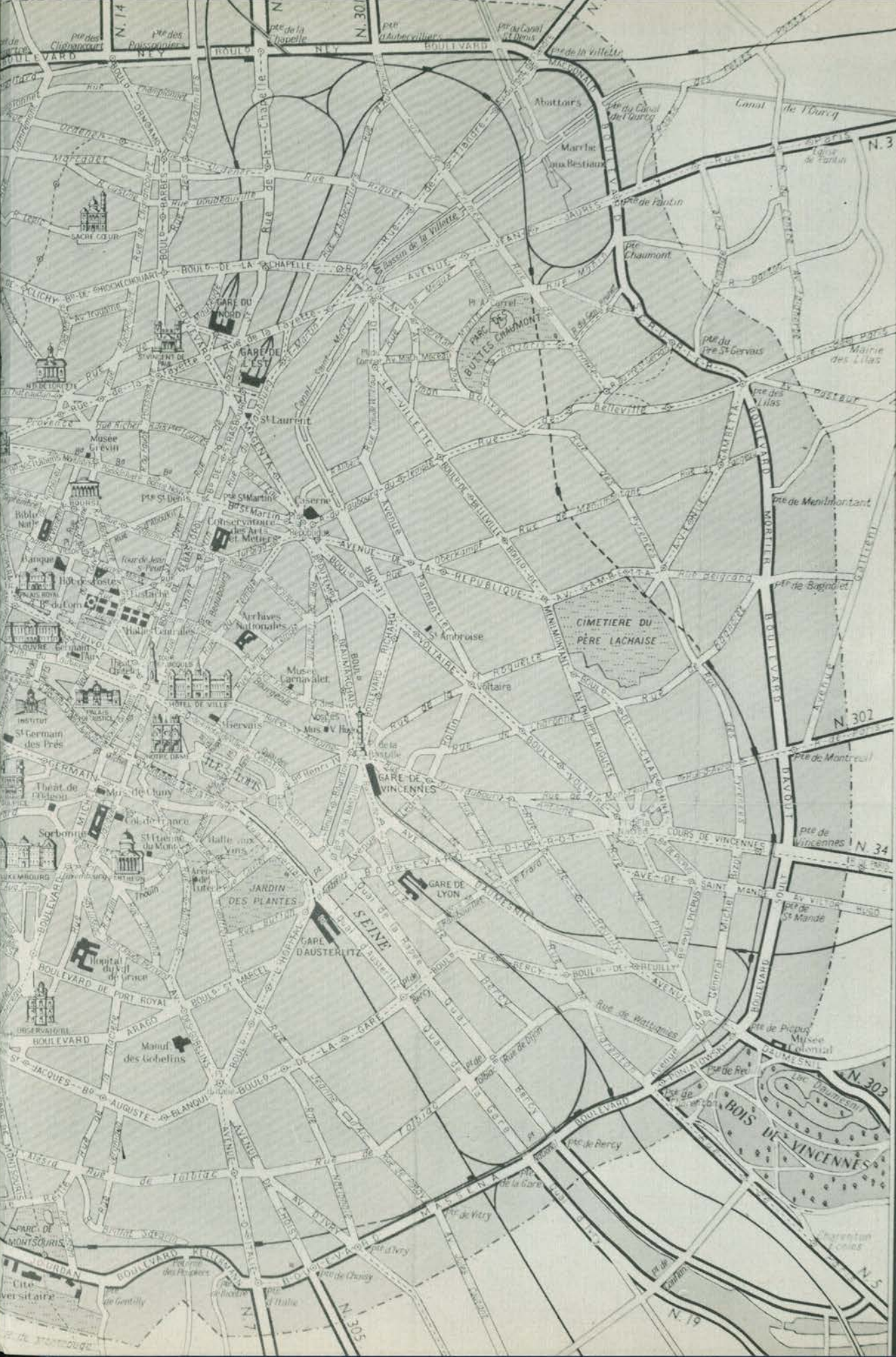
Mètres

Metropolitan (Underground Rys) - - - - - Other Railways

English and American Churches +

Routes Nationales N.189

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OUR OWN FRENCH DICTIONARY

compiled by
Richard Taylor

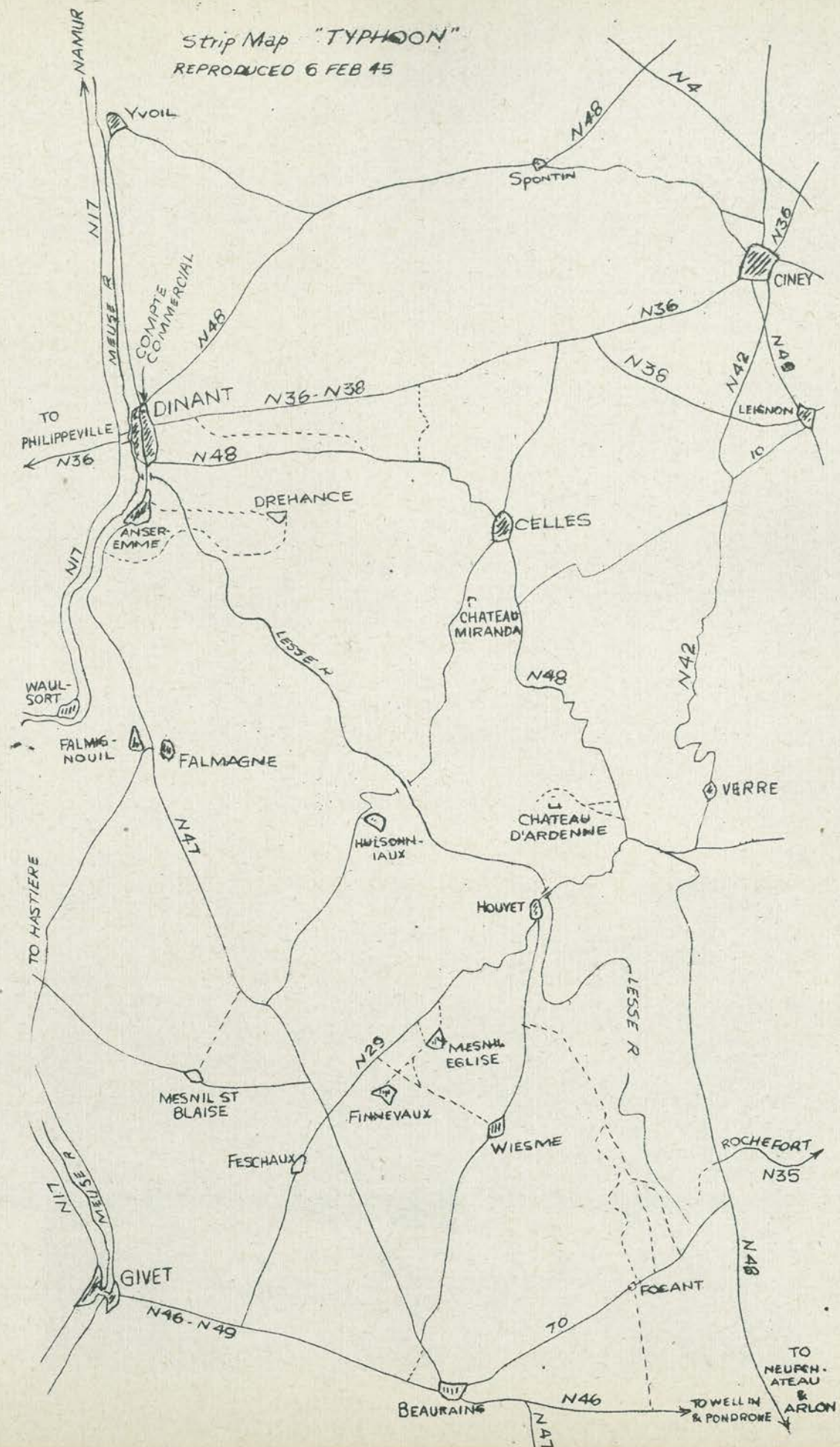
- OUI—Means yes.
MAIS OUI!—Hell, yes.
OUI! OUI!—(Not what you think, Mac) By all means, yes!
NON—No, or negative. Term unknown to Parisien women.
OO, LA, LA!—Hubba, Hubba!
BISTRO—bar, pub, night club, saloon. Most likely place to look for Hofstetter.
ZIG ZAG—Drunk. Inebriated. Soused. See Hofstetter, above.
ZIG Z...—Uh uh, not here Mac.
JE VOUS AIME—(More properly Je T'AIME)
Literal translation: "I love my wife, but Oh! You kid!"
PIGALLE—What did you think? An alley full of pigs, of course.
METRO—A series of confusing correspondances et sorties, in the depths of which run occasional subway trains, full of more Frenchmen than there is room for.
CORRESPONDANCES — Subway passages which take you in when you want to go out.
SORTIES—Subway passages which take you out when you want to go in. See CORRESPONDANCES above.
COUCHEZ—Term used in tickling babies, as in "Couchez, Couchez!"
VOUS—You.
VOUS ALL—(Used by French southerners.)
LIT—Place for sleeping: bed. Second most likely place to look for Hofstetter.
CALVADOS—Poison in a fancy bottle.
SAVOIR FAIRE—Ability to have a date within one minute after arrival in Paris.

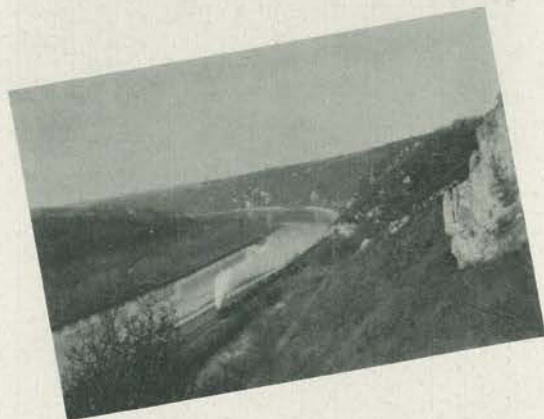
Typical French post cards. One below translates literally: "I found my wife in bed with a lumbago." "You poor guy. These Spaniards certainly do get around!"



- GAUCHE—Awkward. Backward. Usually takes this type at least two minutes to get a date after arrival in Paris.
MEME CHOSE—Same thing. Not to be confused with Mamie of the same name.
MEME DAMN CHOSE—Same thing. As above. We're in a rut.
VOULEZ VOUS? — (Depends on Combien, Mac.)
HOWLO BAYBAY!—Form of greeting. Can be interpreted as a question. Can be answered with "combien."
BON JOUR—See "howlo baybay" above.
LET'S PARTI—An invitation to blow the hell out of someplace. Often employed in situations involving approaching M. P.'s. In other words: "Leave us depart."
AVEC—With. As in Coffee avec cream, bread avec butter, Hofstetter avec bottle.
J'AI FAIM—I am hungry. Not to be confused with J'AI UNE FEMME, which means "I have a woman," which also may be possible. It may even be possible to have both at the same time, it depends on how hungry you are.
TRES BIEN—Trays full of beans, naturally.
TRES BON—Same thing. Beans or bones, meme chose.
UN PETIT PEU—Literally: "A little, little." You take it from there.
SYMPATHETIQUE—When mademoiselle tells you she is very "sympathetique," she is not about to weep consolingly. She means she luffs you, Mac. Compree luff?
CIGARETTE POUR PAPA?—Phrase used by small children meaning "may I have a cigarette for my daddy?" Actually, it means: "As soon as you turn your back I'll smoke it myself. To hell with the old man, let him bum his own fags."
*(C'EST FINI—Meaning: That's all brother, you've had it.)

Strip Map "TYPHOON"
REPRODUCED 6 FEB 45





WAULSORT—ANSEREMME—DINANT





One of finest photos taken by any in the battalion is Ralph Koester's shot of Dinant Bridge. Not far to left of bridge is where Bill Nahas was drowned.

LEST WE FORGET

We were a lucky battalion in that not one man was lost to enemy action. Yet we were saddened by the loss of two men whom everyone liked. At right: Bill Nahas, drowned in the Meuse when his kayak overturned in deep water. Below: Ralph Bryant, killed in Belgium when his jeep smashed up late at night.



WE WORKED:



Howard Hales and his B Co. message center crew at Triumph Rear.



Above: Arthur Opacinski and Bill Henderson checking a map route in Physical Message Room of Triumph Rear. Both are of Co. B.



Above: Chester Smith checking a C-F-1A Carrier, a power booster on long lines. At right: Dambrogio, Bockmeyer and Hanson fiddling with antenna array at a radio installation.





Name <u>Malcolm Pitkin</u> Grade <u>Tec 5</u> is authorized to be absent From <u>1530-28 March 45</u> Hour and Date To <u>1800-29 March 45</u> Hour and Date To visit <u>XXXXXXXX Namur</u> No. Air <u>Ground</u> <u>Serv</u> Circle one		No. A, G, S, <u>GROUND FORCE</u> PASS (Circle one) Good for not over <u>24</u> consecutive hours. <u>Malcolm Pitkin, Tec 5 32272831</u> Name in Full Grade ASN <u>Med Det. 303d Sig Opn Bn APO 408</u> Organization APO No. is authorized to visit: <u>XXXXXXXX Namur</u> From <u>1530-28 Mar 45</u> to <u>1800-29 Mar 45</u> Hour and Date Hour and Date Location of Lodging <u>To be arranged</u> <u>by Chaplain.</u> <div style="text-align: right;"> <u>Richard Taylor Capt</u> Name Grade Orgn (Commanding) </div>	
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When work allowed there were overnight passes to be had, to explore the scenic beauties of Belgium, above . . . or river boating, center . . . or scrounging around for souvenirs. Bottom: Fearless Ed Hodges displays his prize loot.



MEUSE RIVER TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 51)

called the C.I.C., who questioned them further. They were shot a few days later in Brussels and Silent Eddie recommended the Iron Cross with a pussy willow wreath for Fearless Ed and his cohorts. Pappy Woods got pretty well P.O.'d about it all because his patrols brought in something every time they went out, including rabbits, ducks, chickens, fish, deer and also dears. He used up an awful lot of bazooka shells doing all this, so maybe that's the reason he never got the Iron Cross. Then there was Rhone. Rhone never liked to be outshot by anyone else, so one day he started shooting at some chickens which happened to be damn close to the officers' quarters. The officers figured some of the guys were carrying this "bringing in the bacon" too far, so poor old Rhone spent the next week in a comfortable pup tent.

It seems as though the officers were getting shot at more than they figured was necessary. Only a few days before this affair of Rhones, Old Soldier Dupus, the Oklahoma Kid, was cleaning his Thompson and very accidentally, it went off, parting Bomba's hair, and proceeding through the ceiling, where it took a nip out of the center of Capt. Bertsch's bed. Now as a rule this Bertsch is a pretty patient guy, but this time he got browned off because he swears that if he had been in bed he would no longer be the husky specimen of manhood that he is. It turned out all right, however, because the Captain got a cork and plugged up the mattress and thereby kept the wind from whistling through his legs.

Now we are getting off the subject by giving you all this background but we thought you might be interested to know how edgy everyone was prior to making the strategic withdrawal which got to be known in the First, Third, Seventh and Ninth Armies. Envious guys in all these other armies would point to us and say in a hushed voice "He's a 303rd man—the outfit that spearheaded the retreat in the 'Battle of the Bulge'." Never in all the annals of modern warfare has an outfit anywhere in the Uncle Sugar Army got the hell out of a place as fast as the 303rd got out of Houyet, Belgium.

Five O'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 23, 1944, Lt. Knieb went dashing all over Houyet like Paul Revere. He had orders from some brass at Chateaus' Ardenne to move, but fast with the code equipment and other "hot stuff" and get it out of there. Another part of the mission was to operate temporary communications at the new echelon of Fifteenth Army. He picked a team of radio, teletype, wire, carrier, code and message center experts and said "You, you and you are volunteering for this dangerous mission. You men have twenty minutes to get your personal stuff packed and also to help load the trucks. We have to get out of here by 1730." He wasn't a bit nervous either. He stood there just as calm as though he was ordering a double shot of Calvados. He was shaking so hard because it was so cold.

