



*Edwin W. Saeger*

# **807<sup>th</sup> TANK DESTROYER BATTALION**



**MARCH 1942 - SEPTEMBER 1945**

## A MESSAGE FROM THE BATTALION COMMANDER



*As we look back on those once familiar places in England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Germany and Austria we find that many have already slipped from our memory. We become absorbed in the present and plan for the future, as those names, faces and events quickly fade into the past.*

*This little book is intended as an aid to keep alive those memories and to recall the many events and places that made the history in which you played such an important part.*

*This history can not be complete. Thousands of individual experiences will remain untold and many acts of heroism will go unheralded. Much was lost with those who gave their all and did not come back to tell their story.*

*Records, awards and citations for over two hundred days of effective and courageous combat speak for themselves. Little more can be said. I am proud to have been your Battalion Commander.*

*Carlton K. Smith*

LIEUT. COL., F.A., Commanding

## A JOB OF WHICH WE ALL CAN BE PROUD

Members of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion may well be proud of the role they played in bringing the European War to a speedy finish. No matter what the mission, and these were many and varied, the manner in which these tasks were carried out, bore out the fruits of the many tedious months of training and preparation in the States. In every instance the job was well done because each man did his part and made for the smooth teamwork which is so essential to successful results. It was gratifying to know that, without exception, every commander of units under which we served was free in his praise of the splendid manner in which the battalion operated. Too much cannot be said of the long string of successful operations. The Moselle River operations under Task Force Polk; the Moselle crossing with the 95th Division's 378th Infantry Regiment; the brilliant spearheading of Task Force Bacon into the fortress city of Metz; the speedy drive to the Saar River and the attacking of the Siegfried Line; the staunch defense of the Saar bridgehead during the gloomy days of the Bastogne breakthrough just north of our position; the sealing of the Moder River defenses around

Haguenau which spelt finis for the German drive in Alsace; supporting of the Ninth Army's gigantic Rhine River crossing south of Wessel; the defense of the Rhine River crossings between Wessel and Duisberg; and last, but not least, the speedy pursuit through Bavaria into Austria with the 86th Blackhawk Division which terminated with the end of organized resistance to our allied armies.

The two battle stars which the unit is entitled to wear do not begin to tell the story of the battalion's role in the European War. Had our landing on French soil been three days prior to September 18, 1944, the Battle of Northern France would have been another star to our credit; and had we been a few more miles to the north during the Bastogne breakthrough even a fourth star would have been added. But it seems that fate, or call it what you will, ordained that two stars and only two would be our lot. However, we can always look back on our record — the long vigil along the Moselle, Metz, Saarlautern, Haguenau, the Rhine River crossings, the Bavarian pursuit, and be proud that wherever or whenever we were called we were



