

1946

What's the story? [49th Armored Infantry Battalion]

United States Army

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49th A. I. B.

WHAT'S THE STORY?



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TO THE MEMORY OF

Capt. Clarence E. Smith Jr.

March 5, 1945

who symbolized the courage and the spirit that has
led us to victory, and whose memory will live in the
minds of his men . . .

. . . And to those others of our comrades who fell
before this victory could be accomplished.

Frederick C. Pardridge — Jan. 16, 1945

Stewart C. Poulson — Feb. 24, 1945

Hans Bergmayr — Feb. 25, 1945

Willard R. Evans — March 5, 1945

Victor R. Gabrick — March 5, 1945

John I. Gallagher — March 5, 1945

Edward Herrera — March 5, 1945

Leon H. Mormon — March 5, 1945

William Urban — March 5, 1945

James R. Aebersold — March 8, 1945

Charles J. Righini — April 2, 1945

Charlie W. Schrum — April 2, 1945

Solon W. Feldman — April 3, 1945

William R. Pfau — April 20, 1945



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M. G. ROSEBOROUGH
Lt. Col., Infantry

"To the officers and men of Co. B, who, despite the early loss of their first leader, rallied around his successors and more than proved themselves the efficient fighting team they deserve to be, my congratulations on all past successes and best wishes for success in every future undertaking."

M. G. Roseborough

M. G. ROSEBOROUGH
Lt. Col., Infantry



SHIRT O.D. — SHIRT O.D. —

24 July, 1944

Turmoil reigned supreme at Camp Polk as the cry went round, "POM qualified before August 1st!" Rumors began to spread, the 8th was going on another "Maneuvers". Everybody groaned and wished that they were going overseas instead.

1 August

Rumors became realities, as the "Packing and Crating" detail was formed to prepare our equipment for overseas shipment. It looked like we were really on our way. There were still some die-hards left, though. Waigenfeld swore to the end that we were merely moving to another camp. "All right laugh," he said, "but just you wait, I got this straight from a T/5 in Division Headquarters."

25 October

The emphasis was transferred from the group to the individual, for he had to have the best equipment available for the battle towards which we now knew we were heading. The pace became fast and furious, as passes became the No. 1 talked of thing. Married men had to send their wives home, but before they did they

sure made up for lost time. If you don't believe it, ask Scott Rich, Dick Michaels, and Gust Demo. Mmm, marriage is a wonderful institution.

31 October

Everybody was excited, for this was the day to board the train for our swing northward. We don't think there is a man among us who will forget that day. The band showed up to give us a send off, and played "Stars and Stripes Forever", the Division theme song "Roll Out the Barrel", and for some unknown reason, "California, Here I Come." The weather was typical of the refreshing Louisiana climate, with the thermometer registering 105 °, and the Yanks began to fight the Reds again in a verbal Civil War, the former claiming the latter would finally get a look at civilization, and the latter claiming that the former was "In God's country now, son!" Feelings and emotions were mixed, as the train pulled out of Polk.

2 November

We arrived at our destination, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, whose chilly fog was quite a change for us, used as we were to the torridness of Rose Pine 4. During our three day trip we had crossed Louisiana, Mississippi,





Alabama, Georgia, and swung north through Tennessee, the beautiful hills of Virginia, through Washington D. C. and Maryland, into Pennsylvania. On one stop just outside Philadelphia, Lt. Rankin commented to Capt. Anderson, "Just smell that air!" Andy did, and spent the next half hour coughing up cinders. We rolled out of Pennsylvania, into New Jersey, and the end of our train trip.

3 November

The first two days following our arrival were spent completing preparations for embarkation. Indoctrination and processing were our first objectives, and next came checking clothes, and checking clothes, and checking clothes, until we almost went batty, and had to totter over to the PX to seek solace with malted milks, ice cream, and pretty waitresses.

4 November

M/Sgt. Harry Murray finally broke down and gave 12 hour passes to New York. A stranger blundering into the barracks would get the impression that he was caught in a combination of the Indianapolis speedway and a gambling casino at Monte Carlo. The barracks was emptied in a clocked time of 35.4 seconds, and in

ten hours a good number of the B Co. doughboys couldn't tell a red light from a green one. It is the general opinion that this temporary attack of "color blindness" was not entirely due to the change of climate.

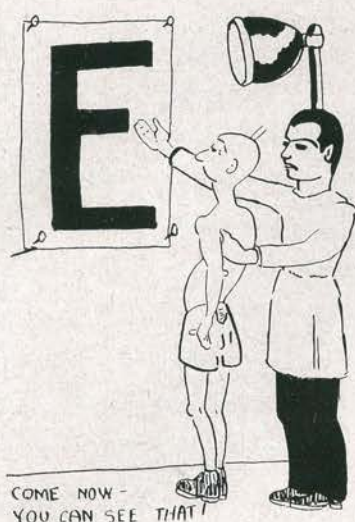
5 November

B Co. went on the alert and moved out for the embarkation, as usual, long before dawn. Willard Robinson said that when he was married and had some children, he would personally line them up at the breakfast table in the morning and yell "Navy, Navy, Navy!" to show his appreciation for the Army.

The ferry ride across the harbor was another thing we won't forget. The big skyscrapers loomed up before us, looking larger and grander than ever before. It was lonesome for the native New Yorkers to watch their home town pass in review and to know it would be a long time before they saw it again.

A "gigantic" ship labeled "H. M. S. Samaria, Liverpool", and painted a drab battleship gray loomed up before us as we staggered up the gangplank to our quarters, loaded down with all our worldly possessions, and clutching the Hershey bar that the Red Cross ladies forced in our dank little paws. It was the biggest ship any of us had ever been on, including Pardridge, who had sailed many a schooner off the Florida Keys in his civilian days. We had all been pronounced fit for overseas duty after our stiff physical at Kilmer. "Stiff" physical, one stiff motion and it was done, and now it looked like our last chance to back out was gone.





7 November. Sailing Date.

For two days the ship had been filling up with men and equipment. B Co., the first to board the ship had been undergoing the fiendish torture of standing helpless and imprisoned on the deck looking down 47th St. into the heart of New York — so near and yet so far. At 1100 hours the scurrying tugs gave a couple of whistles and the ship moved slowly from the docks.

On the way through the harbor we passed the Statue of Liberty, and everyone raced to the Portholes for a last look at this proud symbol of America. We stood solemnly whispering hopefully to ourselves, "Home alive in '45", and knew that our sentiments were shared by every man on the ship.

Election returns were broadcast throughout the ship that night, and before we crawled into our bunks we were sure of two things; that Roosevelt was still President, and the Eighth was going overseas.

8–18 November. On the high seas.

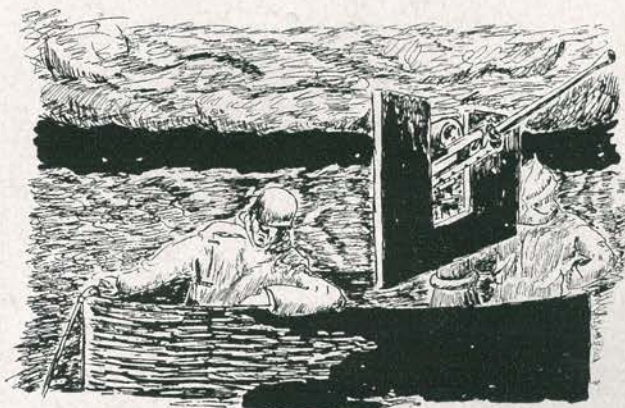
B Co. drew gun crew and MP details aboard ship, and spent their duty hours scanning the skys for Stukas, and the seas for U-boats, or checking their buddies for lifebelts and dousing any tell-tale light showing on the blacked-out decks. For some of us, stuck high

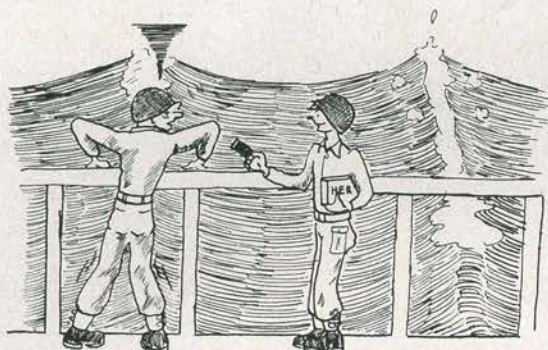
above the decks in the gun platforms, the trip will long be remembered for its black rainy nights, and for the way the ship rolled at this height, and the disturbing effect it had on the stomach at times. We experienced a couple of alerts, but whatever it was was scared off before it got to us, and we had to postpone the thrill of shooting down a Nazi plane until a later date. Much time was spent on these watches in fascinating conversation with the "Limey" Marines, who served as gun captains, which was our first taste of a "foreign" language.

Leisure time was spent in sleeping, reading, griping about the chow, and playing a highly entertaining game known as "Come Seven", which involved the exchange and redistribution of currency. On rougher days, a contingent might be seen, leaning precariously over the rail, muttering "Oh God, let me die now", but for the most part we became quite seasoned sea-faring men, who knew port from starboard, and why it was best not to spit to wind'ard.

19 November. Landing.

The day before somebody had yelled "Land, on the port side!", and for two hours the boat had listed to port. Land was a welcome sight after 12 days of rolling seas and pitching decks. Some were a little disappointed. "Where's dem white cliffs?", asked "Shorty" Riehle. "No blueboids, neither!"





HERSHEY BAR CHUM?

We tied up at Southampton docks about noon, where we were greeted by a band and a General, who said that England was glad to see us and hoped that we would enjoy our stay. We gathered on the decks to throw cigarettes and coins to the "Limeys" on the docks, and whistled at the women dock workers who wore sweaters. At length we received our orders to disembark, and picking up our duffle bags, weapons, and packs. We filed slowly down the gangplank and on to the docks, where one of those dinky English engines had pulled up a string of cars for us. After a short break, during which we were fed coffee and doughnuts, from a Mobile Red Cross Unit, we crammed ourselves, eight men and about five hundred pounds of equipment into a compartment, on the train, and started for our new home.

Tidworth! What a name. We arrived there in the dark, and after untangling ourselves on the platform, we boarded a group of trucks waiting to take us to our "baracks". They have nice barracks at Tidworth, but the trucks drove gaily by them, and slogged miles into the wilderness, stopping at last amid a cluster of tents, floating on a sea of mud. Our New Home.

20 November—2 January

We gradually sank into a semi-garrison life. KP, Guard, and a training schedule made their appearance again. A great deal of our time was devoted to "fixing up the tents", and trying to scrape up enough

fuel to keep the temperatures in our tents above absolute zero. Once or twice a day a truckload of scrap wood would unload near the CP, and representatives from each tent, chosen for their physical and athletic prowess, would be sent to get the wood. At the whistle everybody went into action, and after a brief but ferocious struggle, the pile of wood would be no more and from the tents the sound of chopping would be heard above the cries of the wounded. This training in hand to hand combat later proved invaluable. Other forms of toughening up included inter-platoon football (Never mind making touchdowns, just get those guys), long strolls over the rolling English countryside (in formation) and passes to London, Salisbury, and Amesbury. English currency also provided mental wrestling, and the popular pastime of jiggling the cubes was enriched with such phrases as "A pound to a bob he don't eight!" For entertainment of an evening, we could go into Tidworth, where about the only places offering any sort of amusement were the "Ram", or local pub; the "Hippodrome", or local movie palace; and the Red Cross, where they occasionally held dances and movies of an evening, served coffee, doughnuts, hamburgers and cokes, and in general took the place of Ye Olde Service Club at Polk.

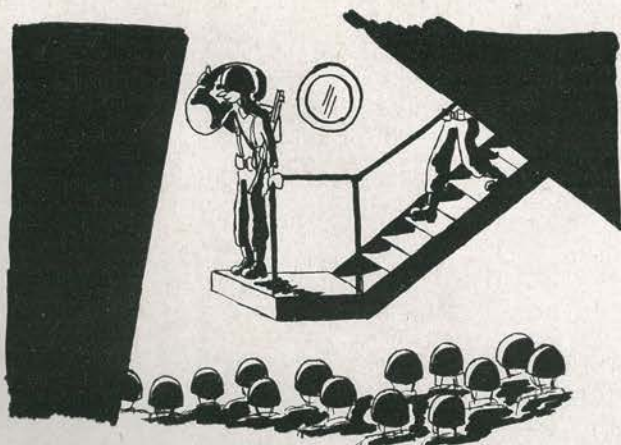


I DOOD IT !!

Men left on pass for London, but evidently visited a place called Piccadilly instead. For the talk was mostly of that place, and of some of the interesting times they had with a brigade of Commandos who seemed to be stationed there. Such little reminders of home as the monumental chows served in honor of Thanksgiving and Christmas, with turkey and all the fixings, and the letters and packages that finally began to swell the mail bags, were very welcome indeed. On Christmas we played host to several orphans, and everybody tried to outdo everybody else in showering gifts and attentions on these kids. New Years was one of the quietest on record for most of us, as the local brew was more conducive to active kidneys than high spirits, and preparations were going forward for moving out. Our pay coming in Francs had convinced the most doubtful of us.

2 January, 1945

The vehicles left for Southampton, where they were loaded on to LSTs and set sail for France. They sailed up the Seine River to Rouen, where they unloaded. The men who accompanied these vehicles across the channel are still raving about the comfortable quarters and good food they received while guests of the Navy. At least those who were spared seasickness raved about the chow.



3 January

We left Tidworth and England for good this morning, before dawn as usual, and repeating approximately the procedure we followed at POE New York. We loaded onto trucks, were driven to the station, entrained, rode back to Southampton, staggered five or six blocks to the docks, clutching bedrolls and packs in our arms, climbed the gangplank again. On this ship, a Polish vessel named the "S. S. Sobieski", we were stowed down in the hold, somewhere below the water line we suspected. The "Sobieski", although smaller than the "Samaria", at least gave the impression of being built in the present century. When night came, we brought out the hammocks, and so wore ourselves out mastering the intricacies of this tricky bedding that we fell asleep almost immediately. Some of us gave up altogether, and slept on the floor, where our only worries were men stepping on us en route to the latrine.

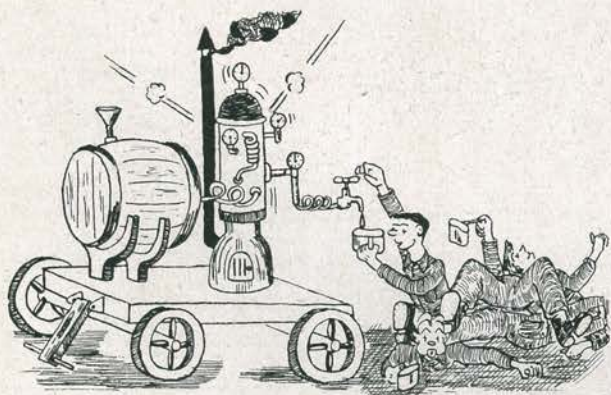
5 January

Early in the evening we steamed into the port of Le Havre, one of the biggest ports in Europe, and one of the most demolished. "Damn, you'd think there'd been a war around here!", muttered one gaping railbird, surveying the sunken ships and demolished docks. We disembarked after dark, from the side of the ship into an awaiting LCT, which ran us up on the shore in true invasion fashion, and we hit the

beach, looking nervously over our shoulders for lurking Messerschmidts. We loaded onto trucks this time, no trains being available, and drove some sixty or seventy miles through the cold and snow, arriving frozen and tired in the little French town of Anglesqueville, near Totes, about 0100 next morning.

6-7 January

We made the most of our opportunity to get acquainted with the French. Phrase book in hand we went determinedly after the population, and soon large clusters of GIs were seen around tolerantly amused little kids, asking any sort of question they could think of. For the most part the kids waited until the boys were just about talked out, and then asked for "Chocolate, chewing gum, or cigarette pour papa." Others didn't wait for them to talk themselves out. No matter how the conversation started, it always ended with the request for cigarettes and chocolate. In an alley down the street a still was found that transformed apple juice into a product for which many uses were found, including lighter fluid. And the "Vive la France!" sentiment gained in intensity. Our vocabulary was soon increased by such valuable terms as "Cognac, Calvados, No compree, Couchez avec moi, etc." It was here that the GI bedroll, to use the less descriptive term, was issued, and where the vehicles rejoined us.