Then too, he knew that everything was being capably handled up at the Chateau by his partner "Shaky John Dick." That is another story in itself the way Lt. Dick manned the machine guns and held down the Rear Guard so that the rest of us who were more fortunate

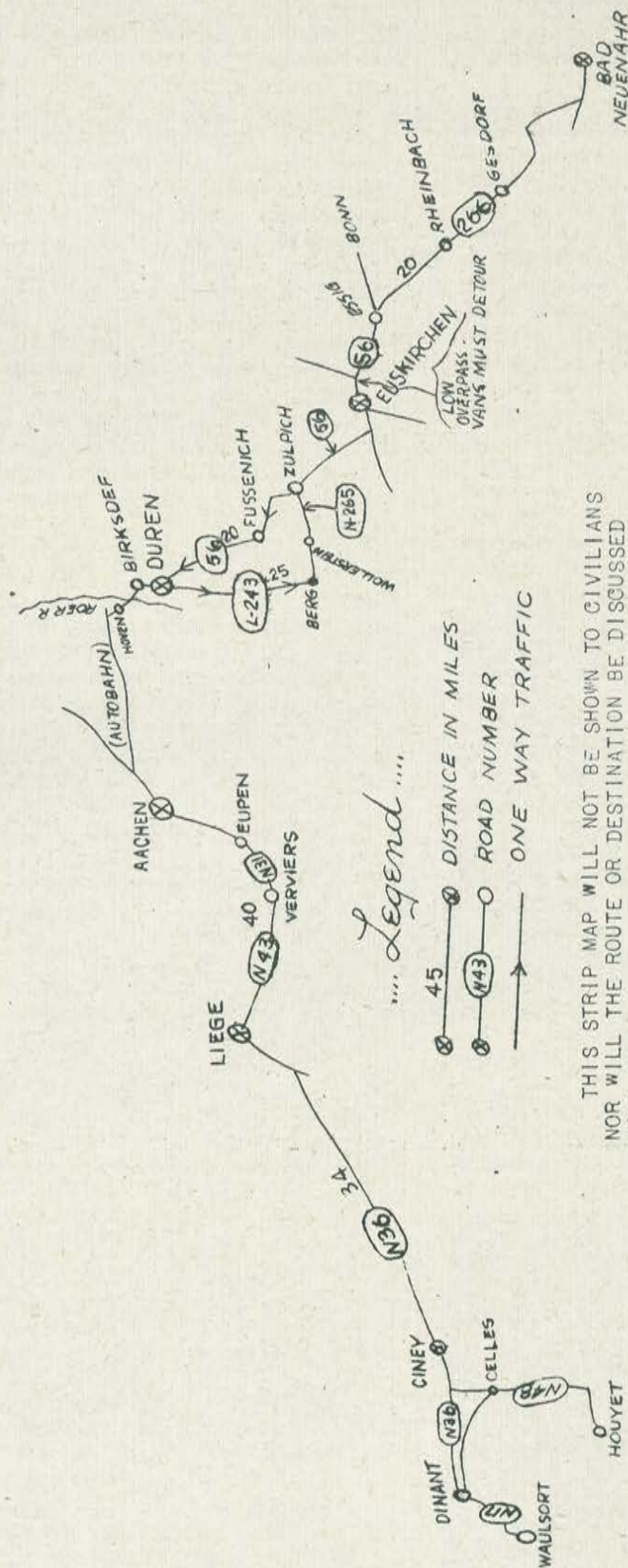
(Continued on Page 123)

THEN WE MOVED AGAIN



"No more'n get settled someplace and you gotta move!"

DONT FRATERNIZE



THIS STRIP MAP WILL NOT BE SHOWN TO CIVILIANS
NOR WILL THE ROUTE OR DESTINATION BE DISCUSSED
WITH THEM...

DONT FRATERNIZE

OPERATION WITHOUT FRATERNIZATION

BY PALMER WEXLER

Operations in Germany began late in March, when a band of hardy individuals, led by Capt. Spethmann, battalion S-3, left quiet Belgium, to seek fame, fortune and adventure within the still mysterious borders of "Da Vaterland".

Previous to this expedition, 15th Army officers had scoured the Rhineland from Grevenbroich and Munchen-Gladbach in the north, down through Julich, Aachen, Duren, Euskirchen, and Bonn, to Coblenz in the south, looking for a suitable location for the new Army Headquarters.

Rubble, ghost towns, one wall buildings and torn up roads were all that greeted them. Finally after days of scouting, a site was found at Bad Neuenahr, located six miles west of war-famous Remagen. It was about the only place in the Rhineland which had escaped almost complete destruction.

The spacious Kur Hotel was picked as the Army Headquarters, and the Bath House, immediately adjoining it, was selected as the Signal Center. The Signal Operations Office was set up on the ground floor of the Bath House and immediate plans were laid for the installation of communications equipment.

Billets were secured for the companies, with Company A and B taking over vacated hotels, Hq. Det. and the Officers moving into "dispossessed" homes of German civilians, and Bn. Hq., Bn. Supply and the Medical Det., moving into what was formerly a school.

Due to the necessity of retaining most of the men at the Army setups in Belgium, it was possible to send only a small advance detachment to install the necessary equipment at the new location. For two weeks these men put in 18-20 hours of work each day, to meet the deadline. Bodies ached, eyes were strained, sleep was lost, but the work carried on. Small groups of men continued to trickle into the advance location, until the work was completed, and operations opened April 16.

The radio room, teletype office and electrical and physical message center were located on the ground floor of the Bath House, with telephone operations and carrier, set up on the second floor.

An outside plant office was opened across the street, in one of the many stores, to facilitate the dispatch of IR and linemen on new jobs or trouble shooting cases.

During the first phases of operations it was necessary to use civilian communication facilities although they were poor. Telephone operations bore the brunt of the inefficient line facilities, as calls could not be placed over any great distance. Continual trouble was encountered on these lines, until new circuits were run in by the 303rd and other signal units.

Communications improved considerably over the new lines. Operations began to hum and traffic mounted so rapidly that it was necessary to supplement 303rd personnel with men from the 3186th and 3187th Signal Service Battalions. These additions were also necessary because detachments were sent out from the 303rd to operate and maintain small switches, radio stations, and repeated stations. The detachments included men at the Dinant Switch, formerly 15th Army Rear, Duren Switch, Aachen Switch, Euskirchen, 26th Regulating Station, XXII and XXIII Corps, Gering, Mayen, Field Force Port Detachment and Rouen, 506th and 508th MP Battalions and the 520th Medical Clearing Company.

During the middle of May, the Army Signal Section decided to replace the local switchboards with a dial system, using the Postamp, the civilian telephone exchange, and all German equipment.

Much equipment was missing and a group of men was sent to find these parts in neighboring towns. And find it they did, although certain unethical methods were used in acquiring it.

This installation was something new for the IR men of the battalion, but through diligent work and the assistance of men from the 66th Sig Bn, at 2335 on May 26, the cutover was achieved. Among the spectators at the cutover were Col. Downing and his staff of 15th Army Signal officers. In recognition of the work done, a party was held afterwards with beer and sandwiches for all.

(Continued on page 94)

Headquarters
Twelfth Army Group

Europe

I need not speak of your past accomplishments, other than to say you have reflected great credit upon yourself and your command.

We are now fighting on German soil, and we are in contact not only with the soldiers of our enemy but also civilians of Germany. As conquerors, we must now consider our relations with the people of Germany.

It is imperative that you do not allow yourself to become friendly with Germans, but at the same time you must not persecute them. American soldiers can and have beaten German soldiers on the field of battle. It is equally important that you complete the victory over Nazi ideas.

To guide you I have issued these special "battle" orders. They may appear to lead along a narrow path, but they are NECESSARY. You personally must prove to the German people that their acceptance of Nazi leadership is responsible for their defeat, and that it has earned for them the distrust of the rest of the world.

W. H. Bradley
LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. ARMY
COMMANDING

SPECIAL ORDERS FOR GERMAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

1. To remember always that Germany, though conquered, is still a dangerous enemy nation.

a. It is known that an underground organization for the continuation of the Nazi program for world domination is already in existence. This group will take advantage of every relaxation of vigilance on our part to carry on undercover war against us.

b. The occupational forces are not on a good-will mission.

2. Never to trust Germans, collectively or individually.

a. For most of the past century, Germany has sought to attain world domination by conquest. This has been the third major attempt in the memory of men still living. To many Germans, this defeat will only be an interlude—a time to prepare for the next war.

b. Except for such losses of life and property suffered by them, the Germans have no regrets for the havoc they have wrought in the world.

c. The German has been taught that the national goal of domination must be attained regardless of the depths of treachery, murder and destruction necessary. He has been taught to sacrifice everything—ideals, honor, and even his wife and children for the State. Defeat will not erase that idea.

3. To defeat German efforts to poison my thoughts or influence my attitude.

a. The Nazis have found that the most powerful propaganda weapon is distortion of the truth. They have made skilful use of it and will re-double their

efforts in the event of an occupation in order to influence the thinking of the occupational forces. There will probably be deliberate, studied and continuous efforts to influence our sympathies and to minimize the consequences of defeat.

b. You may expect all manner of approach—conversations to be overheard, underground publications to be found; there will be appeals to generosity and fair play; to pity for victims of devastation; to racial and cultural similarities; and to sympathy for an allegedly oppressed people.

c. There will be attempts at sowing discord among Allied nations; at undermining Allied determination to enforce the surrender; at inducing a reduction in occupational forces; at lowering morale and efficiency of the occupying forces; at proving that Nazism was never wanted by the "gentle and cultured" German people.

4. To avoid acts of violence, except when required by military necessity.

For you are an American soldier, not a Nazi.

5. To conduct myself at all times so as to command the respect of the German people for myself, for the United States, and for the Allied Cause.

a. The Germans hold all things military in deep respect. That respect must be maintained at all times or the Allied Cause is lost and the first steps are taken toward World War III. Each soldier must watch every action of himself and of his comrades. The German will be watching constantly, even though you may not see him. Let him see a good American Soldier.

At last we were in Germany, where the frauleins were more like the girls back home, and even more anxious to be friendly. By order, we talked to no one, at least not while the M. P.'s were looking. Some discovered that conversation with a German gal cost upwards of \$300, and had to content themselves with a long, low whistle.

As usual, the battalion got the tough breaks. We left Germany before they removed the non-fraternization ban.



b. Drunkenness will not be tolerated. Penalties will be severe.

6. Never to associate with Germans.

a. We must bring home to the Germans that their support of Nazi leaders, their tolerance of racial hatreds and persecutions, and their unquestioning acceptance of the wanton aggressions on other nations, have earned for them the contempt and distrust of the civilized world. We must never forget that the German people support the Nazi principles.

b. Contacts with Germans will be made only on official business. Immediate compliance with all official orders and instructions and surrender terms will be demanded of them and will be firmly enforced.

c. American soldiers must not associate with Germans. Specifically, it is not permissible to shake hands with them, to visit their homes, to exchange gifts with them, to engage in games or sports with them, to attend their dances or social events, or to accompany them on the street or elsewhere. Particularly, avoid all discussion or argument with them. Give the Germans no chance to trick you into relaxing your guard.

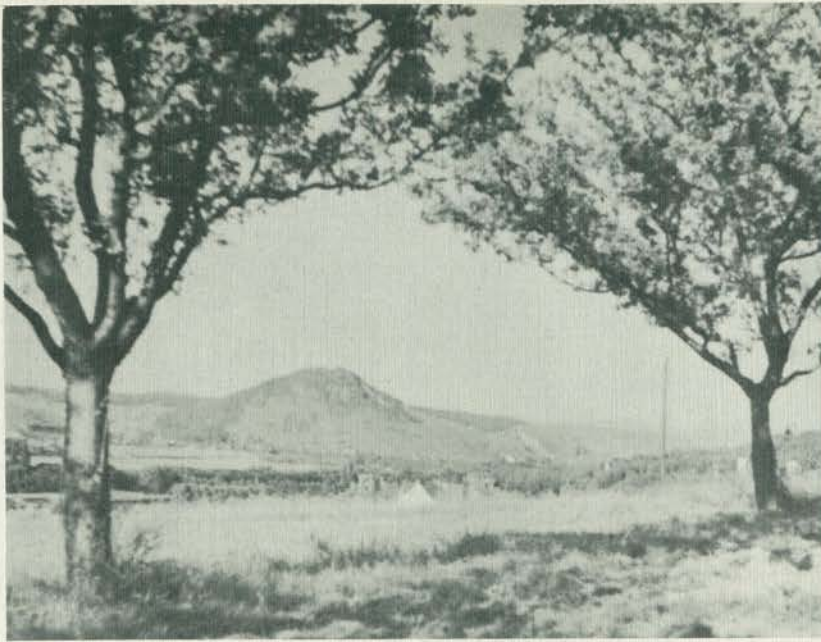
7. To be fair but firm with Germans.

a. Experience has shown that Germans regard kindness as weakness. Every soldier must prove by his actions that the Americans are strong. This will be accomplished if every soldier treats the Germans with firmness and stern courtesy at all times.

b. Firmness must be tempered with a strict justice. Americans do not resort to Nazi gangster methods in dealing with any people. Remember, your fair but firm treatment of the German people will command the proper respect due a member of a conquering nation.

Fortunately Bad Neuenahr, new Triumph Headquarters in Germany, had been a hospital town; wasn't shot up. We lived inside a barbed wire compound, right. Below: Looking up toward Co. A billets and the Red Cross doughnut dugout.





The German countryside around Bad Neuenahr. The orchards were in bloom, the hills green and the streams fresh and clear. Before we left, luscious red cherries were ripe and ready for picking right out our windows.



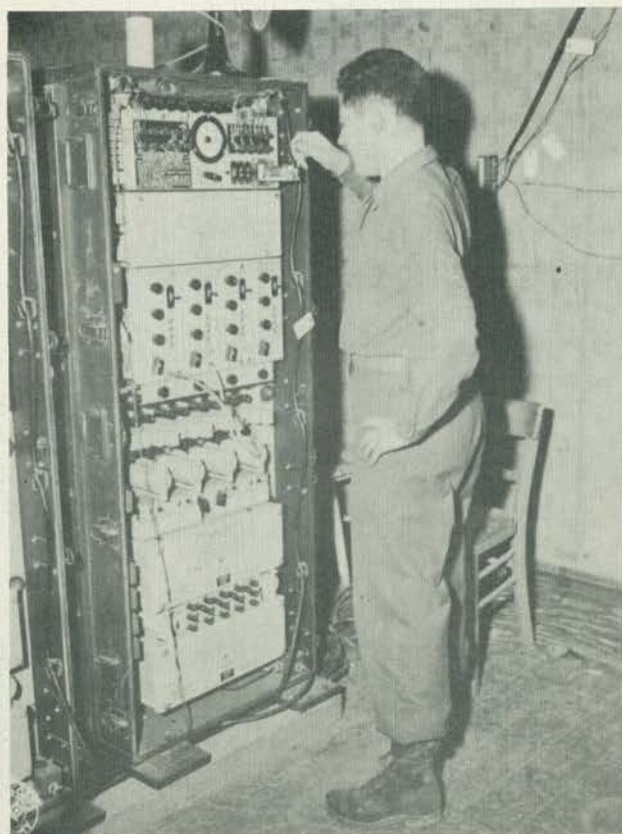


Above: Triumph Hq. in the Kurhotel. Right and below: Entrance to bath house, which housed our Signal Center. Bad Neuenahr.





The installation at Triumph Signal Center was a beautiful thing, even down to Lt. Burns' fancy lights in the Teletype center which began to look like a pin ball machine. At left: Pfc. Harper is shown running cable between two buildings by means of a cable cart. Below left: A carrier bay CF 2 is being hauled to second floor of Signal Center. Below right: Marvin Masel is adjusting Polar Relay on a CF 2B used to multiply number of teletype channels.