## AN IMPRESSIVE RECORD

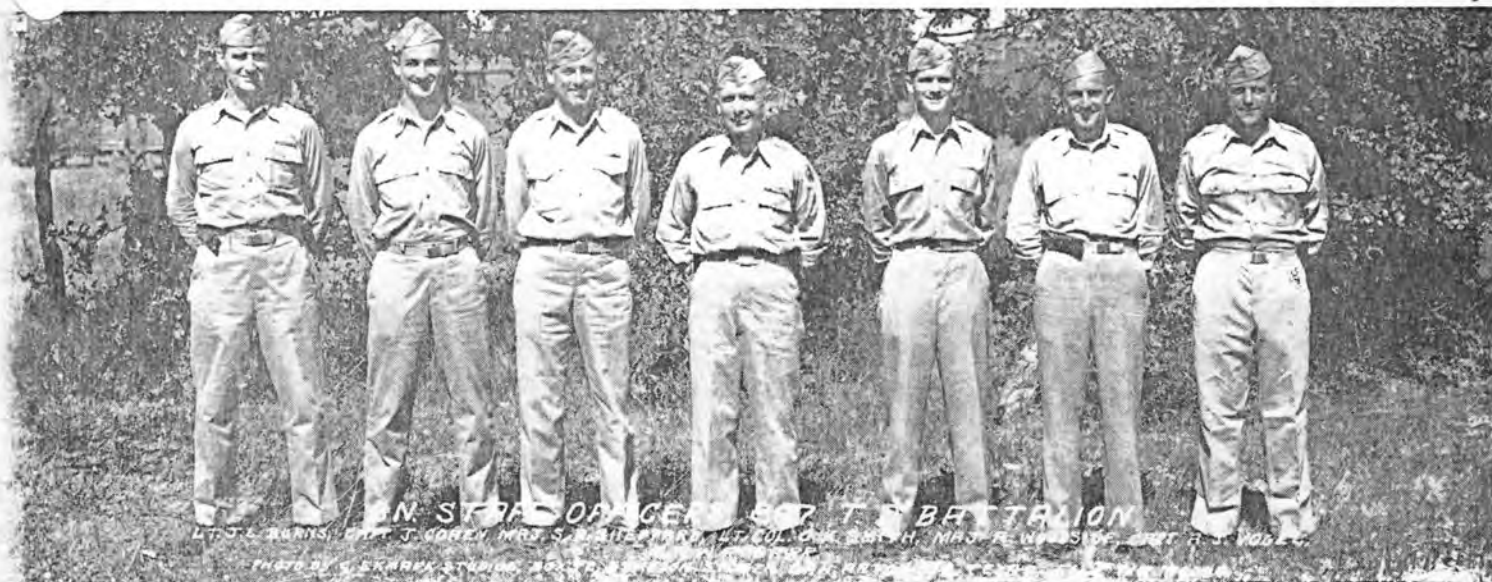
ready and never failed to accomplish the mission. Yes, two battle stars can hardly begin to tell the story of your gallant fighting in France, Holland, Germany and Austria.

Remember, inactivation does not mean the dropping of the name of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion from the official records as it would have been had the unit been deactivated. The facts will always bear out your deeds. You can well be proud that you were a member of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion. A grand bunch of men from every section of the United States—who fought in unison as one great team. Though the men are scattered to the far reaches of our vast country, the spirit of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion will always live on.

**D**uring the eight months of active combat in the ETO the battalion fired the staggering figure of 63,625 rounds of three-inch service ammunition and 811 rounds of 76mm service ammunition—captured over 3,186 German prisoners of war, or about six prisoners for each man in the battalion—assisted the infantry in capturing many hundreds more—killed 85 of the enemy and prob-

ably killed many hundreds more—knocked out four enemy tanks including a MK VI Tiger, two MK V Panthers and a MK IV—destroyed three combat vehicles and fourteen general purpose vehicles, fourteen flak guns, seven 88mm guns, eighteen machine gun positions, five pillboxes, and even shot down one observation plane—and assisted the infantry in causing the surrender of Forts Yutz, Illange, Julian and Bellecroix. During all this fighting the battalion was fortunate in sustaining relatively light losses—twenty men killed, and eighty men wounded, more than half of whom returned to duty. In all, over 2,500 miles of European soil was ground under the wheels and tracks of the rapidly moving 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

The numerous attachments and assignments attest to our claim of the most rapidly shifting outfit in the ETO. At one time or another the battalion was part of the First, Third, Seventh and Ninth Armies; XX, XV, VI, XVI, III and XXI Corps; 83rd, 95th, 5th, 90th, 100th, 35th, 75th, 30th and 86th Infantry Divisions; 101st and 17th Airborne Divisions; 3rd Cavalry Group; and 4th, 12th and 16th T. D. Groups!



## STAFF

### 807th TANK DESTROYER BATTALION

<b>Lieut. Col. Carlton K. Smith</b>	. . . . .	<b>Commanding Officer</b>
Cedar Rapids, Iowa		
<b>Major Stanley R. Sheppard</b>	. . . . .	<b>Executive Officer</b>
Pensauken, New Jersey		
<b>Major Alexander Woodside</b>	. . . . .	<b>S-3</b>
Berkeley, California		
<b>Captain Jerome Cohen</b>	. . . . .	<b>S-2</b>
San Francisco, California		
<b>Captain Albert J. Vogel</b>	. . . . .	<b>S-4</b>
McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania		
<b>Lieut. Joseph J. Burns</b>	. . . . .	<b>S-1</b>
Albany, New York		
<b>Lieut. William R. Barr</b>	. . . . .	<b>Motor Officer</b>
Derry, Pennsylvania		

Oldtimers will also remember our first Battalion Commander, Lieut. Col., now Colonel, Mathews; Major Wood J. Joerg, later Lieut. Col., killed in action while commanding an airborne battalion in the Ardennes; Major Harry J. Rainey, who succeeded Col. Mathews; Capt. Crandall, Capt. Smeltzer, Capt. Gustafson and Capt. Mathis; and Capt. McGinnis, who left the battalion in Germany with an attack of appendicitis.