8 January

At an early hour, even for B Co., we loaded everything into the tracks and pulled out. It was really cold, and we had one of our first experiences of just how miserable you can get riding in a halftrack all day. We rode and froze until about 21 hours that night, through Compaigne, Soissons, and Reims, ending up in some woods near, (they tell us) Baccones, France, about thirty miles east of Reims.

11 January

At about 2300 hours, Thatcher, our bugle boy, was roughly awakened by Captain Smith, yanked from his tent, handed his bugle, and told, "Blow that thing boy, you know what to blow." Standing ankle deep in snow and clad in Shorts and goose-pimples, he blew "Call to Arms", scaring the daylights out of several doughboys who had a hazy impression that we were being attacked or something. Once we were out of our blankets, and organized to some extent, the work of getting loaded and rolling went forward. Ammunition came up, and was stowed; bedrolls were thrown aboard in a haphazard manner, and secured with a prayer; the hay we had been using for bedding went up in a blazing column, throwing an serie light on the scurrying men; and in general the scene resembled a movie version of the Battle of Gettysburg. When everything was ready we were told that we would move out in an hour or two, so we' sat around burning ammunition boxes to keep warm



Finally we moved out and drove all that day and the next night arriving at Louvigny, near Metz, about noon of 13 January. It was a long, cold 110 miles, and we were more than glad to stop, even in such a town as Louvigny, which was somewhat the worse for War.

13 January — 2 February

We stayed at Louvigny for about three weeks, enjoying near zero weather all the time, and preparing for combat. During this time our helmets were all painted white, and the tracks underwent a similar transformation. The "camouflage" was so good that Minton claimed he lost his track for two days and never would have found it if he had'nt stumbled over it in the motor pool. We set up outposts, and when strong German counter-attacks were threatened around Saarbrücken, we were called out on the alert, with double guards, and ugly rumors about paratroopers in the area. Meanwhile we trained, running tank-infantry problems with B Co. of the 36th Tanks. It was here that tragedy overtook us, when Pfc. Fredrick Pardridge was killed by an enemy mine on 16 January.

T/5 George Weilbacher was injured by the same explosion, but returned to us later. Training was becoming more realistic with the use of live ammunition and explosive charges. It was during one of the lectures on demolitions that three men were slightly injured, but all of them returned to the company later. On a few occasions trips were taken into Metz where a quartermaster outfit was dispensing showers and clean underwear, and on several occasions we prepared to move out into battle. But they were dry runs. Towards the end of our stay here the long awaited winter equipment arrived, shoe-pacs, and heavy gloves. It promptly got warm, and the snow began to melt. The greater part of our time here was spent huddling around a stove, and dreaming of our nice warm Louisiana with it's dust and its blistering sun, and its nice warm showers. How we wished we were back there!

2 February

We packed up and moved out of Louvigny at 1300, and started a long trek across Northern France; through Luxembourg, which we crossed in about a half an hour sometime in the night; through Belgium and Liege, where everyone waved and threw apples at us, and offered us coffee when we stopped; on up into Holland, where we stopped at last, on the outskirts of Valkenburg, near Sibbe. We landed in Valkenburg at about 1500, 3 February. Here we spent the night sleeping in one



of the monstrous caves that honeycomb the hills around the town. The next day we moved into the houses along with the civilians who seemed to be very glad to have us there, and did everything they could to make us comfortable.

Here, for the first time since England, we found a place where at least a fairly decent percentage of the populous spoke English. We took advantage of this, and had many talks with the people, during which we learned from first hand reports of the German occupation and of the great Dutch Underground.

From Valkenburg the company commanders and platoon leaders of the battalion went "up front" for the first time. They went up to our proposed area around Kempen, Holland, as observers. It was then, also that Richter had the elite honor of being the first enlisted man to go "up front". During the days that followed, several patrols were sent up there to gather information.

We spent most of our time preparing for combat and sweating out alerts which turned out to be "dry runs." On three successive days we prepared to move up, and on three successive days the movement was postponed at the last minute. This last minute letdown was a strain on the nervous system, but somewhat of a relief when we got to thinking it over, and as Zubovitz said, "I don't care if they postpone this movement for



SNOW JOB

the duration." It was here that we lost Joe Davis, when he was hit by a truck and suffered a broken leg, and Lt. Cushman, who was transferred to the 7th Infantry Battalion, much to the regret of his platoon. To make up for the slump in the T/O we received 17 replacements to bring the company up to strength.

21 February

We arose at 0330 and moved out, the real thing this time. We traveled north to Posterholt, Holland, where we were to take up defensive positions along the Roer River, and relieve the British 7th Armored Division. We arrived about noon, and spent the afternoon sitting around, comparing equipment, and talking with some of the British whose outfit we were to relieve. Then at 1730, after eating chow, the first and second platoons moved out to take up their positions, while the third platoon remained in Posterholt in reserve, and the AT platoon was placed in battalion reserve. The first platoon drew for their positions, a little cluster of houses known as Paarlo, while the second platoon drew another little cluster of houses known as Holst. Our mission was to guard against enemy patrols and to generally hold the line. This was our first night in the line, and consequently we were a little nervous. A great deal of livestock almost lost their lives through being mistaken for enemy patrols! It was cold, too, and the men on guard fluctuated between a state of apprehension and freezing, but with morning, the vigil relaxed, and hot chow came up.





22 February

An FO moved in with the first platoon, and started to direct fire on the Kraut positions across the river. The Krauts evidently located the OP, for the first platoon experienced frequent and fairly accurate shelling for the rest of the time. At dusk, Minton came up with his track, and drew a barrage of fire from mortars. One of these shells was a direct hit on the CP, which destroyed the OP. S/Sgt. Hensley found that a piece of shrapnel from this round had chewed into his notebook which he was carrying in his hip pocket. It was during this barrage that we received our first Holland casualty, Pfc. Anton Heintz, "Polkys" best friend. The second squad, exposed on the left flank, received a lot of fire, both artillery and small arms, and Pfc. Albert Kiselica cut his hand diving for cover, and had to be evacuated along with Heintz.

The second platoon, too, was troubled with shelling during the day, but found that many of the shells contained high explosive propaganda which made good reading, if nothing else. At about 2200, Chester Hobbs, standing guard, spotted a small enemy patrol, and blasted away at them with such vigor with his carbine that the men on the machine gun thought it was another machine gun, and opened fire and well, and for awhile a real battle seemed to be in progress.

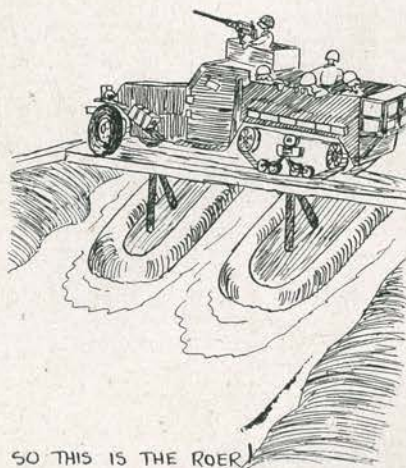
The patrol escaped

The third platoon, though in reserve, had a little excitement when a hand grenade was thrown at one of their mortar positions at about 2200. The grenade was about thirty yards wide of its mark, though, and caused no casualties. Although a patrol was sent out to investigate; nothing was found. Reports were received in Posterholt of enemy patrols in the town, and patrols led by Lt. Kenneally and Lt. Bell were sent out to investigate, but failed to encounter anything.

At 0245 the preliminary barrage for the jumpoff across the Roer started, and lasted 45 minutes. The Krauts replied by heavily shelling our positions, cutting communication lines in several places. Jameson and Sena, while repairing these lines were caught in a barrage, and Sena was slightly wounded by a rock torn up by these explosions, which struck him in the ankle. Telephone maintenance was discontinued for the time being.

Tanks came up to join the first platoon at Paarlo, at light shelling was experience throughout the day with small arms fire on the second squad positions.

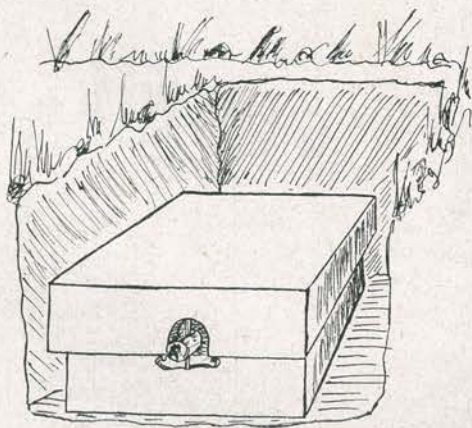
The second platoon experienced heavier artillery during the day, and Lt. Meech, believing that the enemy OP might have been located in a haystack



about 500 yards southeast of Holtz, directed fire by the TDs that were attached to the second platoon on this position. Taking a squad of men, mounted on the back of one of the TDs, he went out to reconnoiter. No enemy were found around the haystack, but one of our tanks, mistaking the TD for an enemy tank, opened fire on them, and the boys had a few bad moments before the mistake was cleared up.

24 February

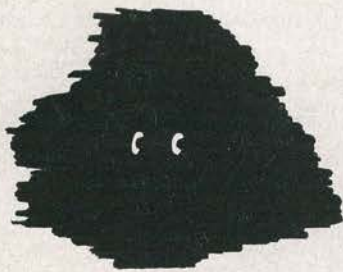
Lt. Rankin led patrol from the first platoon to reconnoiter the town of Voorsel, and was able to determine that about two squads of Krauts were occupying that position. They were sighted, however, and a brief exchange of fire was made, but all returned safely. The shelling of the first platoon positions was heavier than ever during the day, and it was during this barrage that we lost Pfc. Stuart Poulson, the first man in the company to be killed in combat. Another patrol was sent out that night to gain information, but was gained. During the night, the second platoon sent out a patrol led by Lt. Meech to reconnoiter Trieste, but could find out nothing about the strength in that position, except that it seemed to be lightly held.



25 February

The third platoon sent up two squads to relieve the first platoon at Paarlo, while the first platoon moved out to attack Voorsel. The second platoon moved out from Holst and set up a base of fire, and at dawn the first platoon, supported by a platoon of tanks from C Co. of the 36th attacked Voorsel. They were surprised, and pleased to find that the Germans had abandoned the position, and no resistance was encountered from the group of frightened civilians left in the positions. The Krauts had plenty of time before they left the area to sew mines and booby traps in large numbers. Lt. Rankin was injured by a Shu mine, but continued to direct the consolidation of the positions; he later returned to the company. Pfc's. Beck and Ray Sena (his second of the war) were wounded at this time.

While Voorsel was being consolidated the second platoon moved out to take Trieste, while the first platoon set up a base of fire. The second platoon attacked, and took their objective, without encountering opposition, but again ran into a heavily mined and booby trapped area, from which quite a few casualties resulted. It was during this operation that Pfc. Hans Bergmayr was killed, and Pvts. Jack McDade and Leo Mallet were wounded. Artillery fire began coming in on the second platoons positions, while they were organizing,



OUT POST

and S/Sgt. Leroy Davis and Pfc. Frank Sposito were injured by this fire, but later returned to the company. S/Sgt. Thomas Schwartz suffering from concussion was evacuated.

We had had our baptism of fire and had not emerged unscathed. The first and second platoons settled down to hold their positions while Paarlo, and the 88th Recon. moved into Holst.

26/27 February

The third platoon spent the day moving back and forth between Holst and Paarlo, while the first and second platoons, although receiving some artillery fire, spent a fairly peaceful time and sent a few squads back at a time for showers, hot chow, and a little much needed rest. We were a blurry-eyed, unshaven lot by this time, but we were combat soldiers, and we took a little pride in this at least. The fourth platoon during this time had been outposting an area for battalion. Though they suffered a few scares, especially from the artillery going off at unpredicted times, around their positions, practically caving in a few ear drums; they met with little trouble. This phase is referred to by the fourth platoon veterans as the "Fourth platoon's phoney war." It was during these two days that S/Sgt. Thomas Schwartz was evacuated suffering from concussion.

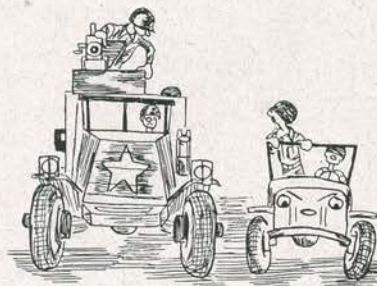
At 2200 we were relieved by a Cavalry Recon. outfit, and we concentrated in Posterholt, preparing to move out again.

28 February

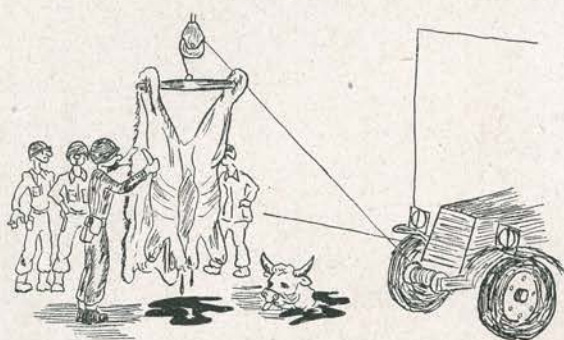
At 0045 we left Posterholt, crossing the Roer River into Germany, and halting at Hilsfarth. Here we stayed for about an hour and a half, preparing for the attack of Arsbeck, Germany. After this break the company moved out in battle formation, mounted in the vehicles. We were very nervous at this time, and everybody looked anxiously in the sky for Messerschmidts, or scanned the woods for snipers, as we passed by. The third platoon led in the attack, supported by a platoon of tanks, and a squad of engineers, and at approximately 1500 the town fell without opposition, and after reconnoitering the surrounding territory we decided to remain there for the night, resting up from the long trip and action we had just finished.

1 March

The company rose early to continue action against the enemy. However, the march was called off, so we spent the day cleaning up ourselves and our weapons. Patrol continued to investigate the surrounding pillboxes and houses, and several prisoners resulted. The investigating was done by the fourth platoon. Teddy Waigenfeld, our German speaking Philadelphian, helping a great deal in the persuasion, of the Krauts.



TAKE 'EM BACK, DRY RUN!



CASUALTY !

2 March

As we moved out about noon, we were part of CCB, which was in reserve, and therefore did not expect much action immediately. The weather, which had been warm, dropped well below freezing, and we spent a cold night sleeping in the tracks about 3 miles north of Loch, Germany.

3/4 March

We pulled into Eyll, Germany, where we spent two days. About five hundred cases of eggs were discovered in a warehouse and captured, the diet being enriched by these as well as by a good sized beef, which had fallen casualty in Arsbeck. During our stay here some of the gaps in our strength were filled up by the return to the company of Sena, Syes, Boisvert, and Hall, along with six new replacements. Gabs in the T/P were filled by the promotion of Cpl. Jacobs to S/Sgt., Pfc. Streeter and P. T. Peterson to Sgt., T/5 Ryder to T/4, and Pfc. Minton to T/5.

5 March

At 0430 we left Eyll, Germany. The objective was to reach and hold the west bank of the Rhine, and if possible, to reach the east bank, and take the town of Wesel. The Krauts, realizing that this was the last escape gap for their men trapped in the pocket west of

the Rhine, had reinforced this area, throwing in elements from five or more divisions, and were determined to hold it at all cost. We had no inkling of this until at about 0900, coming to the little town of Lintfort, we ran suddenly into fanatical opposition. The third platoon, in the lead, moved through the town mounted, engaging several of the enemy in the town square with fire from their vehicular weapons, and continuing through the town, leaving the mopping up operations to the supporting platoons. Then, without warning, a German anti-tank gun, firing from the left flank, caught S/Sgt. Don Drake's lead track, disabling it. Men were seen running to their positions, and it was obvious that we had been seen. However, they had the advantage of prepared positions, and the men, forced by the anti-tank fire to dismount, found themselves exposed to fire from small arms and automatic weapons almost immediately. They sought what cover the shallow ditches to the side of the road offered, and returned the fire, while Pfc. Matt White and Pvt. Joe Irvine manned their heavy thirties from their halftracks, and managed to keep the anti-tank gunners down to an extent that they could not fire again on the half-tracks. The only real cover in the area was a large brick house, about fifty yards from the road on the right. The platoon began to inch their way slowly and painfully towards this house, while returning the withering fire which

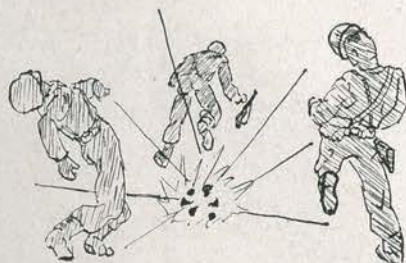


plagued them every step of the way. It was fully an hour before the last elements made the house. Meanwhile tanks had been sent up to support the men, and although a tank was hit and set afire by a shell from the anti-tank gun, they managed to knock it out.