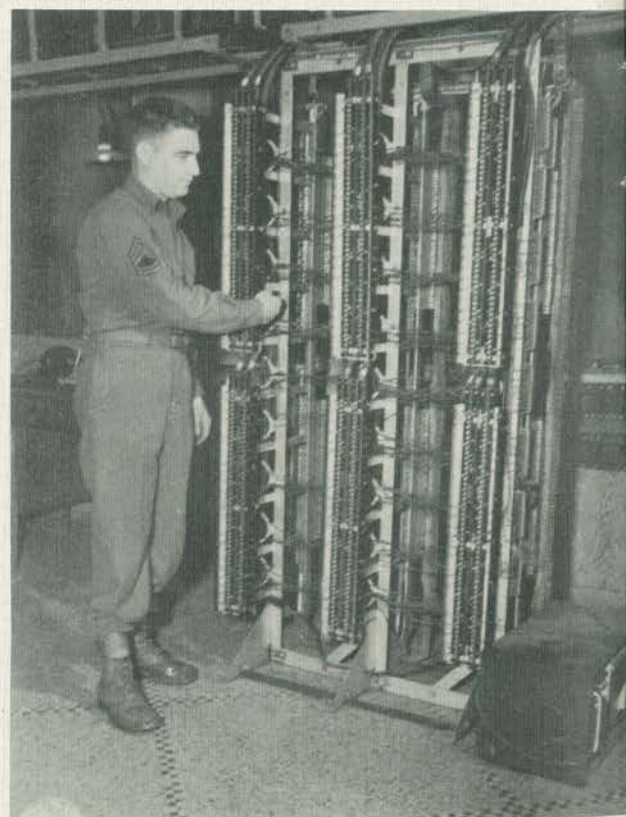


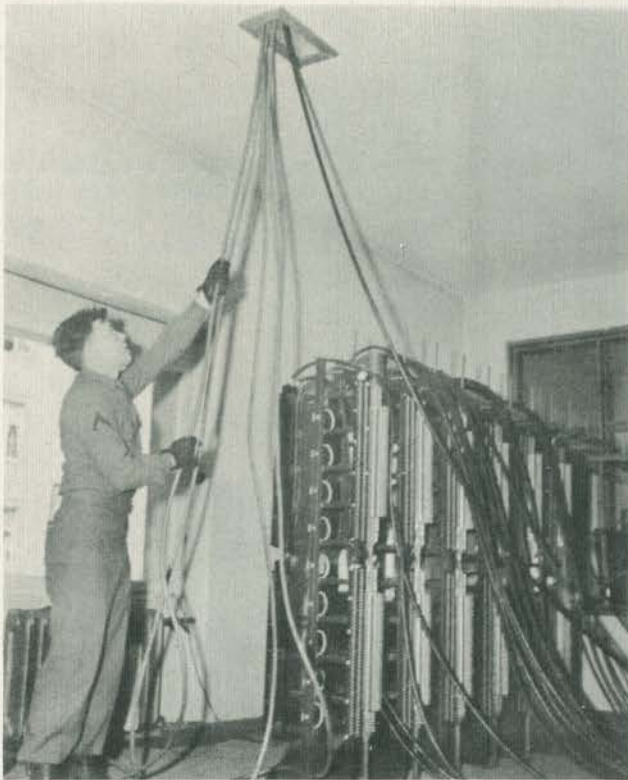


Above: Charles Wright and W. S. Baughn placing a pole by means of a K-43 line truck near Mayen. Below right: Robert Boston makes his weekly check on an FM-19 in frame room.



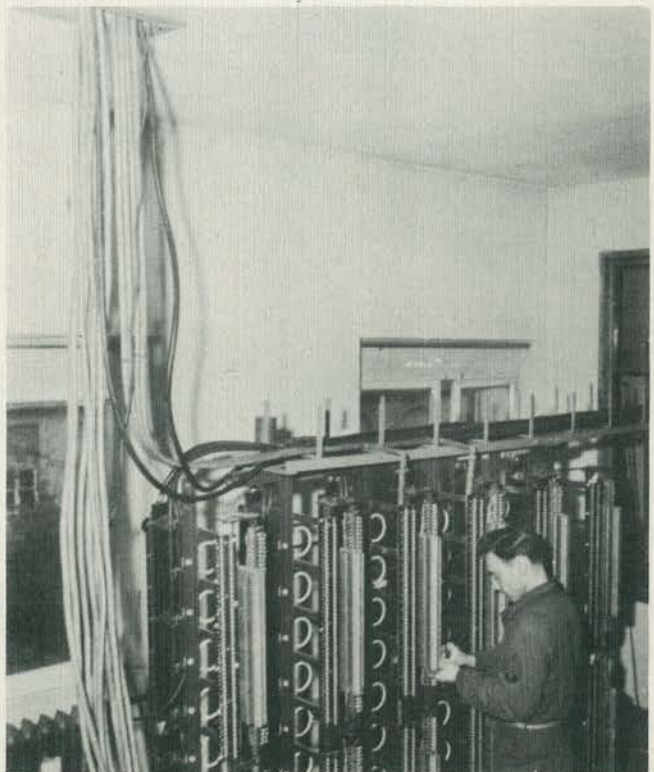
Ben Sartin and Lloyd Word, Co. B., are shown above splicing in a 16 pair terminal can.

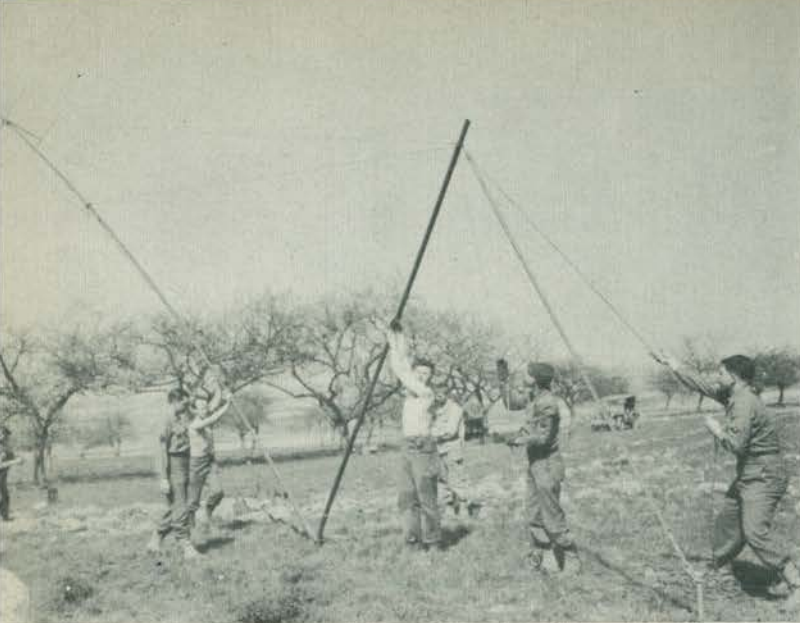




At left, Pfc. Jim Julius, the Bayonne Kid, gives the old heave-ho on main cables running down through ceiling of frame room.

At right is Raymond Koch, Co. A, working on main frame. Communications from various switchboards came in through cables on top right of frame, and departed through cables running out of ceiling to carrier bays and cable heads.



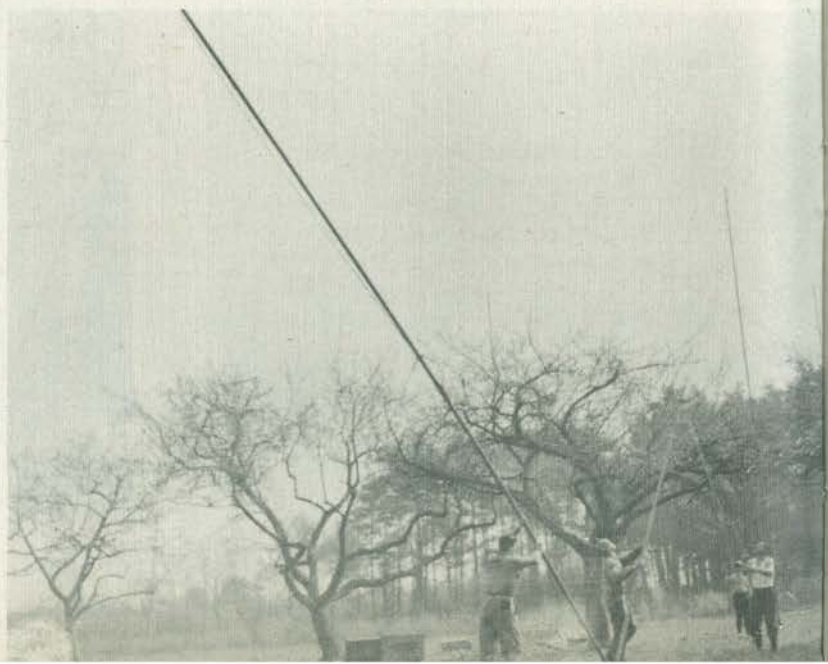


Radio platoon was there too.
At left: hoisting lightweight
metal tube, five foot antenna
mast into position.



Above is Weldon Flint of the
Radio Platoon, Co. A., unrol-
ling wire for direct line from
Headquarters to Radio tent.

Right: Dambrogio, Capella
and Zuliani hoisting antenna.





Above: Bill Dixon, Murray Pinkiert and Dale Newcomb recording messages at electrical teletype message center.



Left: Emanuel Levey hands first message received in new Signal Center to Bill Dixon.

That unholy trio out of Co. A.'s motor pool: Oscar Marsh, Johnny Harzenski and Richard Brown, looking for something to shoot at.



"Dragon's Teeth" tank obstacles on the vaunted Siegfried Line.



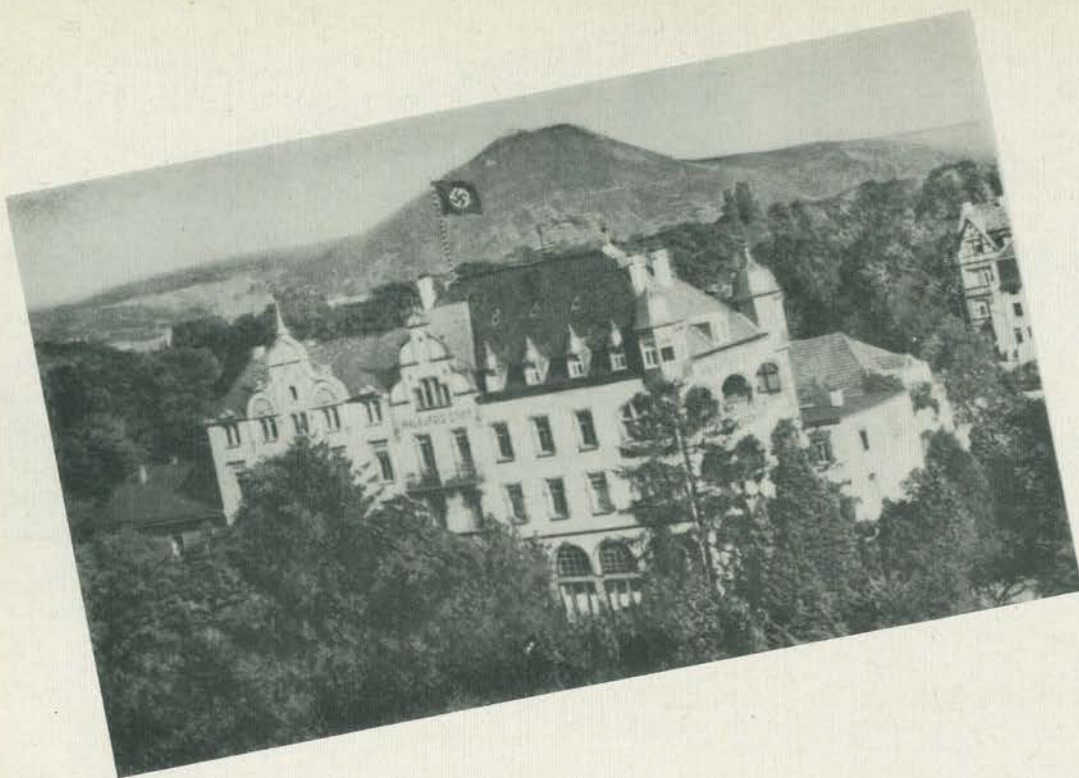
Right is Bill Steed, Co. B., servicing a teletype machine, which as you can plainly see, is hooked up with a BD-100 switchboard. Whole unit makes up a TC-3.





Above is Bill Steed at a teletype machine in Lt. Burns' showplace. Below: Al Schlitz operating a TG-7B teletype.





Above is another view of one of the main buildings in Bad Neuenahr.

Below, left and right: Villagers and religious dignitaries turn out for great religious festival, said to be the first that was allowed in that area since Hitler had come to power in the 30's.



VI. WAR CRIMES.

a. Below is a quotation from the sworn statement of a very reputable person who actually witnessed the act of violence described. Just in case you have tucked away in your minds the thought that German women are different from German men, let us tell you of the 'RHINE MAIDENS'.

".....I went over to where this American plane had fallen and he appeared to be suffering great pain.....five or six women jumped upon this wounded aviator. One of them punched him in the face several times with her fist, and tore his hair, shaking his head from side to side, throwing much blood out of his mouth and nose. Another woman jumped upon his chest and started jumping up and down. The others grabbed his arms and legs and seemed to be literally trying to tear him apart. While two of the women pulled his broken legs apart I saw a- ing "Give it to him! Tear him apart!" I saw several of minutes and could stand it no longer. I stayed there for about five was standing next to him that these acts were bestial, to which the woman replied, 'It is not bestial enough for those gangsters!'"

One of the women was described as being young and having black, wavy hair and big black eyes.

WHO WERE THEY

These women were ordinary Germans--Germans weaned on aggression, intolerance, hate. Remember the "RHINE MAIDENS" next time you meet a "friendly" German girl.

BUT HOW ABOUT THIS?

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wants assurance of a voice in any
(Continued on Next Page, Col. 6)

U.S. 15th Rules Saar, Other Reich Sections

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS OF ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, May 19 (A.P.)—The U.S. 15th army is ruling 14,000 square miles of Germany, including the rich Saar basin, the Rhine valley and the western half of the industrial Ruhr, the first official announcement of the 15th's occupational role disclosed today.

According to the best available estimates, from 300,000 to 400,000 United States troops will comprise the final American occupying force. This means the 15th army, now including two corps, will be strengthened by numerous additional units or augmented by another army.

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PEACE!



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...ercy hospital.

15th Army Designated To Occupy Germany

WASHINGTON, May 4 (A.P.)—The new American 15th army is the only one thus far designated as an occupation army in Germany. Secy. of War Stimson said at his news conference yesterday that the question of occupying the U. S. section of Germany is "a matter which will have to be decided by future events."

Then he added the 15th army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Leonard Gerow, "is the only one which has yet been designated as an occupation army." The designation had been previously indicated by supreme Allied headquarters, at Paris.

Peace Stocks Hold U-

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The officers said Ackerman's horn
sounded continuously several
blocks. The defendant was fined \$5
by Judge John J. Brennan.

War Soon Over In Germany, Says Stimson

WASHINGTON, May 3 (U.P.)—Secy. of War Henry L. Stimson today said he believes "the war against Germany has not long to run."

Stimson told his press conference that the 15th U. S. army has been designated as an occupational force in Europe.

He said the 15th was the only U. S. army so designated to date and added that future events will determine whether there will be others.

The White House kept the lid of secrecy on all information that would indicate whether any new surrender negotiations were in progress with what remained of the German government.

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Slick Chick Trick!

FRYER COMES B

SUPREME COMMANDER'S
VICTORY ORDER OF THE DAY

Men and Women of the Allied Expeditionary Force:

The crusade on which we embarked in the early summer of 1944 has reached its glorious conclusion. It is my especial privilege, in the name of all nations represented in this theater of war, to commend each of you for valiant performance of duty. Though these words are feeble they come from the bottom of a heart overflowing with pride in your loyal service and admiration for you as warriors.

Your accomplishments at sea, in the air, on the ground and in the field of supply, have astonished the world. Even before the final week of the conflict, you had put five million of the enemy permanently out of the war. You have taken in stride military tasks so difficult as to be classed by many doubters as impossible. You have confused, defeated and destroyed your savagely fighting foe. On the road to victory you have endured every discomfort and privation and have surmounted every obstacle ingenuity and desperation could throw in your path. You did not pause until our front was firmly joined up with the great Red Army coming from the East, and other allied forces, coming from the South.

Full victory in Europe has been attained.

Working and fighting together in a single and indestructible partnership you have achieved a perfection in unification of air, ground and naval power that will stand as a model in our time.

The route you have travelled through hundreds of miles is marked by the graves of former comrades. From them has been exacted the ultimate sacrifice; blood of many nations—American, British, Canadian, French, Polish and others—has helped to gain the victory. Each of the fallen died as a member of the team to which you belong, bound together by a common love of liberty and a refusal to submit to enslavement. No monument of stone, no memorial of whatever magnitude could so well express our respect and veneration for their sacrifice as would perpetuation of the spirit of comradeship in which they died. As we celebrate victory in Europe let us remind ourselves that our common problems of the immediate and distant future can be best solved in the same conceptions of cooperation and devotion to the cause of human freedom as have made this expeditionary force such a mighty engine of righteous destruction.

Let us not have part in the profitless quarrels in which other men will inevitably engage as to what country, what service, won the European War. Every man, every woman, of every nation here represented, has served according to his or her ability, and the efforts of each have contributed to the outcome. This we shall remember—and in doing so we shall be revering each honored grave, and be sending comfort to the loved ones of comrades who could not live to see this day.

Signed/DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

REPRODUCED HQ 15TH US ARMY
10 May 1945

OPERATION W/O FRATERNIZATION

(Continued from page 77)

Sample figures taken from the weekly traffic reports, show the volume of traffic that was handled by the 303rd in all phases of its operations in Germany. These are all weekly figures:

Teletype	606548 groups
Radio	70620 groups
Telephone	9959 calls
Cipher	393963 groups
Mtr Messenger ..	27142 pieces

Another noteworthy achievement of the motor messenger service was the covering of more than 55,000 miles during the month of May alone, with but a few minor mishaps.