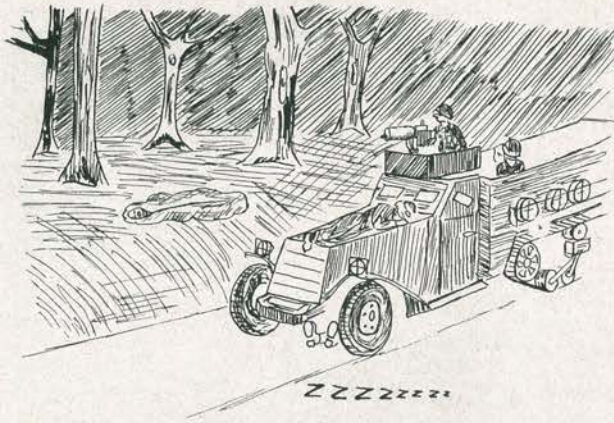
The battle had come on us with such rapidity that the supporting platoons had no chance to find out what had happened at the head of the column. The second platoon, which had followed behind the third platoon dismounted and moved up to support the third platoon, but were met by heavy fire, and forced to take cover behind the tanks. The third platoon, meanwhile, had reached the house, and S/Sgts. Taylor and Galletti, with about twelve men cleared the house, flushing out 25 soldiers and 10 civilians. Mortar fire commenced to land at this time. The infantry, working with the tanks, drove the enemy from their positions, but these positions were well emplaced and strongly held, and in taking them we had suffered serious casualties. Pfc. Victor Gabrick, Pfc. Edward Herrera, and Pfc. John Gallagher had been killed. T/5 Lavon Swank, Pfc. Elbert Brewster, T/4 Michael Werner, Lt. Timothy Kenneally, Pfc. Carroll Guinn, Pfc. Harry Kessel, Pfc. Edward Taylor, Pfc. Elmer Kombrink, Pfc. Dwight Craig, Pfc. Andrew Triano, and Pfc. John Meinkoth were injured. Some of these wounded were



lying in exposed positions, and the medics, coming to the aid of these men through the fire, suffered casualties. Pvt. Lawrence Twickler, a medic's aid, and medics Pfc. Glen Parmelee and Pfc. Michael Holzman were hit while attending the wounded, and Pfc. Fred Bridges, coming to the aid of the medics was also wounded, Cpl. Pat Moran, aiding the wounded, spied two snipers shooting from a building three hundred yards to the left front, and picking up his rifle, dropped them both. We were hard hit, but we kept tenaciously at the enemy, and it was he who was finally forced to withdraw. The second platoon, already suffering one casualty in Pfc. Diddie Blank, moved up to the crossroads, cleared several pill-boxes and bomb shelters along the way, which were found to be abandoned, cleared houses, and captured a few prisoners. They moved up the road to the right, and set up a defense in a creamery.



At 1600 both platoons were withdrawn, and placed in reserve, while the company aimed another drive at Winterswick. We were picked up by trucks from C Co., and rode to the outskirts of Winterswick. Here we dismounted and started out on foot, with the first platoon on the left of the road, the fourth platoon on the right, and the second and third in support. The tankers, earlier in the day had tried to take the town without infantry support and had been met by



panzerfausts. They had taken a terrific beating. The platoons moved up towards the town under heavy enemy artillery fire. The first platoon reached and secured the houses on their side of the road, but the fourth platoon suddenly came under direct fire from 88s and two shells hit their positions with deadly accuracy. The second platoon, coming up in support, located one of these guns, and laying down bazooka fire on it, were able to pin the crew down until a tank could be brought up to knock it out. The fourth platoon then continued to advance clearing out the houses on their side of the road and flushing out a great number of prisoners. The men detailed to take prisoners back were harrassed by heavy artillery fire and were forced to take cover at every few steps.

The fourth platoon again moving forward was pinned down by burp gun fire, which seemed to come from around a house set back from the road to the right. Tanks blasted this position, and T/Sgt. Lowery, taking Pfc.s Jim DeDecker, Errol Davis, and Antonio Titario, advanced on this position and captured the house, which yielded a captain and over fifty prisoners. These men had been manning several 20 mm. and 88 mm. guns in the area, but had taken to the cellar when the tanks cut loose. A short time later we were relieved by the 35th. Infantry Division and were withdrawn for the night.

Winterswick had been won, but not without losses. Pfc.s William Urban, Leon Mormon, and Willard Evans had been killed, and Pfc. Mike Pavich, Pfc. Clarence Freitag, Pvt. Toye Richmond, Pvt. Lloyd Haycraft, Pfc. Charles Zinderstein, and Pfc. J. D. Bowman were injured during this operation. Captain Clarence E. Smith, who ran the company despite personal risk had been directing the attack on Winterswick was killed in the turret of a tank by the heavy shelling. He had been coordinating the attack from outside the tank but had been forced to seek more cover from the flying shrapnel. His death and the others we had suffered during the day had shaken the company, but we continued even more fiercely to root out, kill, and pursue the enemy, forcing them to give up positions they had been instructed to hold at all costs.

We won't forget the pounding we took that day. The marks of it were on our faces and in our eyes. Events had happened so quickly that it had left us half stunned, and men many of us had known and loved had been suddenly wrenched from us, some never to return, and the violence and emotional strain of the day left us exhausted and nerveless as the tension was relaxed. Nobody laughed much that night.





6 March

Prisoners came pouring in all day. The battalion total was almost 350, and from these prisoners it was learned that we had been facing units from a Panzer Grenadier Regiment, the 7th Parachute Division, the 20th Parachute Regiment, the 1225th Infantry Regiment, the 190th Infantry Division, and other miscellaneous units. Several men whose outstanding actions won recognition were later decorated. T/Sgt. Lowry was later promoted to Lieutenant, and received the Silver Star for his work as Winterswick. Sgts. Cappelletti, and J. A. Taylor were later decorated with the Bronze Star for their work in organizing their platoon and securing positions at Lintfort. T/4 Doyle, who did a magnificent job in aiding the wounded, and organizing their evacuation, was awarded the Bronze Star, also. Lt. Meech had been the senior officer on the spot and had taken over the company when Capt. Smith was killed, and Lt. Bell took over the command as soon as his duties as Motor Officer could be discharged.

8 March

After two days of comparative rest, we mounted up in the tracks and drove to Rheinberg, where we dismounted and pressed on on foot towards the primary

battalion objective at Ossenberg. We were delayed here due to stiffening resistance on the flank which was stalling the 35th on the flank, but once more pushed forward, with the second platoon in the lead. Co. C, in front of us ran into opposition, and got pinned down, blocking our advance, and forcing us to stop in an open field. The enemy evidently had observed fire, for this area at once was subjected to a tremendous mortar and artillery barrage. The second platoon, being in the lead on this operation, naturally took the brunt of this fire, and suffered the most casualties. They moved into houses, and the rest of the platoons moved up through the fields to seek cover. The area was so plastered with shell craters that to those who saw it later, it scarcely seemed possible that so much as a mouse could have crossed that field without being hit. We dubbed it, with good reason, "Death Valley".

When the way became cleared, we pressed on to the first objective. The first platoon took over the lead, and moved out to clear the houses on the outskirts of Ossenberg. The work went forward under difficulties, for there was artillery and mortars raining in, and snipers were active, which added to the general confusion. Many prisoners were taken along the way.



The first platoon cleared the houses and dugouts while the third platoon held them. The fourth platoon was flank guard for the tankers who were setting up a base of fire. They drew fire from 88s, and suffered a few casualties from them.

Artillery fell during the day and throughout the night. We set up a defence and had some chance to relax, but few men got much sleep. During the last few days we had had enough artillery thrown at us to last us a lifetime, and it is doubtful that any of us will get any pleasure out of a fireworks display again. We had heard that those 88s could drop a shell in your back pocket, we now knew that they could specify which back pocket. There wasn't a man among us who hadn't suffered a near miss that day, and many who had been hit. Pvt. Frank Dowdy, Pvt. Gustave Burtcher, Pvt. John Heath, S/Sgt. Darland Jacobs, Pfc. Martin Haltunnen, Pfc. Peter Bleskan, Pfc. Silvio Salvestrin, Pfc. Ernest Melendrez, Pfc. Ray Sena (for the third time in three weeks), and Pfc. George Leveille were wounded. S/Sgt. Robert Hardin was wounded when coming to the aid of Leveille. Pfc. James Abersold was killed in this action. Once again the price that we had paid to accomplish our mission had been heavy.



10, 11 March

The third platoon withdrew from the outposts, after the 35th Division had bypassed us and captured the town of Borth, beyond. The days were generally fairly peaceful, and hot chow came regularly. On the 10th, Pfc. Robert Flum was wounded. On the 11th we mounted up and pulled back to the rear for a rest, a much needed and very welcome rest. We arrived in Venlo, Holland, at 1600.

We were greeted in Venlo as conquering heroes, for the city had been recently liberated. We don't know who liberated it, but we took it over. We stayed here in Venlo enjoying the warm reception of the Dutch families, and their beautiful daughters. After that rough deal at Linfort this was heaven. We stayed here until the 26th of March, and the whole company took every advantage of the much needed rest. Of course there was a training schedule — not too tough, but still a reminder of things to come. The training that we took almost every day consisted mostly of preparing us for crossing the Rhine River. Such as river crossings, mine training, BAR training, sandtable lecture on the east bank of the Rhine River, and of course Orientation lectures.

Later on Scotty managed to procure some twenty odd gallons of brandy, which was consumed with vigor

and brought almost devastating results. In the evenings there were movies, at our home made theatre, which were very well attended both by military and civilian personnel. Two days after we got settled in Venlo, P. X. rations came in and included in their contents cokes, which we had not had since England. One day we attended a batallion formation in which awards were given to some of the men that had distinguished themselves in the previous battles. General Devine made the awards. This was all repeated a few days later for another group of worthy men.

It was in Venlo that a shift in our officers was made. Lt. Cone was transfered to Co. A, and Lt. Clement joined us coming from the 2nd Armored Division. Here too, promotions were presented. S./Sgt. Ralph Satava was promoted to T/Sgt., Pvt. John O'Donnel and Sgt. Gerald Nolan were promoted to S/Sgt., Pvt. Chester Hobbs, Pfc. Richard Brown, and Pfc. Clifford Dale were made Sgt., Pfc. Jim Dedecker was advanced to Cpl., and Pfc.s Robert Kametz and Leonard Hensley, both drivers, were made T/5.

Hosea Arnett, Frank Sposito, Irving Davis, and Andy Triano returned from the hospital, while Joel Parrott and William Carasik left on a month's furlough

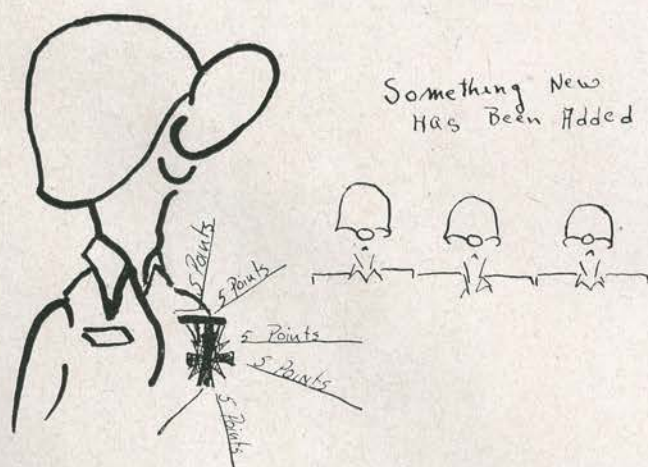


to England. The company was brought up to strength again with 49 men from the "Repple depple".

We all watched the news very closely, and were pleased that General Patton was moving so fast, and then news came that the 1st Army had crossed the Rhine River on the Remagen Bridge, and that the 3rd Army had also crossed. Finally one day weird rumors came floating around that we were due to cross the Rhine and go tearing hell-bent towards Berlin. In fact we were due in Berlin in two weeks. Well, the rumors came true in a miniature sort of a way. We did leave Venlo March 26th, at 2327, but in two weeks time there was still plenty of fighting to be done before Berlin was captured.

26, 27 March

The company was alerted and moved out, destination Berlin. All night we traveled, trying to get a little shut eye, storing up sleep for an uncertain future. Kraut planes were overhead, and searchlights played through the sky, but there were no attacks. We passed through one of our old battle grounds, at Lintfort, and crossed the Congo Bridge about 8km. south of Wesel at about 0700. Once across the Rhine, we bivouaced, rested, built fires, and got a good hot chow. The total trip was 37 miles. Later in the day we found billets and stayed in them for the night.





28 March

At 0900 we moved five miles, to Bruckhausen, north of Dinslaken, and bivouaced in a wooded area. We were in support of CCA at that time, and most of us sunned ourselves and slept a major share of the day, but not Bill Glass. He read a book called "Berlin Olympic Games" for his relaxation. That night some of us dug slit trenches to sleep in, and others said, "To hell whit it!" The "to-hell-whits-its" came out all right, because we moved again shortly after dark to spend the night in another wooded area a few miles distance.

29 March

Early in the morning we were on the move again. We had thought we would go mounted, but they surprised us, and we moved out on foot. We reached our objective, Dorsten, Germany around 0800. Dorsten was a mess. It had been hit so hard by bombers and artillery that it was little more than a tumbled pile of bricks. Dorsten was definitely "Kaput" as far as we could see. The long hike was wearying, especially for the men in the weapons squads who had to carry their machine guns and the radio men, Low, Thorpe, Carasik, and Langill, who had to follow energetic platoon leaders carrying the heavy 300 radios on their backs.

After much delay we were assigned to clear out certain areas. No enemy was found, and we moved into billets for the night, except for the third platoon, who were stuck with the outpost detail, and dug in to protect the Engineers, who were building pontoon bridges across the Lippe Canal. During the day an occasional shell had fallen, and Pvt. Hugh Brunson had been slightly injured.

30 March

In the morning the fourth platoon relieved the third platoon, and the second platoon crossed the canal and set up a defense around that bridge. The rest of the company either slept or explored the rubble. Here Jim B. Smith's automatic kitchen crew of Boyles, Fischer, Kleczkowski, "Baldi" Myers, Howe, Thobaben, Puffer, and Kiestler, fixed up hot chow and "Mailbag" Epley brought up a welcome bunch of mail. Preparations were being made for a good night's sleep, when an alert came, and we got up to move out again. As we were getting ready, eight enemy planes appeared on the scene, and we tried out our 50 s on them, but they apparently deemed us unworthy of notice,



for they passed us by without even returning our fire. At 2300 we left Dorsten for Gladbeck, Germany, arriving at 2345. We moved into houses for a peaceful night's sleep while the artillery pounded the enemy positions. For once, blessedly, we received no return fire.

31 March

We arose rather late and as there was no immediate action for the day we spent our time cleaning up weapons, vehicles, and our own grimey selves. However, as we were lining up for chow that evening, orders were received to move out. We piled into the tracks and drove to Recklinghausen, where we parked along the road. We tried to serve chow again, but received orders to move out and never got to taste that chow at all that night. We heard our own artillery whistle over our heads as we drove through the night and through the rain.

1 April, Easter

We entered Wieman, Germany at 0730 and obtained billets. We spent a peaceful morning writing to our loved ones, for today was Easter Sunday, and our thoughts



traveled back to other Easter Sundays, and to those with whom we had spent them. For most of us this was our First Easter away from the States. Church services were held in the afternoon. As we were on the alert, these services were short, but well attended. We moved at 1900, and after traveling for a short distance parked on a side road and spent the night sleeping in the tracks.

2 April

We started forward for Neuhaus, with the objective of taking and holding Paderborn. At 1120, a party going into Neuhaus to secure billets was ambushed, and several of the party were killed or wounded. S/Sgt. Philly, who was our member of this party escaped without injury. Billeting plans were postponed for the time being. The reconnaissance made contact, and a pitched battle took place in the outskirts of town. It seemed that this supposedly captured territory was far from cleared.

We were committed at 1500, with a preliminary artillery barrage preparing the attack. We moved up both sides of the road, coming under artillery and harrassed with small arms. Tanks were called up in support. The first platoon, lead element on the right side of the road, and the third platoon lead element on the left, reached a wide open field, and





started across, the rest of the platoons following. About halfway across this field the enemy suddenly cut loose with a terrific hail of small arms fire, and we dove for what cover we could find in the shallow ditches alongside the road. They had caught us in a murderous cross-fire from rifles and machine guns.

The third platoon of "B" Co. 36th Tanks came up to cover us, and at once drew artillery fire. The lead tank was hit and knocked out, and shrapnel added to the sniper fire to make the situation of the men caught in the field doubly critical. Lt. Bell withdrew his men to dig in for the night and wait for support. Obviously the krauts were well dug in, had plenty of support, and did not intend to give up without a good fight.

We set up an FPL that night, in preparation for a counter-attack that might come early in the morning. Co. A sustained a counter-attack at 0130, and we were alerted, prepared to come to their aid if the attack proved to be too strong. The counter attack was beaten off however, and there was no action on our front that night.

3 April

We moved out to the attack next morning, but held up, as the concentration of artillery could not immediately be brought to bear on the enemy. As we approached the area of the previous day's battle, we again came under intense small arms fire. We called for artillery again, and this time we got it. The barrage was terrific, as in addition to the artillery we had the tanks firing in direct support and our own mortar crews kept their mortar tubes hot pouring out shells. It was too much for the krauts. When the barrage lifted and we prepared to move forward in the attack, they came out with their hands up, showing unmistakable evidence of shock.

The foxholes and gun emplacements had been dug in commanding and completely controlling the field, and were manned by about 50% SS, and 50% Wehrmacht. There were two companies of SS troops, the 5th Viking and the 12th Hitler Jugend, and elements of the 15th Convalescent Regt., the 19th Panzer Pioneer Replacement Bn., and the 6th Panzer Jäger Bn. They were bristling with weapons, machine guns, panzerfousts, and rifles. They also had a few American weapons, which made us a little mad.

We began to clear the houses behind the foxholes, but the attack had to be held up while Co. C was taking the right flank, so we settled down to eat some

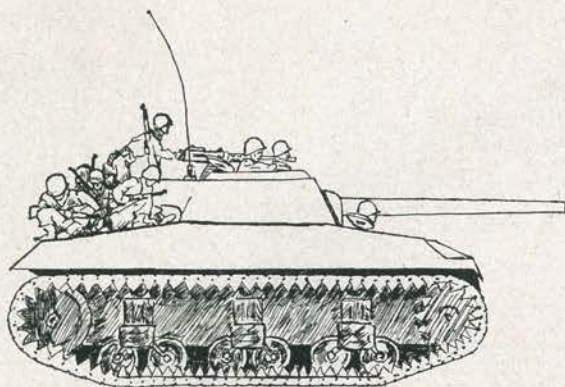


of the food we found in the houses, and relaxed for a bit. A four man patrol took off, Burke, Hernandez and Walker crossing the river, while Flood protected their rear. They returned with several prisoners and the information that the town was apparently clear. The third platoon, acting on this information, took off, crossed the river and cleared some of the houses. Moving up the streets they sighted enemy tanks, and Pfc. Alpert fired a bazooka at one of them, damaging the tracks. Walker and Hernandez crept around behind the buildings flanking the tanks, and Walker let go with a bazooka round that hit the tank, possibly wounding some of the men. The platoon withdrew to the two houses next to the river at that time, and remained there until relieved by the 83rd Division.

The fourth platoon, following the third across the river were held up by sniper fire. Some of the men were able to withdraw into some houses, but the rest were pinned down for almost an hour, before the sniper could be found and disposed of. Burke and Walker, in their wanderings, found a German hospital, where a Sergeant from the 53rd Engineers, who had been wounded the day before, was prisoner. They brought him back to the American lines, finishing off a very busy and successful day.



The 83rd Division arrived to relieve us, and we pulled back through the rain, to where a hot chow and the chance for a few hours rest awaited us. Five minutes after we left, the town surrendered to the 83rd Division. The German's mission at Neuhaus had been to hold at all cost, and they had almost done it. We had suffered many casualties. Pfc. Charles Righini and Pfc. Solon Feldman had been killed. Lt. William Lowery, Pfc. Errol Davis, Pvt. William Gordon, Pvt. Lloyd Gilkey, Sgt. George Hutson, Pfc. David Low, Pfc. Robert Swenson, Sgt. Al Shapiro, S/Sgt. George Konopasek, Pfc. Barry Maley, and Pvt. Leon Gray had been wounded in the two day battle. Another Medic, Pfc. Charlie Schrum, had lost his life while going to the aid of the wounded. We had come to admire and respect our aid men as no other group in the company. They had risked their necks many times to go out, under fire, to the aid of some poor Joe who was lying there wounded. No matter how heavy the fire, they had gone to him unhesitatingly. No one can say that the medics ever fell down on the job, and they have received enough purple hearts and citations to prove that they often did a great deal more than their job.



With the capture of Neuhaus, and Paderborn to the north, the last escape corridor from the Ruhr pocket was sealed up. The krauts caught in this pocket now faced either surrender or death.

4 April

We were alerted for further movement, had some hot coffee, and pulled out at 0520. We traveled to a town called Geseke, Germany, where we were placed in Division Reserve, and had our first chance to sleep for a long time. How we went to it!

5 April

We ate early chow and started off at 0930, acting as advance guard in the convoy. Our Battalion Recon did most of the work, but occasionally a platoon would detach itself and check over an area for enemy troops. We passed through Overhagen, Heringhausen, Benninghausen, Eickelhorn, and Ostinghausen in this manner, flushing out several prisoners. At Ostinghausen, the second platoon hit the jackpot, taking a whole company, which was marching down the road looking for someone who would take them.

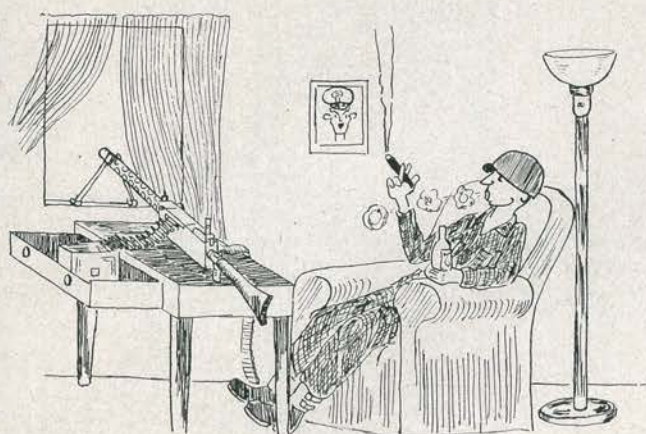
Just before dusk the third platoon set out to contact the 95th Division, reported to be in a little town northeast of us. After a wild ride, made

even wilder by the pitch darkness of the night and the slippery road, they finally did locate the 95th, only getting lost two or three times, and only damaging one track, which ran into a tree in the dark. They returned in the wee small hours with the injured track in tow.

6 April

We departed from Ostinghausen at 1020, with the second platoon again in the lead, and again acting as advance guard. We moved south towards Opmunden, where the column was stopped by several Regal Mines strung across the road. The Engineers were called up, but before they got there, Brewer's squad had picked up the mines and moved on down the road. We hit a roadblock then, and the Bürgermeister of Opmunden came peddling out on a bicycle to meet us, offering to surrender the town. He returned to town and brought out about 50 prisoners, and we moved in to check the town further. While the column was halted, someone fired a shot from behind a barn, and several tanks and halftracks opened up on the barn, reducing it to a smoking rubble. Whoever fired the shot was no doubt sorry he ever started the whole thing.





We pulled back to Bad Sassendorf, arriving about 1530, where we joined the 17th Airborne, who were already dug in around the town, and set up a defense. We then proceeded to check the town, routing out many prisoners and DPs. At 1800 we left Bad Sassendorf, and proceeded towards Elfsen and Mullingsen.

The second platoon had passed through Elfsen when the column was opened up on by high velocity anti-tank fire. The second, fifth, and third squads raced madly for the outskirts of Mullingsen and set to work clearing out the houses. The first and fourth squads were behind a tank, and could not advance on the road, so the men dismounted and advanced along the road. The second platoon set up a defense, while the tanks began to cut loose.

The third platoon was behind the second when the anti-tank fire started, and made immediately for the shelter of two buildings before they could be hit. Here they waited till the fire slackened. Then they moved up with the second platoon, and set up a defense for the night.

The first platoon, though behind the leading platoons, drew fire from the right front, from a probable distance of about two kilometers. The civilians in the area expressed the belief that it was a French weapon of about 65 mm. When the

fire had subsided, the first moved up on foot to join the other two platoons. The confusion had been great during this brief skirmish, but we had managed to pull it together in good time, and casualties were light. Pfc. Robert Craig, Pvt. James Frisch, and Pvt. Roger Greene were slightly injured in the deal. We didn't capture any prisoners; we saw a small force of Germans in the woods, but we received orders not to mess with them, so we didn't. They didn't bother us either, and for all we know they are still wandering around somewhere.

7 April

We moved out early and continued into Mullingsen, clearing out the town, and this time taking several prisoners. The first platoon then proceeded to a small town southwest of Mullingsen, called Lendringsen, but found no enemy there. On the way, however, they cleared a patch of woods, flushing out several SS men. The company then reorganized, and with the first platoon in the lead mounting on tanks, the second following in tracks, and the third platoon walking, we proceeded to the town of Hiddingsen, where the first platoon dismounted and cleared out the place. We continued west, clearing Ruplah,



Deiringsen, Meiningsen, and Epsingsen, collecting a creditable band of prisoners, and picking up several souvenirs along the way. We got word to hold up at Epsingsen, and were placed in Division Reserve again. Mail was brought up, and we fell in at the tail end of the CCB column, while A Co. drew the point assignment. Not at all displeased with this "rear echelon" assignment, we followed along as the column wound an erratic course through Ampen, Ost Onnen, Rollingsen, Sievenngen, and Gerlange. Toward evening we received word that Co. A, in the point had run into an ambush, and we were rushed up to their support. We reached the area, and dismounted to dig in, while 88 fire was turned on us. This fire fell to our rear, however, and there were no casualties. We spent the night in our foxholes, awaiting a possible attack, but none came. It was cold in those foxholes, but we were worn out enough to catch a few winks of sleep anyhow.

8 April

A thick fog rolled in during the night and stayed with us throughout the early part of the morning. At 0900 we were given the mission of flanking and capturing the north-south road out of Werl, cutting off the Germans retreat while the 95th Division and Task Force Van Houten attacked from the front and flanks. We started out on this mission, but were called back to West Onnen, where we ate chow at about 1300, and at about 1600 we



DAMN THOSE 88'S



TANK HUNTERS

moved out to an area just east of Werl. We sat around here for about two hours, while whatever our plans were changed a couple of times, and finally moved into Werl, where we went to work clearing out certain areas of the town that had been overlooked before. We took several prisoners and were fired upon a few times by snipers. Tanks were brought up to knock out the snipers, and no casualties were received. As the company moved out of Werl, the fourth and Headquarters platoons, still in town, took a terrific pasting from enemy artillery.

At 2100, Task Force Roseborough, of which we were a part, moved out to attack a little town west of Werl, known as Ost Buderich. This attack was made just at nightfall. The second platoon moved out mounted on light tanks, the first and fourth following in half-tracks. The third platoon, late in leaving Werl arrived in time to support the other three platoons as they were entering the town. We moved out across the intervening fields, firing our vehicular weapons, while the tanks blasted away with their 75s. The tracers and the shells firing into the night made a very beautiful and awe inspiring spectacle, somewhat reminiscent of a Fourth of July fireworks display, although, a great deal of care had to be exercised at times that we did not come too close to hitting each other with the



overwhelming firepower we were putting out. The Krauts were evidently quite impressed, for the only resistance we encountered was a few scattered rounds of mortar fire. Once in the town, however we received fairly heavy artillery fire, but most of it landed on the outskirts of town, while we were for the most part in the center. Casualties for the operation were light. Sgt. Raymond Fisher, Pvt. George Buckley, Medic Milan Bagel, and Pfc. William Cook were slightly wounded. We set up a defense of the town and stayed there for the night. During the night the first platoon was turned out to route out about seven more prisoners, who had been left behind and gotten drunk. They were asleep in the cellar for the most part, although one of them had gone out to try and capture a tank single handed, thus bringing on his downfall.

9 April

Co. A took over the attack and the men were withdrawn from their outposts and into town. We mounted up about noon, and proceeded to Hemmerode, in support of Task Force Van Houten, where we spent the rest of the afternoon waiting for further orders. This movement was made under artillery

fire, and during the halt, artillery continued to rain on us. Here Lt. Bell was evacuated. He had taken over the company when morale had been weakened, and although not an experienced line officer, he had lead the company in such a way that confidence and morale was restored and remained high. We felt his loss keenly at this time. The artillery fell intermittantly all during the afternoon, but let up towards evening, and hot chow was served. During the afternoon the Division Artillery was brought up and emplaced around us, and we found that artillery makes a great deal of noise from the sending end too.

10 April

We were alerted early in the morning to take over the attack, and after a cup of hot coffee, by way of a breakfast, we moved out on foot, passing throug Co. C, and forming up at the line of departure while a vast fleet of tanks rolled up ready to support us with direct fire. Our mission was to clear the left side of the railroad tracks up to the outskirts of Unna, while the 95th Infantry advanced on our right clearing the right side of the tracks.

The attack commenced with an artillery and tank barrage, and we moved out on a two platoon front with the second on the right and the third on the left, with the first and fourth in support. Col. Roseborough assumed command of the company during this operation.





We held up on a north south road while the tanks were brought up and gave overhead support. We drew enemy fire from a 105 rifle set up in the town of Vob, and there were several air bursts but no casualties were inflicted. We jumped off about noon. The third platoon arrived at their first objective and cleared out a bunch of houses called Mulhausen, but no enemy were encountered except a few scared civilians. We held up again while the artillery fired into town, picking off enemy gun positions. After a lengthy barrage we moved out again, with the second platoon along the tracks and the third platoon along the road.

The second platoon encountered no resistance, until they came close to Vob, where they drew fire from several Krauts dug in under a culvert. The first and second squads moved into a building, while the rest of the platoon stayed out to shoot it out with the Krauts for the rest of the afternoon.

The third platoon was fired upon from the left of the road, and the third squad, which was in the lead, crawled up to a point where they could fire at the Krauts emplaced around the 105. After they had wounded a couple and put the rest in a surrendering frame of mind they made a dash for the two buildings to the left of the road and set up a defense. Pfc.s Walker and Stewart went out on a short patrol and observed a large number of SS men dug in along the railroad spur to their

front and in the field to their left. They returned with two prisoners. Shortly after that, as tanks were coming up to support both platoons, the Krauts attacked. The call went back for artillery, and with the tanks coming up and the artillery coming in right on the nose, the attack was beaten off without casualties. An attempt was then made by a couple of suicide-minded SS men to sneak up on the positions and heave hand grenades, but the third platoon spotted them and knocked them off before they had a chance to throw their grenades.

At dusk the first and fourth platoons, supported by a platoon of tanks from Co. B of the 36th Tanks, charged across the field in which some SS men were holed up, killing several and forcing the rest to retreat across the railroad spur. This action cleared the left flank and front of the third platoon's precarious position. The third platoon had been almost surrounded up till this time, and were beginning to get a little worried with nightfall. Six prisoners were captured in the attack and the first and fourth platoons then moved in with the third and set up a defense for the night.



As a matter of interest, this attack was said by one of the observers from the 95th Division staff to be one of the best coordinated attacks by tanks and infantry that he had ever seen.

11 April

Early in the morning, as we were making a breakfast of last night's hot chow, the order came out to fire every available weapon into Unna as a base of fire for CCA, which was moving in on our left flank to take the town. This done, we entered the outskirts of the town to clear out a few blocks, but finding nothing but a few dead SS men scattered around, we withdrew to our original positions. Here we found the tracks and hot chow waiting, a welcome sight indeed. We spent the afternoon washing, shaving, and cleaning our weapons. Several of us put on a rodeo, much to the amusement of all concerned, except to the puzzled and rebellious horses they were trying to ride.