Week upon week rolled by with all facilities operating as a well-oiled machine. Traffic increased a great deal the

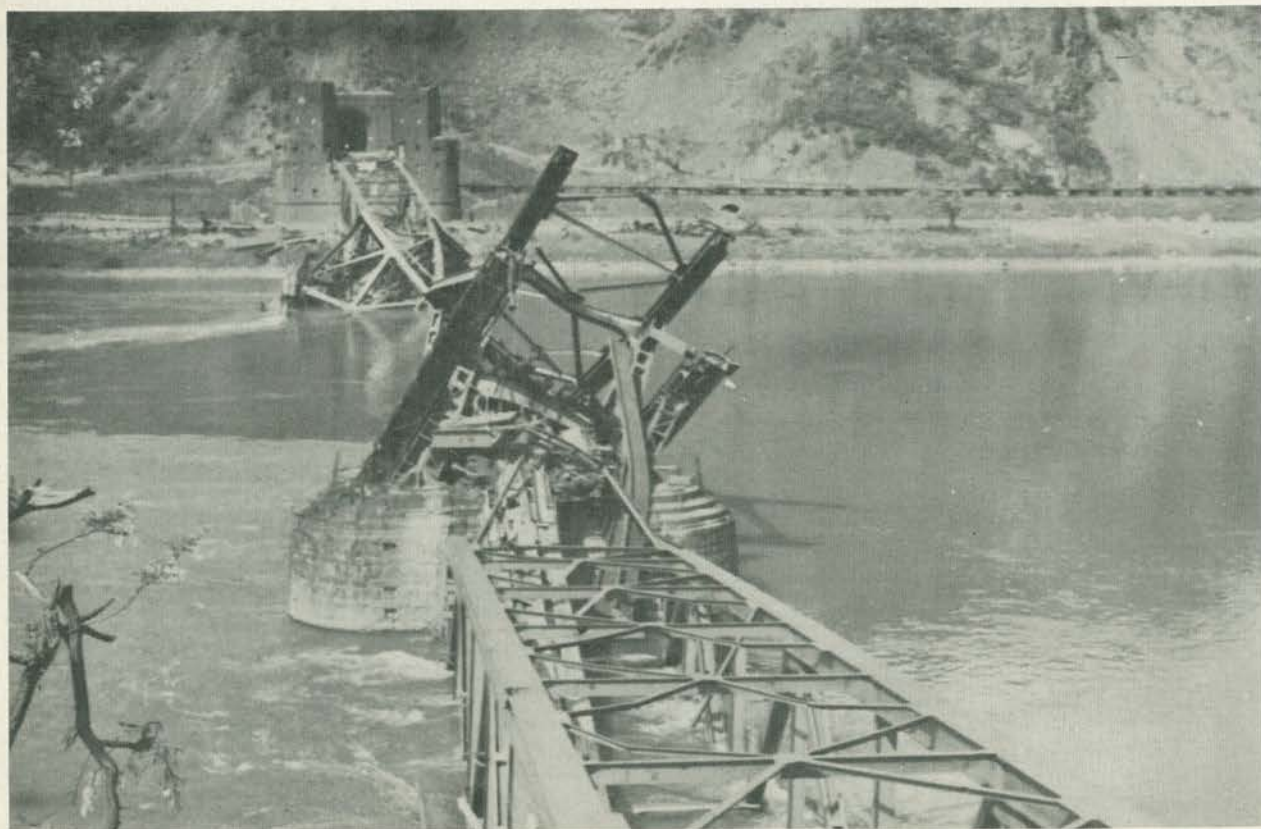
first few days after V-E day, but soon afterwards it began a steady decline, especially in cipher and radio.

We had all just become acclimated to our setup in Germany when suddenly on Sunday, June 17, orders were given to prepare to move to the Staging Area at Marseilles, France. We were to be there by the 22nd of June.

At first it seemed an impossibility to turn over the installation to another unit, not acquainted with it, but through the men of the other detachments who were remaining behind, and the 36th Signal Construction Battalion, who came in to supplement them, this feat was accomplished.

And so, on the 20th of June, the battalion departed from its last operation in the European theater and headed toward Marseilles, France and direct deployment to the Pacific.

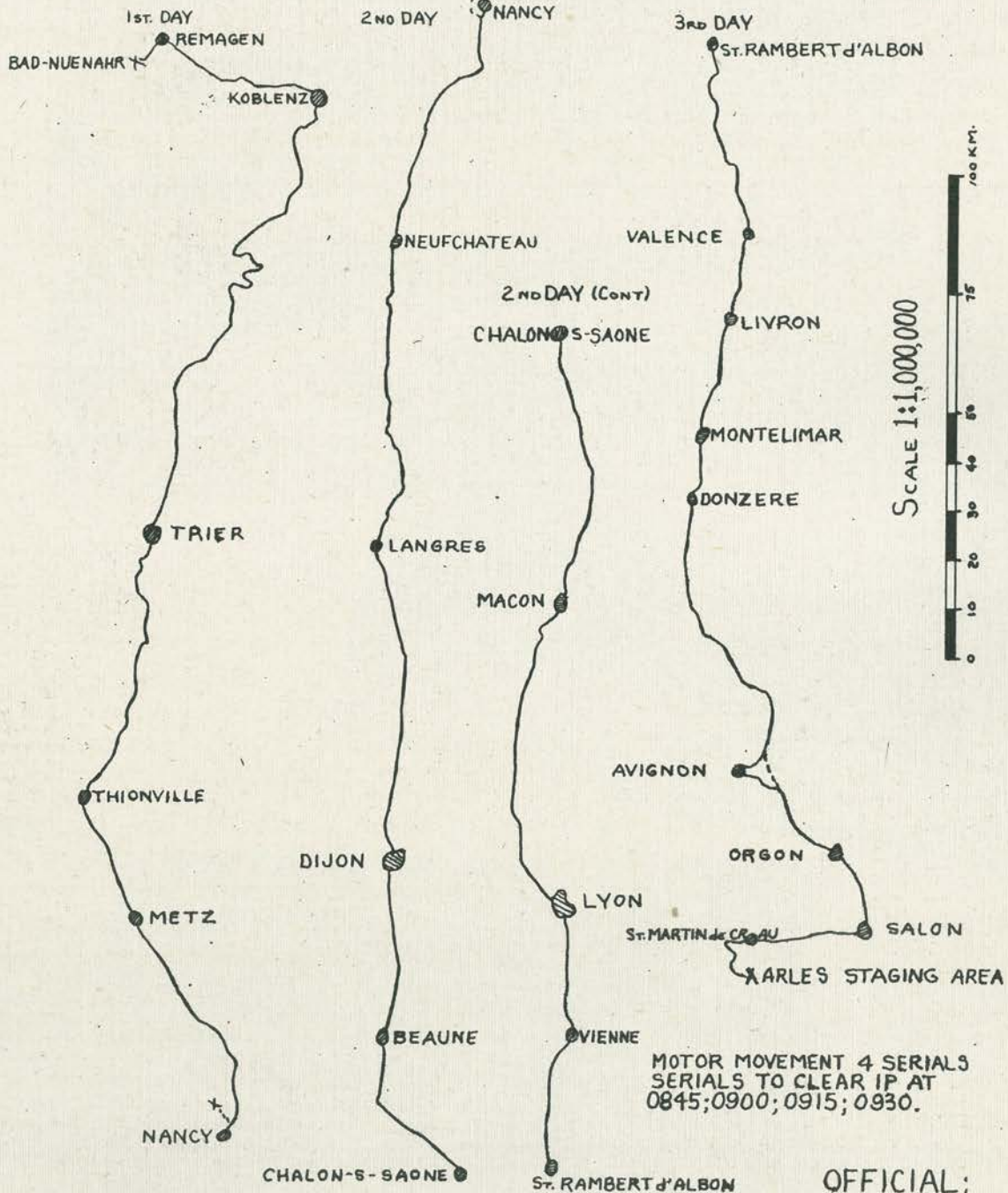
Below is the now famous Remagen Bridge, four miles from Triumph Headquarters at Bad Neuenahr. This view shows the battered span after it had collapsed, by which time our bridgeheads on the west bank of the Rhine were secure.



HQ. 303^d SIG. OPN. BN.

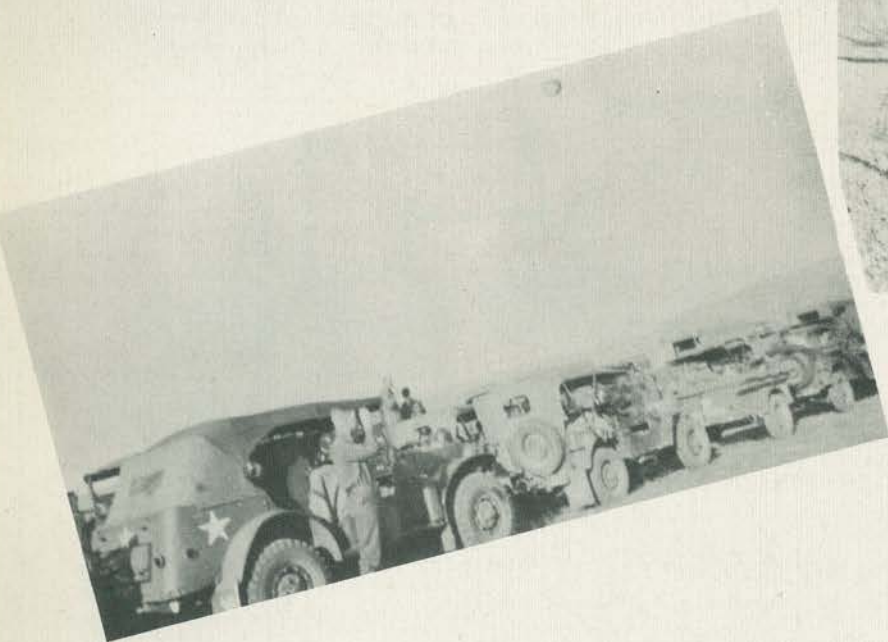
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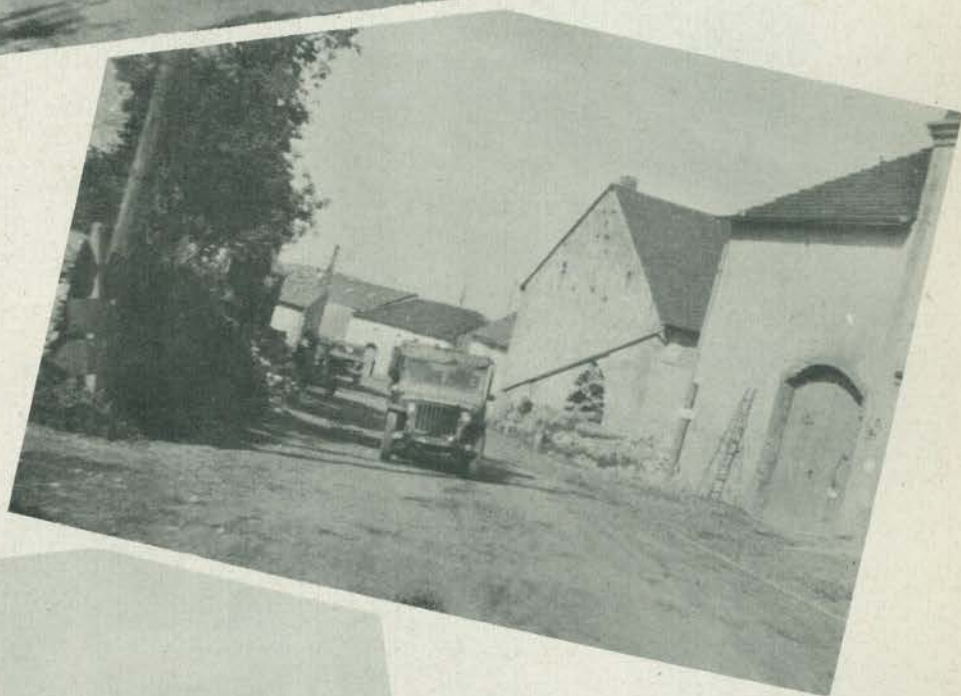


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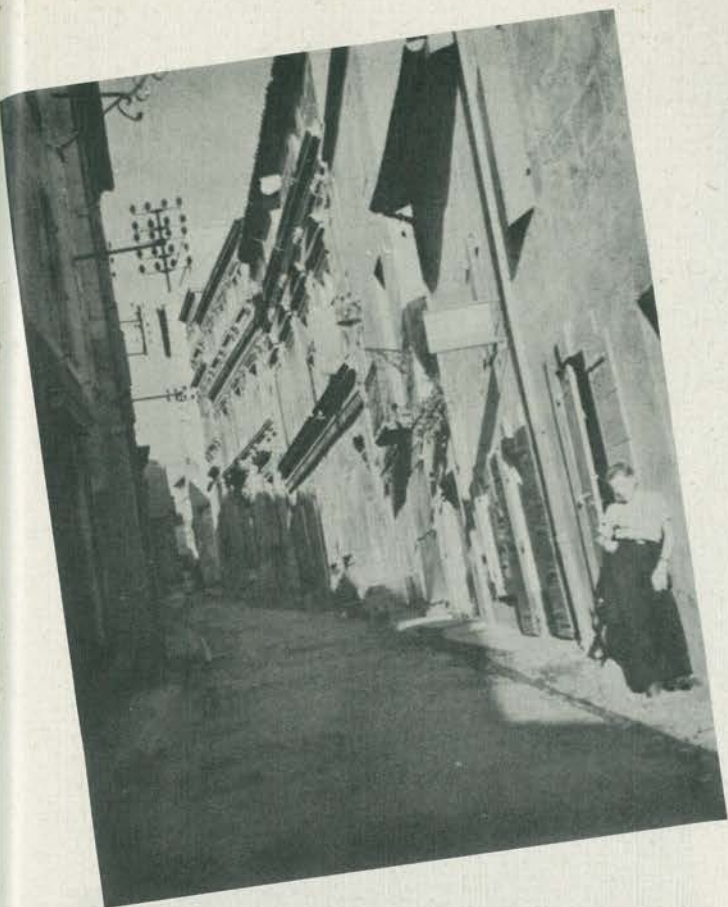
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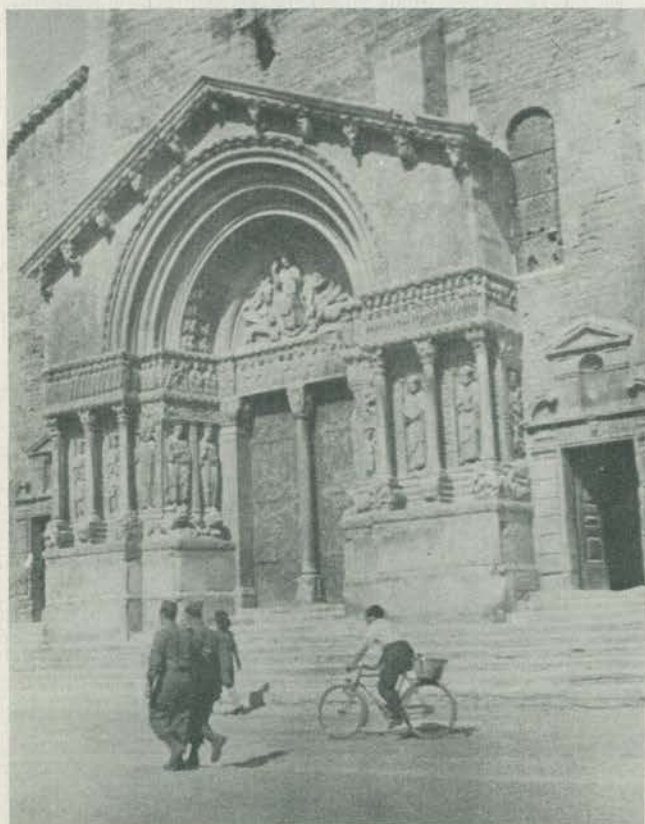
TRUCK CONVOY—BAD NEUENAUH TO ARLES STAGING AREA