Later in the afternoon we pulled back to a little town called Siddinghausen, and were placed in Corps reserve. For once we weren't called out to spearhead some attack, which was what usually happened when we were placed in Corps Reserve, and spent a peaceful night. Here the T/O was augmented by two more buck sergeants, as Joe Campanella and Winfield Rich sewed on their new stripes.



By way of a little added information on the preceeding operations, the units facing us on the push from Werl to Unna were the 60th Panzer Grenadier Regt., and the 156th Regiment of the 116th Panzer Division. The total prisoner take for the batallion was 660.

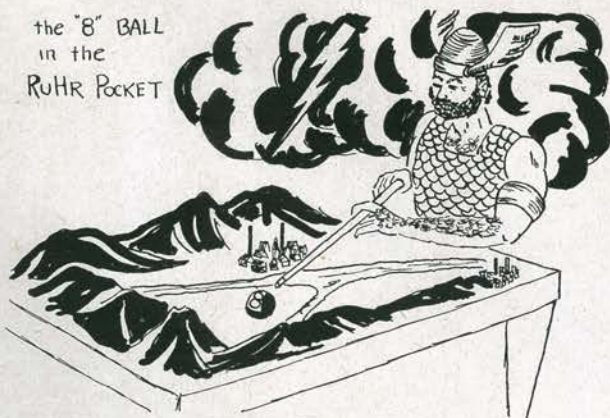
12, 14 April

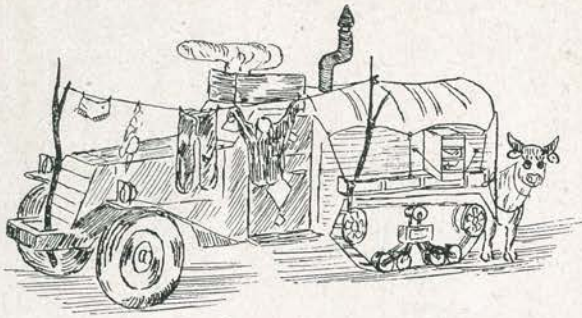
We welcomed Capt. Griggs, our new Company Commander. At 1300 we left Siddinghausen, freed at last from the Ruhr pocket. Since Paderborn, while the rest of the Armored Division were racing for Berlin, we had been holed up there, and were in fact becoming known as the "Eightball in the Ruhr Pocket". We traveled all day and all night, arriving at a large town south of Brunswick, called Wolfenbüttel. Upon arrival we found billets, cleaned up, and caught up on some of the rest we had been missing. Our duties were largely occupational, and aside from a few mounted patrols and a guard on the prison cage that was rapidly filling to overflowing, we did little but sleep, eat, and rest.

15 April

We left Wolfenbüttel in the afternoon and traveled south to Westernhausen, passing the flattened town of Halberstadt on the way. We arrived at about

the "8" BALL
in the
RUHR POCKET





HOME

1900, and waited around while the orders came down to start looking for billets. We were in the midst of uncleared territory and had a large sector to outpost. The third platoon was sent to a little town called Bornecke, about three kilometers north, to establish outposts. The other three platoons were billeted in the town for the night. In a few days we had every platoon out on outpost somewhere, and were sending out patrols. There was a large number of enemy in the area, and trip flares and booby traps were set around the outposts. These trip flares would go off several times each night at least, and although it is believed that the enormous jack-rabbits that abounded in the area were responsible for a great many of these alarms, but the lead was flying thick and fast all the same.

16 April

During the day the tension let up a great deal, for our greatest worry was not daylight attacks, but combat patrols at night. The fourth platoon was broken up and scattered around as reinforcements for the various outposts. This set up a tighter defense system, but we still felt that we were woefully undermanned for the area we had to cover, and there were many gaps. The outposts were frequently attacked by patrols, and some short but bitter fights took place before they would withdraw. One of our patrols going out to contact the third platoon in a peep were ambushed and fired upon, but they

stepped on the gas and drove like hell for the third platoon outpost and escaped.

We suffered several casualties on this date. Although nobody was killed, T/5 Robert Pinkard, Pvt. Robert Holt, and Pvt. "Red" LePage were wounded.

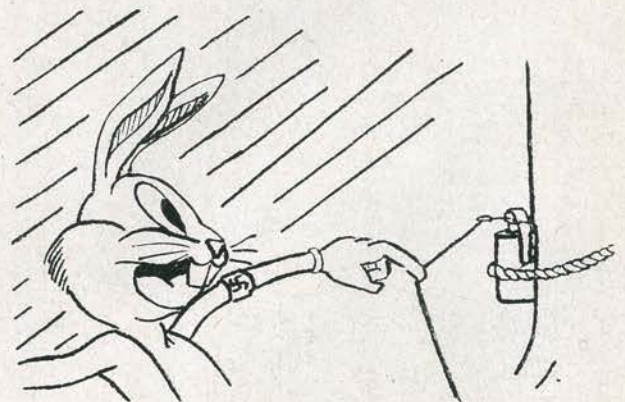
17, 20 April

We continued in the task of defending Westerhausen and area, encountering nightly patrol action but suffering no casualties. We killed several Krauts, however, and wounded and captured many others. Our artillery fired in defensive support, and on one occasion we drew return fire from either mortars or 88s. Co. A attacked some woods on our right flank and cleared them, relieving us on that flank to some extent, and the tension relaxed a little.

21 April

We were alerted early in the morning for the coming attack on Blankenburg. The first and second platoons moved out from Westerhausen, Germany, leaving the fourth platoon to defend the town, and moved forward to high ground overlooking the town encountering no opposition, and dug in.

The third platoon meanwhile, moved out to take a high wooded hill on the right flank. The second squad was sent out to take the hill, while the rest



of the squads in the platoon acted as a base of fire. The second squad approached the hill, and sent out its two scouts to reconnoiter the area. These two scouts, Cheever and Walker, moved up the hill, to run upon four SS men dug in at the top. Walker shot one, and the rest surrendered. Later the squad continued along the top of the hill and captured four more Germans, including one officer. Later the platoon sent out two patrols to capture Krauts leaving Blankenburg, and several more prisoners were taken.

The tanks then moved up, which the first and second platoons acting as flank cover, to the high ground overlooking the town. Here the tanks fired five rounds apiece into the town, and withdrew. About 15 P-47s then came over to bomb and strafe the town, incidently providing a swell show for the doughs on the hill, as we had an unobstructed view of the whole operation. SHAEF set up a sound truck, and broadcast surrender terms to the defenders of the town. For a time no action took place, and we waited around on the hill for further instructions.

Serveral prisoners began drifting in to the first platoon positions shortly after noon, among them a Sergeant from the wagon trains of the 116th Panzer Division, who said that he was authorized by his commander to negotiate for a surrender of the hundred-odd horse drawn vehicles and men of that unit. We were told that the men hiding in the woods would surrender if tanks were brought up into position before the woods. The first platoon was mounted



Hände Hoch!

on tanks from C Co., 36th Tank Bn., and advanced on the woods, from which 200 odd prisoners came out to surrender. The tanks then proceeded parallel to the woods until they reached the outskirts of Blankenburg, where they were ordered to hold up and await further orders. Just before reaching this point, however, a burst of machine gun fire from the woods raked the back of the lead tank. The men dove for cover and the tanks opened up on the woods with their weapons. The enemy either was killed or retreated for no more fire was received from the woods, and the platoon didn't investigate further.

Meanwhile, Captain Griggs, who was sitting on the top of a hill overlooking the town was approached by a Colonel, and was asked, "Are you from the Infantry?" Captain Griggs admitted that he was, and was ordered, "Then go take that town." With these battle orders we moved out to take Blankenburg at about 1700.

The first platoon moved in from the left flank, and the second and fourth platoons moved in from the front, with the third platoon in support. A Co. later came in from the right flank. With newsreel cameramen from SHAEF grinding out the action, the second platoon tore down a road-block, and



the third and fourth platoon poured through to start on the business of clearing out the town. At this point the fourth platoon met its only opposition, one man in a foxhole, which was quickly disposed of, and no opposition further was encountered.

Each platoon was assigned to a certain area, and we moved through the town in rapid order, clearing out the houses picking up Schnapps on the way, bothered occasionally by the hundreds of prisoners who poured out to surrender. Organisation broke down to a great extent from the enormous area that we had to cover, and for the most part we moved through in small patrols of two or three men apiece, clearing out along the way as best we could. We collected and reorganized in the center of town, but Debrey, who was out with Bahnsen looking for prisoners, and O'Donnel who was looking for billets, as well as several others who were looking for anything, continued to bring in prisoners by the hundreds. The total for the battalion for the day was nine hundred, and we took the greater share of these. Several blocks in the center of the town were still blazing, and the firefighters of Blankenburg were busily fighting the fire, unmindful of the



ME TOO!!

conquering army about them moving out to billets, which for some were located in the former residence of a German Major General Von Funck, by name. Pfc. "Amos" Morgan was injured during this operation, as was T/5 Bernard Kramer. Pfc. William Pfau, was tragically killed in this our last engagement with the enemy.

The prisoner total mounted high during the day, as Krauts from the woods and surrounding territory continued to stream in. Most of the morning was spent checking different areas in the town while it rained. The scattered and broken units we faced and captured there were elements of Potsdam Regt., a Grenadier Replacement and Machine Gun Battalion, the 11th Lippstadt Regt. of the Potsdam Division 146, 5th Parachute Division, 16th Motorized Division, Signal Regt. 502, 1st Pioneer Training Regt., and the 116th Panzer Trains.

23 April

Today we were told that as far as we were concerned the fighting in Europe was over. The reason for this was that the Ninth Army had reached its objective and had orders to hold fast where they were. We felt pretty good about that. We moved out of Blankenburg to our area of occupation.



YOU FROM THE INFANTRY?



And the 3rd platoon drew Heimberg, the second drew Benzingerode, while the first, fourth and headquarters drew the large town of Wernigerode. Guard duty was very heavy, and there were many road blocks to man, but war had for the most part passed this area, and there was plenty of time for rest relaxation, while we followed the war over the radio and in the papers, and sweated out the CBI. The company began to grow instead of dwindle, as men began to return from the hospitals. And higher headquarters began to worry about the men having too much free time, and turn their attention from the business of fighting a war to mapping a training schedule, and holding formations and inspections.

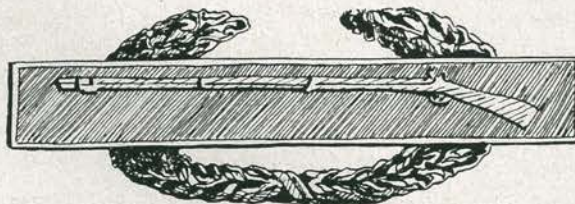
8 May

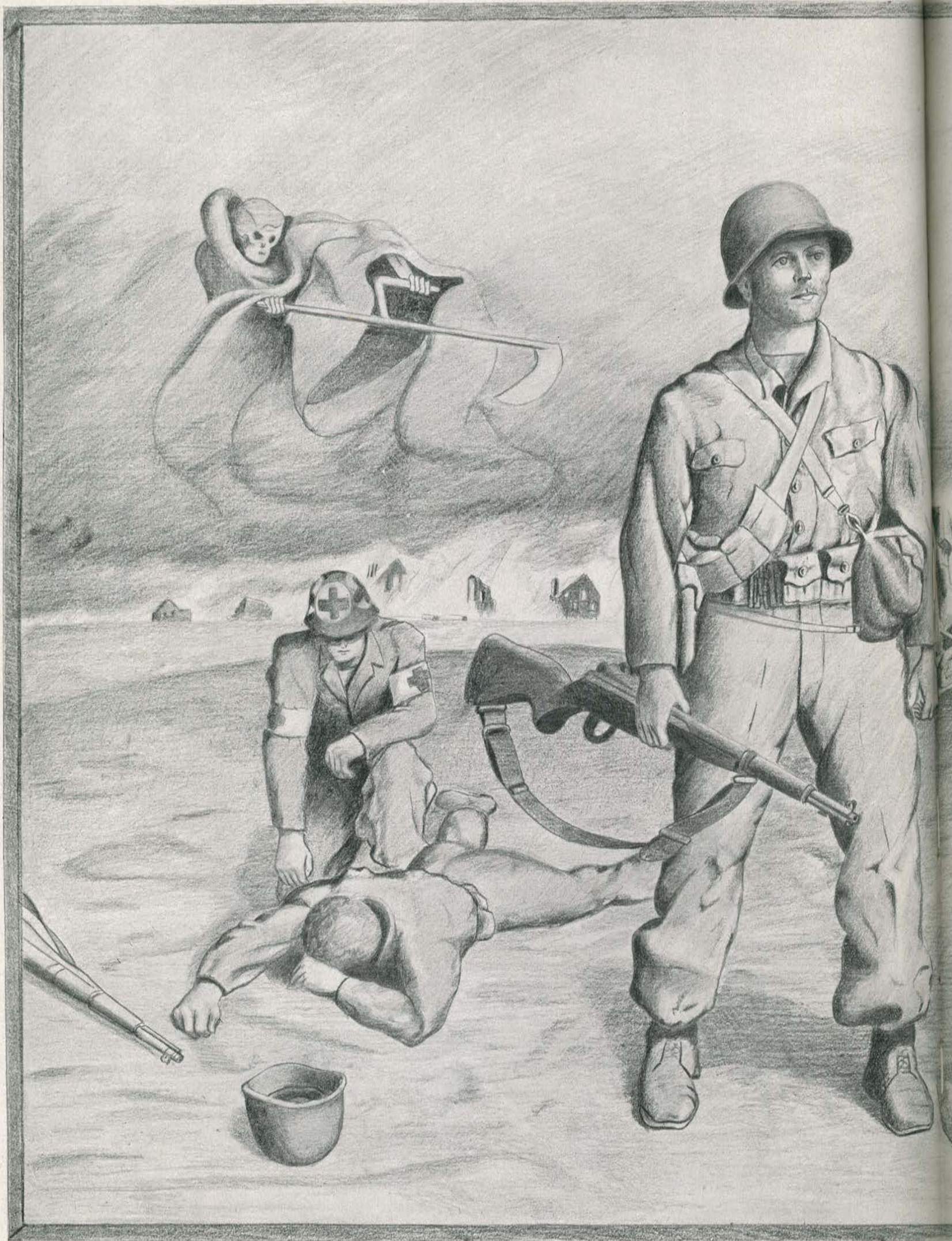
We moved from Wernigerode to Wahnbeck, where we celebrated V-E Day, six months almost

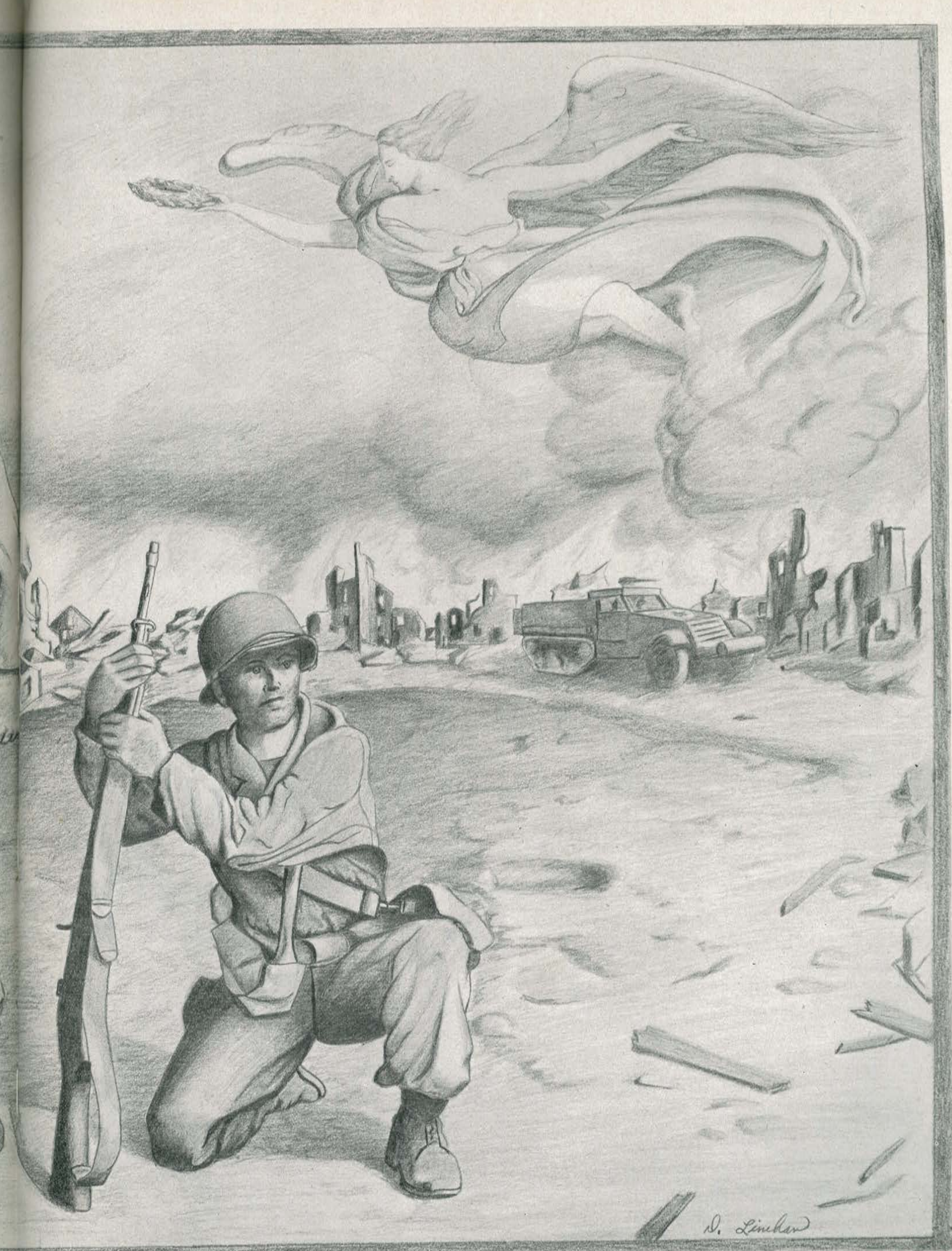
to a day after we had steamed out of New York harbor, bound for Europe. We had received praise for our work both as a unit and as individuals. Pfc.s Timothy Burke and Herbert Walker received Silver Stars for their patrol work and for their aggressive action against the enemy. Pfc. Bowman received the Bronze Star for action at Trieste, Pfc.s Hernandez and Steward received Bronze Star for their patrol work, and Pfc. White received the Bronze Star for aggressive action against the enemy. Lt. Bell received one for the job he did taking over the company in combat. Others, though not officially recognized for their deeds, won the gratitude and admiration of their buddies for performing magnificent jobs in the heat of combat, which will not be forgotten, and we have tried as much as possible to recognize some of these in this history. Others tell by the wayside, some to return to us later, others never to return. We are proud of our outfit, of ourselves, and of our buddies. That's the story.



THE CONQUEROR







D. Linahan



H E A D Q U A R T E R S 3 5 T H I N F A N T R Y D I V I S I O N

Office of the Commanding General

A. P. O. 35

U. S. ARMY

11 March, 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding General, 8th Armored Division, A. P. O. 258,
U. S. Army. (through channels)

1. During the period 3-10 March, 1945, elements of your command including Combat Command "B", Company "C", 18th tank battalion, and the 88th Reconnaissance Squadron were attached to this Division for operation against the enemy in the vicinity of Lintford, Rheinburg, and the Wesel bridgehead. In every instance these units carried out their assigned mission and attacked the Germans with a tenacity which aided to a great extent in the victories and successes attained in this area.

2. The performance of Combat Command "B" was especially outstanding. This unit attacked with such great ferocity and utter disregard for danger and casualties that the enemy was not only surprised but were driven with utmost speed from strongholds which they did not intend to give up. This speed and determination to close with the enemy is most commendable and reflects great credit upon the officers and men of this unit.

3. Please extend to your units, who have operated with this Division for the past few days, my most sincere appreciation for their fine work and my commendation for their attainments.

PAUL W. BAADE
Major General U. S. Army
Commanding

Ist Ind.

AG. 330.13
(11 Mar. 45)

HEADQUARTERS XVI CORPS
A. P. O. 197 U. S. Army.

16 March, 1945

TO: Commanding General, 8th Armored Division, A. P. O. 258, U. S. Army

It is with pleasure that I forward this letter of commendation. I concur fully and heartily in the contents of this letter. I wish to add my congratulations and thanks to the officers and men of your Division for the aggressive and determined spirit demonstrated by them during these operations.

JOHN B. ANDERSON
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

2nd Ind.

HEADQUARTERS 8TH ARMORED DIVISION
A. P. O. 258 U. S. Army

21 March, 1945

TO: Commanding Officers, Combat Command "B", 8th Armored Division

1. The outstanding performance of your combat command while attached to the 35th Infantry Division confirms my previous conviction of its battle worthiness.

2. I desire that all be informed of my pride in their accomplishments and of my confidence in their ability to achieve even greater things in the future.

JOHN M. DEVINE
Brigadier General, U. S. A.
Commanding

EXPOSED



LIPPE CANAL



GENERAL SIMPSON, CO 9TH ARMY
GENERAL ANDERSON, CO 19TH CORPS
GENERAL DEVINE, CO 8TH ARMD. DIV.
COLONEL DODGE, CHIEF OF STAFF, 8TH ARMD. DIV.



KITCHEN:

Hdq. Plt.

Standing: Thobaben, H. Fischer, Boyles, Wimberly,
Puffer, Keistler

Kneeling: Myers, Kleczkowski, Howe, L.W. Jones,
Tom Brewster

Sitting: McCarty, J. B. Smith



COMMUNICATIONS:

Standing: Beuten, Ciniglia, Olszewski, Battilana

Kneeling: Carasik, Thatcher, Hutson



ADMINISTRATION: Valta, Murray



MAINTAINANCE:

Standing: Krumme, Dimopoulos, Shannon,
D.D. Jones

Sitting: Hoban, Rider, Geoffry

Lying: Medary



SUPPLY: Standing: Epley, Scott, Gelb Kneeling: Bell, I. Davis, Conly



1ST PLATOON



1ST SQUAD

Hensley, Linehan, Jameson, Minton, Brooks, Low, Swenson,
Hesler, W. Jones, Bates



2ND SQUAD

G. Johnson, Gillis, Dukes, Gruner, Snapiro, Gordon, Gilkey,
Hunter, Konopasek, Bolin, Henry, Judge



3RD SQUAD

Gish, Krononger, Mills, Olson, Miller, W. Johnson, Rich, Robinson,
Micheals, Howard



4TH SQUAD

Riedmiller, Hamrick, Campanella, Paquette, H. Ferguson, Scheibel,
Glass, Schroeder



5TH SQUAD
Jackson, Arnett, Buechlar, Horworth, King, Landry, Parrott, Zinderstein,
Kiel, Jenkins, Gaines, Dale





1ST SQUAD

Standing: W. Johnson, F. Craften, J. Fisher, L. Davis
 Kneeling: E. Reed, L. Jennings, P. Bleskan, J. Bowman
 Sitting: S. Silverstein, G. Allen, M. Haltunen, N. Deprey
 No Picture: A. Bahnsen, L. Perdue



2ND SQUAD

Standing: E. Sterling, A. Valentine, L. Steeves, W. Brewer
 Kneeling: H. Taylor, R. Williams, J. Sykes, S. Salvestrin
 Sitting: D. Drew, H. Stroud, W. Kelly, J. Hall
 No Picture: L. Haycraft

SECOND PLATOON



5TH SQUAD

Standing: J. Paisley, L. Johnson, J. Sullins, P. Peterson
 Kneeling: C. Rhele, F. Dowdy, F. Sposito, C. Hobbs
 No Picture: A. Garrett, H. Stephens, H. Breeding, H. Patterson



LT. G. W. EDSON



3RD SQUAD

Standing: R. Reges, J. Frosch, W. Doss, J. Perpich
 Kneeling: R. Beisvert, J. Hoffman, E. Lapierre, J. Johnson
 No Picture: D. Albert, L. Hensley



4TH SQUAD

Standing: A. Lopez, G. Weilbacher, L. Muck
 Kneeling: J. Streeter, D. Locastro, F. Fisher
 No Picture: F. Brown, E. Brigrance



3RD PLATOON



1ST SQUAD

Standing: Alpert, Stewart, Veydt, Lentine, Brunson

Kneeling: Thorpe, Wallace, Cappelletti, Crenshaw, D. Craig



3RD SQUAD

Standing: R. Brown, Witte, Grose, Socha, Smith

Kneeling: Burgess, Foca, Freeman, Taylor



2ND SQUAD

Standing: Iovine, Galletti, Skovera, Cheatham, Culp, Gomien

Kneeling: Flood, Cheever, R. Craig



4TH SQUAD

Standing: Sims, Kametz, Jurewicz, Feurgeson, Jones

Kneeling: Margules, Bull, O'Reel, Caputo



5TH SQUAD

Standing: Brewster, Kaanta, Moran, Swank

Kneeling: Walker, Wilson, Holbrook, Hernandez, White, Bryant, Buckley

No Picture: Drake, Triano





1ST SQUAD

Standing: McNulty, Kaigen, Baker, Langill, Clark
Kneeling: Clark, Dwyer, Murnane, Jessup



2ND SQUAD

Standing: Nolan, Momon, Siddens, De Decker, Freitag
Kneeling: Tiatorio, Bleskan, Tilson, Howell, Wilson



3RD SQUAD

Standing: Filley, Sporic, Hamlin, Dodd, Troutman
Kneeling: Oldenburgh, Morgan, Deshaies, Deverter, Waigenfeld
No Picture: Kramer, Gray



4TH SQUAD

Standing: Lowry, Conner, Sobol, St. Clair
Kneeling: Harden, Herness, Boston, Deroner
No Picture: Westlake



OFFICERS



Lt. Clement



Lt. Bell



Cpt. Griggs



Lt. Lowry



Lt. Edson



Lt. Lowry

Lt. Meech



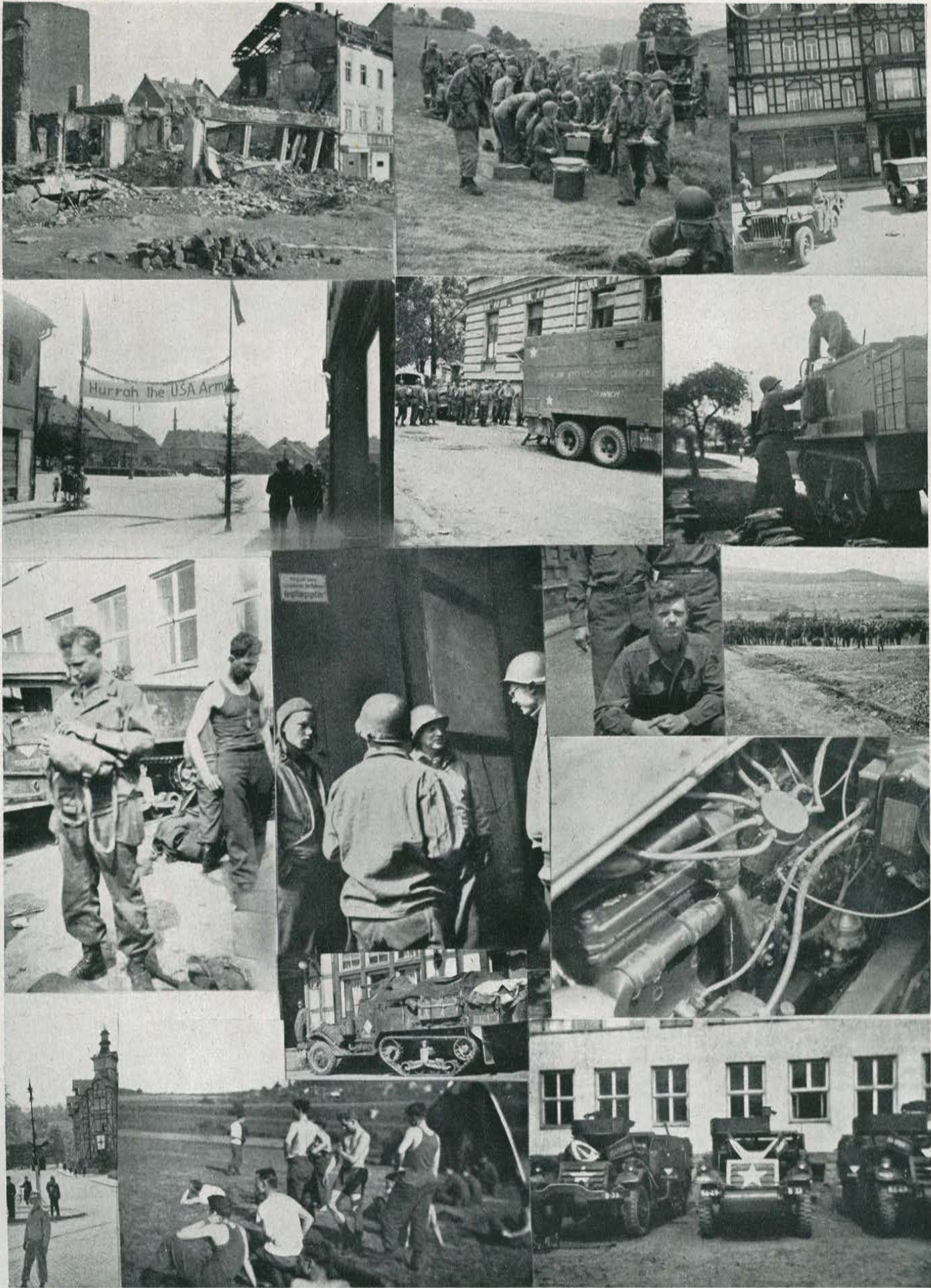
Lt. Schnebeck

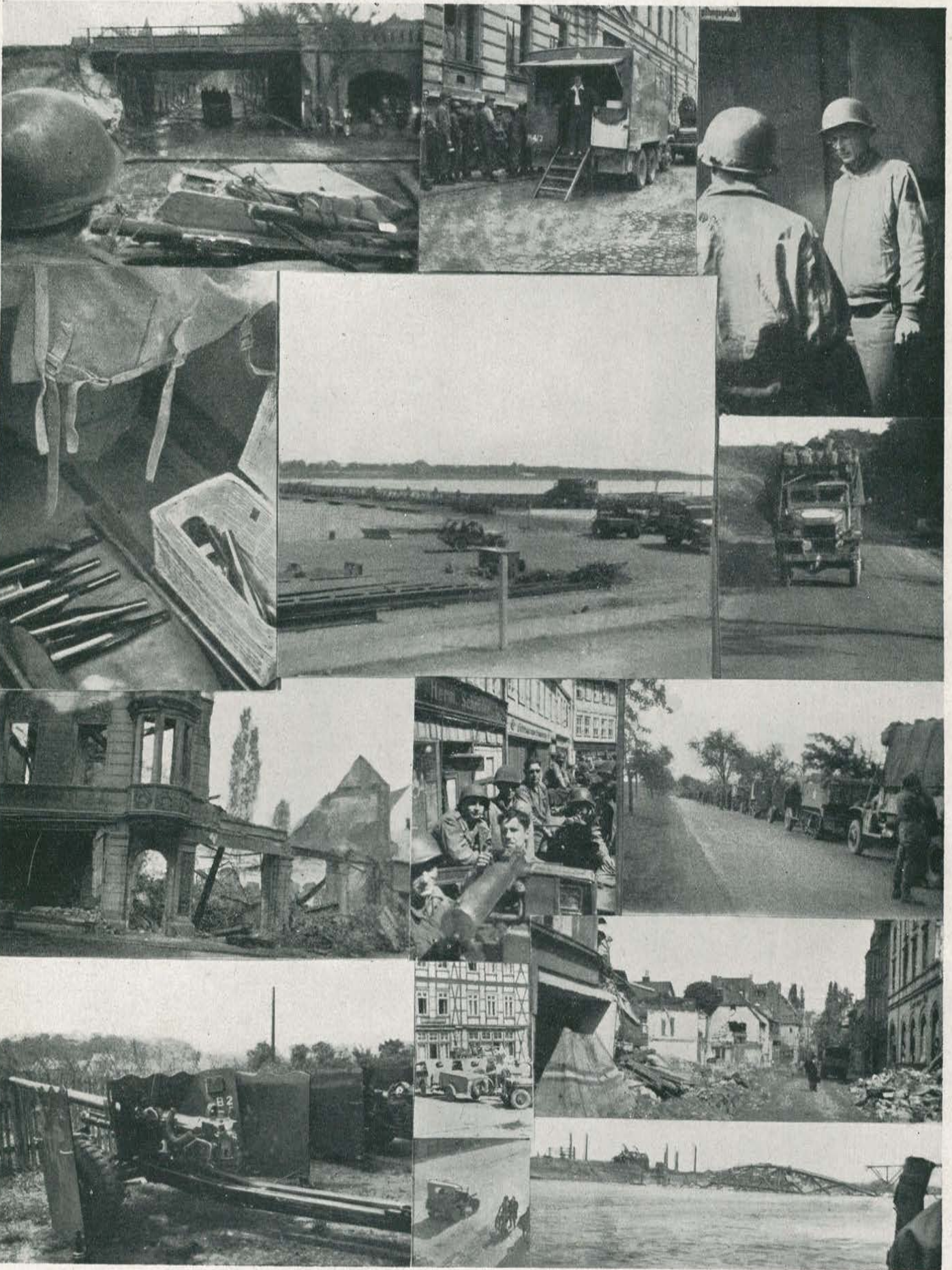
MEDICS



G. Jansen, W. Doyle, Maggules, L. Jennings, R. Shackelford, H. Lowry









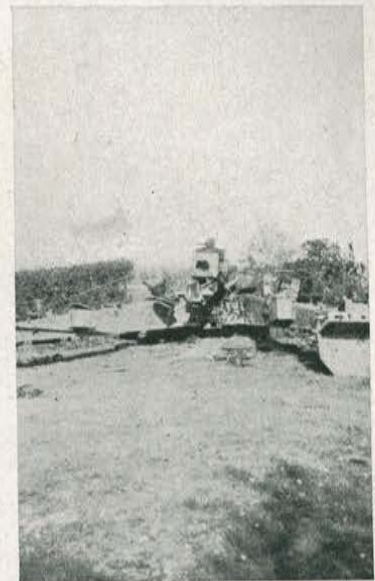
Captured Jerrie Tracks



Kaput !!!