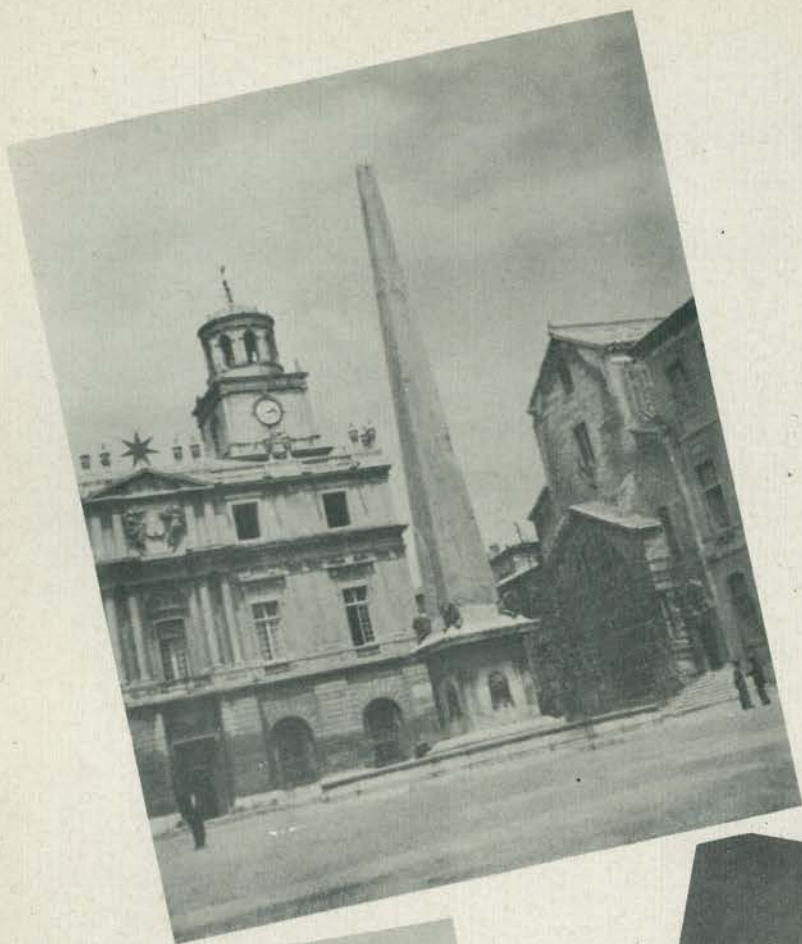




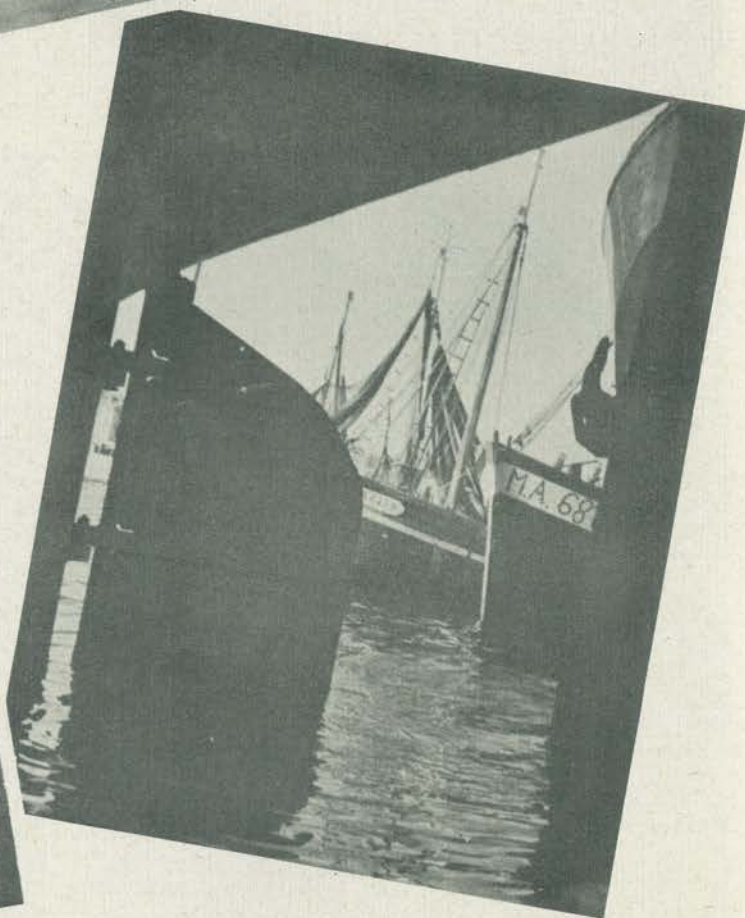


Photos on these two pages will refresh memories of the smelly, picturesque town of Arles, France, 10 miles from the desert wasteland of the Staging Area, 85 miles from teeming Marseille. It offered little to troops on pass except a Red Cross Club, beer at the bistros, and much French fraternization down its narrow, cobbly streets.





Two more views of Arles,
and bottom, right: Marseille
waterfront.



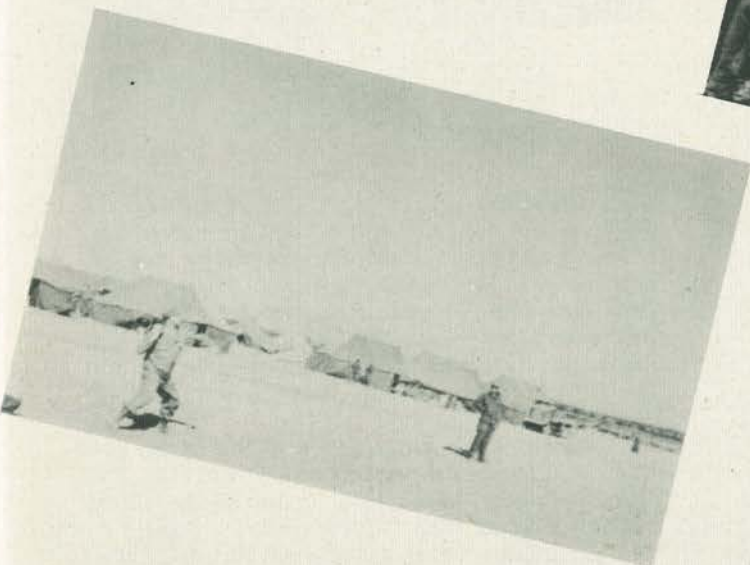


During five weeks at Arles Staging Area, Delta Base Section, we prepared to meet the Japs, as shown in this Bazooka and rifle grenade practice.



Outside of hours spent at Arles in training, equipping ourselves, packing and crating; much time was passed in athletic events as shown here.





More athletics—under a blazing sun that would have blistered an Arab. Here we see volleyball tournaments, broad jump and shot put; here Major Prescott threw it around so often that he picked up his nickname—the "Iron Ball."



AND OUR OWN RED CROSS GAL!

The battalion hadn't been in the ETO more than a few months when Dick Taylor's wife, Marge, decided she didn't trust him among all those French gals. Accordingly, she joined the Red Cross, and by pure luck, wound up in Scotland in March, 1945.

Taylor, upon whom fortune smiled benignly, wangled a seven-day leave to Scotland to see her, and by dint of more wangling, managed to stretch this to ten days.

In June, Marge was transferred to the continent and Taylor catching Major Kearns in a happy mood, beat it down to Paris to meet her. They spent three lovely days there waiting for her assignment to be announced. It was Bad Neuenahr, Germany, where the battalion was stationed! Followed then a wild ride back to the battalion, along with Jim Hassett, who had just finished school in Paris; a trip marred only by Taylor's inability to locate enough "little girl's rooms" along the route through France, Belgium and Germany.

Then the outfit was ordered to Arles Staging Area. Marge talked the Fifteenth Army Red Cross Field Supervisor into changing her orders . . . and Taylor talked fast and furious



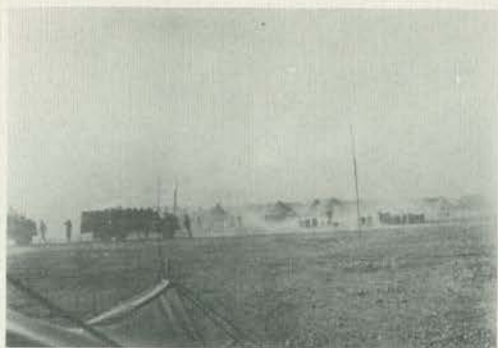
to Jim Kearns again . . . and what should develop but that Marge would go along too! In another Reconnaissance car, they took off, two jumps ahead of the battalion convoy with Dominick Viligor behind the wheel. This was pretty soft, for while the battalion slept out in fields, ate C rations, the Taylors were putting up at the best civilian establishments they could find.

Marge then helped open the first Red Cross Club in the Arles Area, and for five weeks Taylor went into town every night. (Major Kearns was feeling awfully good.)

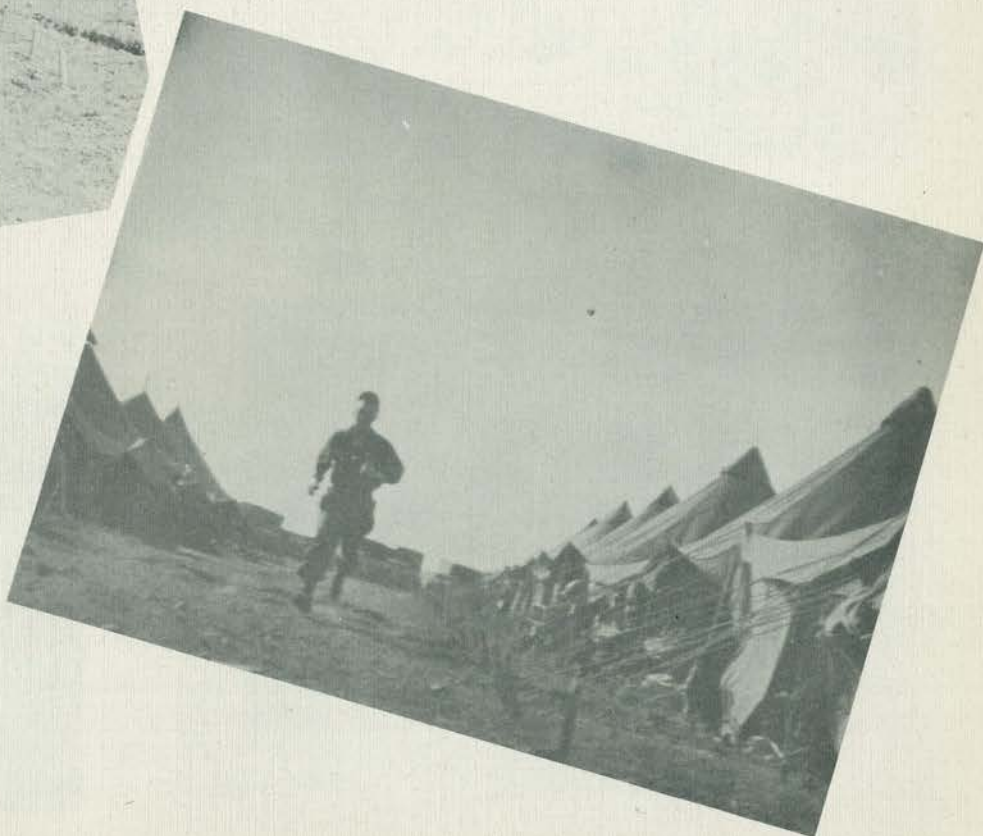
At last the outfit sailed, and Marge was at the dockside waving a teary goodbye, thinking it was a parting for a couple of more years. The Japs quit shortly thereafter, however, and Taylor met her coming home on the Gripsholm in October.

Some people had it. Tough war, what say?





The Staging Area at Arles was a beautiful layout of tents and dust, with nary a tree for a hundred miles. All day long the Mistral winds blew, filling bunks, food and eyes with dust, and ripping tents to shreds. Nights were spent chasing scorpions and spiders from bedrolls.







An old saying is that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." In the Arles Staging Area, we found that cleanliness was next to impossible, what with dust storms filling our bunks, mess kits and clothes. Nearest shower heads were a couple of miles away, and we longed with a fierce passion for the steamy luxury of the bath house at Bad Neuenahr. So we either piled in trucks to soap up at the nearest lake, or hiked or rode to stand in line at the shower heads . . . or else resorted to the time honored soldier's bath in a steel helmet, as per Newby and Stanliegh on the preceding page.

Top of page: Knieb, Stanliegh, Taylor, Kearns, Storer and Bertsch, prospective bathers . . . and below: Palmer, Pitkin, Prescott and Krieger after a soaping at the ocean. Salt water makes poor suds.

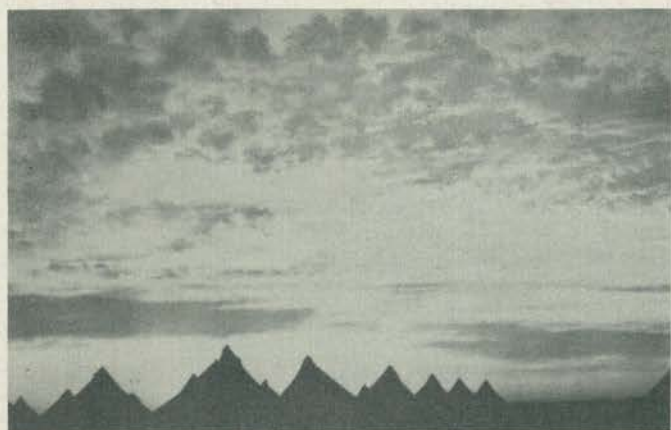




Passes to Marseille brought out the shots above and below. Left is bath day at the lake near Arles Staging Area.



Photo at left slipped in somehow in wrong order. It shows Majors Kearns and Prescott outside their Headquarters in Germany.





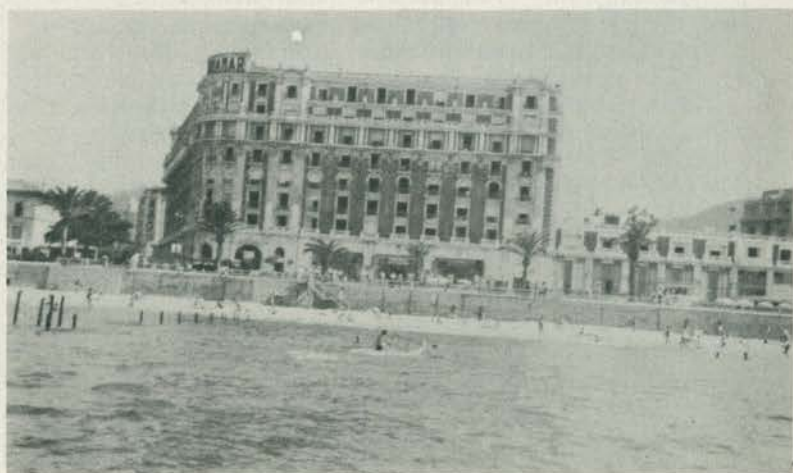
Top photo shows the Red Cross Club in Arles, where Marge Taylor set up cold cokes, doughnuts and coffee.

Some were lucky and got seven-day leaves to the Riviera. They came back with tales of French pulchritude on the beaches, and taught the rest of the battalion to sing current Riviera favorite, "Symphony," later to make the Hit Parade in the States.





More Riviera furloughs, more
beer, more women, more fun!

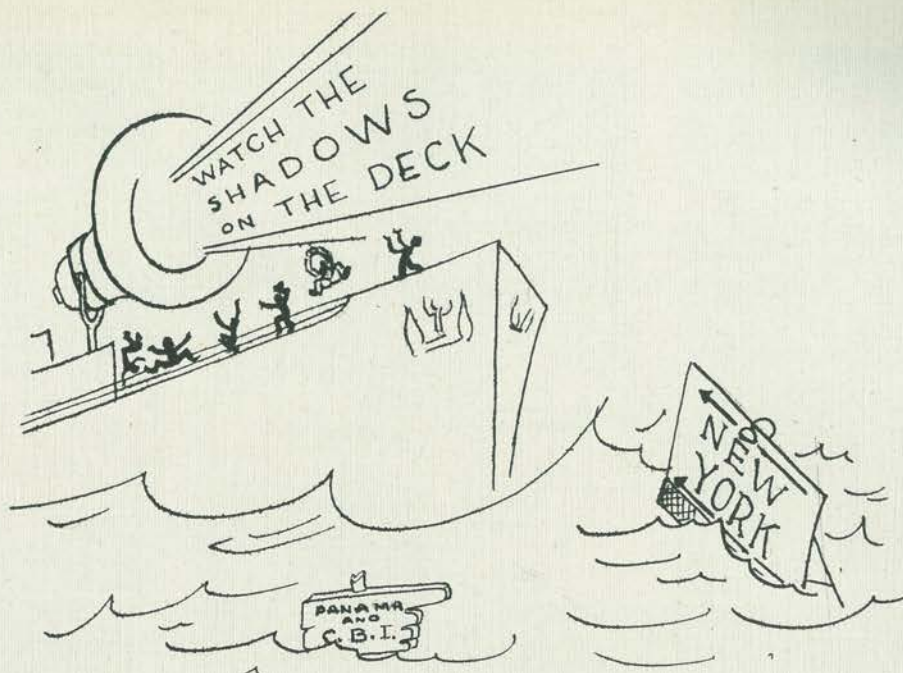




LEST WE FORGET: We offer this shot just so you can explain to your wife about those outdoor latrines on the corners of main streets all over France. Notice that unabashed young man busily communing with nature in full view of one and all. Letters on metal screen "Defense d'afficher," means "Post no bills." We offer the translation for what it's worth.

LEST WE FORGET: With apologies to Lt. Lyman Wells for placing him on the same page with a French outhouse, we give you his picture at right. No sonny, that's not a bald headed convict, that's old "Lemons" himself, the guy who volunteered . . . to precede our convoy by two weeks, as custodian of our equipment. Personnel were rerouted into New York come VJ Day, but equipment and Lemons continued on to the Pacific, to cruise aimlessly about for months. Battalion got home in August, 1945. Wells rejoined us in February, 1946!





ARLES TO STATESIDE

BY JULIUS TURNER

On June 20, after frenzied packing, the 303rd took off again, this time for Arles staging area, near Marseilles, France. No one was very happy about the move. The rumor had gotten well around that we were headed straight for the Pacific, without a stop at the States, like many lower-point but less essential outfits.

Stops were made on the way to Arles at Nancy and St. Rambert, where the men tried to get as much from France as they could while it was still available.

Arles staging area was bad—probably not quite so bad as "D" Area. The word quickly spread that some famous French author or sculptor or something, named Daudet or Gauguin or G. B. Shaw or something like that, had gone mad because of the mistrals, or regular sandstorms, which regularly swept the Arles area during the summer months. We did not sympathize very much with the madman; he at least had a house.

Twelve men from B Co., six from A and one from Hq., were transferred to the 3188 Signal Service Battalion for return to the states for discharge because of age and points. (None of them got back before the 303rd itself.) Forty-one men were assigned to the battalion as

reinforcements from the 54th Replacement Battalion.

On July 25 Lt. Lyman R. Wells was ordered on detached service for approximately 75 days on the merchant vessel Sillesbee, to accompany our equipment to the Pacific. The 303rd hasn't seen him since, although he finally got back from the Far East just before Christmas, and will report about Feb. 2.

Packing was completed July 25, and until embarkation August 5 the battalion spent most of its time waiting and worrying. Larry Lax, former "A" Co. clerk, came down to see his boys off at the pier (he got back to the states a month after his poor boys did).

The ship was a good one, the USS Harry Taylor, a Navy transport, with good food and good quarters for A Co. and Headquarters, who were assigned to the hospital section, and did not particularly object to the signs on the doors which said they were madmen.

First news of the atomic bomb came just as the Harry Taylor pulled out of the port, and from that point on the ship's radio operator was the most popular man on the boat. Bob Swanson's band, now

(Continued on page 128)

AT HOME: AMERICA TOASTS THE VICTORY



Associated Press



International



Associated Press

Victory capers: the Navy cuts up in Times Square and Boston; in San Francisco two nude blondes cavort in a lily pond

Change Course

When the war ended at 7 p.m. EWT Tuesday, Aug. 14, redeployment was still in full swing. In the next few hours, the Army ordered thirteen troop ships already en route to the Pacific theater to change course and turn back toward the United States. Here is a chronicle of events on one of the lucky thirteen:

The news began breaking Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 7, the time of sailing from Marseille. The Mediterranean was blue and peaceful and the Gen. Harry Taylor, a Navy transport bound for the Pacific by way of the Panama Canal, rode like a gull. The 3,212 men of the Fifteenth Army and the 54 Army nurses on board listened: An atomic bomb had been dropped on Japan; the Russians were in the war; another bomb had hit Nagasaki.

By Thursday they had left Gibraltar and headed out in the Atlantic swell. Some of the men were seasick; most of them were heartsick and lonely with the awful inner emptiness of soldiers jammed in close quarters and going to another war. A handful bustled about getting out a ship's newspaper, *The Taylor Maid*. There was plenty of news now, and as the ship pounded westward, news and rumors grew.

Watching for Shadows: Friday night brought a radio résumé of the Japanese suit for peace. The long wait had begun. Saturday and Sunday dragged by. Sunday night, men going to sleep on deck asked the guards to wake them if the war ended. Monday, hearing about the false United Press report the night before, they thought of Times Square and the frenzied New York crowds.

Through the long daylight hours of Tuesday the men waited. Maybe it was all a Jap trick; maybe the war would go on for months and years; maybe they'd never get home. Tuesday night at 9 o'clock came the word: In Washington, President Truman had announced Japanese acceptance of surrender terms. From keel to crow's nest the ship shook with roars of jubilation. Then an officer called for a minute of silent prayer for the American dead.

The war was over, but what about us, the men wanted to know. Most of them had seen little if any combat. With low point scores, they were not likely to be released. Probably they would serve as occupation troops. The question was simply: What next?

Once more rumors swept the ship. There were long noisy arguments. Bets were made with odds determined only by men's confidence in their own baseless estimates. The homesick, thinking of their slim chances of reaching home, felt lonelier than ever.

Wednesday morning men woke with unusual curiosity. Those who slept below raced to deck to look. No, the sun still cast their shadows toward the port side; the ship had not changed course.

Again the men settled down to wait and talk. While the sun climbed slowly higher, the men's hopes sank lower. Steadily the ship plowed on.

Wednesday afternoon at 3:21 a voice boomed from the loudspeaker on the bridge: "Attention, all hands."

Men stopped talking and listened. The voice boomed again: "Watch the shadows on the deck of the ship [a pause] . . . as the bow turns [again a pause] . . . to New York."

A mighty roar went up. The men cheered deliriously . . . "All hell broke loose," one said later. Last Saturday when the ship docked, the fever of excitement was still on them. The future looked bright—for 30 days at any rate.

In 72 Hours

Like all transcendent events, the end of the war wrought an emotional pattern of broad contrasts. During the 72 hours that the nation celebrated last week, these were some of the counterpoles:

☛ The Milwaukee man was telling it: "You know the old lady who runs the laundry. She weighs at least 300 pounds. Tonight when the whistles began to blow, she grabbed me and kissed me so hard she broke three teeth in my lower plate. 'Don't worry, I'll pay for it because I've wanted to kiss you all my life,' she told me."

In two American communities—Maywood, Ill., and Harrodsburg, Ky.—the loss had been proportionately greater than for most. Their young men had fought with the 192d Tank Corps on Bataan. On victory night they counted the known dead (69 and 19 respectively) and the liberated (4 and 5); then prayed for the others still prisoners (116 and 42).

☛ The Navy chief petty officer and his wife walked hand-in-hand down Pike Street in Seattle. Someone asked his plans for the future. "Raise babies and keep house!" he shouted happily as he stopped to kiss his wife.

In Overton Park, Memphis, the woman sat with bent head alone on a bench. A reporter covering the celebration saw her shoulders quiver. A small piece of paper



Tribune

LATE CITY
EDITION

ST 19, 1945

Section One

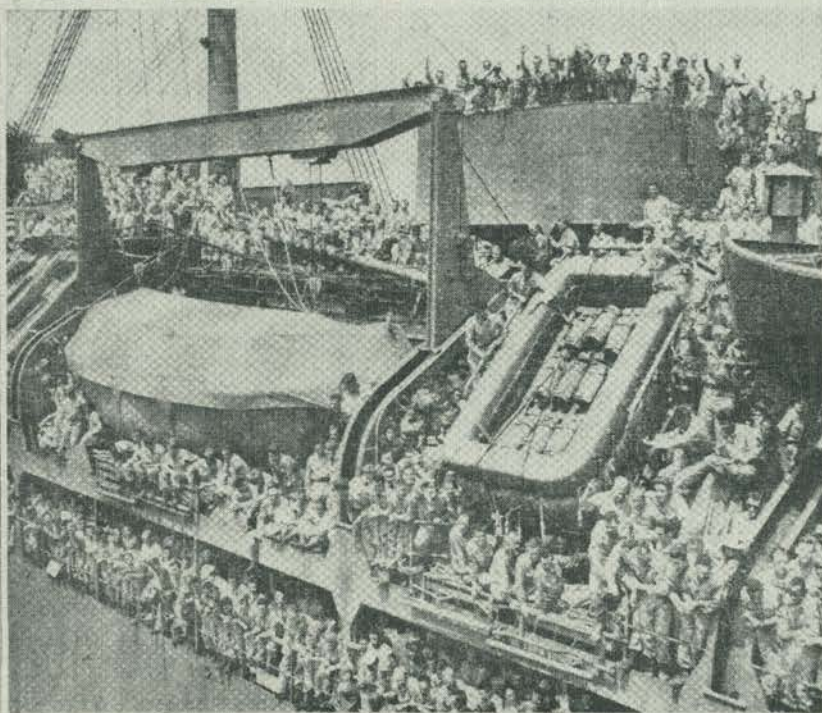
10 Cents in New York City and Suburbs
15 Cents Elsewhere

Tokyo Envoys Flying to Manila After A Brief Stop at Ie Shima; MacArthur Has Terms Ready

Bound for the Pacific—but Landed Instead at New York Arrive on Island West of
Okinawa in 2 Planes
With B-25s as Escorts

Thirteen in Party,
Civilians Included

Reach U. S. Lines 9 Days
After Surrender Offer,
5 Days After Armistice



Jovous troops crowding the superstructure of the transport General Harry Taylor as she arrived at New York yesterday instead of proceeding to the Pacific, her original destination. Sailing from Marseille, France, on Aug. 7, the ship was two days from the Panama Canal when the Japanese surrender caused orders to be sent to her to dock instead at New York. The passengers were not displeased.

More than 5,000 soldiers who shipped out of Europe Aug. 7 aboard two ships bound straight for the Pacific and another war landed instead at New York yesterday—and every one aboard seemed to agree it was a vast improvement over Manila. "In fact, I thought the ship would

jump three feet out of the water at the noise the boys made when they heard the news they were coming home," said Miss Charlotte Monks, of 67 Park Avenue, an assistant field director for the American Red Cross, and was a passenger on the Navy transport General Taylor. The

Taylor, carrying 3,145 soldiers, fifty-four Army nurses and three Red Cross workers, docked at 1 p. m. at Pier 88, Hudson River and Forty-eighth Street, amid whistles, cheers and hot music from the welcoming all-Negro 472d Army Service Forces (Continued on page 2, column 6)

Battle Reported in Kuriles

MANILA, Aug. 19 (Sunday) (AP).—Japanese Imperial Headquarters radioed General Douglas MacArthur today that "some of your forces" had landed on Shimushu in the Kuriles, north of Japan, and Japanese forces "are obliged to resort to arms for self-defense."

The report, transmitted over the official channel designated by MacArthur in English Morse, was made after Emperor Hirohito was quoted by Japanese officials as having issued an order Thursday for his forces everywhere to cease hostilities.

By The Associated Press

MANILA, Aug. 19 (Sunday).—Winging in from Tokyo on the code "Bataan," Japan's surrender emissaries landed on little Ie Shima in the Okinawa group today. Within forty-five minutes they boarded a giant American C-54 and left to meet their conquerors in Manila.

The Japanese transports, white-painted and marked with green crosses, landed thirteen men, most of them in uniform, after their five-hour and twenty-seven-minute trip from Tokyo. Their arrival came nine days after Japan had

5,000 Troops

(Continued from page one)

Band, of Camp Shanks, N. Y. The second diverted ship, the Marine Panther, docked at 7 p. m. at Pier 84, Hudson River and Forty-fourth Street, with 2,438 on board.

The Taylor and the Panther were the first to arrive of some eighteen Pacific-bound vessels carrying troops direct to the Japanese theater which were diverted to United States ports following Japan's acceptance of the Allied surrender terms. In addition to the 5,640 returned service personnel aboard the two ships, nine smaller vessels arrived direct from Europe yesterday with 1,803, a total for the day of eleven ships and 7,443 passengers.

Unlike men direct from the European theater who have arrived in olive drab, the soldiers aboard the General Taylor wore khaki uniforms, issued before they left Europe for use in the Philippines. The ship sailed from Marseille on the afternoon of Tuesday, Aug. 7, steamed past Gibraltar two days later, and started to buzz with news of the atomic bomb and Russia's entry into the war.

The men had been told they were heading for the Pacific without stopping off in the United States. "Peace rumors were rife on Aug. 12," said the ship's newspaper, "The Taylor Maid." "The ship's radio personnel copied pages of reports. The temperature ran over 100 in the compartments and the men slept on deck, waking to ask guards if the awaited news had come. . . .

Minute of Silent Prayer

"There was one question popping in everybody's mind: 'If the war ends, is this trip necessary?'"

"Monday, Aug. 13, which we thought would be the crucial day, proved to be a dud. Tuesday was another day of waiting. But at 9:01 p. m., ship's time, shortly after President Truman had made his announcement in Washington, the loud speakers made the official disclosure."

Jubilation rang out, the newspaper said, broken only by one minute of silent prayer by all aboard for buddies left behind. Then followed speculation.

"What was to become of the passengers on the Harry Taylor?" the mimeographed newspaper said in its review of the voyage. "The captain promised to announce any

change in course. No word came. Rumor started again. Did they need us in the Pacific theater to relieve the troops who have been there so long?"

"Suddenly, although unexpected, at 3:21 p. m. Wednesday, Aug. 15 (the vessel was two days from the Panama Canal entrance), came the breath-taking announcement from the bridge: 'Attention, all hands. Watch the shadows on the deck of the ship move as the bow turns to . . . New York!'"

The moment, men aboard the Taylor said yesterday as the ship docked, was as dramatic as any in the war.

Private First Class William Wolfson, of 119 East Twenty-sixth Street—his home, which he had not seen for more than twelve months, is "only a few blocks from the pier"—described the scene as pandemonium.

"Everybody yelled at once," he said. "They slapped each other's backs, they shook each other's hands. There were tears in many eyes, even a few in my own."

"I was never so happy in all my life," said Lieutenant Helen Szymanowski, of 331 Locust Avenue, Port Chester, N. Y., an Army nurse. "We all felt that way."

Wounded by Mortar Shell

Technician Fourth Grade Thomas E. McIntyre, of 1610 Avenue J, Brooklyn, was on his way to Manila after having been away from home twenty-three months. He landed on D Day with the 159th Combat Engineers, was wounded in the left leg and hand by a German mortar shell in September, 1944, and about eight weeks ago, after he had been transferred to a field hospital unit, was told he would be sent straight to the Pacific.

"I thought it was a pretty raw deal," he said yesterday. "So when I heard the loudspeaker say I was coming home—well, I didn't believe it. The next thing I knew we were all batting each over the heads. You never heard such noise."

The four-day run from the turning point to New York Private Wolfson described as "the milk run—very pleasant."

"The fellows have been taking things from each other that, before, would have had them knocking each other's teeth out," he said. "Now, everybody's pals."

The men aboard the Taylor and Marine Panther were debarked to Camp Kilmer, N. J. They will get thirty-day furloughs before being reassigned, some possibly to the Pacific theater occupation forces,

or discharged. Most are service troops.

Units Aboard Ships

The Taylor carried units of the 83d, 84th and 85th Field Hospitals, 1317th Engineer General Service Regiment, 303d Signal Operations Battalion, 46th Signal Heavy Construction Battalion, 4205th Quartermaster Service Company, 2823d Engineer Petrol Distributing Company, 1795th Engineer Foundry Detachment, and 1637th Engineer Construction Battalion.

Aboard the Marine Panther were units of the 209th, 227th and 321st Ordnance Ammunition Companies, 600th Port Company, 4034 Signal Operations Company, 1328 Engineer Construction Battalion, 303d Quartermaster Medium Maintenance Company, 3537th, 3773d and 3775th Quartermaster Truck Companies, 502d Quartermaster Car Company, 70th Station Hospital, 239th Chemical Base Depot Company, 198th Chemical Depot Company, 1023d Engineer Treadway Bridge Company, 142d Ordnance Base Auto Maintenance Battalion, and the 632d Engineer Light Equipment Company.

Other ships arriving with troops yesterday were the Pierre Soule, which landed 739 men bound for Camp Kilmer; the Samuel Johnston, with 436, also for Camp Kilmer; the Joseph Alston, with 433 men for Camp Shanks; the James Duncan, with 146 men for Camp Shanks; the Warren Delano, eighteen men for Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn; the Cape Lookout, thirteen men for Camp Kilmer; the Fairwind, nine men for Fort Hamilton; the Oliver Loving, seven men for Camp Kilmer, and the Sarah J. Hale, two men for Fort Hamilton. All ships but the General Taylor and Marine Panther docked at Staten Island.

3 Ships Rerouted to U. S.

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
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PARIS, Aug. 18.—Three United States Army transports with 7,043 troops aboard were rerouted at sea toward an American port after they had set sail from Marseille for the Pacific Theater of Operations, it was announced today by Army headquarters in Europe.

The troops who for the most part are attached to service and supply organizations, awoke this morning to find out their ships were traveling in a westward direction. The rerouted vessels were the U. S. H. Gibbons, the General Hase and the Exchange.