Machine Gun in Position



Out of Action



Battle Fatigue or Drunk !!



Swing !!



Break?



Bringing 'em In



Waggie's Platoon



Parks



Nicht Schiessen



Loaded?



Motor Park

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Brewer, Willis C.	General Delivery	Tolleson	Ariz.
Brewster, Elbert G., Jr.	Box 225	War	W. Va.

Brewster, Tom W.		Zena	Okl.
Bridges, Fred J.			
Brigance, Edwin G.	Box 516	Ardmore	Okl.
Brooks, William E., Jr.	Rt. 2, Box 136	Lakeland	Fla.
Brown, Frank E.	Route 5	McAlester	Okl.
Brown, Richard W.	2822 N. E. Schuyler St.	Portland	Ore.
Brunson, Hugh L., Sr.	Rt. 1, Box 695	Albany	N. Y.
Bryanth, Earle F.		Tye River	Va.
Buckley, George P.	1263 Lake View Ave.	Dracut	Mass.
Buechlar, Richard W.	18467 Pinehurst Ave.	Detroit	Mich.
Bull, Lloyd W.	3749 5th St.	Rock Island	Ill.
Bupp, Curtis G.	16 Hillside Road	Richardson Park	Del.
Burgess, Clayborn L.	2805 E. Marshall St.	Richmond	Va.
Burke, Timothy J.	44 Lowell St.	Lynn	Mass.
Burkett, James F.	17371 Pennington St.	Detroit	Mich.
Burtscher, Gustave J.	R. 1120 N. Wooster Ave.	Dover	Ohio
Campanella, Joseph	343 W. Philadelphia St.	York	Pa.
Cappelletti, John F.	1220 W. Ohio St.	Chicago	Ill.
Caputo, Tobio P.	466 Derby Ave.	West Haven	Conn.
Carasik, William	421 W. 6th St.	Jacksonville	Fla.
Cheatham, Virgil L.	612 Southern Ave.	Danville	Ky.
Cheever, John A.	464 Beacon St.	Boston	Mass.
Ciniglia, Fredrick P.	83 Sterling Ave.	Harrison	N. Y.
Clark, Denzil L.	Route 1	Wayne	Ill.
Clayton, Charles F., III	2004 Ogden Ave.	Knoxville	Tenn.
Conly, Robert R.	100 Mary St.	Wilmington	Del.
Conner, Harold A.	General Delivery	Palisade	Colo.
Cooke, William N.		Hardin	Mont.
Cooper, William L.		Austonio	Tex.
Crafton, Floyd R.		Boone	Iowa
Craig, Dwight W.	409 Cardiff St.	San Bernardine	Calif.
Craig, Robert S.	Rt. 4, Box 181-A	Tacoma	Wash.
Crenshaw, E. L.	2212 Stutz Drive	Dallas	Tex.
Crowder, Billy L.	1603 Orange Ave.	Roanoke	Va.
Culp, Robert W.	219 E. London Ave.	Peoria	Ill.

Dale, Clifford J.		Scarville	Iowa
Darr, Orland C.	R. R. 2	Greencastle	Mo.
Davis, Errol B.	RFD 1	Sebec Station	Me.
Davis, Irving	407 Fairview Ave.	Orange	N. J.
Davis, Joe L.	100 ¹ / ₂ Westmoreland Ave.	Montgomery	Ala.
Davis, Leroy J.	Box 153	Yale	S. D.
De Decker, James F.	212 19th Ave.	Moline	Ill.
Deroner, Sydney A.	316 Valley St.	So. Orange	N. J.
Deprey, Norman	RFD 1, Box 151	Soldier Pond	Me.
Deshaies, Robert	769 Bernen St.	Woonseket	R. I.
Deverter, Richard W.	456 S. Beaver St.	Lancaster	Pa.
Dimopoulos, Gust. H.	635 Shakeaperre Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Dixon, Floyd		Dayton	Ind.
Dodd, Claude K.		Schwenksville	Pa.
Doss, William L.	Box 131	Bristol	Tenn.
Dowdy, Frank L.	Route 5	Sanford	N. C.
Drake, Donald R.	55 Newton St.	Norwich	Conn.
Drew, Donald G.	22 Mt. Hope St.	Roslindale	Mass.
Drobitch, Charles J.	627 W. 48th Place	Chicago	Ill.
Dukes, William H.	RFD	Townsend	Del.
Dwyer, Charles J.	2418 S. 19th St.	St. Joseph	Mo.
Epley, James C.	2745 Cleveland Blvd.	Louisville	Ky.
Evans, Willard R.	Route 3	Laverne	Okl.
Falco, Joseph F., Jr.	2829 E. 8th St.	Kansas City	Mo.
Feldman, Solon W.	84 Vine St.	Hartford	Conn.
Ferguson, Howard J.	1918 Sarah St.	Pittsburg	Pa.
Ferguson, Russel R.		Pliny	W. Va.
Filley, William R.	803 Shoemaker St.	Leavenworth	Kans.
Fischer, Harold A.	910 Elkton St.	Pittsburg	Pa.
Fisher, James H.	Route 3	Radford	Va.
Fisher, Raymond V.	Box 209	Cuddy	Pa.
Fisher, Samuel M.	1145 N. Springfield Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Flood, William A.	2416 7th Ave.	Moline	Ill.
Flum, Robert S.	2318 Jackson St.	Indianapolis	Ind.

Foca, Joseph S.	Glouster Pike	Barrington	N. J.
Freeman, Leroy A.	Route 1, Box 33	Chesnee	S. C.
Frisch, James W.	Main St., Box 184	Cary	Ill.
Freitag, Clarence P.	Route 1, Box 84	Hales Corners	Wis.
Frost, Robert H.	Route 1	Centerville	Pa.
Gabrick, Victor R.	2732 30th Ave. South	Minneapolis	Minn.
Gaines, Robert E.	214 "P" St.	Bedford	Ind.
Gallager, John I.	Milesburg	Pa.
Galletti, Peter P.	374 Hancock St.	Springfield	Mass.
Garrett, Adam L.	RFD 1	Pulaski	Pa.
Gelb, Julius	1668 West 6th St.	Brooklyn	N. Y.
Goeffrey, Napoleon G.	47 Summit Ave.	Chicopee Falls	Mass.
Gilkey, Lloyd M.	430 4th Ave. North	Twin Falls	Mass.
Gillis, Lawrence A.	6 Ferndale St.	Dorchester	Mass.
Gilmore, Edward	108 North St.	Middletown	N. Y.
Gish, Seth T.	Tipton	Mo.
Glass, William C.	Box 330	Fort Smith	Ark.
Gleason, Ramon E.	1754 Lawrence St.	Eugene	Ore.
Gomien, Robert T.	4105 Alma Ave.	St. Louis	Mo.
Gordon, William J.	114 Atlantic Ave.	Ocean City	N. J.
Gray, Leon E.	301 Harrison St.	Riverton	N. J.
Greene, Roger L.	1980 Unionport Road	New York	N. Y.
Grose, Harold E.	Richwood	W. Va.
Gruner, George F.	Minden	La.
Guinn, Carroll G.	RFD Batna	Culpeper	Va.
Hall, James E., Jr.	Route 1	Candler	N. C.
Halttunen, Martin A.	R. D. 3	Slippery Rock	Pa.
Hamlin, Marvin C., Jr.	Route 1	Richland	Ga.
Hamrick, William H.	1107 Bruce Court	Niles	Ohio
Hanns, Norman W.	1151 W. Broad St.	Newark	N. J.
Harden, Robert E., Jr.	Riversville	W. Va.
Haycraft, Lloyd J.	Standale	Ind.
Heath, John W.	1005 McDaniel Ave.	Annistown	Ala.
Heinrich, Damon O.	514 S. 7th Ave.	Sioux Falls	S. D.

Heintz, Anton L.	Route 1	Crete	Ill.
Henry, Samuel F.	R. D. 2	Tarentum	Pa.
Hensley, Eddie L.	1621 Grattan St.	St. Louis	Mo.
Hensley, Leonard A.	832 S Robberson St.	Springfield	Mo.
Hernandez, Albert C.	1040 N. 13th Ave.	Tucson	Ariz.
Herness, William T.	905 Ridge St.	Freeland	Pa.
Herrera, Edward	845 34th St.	Oakland	Calif.
Hesler, Phil	222 W. Main St.	Crawfordsville	Ind.
Hoban, Paul F.	Terre Alta	W. Va.
Hobbs, Chester T.	949 N. Damen St.	Chicago	Ill.
Hoffman, Julian	975 Sherman Ave.	Bronx	N. Y.
Holbrook, Charles T.	596 Thompson Ave.	East Haven	Conn.
Holt, Robert D.	105 Jackson St.	Lawrenceville	Ga.
Horwarth, Donald C.	3244 Glendore Ave.	Cincinatti	Ohio
Hoskins, Dallas O.	353 Garfield St.	Valparaiso	Ind.
Howard, Earl W.	Route 2	Enid	Miss.
Howe, Everett R.	Latham	Ill.
Howell, Vernon E.	Box 112 N. Radcliff St.	Bristol	Pa.
Hunter, James L.	R. D. 1	Harris	Mo.
Hutson, George L.	Kitzmiller	Md.
Iovine, Joseph C.	515 N. 25th St.	Middleboro	Ky.
Jackson, Warnie W.	Route 4	Center	Texas
Jacobs, Dorland M.	R. D. 2	Willoughby	Ohio
Jameson, John H., Jr.	328 Linden St.	Winnetka	Ill.
Jenkins, Francis J.	123 Holley St.	Brockport	N. Y.
Jessup, Robert R.	RR 2 c/o O. A. Byrum	Union City	Ind.
Johnson, Albert	1231 Mechanic St.	Ogdensburg	N. Y.
Johnson, Julian E.	118 E. Munroe St.	Greenwood	Miss.
Johnson, Gordon L.	1372 Lakeshore Dr.	Muskegan	Mich.
Johnson, Leroy M.	Route 1, Box 446	Aberdeen	Wash.
Johnson, William P.	Route 1	Stony Point	N. C.
Jones, David D.	RD 5 Harding Ave.	Canton	Ohio
Jones, Lavern L.	2220½ Cummings St.	Omaha	Neb.
Jones, Lloyd W.	722 Vandever Ave.	Wilmington	Del.

Jones, William R.	Route 2	Smithfield	N. C.
Judge, James F.	1530 S. Vedges St.	Phila.	Pa.
Justus, Normon L.	233 Reed Drive	Winway Parsons	Kan.
Jurewicz, Stanley J.	413 Allen St.	West Hazelton	Pa.
Kaanta, Voitte K.	129 High St.	Fitchburg	Mass.
Kaigen, Albert E.	1617 N. Franklin St.	Phila.	Pa.
Kametz, Robert A.	1724 Jefferson Ave.	Bethlehem	Pa.
Kelly, Willie J.	Fonde	Ky.
Kessell, Harry J.	3120 N. Luna Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Kiel, LaVerne M.	148 East Omaha St.	Rapid City	S. D.
Kiestler, Robert L.	Route 2	Mercer	Tenn.
King, John M.	12 Andrews Ave.	Binghamton	N. Y.
Kiselica, Albert J.	249 Prospect Ave.	Bayonne	N. J.
Kleczkowski, Theodore S.	3 E St.	Jersey City	N. J.
Kombrink, Elmer E.	1409 Lemon St.	Highland	Ill.
Konopasek, George N.	234 Lafayette St.	Griffith	Ind.
Kramer, Bernard H.	Federal	Pa.
Krononger, Donald C.	607 N. 16th St.	Allentown	Pa.
Krumme, Jefferson B.	409 West 11th St.	Bristow	Okl.
La Fleur, Larry J.	Route 1, Box 352	Luvice	La.
Lapierre, Emil C.	523 S. Main St.	Dodgeville	Mass.
Landry, Pierre J.	Box 300	Kelso	Wash.
Langill, Walter S.	P. O. Box 271	Hughson	Calif.
Leas, Dale H.	442 4th St.	Richmond	Va.
Lentine, Peter J.	277 Winfield Ave.	Jersey City	N. J.
Le Page, Mathias, Jr.	RFD 2	Norwich	Conn.
Leveille, George E.	142 Madison Road	Scarsdale	N. Y.
Linehan, Danial L.	148 Strathmore Rd.	Brighton	Mass.
Lindquist, Carl H.	1221 Campbell St.	Wilmar	Minn.
Locastro, Diego J.	98 Cottage St.	Alburn	N. J.
Long, Howard A.	420 Augustine St.	Rochester	N. Y.
Lopez, Alfred	501 Foothill Blvd.	Azusa	Calif.
Lovelace, George A.	Listie	Pa.
Low, David L.	Limonera Ranch	Santa Paula	Calif.

Maley, Barry W.	Box 608	Ingleside	Tex.
Mallet, Leo E.	661 Chestnut St.	Athel	Mass.
Manning, Harvey L.	Detroit	Mich.
Marinelli, James V.	2216 S. 17th St.	Phila.	Pa.
Mathies, Wendelin M.	1923 N. 24th Place	Milwaukee	Wis.
McDade, Jack C.	Route 2, Box 351	Orlando	Fla.
Medary, Horace	882 W. Stella St.	Phila.	Pa.
Melendrez, Ernest M.	2128 Rosecrantz St.	Norwalk	Calif.
Micheals, Richard A.	4 Friend St.	Kennebunk	Me.
Meinkoth, John C.	109 W. 5th St.	O'Fallon	Ill.
Miller, Robert L.	1101 N. Barron St.	Eaton	Ohio
Mills, Walter H., Jr.	Box 503	Richwood	W. Va.
Minton, Virgil P.	Route 1	Clarkville	Ohio
Momon, Robert E.	Route 1	Kingston	Ga.
Moran, Patrick W.	1830 Boston Ave.	Bridgeport	Conn.
Morgan, Lewis R.	Route 1	Milner	Ga.
Morman, Leon H.	1612 N. 8th St.	Phila.	Pa.
Muck, Lyle F.	1873 Creble Ave.	Greenbay	Wis.
Murnane, Cornelius F.	1241 St. Patricks Covnt.	Portsmouth	Ohio
Murray, Harry C.	1416 Victoria St.	Laredo	Tex.
Myers, Morris C.	1015 W. Markland Ave.	Kokomo	Ind.
McCarty, Ross T.	1174 Concord St.	San Diago	Calif.
McLeroy, Eugene F.	P. O. Box 55	Elizibeth	Miss.
McNulty, Walter M.	2742 Miller Road	Flint	Mich.
Nolan, Gerald W.	Harding St.	Skowhegan	Me.
O'Donnell, John J.	1918 S. 2nd St.	Phila.	Pa.
Oldenburgh, Birchum A.	Enfield	Me.
Olson, Paul	1440 Grant Ave.	N. Braddock	Pa.
Olszewski, Thaddes W.	18120 Mitchell St.	Detroit	Mich.
O'Reel, James J.	5332 S. Emerald Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Paisley, James R., Jr.	Hotel Commadore	Cleveland	Ohio
Paquette, Robert N.	Stark	N. H.
Pardridge, Fredrick C.	5421 Cornell Ave.	Chicago	Ill.

Parrott, Joel A.	Route 3, Box 141 A	Lufkin	Tex.
Patterson, Harry	Salem	S. C.
Pavich, Mike E.	2205 5th Ave. West	Hibbing	Minn.
Perdue, Lester	1018 Talcot St.	Agusta	Ga.
Perpich, Joseph M.	Ironten	Minn.
Peterson, Roy S.	1709 Midvale Ave.	Los Angeles	Calif.
Peterson, P. T.	Elcar	Tex.
Pfau, William R.	427 West St.	New York	N. Y.
Pinkard, Robert J.	Montcalm	W. Va.
Porter, Walter V.	1418 Rose St.	Cape Girardeau	Mo.
Poulson, Stewart C.	West Kearney	Kearney	Neb.
Puffer, William H.	704 N. Bristol St.	Santa Anna	Calif.
Rafalko, Stanley L.	1006 Kellerman Court	Scranton	Pa.
Reed, Earl L.	187 Rollstone St.	Pittsburg	Mass.
Reges, Robert K.	33-66 161st St.	Flushing	N. Y.
Rich, Winfield M., Jr.	62 Erie Ave.	Gowanda	N. Y.
Richmond, Toye	Dunns	W. Va.
Richter, Edward H.	1117 Linberg Ave.	Wyandotte	Mich.
Rider, Ralph L.	R. R. 1	Lewisburg	Ohio
Riedmiller, Paul V.	Lavinia	Iowa
Riehle, Charles G.	32 Buffalo Ave.	Brooklyn	N. Y.
Rigg, Kenneth R.	Colchester	Ill.
Righini, Charles J.	446 Hopkins St. S. W.	Atlanta	Ga.
Robinson, Willard M., Jr.	70 Highland Ave.	Highland Park	Mich.
Robbins, Eddie B.	930 Paseo Blvd.	Kansas City	Mo.
Sadrovitz, Frank S.	R. D. 1	Zionville	Pa.
Salvestrin, Silvio D.	320 El Cerrito Ave.	Oakland	Calif.
Satava, Ralph J.	12613 Woodside Ave.	Cleveland	Ohio
Scheibel, John W.	7357 Vernon Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Schroeder, Charles L.	2049 E. 67th St.	Chicago	Ill.
Schwartz, Thomas A.	704 Willow Ave.	Baltimore	Md.
Scott, John O.	207 Richelieu Terrace	Newark	N. J.
Sena, Ray Jr.	Washington	D. C.
Shannon, Samuel R.	1220 W. 4th St.	Wilmington	Del.

Shapiro, Albert	2458 N. Nope St.	Phila.	Pa.
Siddens, W. C.	1905 Saline Ave.	Elderado	Ill.
Silverstein, Sidney	10233 Kenston St.	Cleveland	Ohio
Sims, Neal C.	3543 Queen Ave.	Minnneapolis	Minn.
Skovera, Matthew J.	Route 2	Crystal Falls	Mich.
Smith, Jim B.	General Delivery	Stantonville	Tenn.
Smith, Warren I.	R. R. 1	Kinsley	Kans.
Sobol, Bruce J.	101 East 48th St.	New York	N. Y.
Socha, Joseph	312 Westville Ave.	West Caldwell	N. J.
Southerland, Raymond T.	217 N. 9th St.	West Terre Haute	Ind.
Sposito, Frank	251 Clinton St.	Lockford	N. Y.
Sporcic, Charles	347 Lawrence St.	McKeesrock	Pa.
St. Clair, John R.	1344 Laurel St.	St. Louis	Mo.
Steeves, Lawrence J.	77 Newton St.	Hartford	Conn.
Stephens, Homer A.	Route 1, Box 27	Porterville	Calif.
Sterling, Earl	248 E. Heron St.	Paris	Tex.
Stewart, George E.	Modena	N. Y.
Streeter, John L.	1343 Liberty St.	La Cross	Wis.
Stroud, Heyward A.	415 Montague Ave.	Greenwood	S. C.
Stutzman, Adolph I.	2836 Senica Ave.	St. Joseph	Mo.
Sullins, Jack	Box 493	Erwin	Tenn.
Sullivan, Eugene J.	1234 Theriot St.	Bronx	N. Y.
Swank, Lavon D.	Route 2	Shamokin	Pa.
Swenson, Robert C.	Box 115	Ortonville	Minn.
Sykes, Joseph R., Jr.	121 Riverside Road	Essex	Md.
Taylor, Edward	2435 Ory St.	Lake Charles	La.
Taylor, Henry C.	412 N. Main St.	Maquoketa	Iowa
Taylor, James A.	10505 Wiggins St.	Houston	Tex.
Tercovich, Ronate G.	9-17 Clintonville St.	Whitestone	N. Y.
Thatcher, William	26 S. 5th St.	Perkasie	Pa.
Thobaben, Harold O.	112 ¹ / ₂ Rosalia St.	Oskash	Wis.
Thorpe, Jack W.	RFD 3	Oswago	N. Y.
Tiatorio, Antonio	60 King St.	Mansfield	Mass.
Tilson, Arvil T.	Route 3	Harriman	Tenn.
Tolliver, Granville O.	Camp Creek	W. Va.

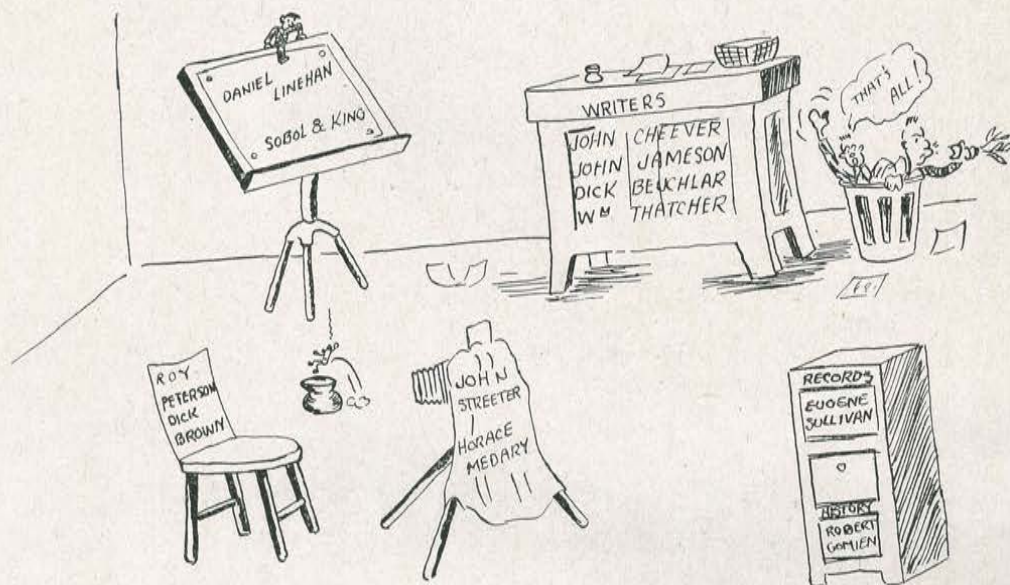
Triano, Andrew J.	South Main St.	Plansville	Conn.
Troutman, Charles E.	Route 2	Kewanna	Ind.
Turner, Donn W.	209 S. Frisco St.	Tulsa	Okl.
Twickler, Lawrence B.	33 Pelican Ave.	New Orleans	La.
Urban, William	2203 McMinn St.	Aliquippa	Pa.
Valentine, Aaron H.	305 Western Heights	Knoxville	Tenn.
Valta, Gustav E.	6229 Hazel Ave.	Phila.	Pa.
Velas, George	2242 Wood St.	Wheeling	W. Va.
Veydt, Robert P.	Box 495	Morgan	Pa.
Waigenfeld, Theodore	2429 N. Douglas St.	Phila.	Pa.
Walker, Herbert A.	237 E. Buenavista St.	Highland Park	Mich.
Wallace, John W.	12 Winthrop St.	Melrose	Mass.
Weilbacher, George W.	7016 Charles St.	Phila.	Pa.
Werner, Micheal M.	81 West 34th St.	Boyonne	N. J.
Westlake, Richard J.	1109 Ryan St.	Sumner	Wash.
White, Matthew F.	1411 W. 77 Pl.	Chicago	Ill.
Williams, Robert A.	620 W. Main St.	Clinton	Ill.
Wilson, Earl S.	South St.	Berlin	Mass.
Wilson, James D.	Box 812	Maud	Okl.
Wilson, Melvin W.	Box 102	Mountain	Wis.
Wimberly, Thomas J.	Route 1	Kinta	Okl.
Witte, Robert M.	RFD 2	Miami	Okl.
Zinderstein, Charles A. III	18 High St.	Bristol	R. I.
Zubovitz, Benjamin J.	56 Darling St.	Wilkes Barre	Pa.

Attached Medics

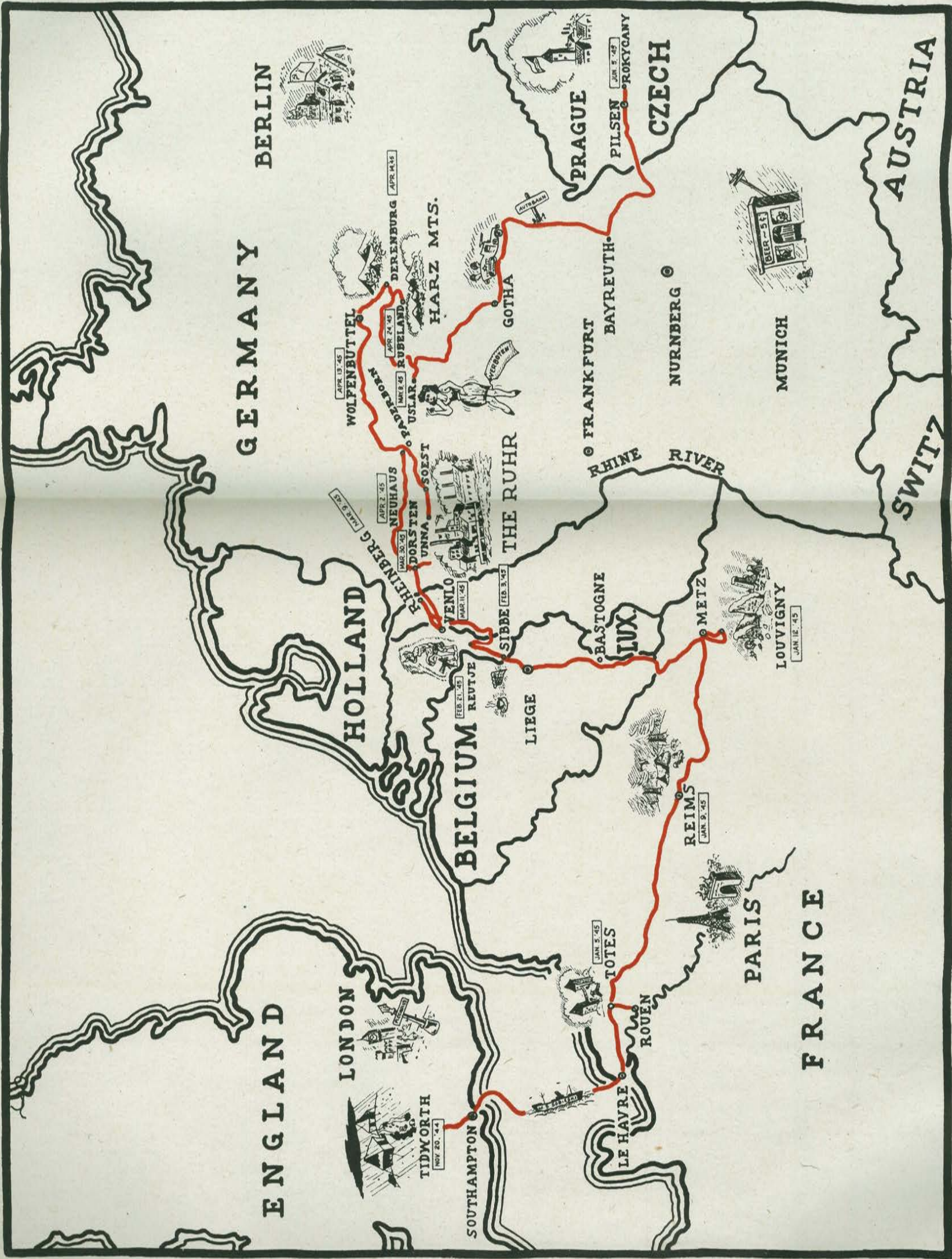
Bagel, Milan J.	4644 N. Central Ave.	Chicago	Ill.
Doyle, William A.	Randolph	Mass.
Chambers	Joppa	Ala.
Holzman, Micheal M.	5562 Congress St.	Chicago	Ill.
Jansen, George M.	2915 N. Bremen St.	Milwaukee	Wis.
Jennings, Lloyd D.	Geiraud	Ill.
Lowry, Herbert C.	21 Pleasant St.	Dighton	Mass.
Margules, Saul Z.	1493 Lee Place	Detroit	Mich.
Parmelle, Glen C.	3043 Logan St.	Oakland	Calif.
Shackelford, Robert A.	305 Birchwood Ave.	Cuyahoga Falls	Ohio
Shrum, Charlie W.	Route 3	Russelville	Ky.

Officers

Badagliaca, Ralph	182 Central Ave.	Brooklyn	N. Y.
Bell, Robert L.	615 Cecil Ave.	Louisville	Ky.
Clement, Robert O.	13 Reservoir St.	Nashua	N. H.
Cone, Robert E.	431 Terrace St. (North)	Janesville	Wis.
Cushman, Harold	Vergennes	Vt.
Edson, Garcia W.	Munnsville	N. Y.
Griggs, Charles R.	1002 Josephine St.	Sweetwater	Tex.
Kenneally, Timothy R.	72 Fells Ave.	Medford	Mass.
Lowry, William C.	2629 E. 4th St.	Dayton	Ohio
Meech, Benjamin R.	P. O. Box 203	De Ridder	La.
Rankin, James C.	1341 W. Pike St.	Phila.	Pa.
Schnebeck, Ferdinand H.	2725 Pinard St.	Dubuque	Iowa
Smith, Clarence E.	Hillcrest	Fairmont	W. Va.



Autographs



BERLIN

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TIDWORTH

NOV 20 '14

SOUTHAMPTON

LE HAVRE

ROUEN

TOTES

JAN 5 '15

PARIS

JAN 9 '15

REIMS

JAN 12 '15

LOUVIGNY

METZ

BASTOGNE

LUX

LIEGE

SIBBE

FEB 3 '15

THE RUHR

RHINE RIVER

FRANKFURT

BAYREUTH

NURNBERG

MUNICH

PRAGUE

PILSEN

JUN 2 '18

ROKYCANY

CZECH

AUSTRIA

SWITZ

HOLLAND

BEELAND

APR 13 '15

WOLFENBUTTEL

APR 24 '15

DERENBURG

APR 14 '15

HARZ MTS.

USLAR

APR 2 '15

NEUHAUS

APR 2 '15

DOORSTEN

UNNA

SOEST

APR 2 '15

REINBERG

APR 2 '15

REUTJE

APR 2 '15

VENLO

APR 11 '15

REINBERG

APR 2 '15

REUTJE

APR 2 '15

VENLO

APR 11 '15

REINBERG

APR 2 '15

REUTJE

APR 2 '15

VENLO

U.S. Army. 49th Armored Infantry Battalion. B Company
T.A.R.