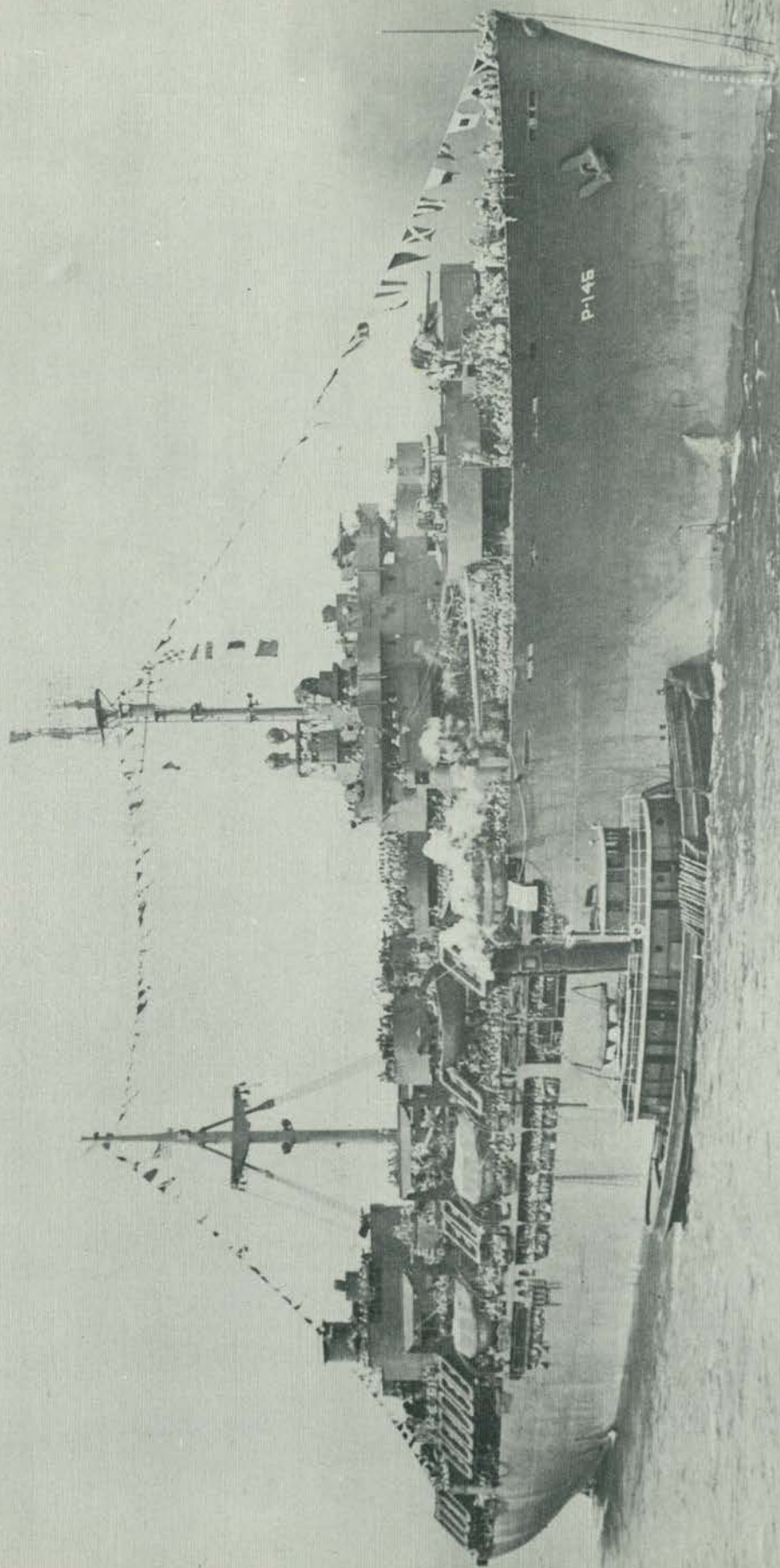


Photo Courtesy, "The News," New York

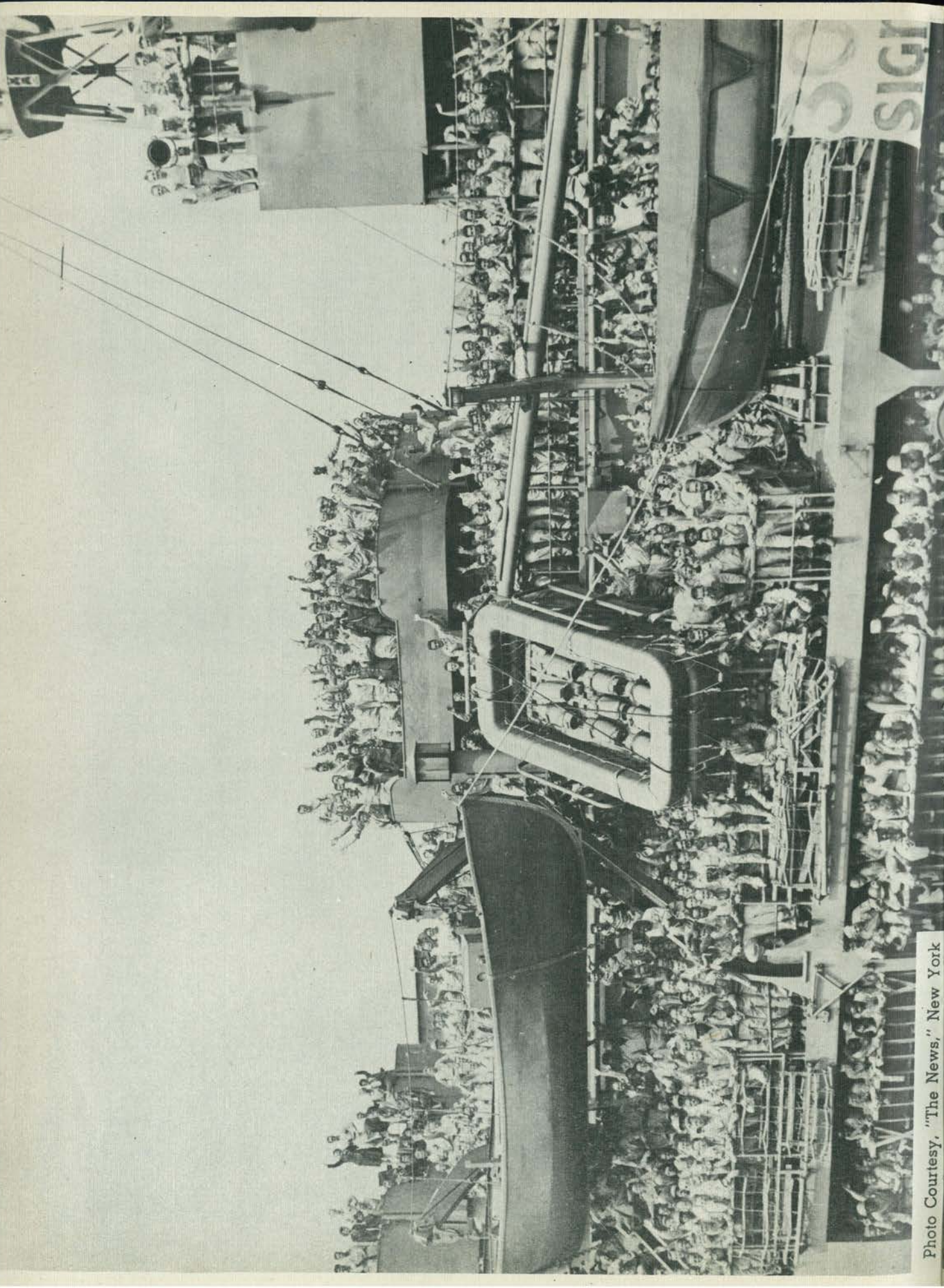


Photo Courtesy, "The News," New York



Photo Courtesy, "The News," New York

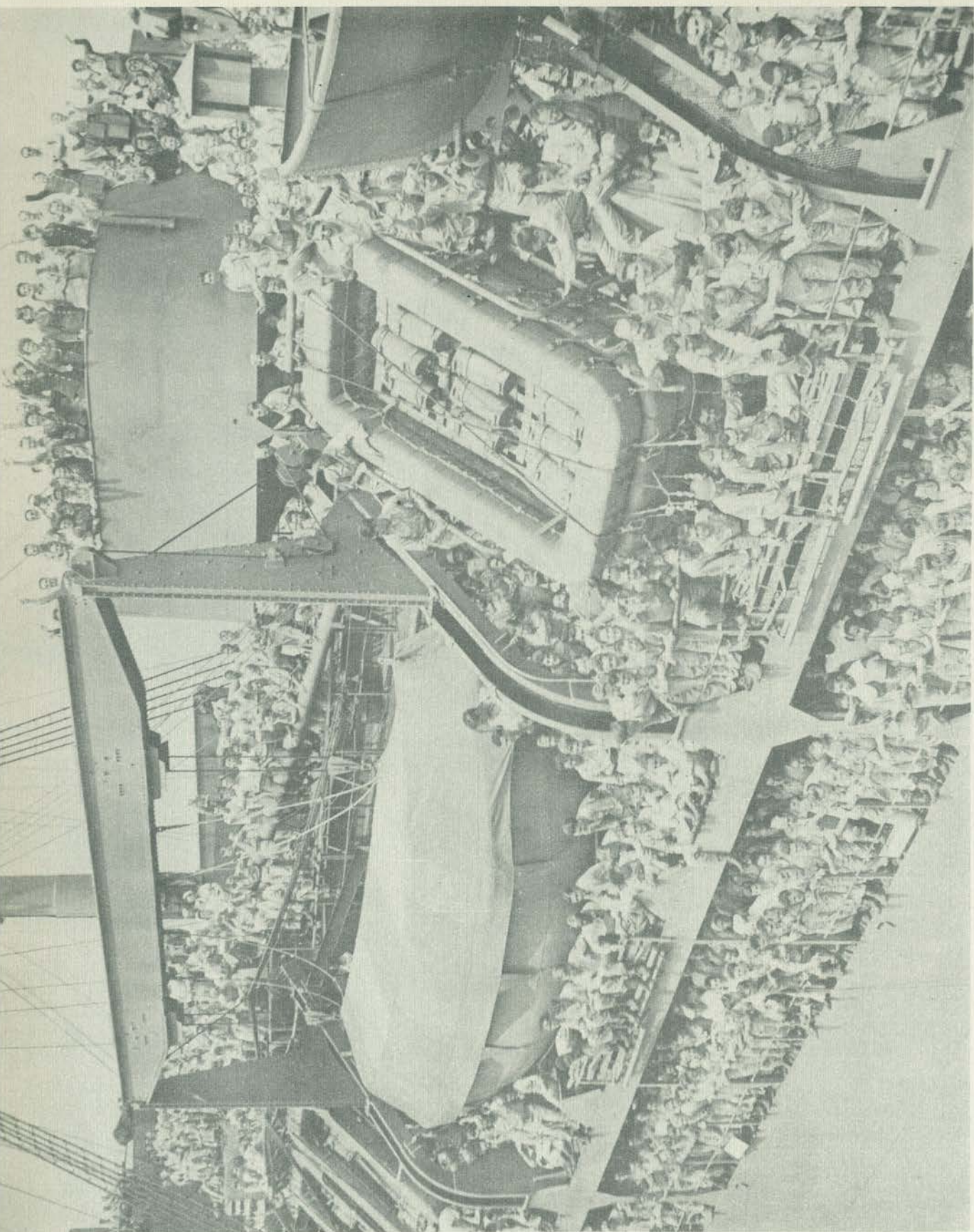




Photo Courtesy, "The News," New York



Photo Courtesy, "The News," New York

MEUSE RIVER TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 75)

could make our history-making withdrawal. It was blood-curdling to hear Dick barking out orders to his men. The men were so inspired that they all stuck by their guns until Lt. Dick knew that further resistance was foolish and he gave that history-making order: "Let's get the hell out of here, that didn't sound like an American tank to me!"

At 1730 on the button, the entire advance party of about 40 men, 10 trucks, two dogs and three blondes were packed and the motors revving up, ready to take off. It was cold and snowing and starting to get pretty foggy but Ole Charlie was up to the occasion. He gave a few brief orders to Sgt. Mogen about how to dispose of the hot stuff in case of an air attack or an ambush. Mogen assured him that his men could handle any situation that might arise and then he looked in the back of a weapons carrier and saw one of the three aforementioned blondes and quickly repudiated his statement.

Lt. "Pathfinder" Knieb said he was going in the first jeep and for all trucks to keep it closed up tight all the way. After Knieb hit the highway on the outskirts of the town there wasn't a P-38 built that could keep up with him. What a time: children screaming, bells ringing, old women yelling, dogs barking and the three blondes squealing phrases d'amour.

The first stop on the itinerary was at Dinant to pick up some hot stuff of Company B, which had never trained for such an emergency and were caught with their cables down. Then across the river Meuse where we were held up an hour trying to explain to some English guards what we were doing. They had never heard of a strategic withdrawal being made so damned fast.

We followed a winding trail out of Dinant and weren't bothered so much by the fog as we were by the long streams of tanks, field guns and infantry columns going in the opposite direction. This stuff really hampered our progress to the rear, but we fought through and only once did they give us any serious trouble, when a big Sherman Tank started coming towards Knieb's jeep. Knieb stuck his head out and yelled at the tank driver who in turn stuck his head out and said some uncomplimentary things also. But the tank driver was very smart and got the

hell off to the side of the road and let us through. If he hadn't we'd have smeared him all over the road.

It was 2345 when we reached our destination, a blacked out little town called Cerfontaine. There were other convoys there when we arrived. These were mostly Fifteenth Army Headquarters Troops and a lot of brass. There were full Colonels running all over the joint. We were billeted in a large modern high school building with a lot of other special troops.

Lt. Knieb's men went to work right away and within fifteen minutes they had a switchboard all hooked up and communications in with the other Armies. It was really a masterful piece of work, with a lot of credit due Hunter Hughes and Bob Lang and their team of speed merchants from the I and M Platoon.

Walter Mills went to work at midnight after the lines were in and had a very efficient message center in operation. The old Delaware mortgage peddler was really on the ball. In the meantime Mogen and "his" men were finding a place to park the hot stuff and also were working out a guard detail for it: Goldfeathers Goldblatt, Jumpin Joe Hoos, Count Vierra and I. Q. Davis. About this time some Colonel came running in with a report that we should be on the alert for paratroopers, either dropping or planning to drop in the vicinity. All the guards were immediately doubled, but nothing ever materialized.

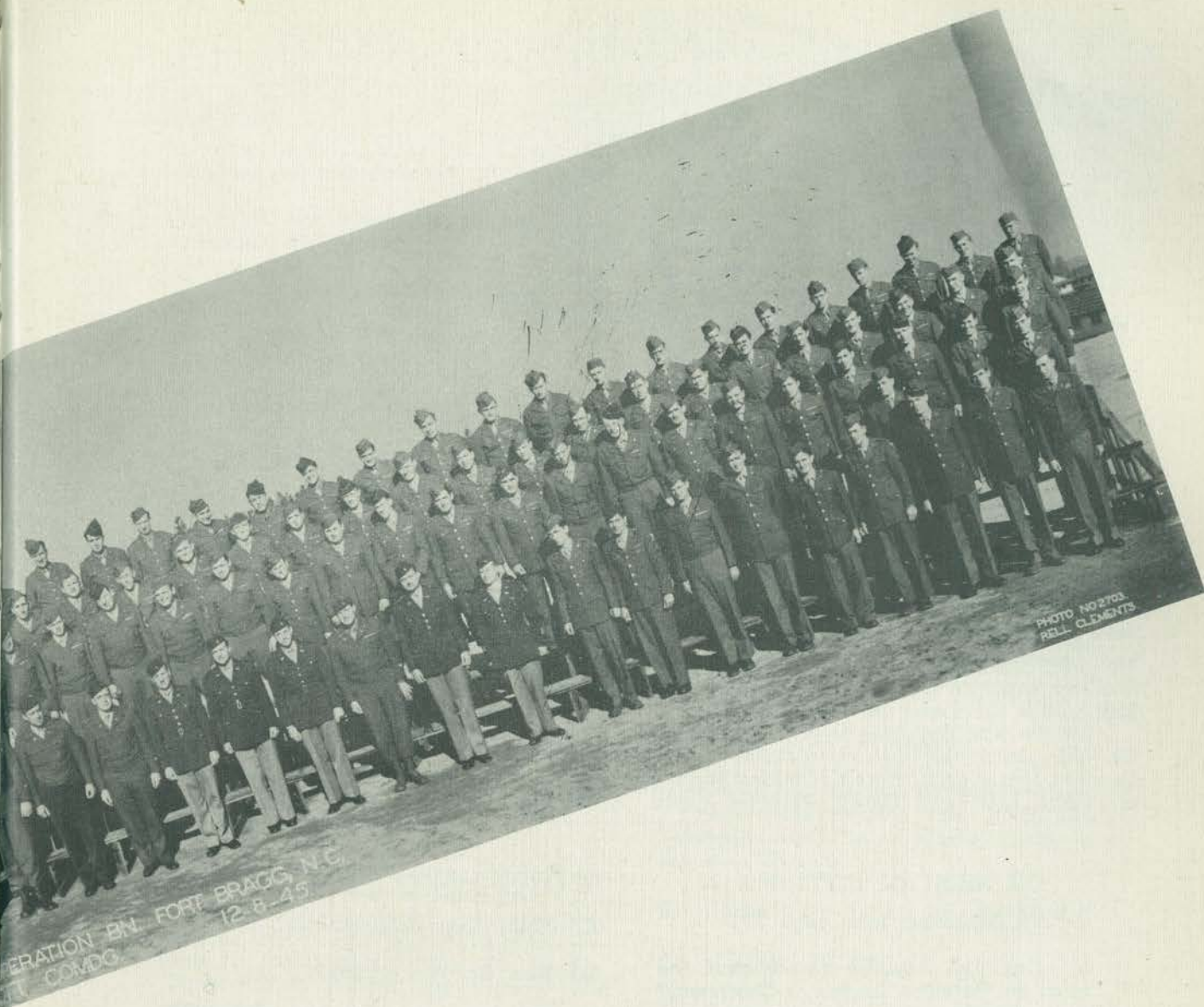
Next morning the men were up looking for slit trenches and the officers were up looking for details. Everyone had slept that night except the 303rd who had been busy pulling guard, installing communications and policing up the area so that by morning there wasn't a cigarette butt or chewing gum wrapper in sight.

On the 24th we started another long trek down to Suippes, France where we were fated to spend the next several weeks. The town clock was tolling out 12 as we got the signal to go. At four o'clock that afternoon the Dutchmen came over Cerfontaine and blasted hell out of the place, levelling the high school building.

Even at this late date if you will stop in a saloon in Loan, Paris, Houyet or Bayonne you will see guys and gals raising their glasses of Calvados in a toast to the 303rd which goes something like this —

"To the 303rd—The spearhead of the retreat in the Battle of the Bulge."





In October, 1945, after forty five days of furlough, the Battalion reassembled at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. Many faces were already missing, due to discharges at Reception Centers. In November, we moved to Fort Bragg, N. C., and from then on it was just a matter of time until the last man was discharged. This photo was the last ever taken of the Battalion as a whole and is full of new faces. Those old familiar faces which can be found by diligent search, belong to men and officers who signed up to stay a year or two, or else were only waiting for enough points to get out.



LAST ROUNDUP

On February 25, 1946 the 303rd Signal Operation Battalion officially broke up. By this time, what little was left of its personnel were mostly newcomers—fillers for those who had been discharged. These were gathered into two separate Operation Companies: the 15th (old B. Co.,) and the 21st (old A. Co.)

On the last day, the above members of the old guard gathered at Battalion Headquarters. Left to right: Harold Blankley staying in,) John Dick and Chuck Ebersold (both

separated in August, 1946,) Dana Prescott (signed up to stay until June, 1947,) Dick Taylor (accepted Regular Army commission,) and "Lemons" Wells (just back from his Pacific tour and waiting for separation.)

Of the old "originals," Andy Chatham is not shown, as well as several enlisted men who had re-enlisted, and were on furlough. Picture was taken by Scud Stanleigh, barred because he had not joined battalion until it was in Germany, and was therefore not an "old boy."

THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 23

(Continued from page 32)

Q.—Can you describe the situation the night the Battalion landed at Cherbourg?

A.—For three days before we hit Cherbourg we had to wear tin hats. Danger area, they said. No lights. Then we get into the harbor and the whole lousy town is lit up like Hofstetter on a Paris pass. Everybody stays on deck saying goodbye to the nurses until 2030, and then we go below to get on our field equipment.

Q.—Was there any report of enemy action locally?

A.—Hell, no. They sent all the nurses ashore first. From 2030 until 0400 we stood in the companionway with all our packs, tin hats, guns and duffle bags.

Q.—Where was Colonel Wise?

A.—Eating coconut marshmallow cookies and looking for Joe Lurenz.

Q.—Where was Joe Lurenz?

A.—Hiding from Colonel Wise.

Q.—How did you debark?

A.—We went down a slippery gangplank two inches wide and five miles high, and squatted on a Buffalo barge a mile out in the harbor. It was raining so hard we thought we were on Noah's Ark. Finally Sgt. Jones and Cpl. Krusch came out of the ship and took one look down the gangway.

Q.—What were they carrying?

A.—Their packs, duffle bags, a portable radio, the medical chest No. 1 and Capt. Krieger's personal footlocker full of anchovies.

Q.—What did they do?

A.—Threw everything over the side and slid down the gangplank. Every man following took the hint, and threw everything over the side. Lt. Vliet lost a lot of valuable supply records that way.

Q.—Then what happened?

A.—Well, it considerably speeded up the unloading process.

Q.—Where was Colonel Wise?

A.—Squatting in the rain of the Buffalo barge eating an apple.

Q.—Where was Joe Lurenz?

A.—Hiding from Colonel Wise.

Q.—We've been over all that. Then what happened?

A.—We sat in the rain in the harbor for another hour. Then we were towed for another hour through the harbor and stood on the beach for one more hour waiting for trucks.

Q.—Yes?

A.—Then we got in some open two-and-a-halves and took off.

Q.—Where did you go?

A.—To Montebourg, fifteen miles away, and we went by way of Murmansk, Copenhagen, Constantinople, Anaheim, Mazazua, Kokomonga, and points West. We rode for three hours. In the rain. Finally Coonel Wise stopped the convoy. We were lost.

Q.—What did Colonel Wise do?

A.—Went looking for Capt. Prescott.

Q.—Why?

A.—He wanted S-3 to issue a strip map.

Q.—Where was Capt. Prescott?

A.—Hiding from Colonel Wise.

Q.—Where did you end up?

A.—Area D of the Valgonex staging area. A place the local Chamber of Commerce forgot about.

Q.—What was it like?

A.—Apples and mud.

Q.—Y avait-il quelquechose pour boire?

A.—Only du cidre, Dammez vous!

Q.—Et les Jeunes Filles?

A.—Pas bon.

Q.—What did you do in area D?

A.—Pumped out straddle trenches, picked up apples, made mud pies in the rain and hid from Colonel Wise.

Q.—Why?

A.—He was mad at me because my mess tent never served hot oatmeal like Company A did.

Q.—What about the weather?

A.—Never saw the sun for three months. Another week of rain and Normandy Peninsula would have washed away in the sea. Why not?

Q.—I take it you did not like Normandy?

A.—#&!*?&?('\$')"\$#!

Q.—Thank you for your valuable testimony. This court upon due deliberation has come to the conclusion that the 303rd Signal Operation Battalion was never meant to land in Normandy, and was, through error, rerouted from its scheduled destination, which was to be Indio, California, at which place its mission was to be that of policing up the K ration cans left by General Patton's Armored Divisions. In the light of the above facts a unit citation is being prepared for this Battalion as a reward for keeping the nurses of the 164th General Hospital entertained while that unit was stationed at La Haye Du Puits, otherwise known as Hooey La Pooey.

Court adjourned.

COMPANY A AT BARNEVILLE

(Continued from page 40)

in Barneville. They should be thankful to Pfc. Dixon for his uncanny ability to draw rations for 100 men when the morning report showed but 50.

Barneville was not all work. It was also the answer to a GI's prayer for a place to goof off and to secure a few hours' rest from D area's mud and rain. Each day and each message center run brought us new visitors from the lowest private to the highest brass, all with envy in their eyes.

Cable splicer, line foreman, plumber and darling of the company, Sgt. "Stretch" was detailed by Lt. Dick to proceed post haste to Barneville. His job was to see that water (when it was turned on) was available to all the closets. He was advised to bring clothing for two days. Lt. Dick, visiting three weeks later,

ARLES TO STATESIDE

(Continued from page 113)

augmented by four sailors, would have really diverted the men under any other circumstances, but the NEWS came first. Meanwhile the Harry Taylor steered straight as a die for Panama, the route to the Pacific.

On August 14, at 1900 Washington time came the announcement of the end of World War II. The celebration was good, but not complete, for the Pacific still threatened and the Harry Taylor had not changed course.

The real celebration came the next

IN HASTE: RETREAT!

(Continued from page 47)

retreated from the area in the face of the American advances in the fall that the Germans had hung from their vehicles and jeered at the watching Belgians. "We go for a short while," they threatened, "But mark this well: We'll be back by Christmas. We'll eat your Christmas dinner for you. We'll be back by Christmas!"

A few nights before Christmas we knew that the area would be lost to the offensive. The order came to move out. Major Kearns, who lived with the Sinet family, went upstairs to roll his bed roll. When he came down to the waiting jeep, Madame Sinet was weeping at the foot of the stairs, her arms around her two frightened children. "The Americans came as liberators," she cried. "Now they

was astounded to find "Stretch" still on the job.

It was there that Col. Wise made his classic remark. "Stretch" had dug a hole in the middle of the street and was down in it straining to turn a rusted valve on. Col. Wise, looking down on the scene, inquired "What's the trouble, son?" "It's rusted; I need some penetrating erl, suh." Col. Wise replied "Well, I have some, but it is home in my garage in San Carlos!"

But all good things must come to an end, and after six weeks our unit received their much desired assignment and we were called back to the mud, leaking tents and chicken.

We quickly cut the installation back to the original BD 72s, removed the teletype, packed up message center and dismantled the radio station. By nightfall of the following day we were back with the company, busily loading trucks for the long trip into Belgium.

afternoon, when the announcement came from the loudspeaker "Watch the shadows on the deck . . ." and the ship turned slowly north to New York. The battalion's administrative history says "A holiday spirit continued aboard ship until the harbor was reached."

At 1245, August 18, the Taylor pulled into New York harbor, with GIs crowding the rails to see the familiar skyline, the welcoming committees, and the crowds.

From then on it was just a matter of a few days at Camp Kilmer and the reception centers before we went out on 45 days of temporary duty at home. It was hard to believe it was all over.

leave us to the beasts again. Why do you not stay and fight?"

Bernard (seven years) wept quietly. Jean Pierre (age five) clung to his mother and howled. Monsieur Sinet wrung our hands and inquired if a five gallon can of gasoline might be spared so that he could make his motor go and drive his family to safety. "The motor marches not without the gasoline!"

The Major's French was unequal to the occasion. Neither was mine, and I had come to translate the goodbyes for him. We buttoned our trench coats and climbed into the waiting jeep. The long line of blacked-out vehicles bumped through the rutted roads to the main highway, and slowly wound north to Dinant, across the river, and then south, to join the rest of the battalion at Waulsort.

There was no Christmas in Falmagne.

LINE DROP

Nearly everyone in the battalion has a particular personal story he would like to tell about his ETO adventures: Stan Gordon about the night his shoes burned up while he was on CQ in "D" Area; Irv Schenker about the German mayor who told him he spoke fine German, but somehow he'd picked up a Jewish accent; a few boys from "B" Co. about a certain little civilian automobile ride up the East bank of the Rhine (when they found themselves riding along beside buttoned-down tanks with the artillery going over their heads both ways. They got the h--- out of there); but the story we like best concerns Jack Petro and Colonel Wise in "D" area.

TWENTY-THREE CORPS

"Hello, Colonel? Say, I wonder if you'd do me a favor. When I left Eagle to come down here to this hole, I left a pair of pants at Fifi's . . . What? No, dammit, I mean Fifi who does the washing, —that house next to the Cafe. Would you pick them up for me and send them down on the next messenger run? Thanks a lot. I'll save a bottle of scotch for your next visit. Thanks a lot. Well, uh, Roger, uh, out! We are on the air, y'know . . ."

Conversations more censorable and considerably more interesting than this came to the ears of the 303rd's Very High Frequency Radio team, operating the radio which carried telephone and teletype communications between their station, Idar-Oberstein Germany, XXIII Corps Headquarters, and 15th Army Headquarters at Bad Neuenahr, Germany, 60 miles away.

The fact that VHF is only supposed to go 25 miles between stations didn't bother Weldon Flint and his half-dozen

Jack was on CQ, at battalion headquarters, about 100 feet from Colonel Wise's tent-mansion. He had forgotten to plug in his head set, but answered it anyway when he heard a telephone-style voice yelling Helloooo at him. From then on the conversation went something like this:

Colonel: Hellooooo?

Jack: Helloooo?

C: I can haardlyyyy heeaarr yeooooo.

J: I can haardlyyy hearr youuuu, sir.

C: (Shifting phone) Can you heaaarr meeee noooooow?

J: Nooooooooo.

C: (Breathing hard) If youoooooooo caaaaaan't heaaarr meeee, how can yeoooo heaaar meeee?

colleagues when they set up their station at Bad Neuenahr in late April. Even if the damned thing didn't work, they could have a fine time off in their big wall tent, with their own rations, far away from the brass at last.

But the thing did work, and communications, which had been badly fouled up by bad wire in heavily bombed German towns, went back in and stayed in after the 303rd had pulled out to head for Arles and Nippon in June.

Down in the valley below the station, XXIII Corps guards fired regularly at apparently imaginary German skulkers, but the radio men were only too happy to get in some much needed shut-eye in between their own attempts to bring down a few deer, or at least rabbits for Mike Cappella to cook for supper.

They must have done some work. Well, . . . they started a generator once every four hours, and checked them all once a week. The Russians were in Berlin, the Yanks in Munich, and VHF was in Utopia . . . A rugged war, what?

LAST GLANCE

BY THE EDITOR

In any publication, the editor always reserves himself a place to blow off steam, and this editor is no exception. At any rate, here is your book, and I hope you like it. No attempt has been made to put out a factual accounting of events; I leave that to historians. In the light of our inglorious retreat from Belgium in 1944, I suggest that we leave it out entirely.

This book was born of many minds and many ideas. Some of us thought about it while we were in the ETO, but the first concrete action was begun at Camp Campbell in November, 1945 when Major Kearns called me in to start the work.

Things moved very slowly. The material we wanted to include was mostly at home, in various files and scrapbooks. In addition, a good many pictures and negatives had been packed in Arles and had gone off to the Pacific with the equipment.

After the battalion property had been cleared, and the outfit inactivated at Fort Bragg, N. C., Major Prescott gave me two weeks free of any other duties, to work on the book. After my transfer to Fort Hayes, work progressed slowly, with new pictures and copy dribbling in from time to time. Each new acceptable item required tearing down the book and starting over again in order to fit things in a chronological sequence.

The main purpose of this piece is to give credit to those who devoted time and effort. Much editorial work was done by Julius Turner, both in writing articles, and in assigning articles to others. Those stories carry by-lines, and it is not necessary to repeat names here. In this manner, John Dick should be credited for collecting stories, and preparing and digging up old strip maps. All of which brings up an amusing story of the main error in the book, which most of you eagle-eyed souls have undoubtedly discovered on page 95. In Dick's zeal to be realistic, he added the initials of Col. Wise to the Bad Neuenahr-Arles strip map. Too late we remembered that Col. Wise had not been with us on that jaunt!

In the matter of photos, we owe a great debt to Ralph Koester whose outstanding shots make up a large portion of the pictures contained. Koester went home after his discharge and made up many different prints, which he contributed without charge, although as a professional photographer he might well have expected compensation. A bill for the same work that he contributed would have run into hundreds of dollars. The balance of the photos were contributed by Ralph McKusker, Dana Prescott, John Dick, Henry Kroger, Andy Chat-ham, and myself—although in the case of McKusker, Kroger and Taylor, most of our best ETO negatives were sent to the Pacific and lost.

We also say thanks to Lynn Prescott who drew the front inside cover map of our travels, and to Flossie Ebersold, who sketched the cartoons of Col. Wise, Major Kearns and Major Prescott, as well as the two gags on pages 107 and 113. Thanks too to the New York Daily News and the Herald Tribune, who gave us permission to use their shipboard shots as we came into New York Harbor.

Incidentally, no offense has been intended to anyone. We've ribbed quite a few people in the preceding pages, but it was all a gag, and we love you all, cross our hearts and vraitment. A final word: nobody got a red cent, sou, pfennig or franc for their efforts except the printer, who of course must be paid for his work.

And so, with these filthy thoughts of money, we put the book to bed. Before closing, let me appoint the committees for our first reunion: Dancing Girls—Johnny Storer; Liquid Supply—Hofstetter and Jim Whitehead; Dice—Jim Farren; Salami—Sansone; and Reveille Committee—Mike Daley.

Well . . . some of it was fun; some wasn't. If we look back on anything with pleasure, it will probably be the friendships made. Good luck and so long, you guys . . . I miss everyone of your ugly civilian faces.

Dick Taylor.

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