## Staff Platoon . . . . .

May of 1942 saw the beginning of Headquarters Company. The nucleus of this company was composed of personnel originating from the 826th Tank Destroyer Battalion who came to Camp Cooke, California, early in March for the purpose of activating the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

This fog shrouded garrison with its olive drab buildings seemed to strike an ominous chord within the hearts of all who first set eyes upon it. Upon first sight the foreboding atmosphere of Camp Cooke seemed to parallel the dark uncertain future of the United States. As days and weeks passed soldiers of the 807th Tank Destroyer Bn. became familiar with neighboring towns of Lompoc, Santa Maria and Santa Barbara. Camp Cooke began to change. Instead of a far corner of desolation it took on the appearance of "The Home Town," the untarnished memories of a birthplace and community where the younger years have been happily passed. For in fact, here was born an organization which in later years travelled under adverse weather and hostile conditions, an equivalent of the distance around the globe. It was not in destiny for the 807th to return to Camp Cooke upon the day of inactivation.

In charge of the original cadre was able M/Sgt. Frank Azevedo. Behind him were years of knowledge and experience with the Army. He was in all probability the first member of the Staff Platoon which materialized two months later. Sgt. Azevedo handling the cadre which was to form all companies welded a link of friendship and teamwork among these soldiers that has lasted until the day inactivation dissolved this combination.

The heavy demand for officers in all branches of service was cause for rapid changes in members of the Staff Platoon. Technical Sergeant Bliss was the first of four Personnel Sergeant Majors. Sgt. Bliss accepted appointment to Field Artillery OCS at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Technical Sergeant Cox fell heir to the vacancy created in Personnel, but only for a short time when he too accepted appointment to TD OCS at Camp Hood, Texas. Technical Sergeant Roe Young then handled the Personnel position.

S-4, with its many departments causing it to be the first section to operate upon activation, and the last to cease upon inactivation, has experienced almost as many changes as has Personnel. Technical Sergeant Gus Tapp, Cadreman from the 826th was the first Battalion Supply Sergeant. He too heeded the government's call for Officer Candidates and proceeded to TD OCS at Camp Hood. Willis Horning, Technical Sergeant, stepped into the vacancy just long enough to submit his application for Officer training and have it approved. Then, S-4 Sergeant

was taken by Alburton Cook, who remained in that capacity until the date of inactivation.

Early in October of 1942, the 807th was ordered to Camp Hood, Texas, for Advanced Unit Training. This was one of the most hectic and trying periods ever experienced by the organization. Barracks were still under construction, administration and supply bogged under heavy and inconsistent pressure—by too many higher echelons in AUTC and TDRTC; training reached almost a stage of frenzy; passes and furloughs were few and negligible in length. This came, at a time when America first began to move aggressively in all theaters.

Having completed advanced unit training the Battalion moved by motor convoy on the 7th of February, 1943 to its new station at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. Upon leaving Camp Hood the 807th also left behind a cadre for the activation of another Tank Destroyer Battalion. More vacancies were created. Sgt. Young was taken from the Personnel Section and left behind as Sergeant Major. Tec. 5 Richard Thoene was transferred from Reconnaissance Company and placed in the vacancy. Subsequently Thoene was made Technical Sergeant and has remained to the end with the 807th as Personnel Sergeant Major through all of the various phases of maneuvers, overseas, and combat duties.

Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, was memorable for early spring floods of the Arkansas River, the intense stifling heat of summer, and the easily accessible western towns of Muskogee, Tulsa, and Okmulgee. Early September found the 807th ready for participation in the famed Louisiana Maneuvers.

Upon departure from Camp Gruber for Louisiana by motor convoy the S-3 Section lost Technical Sergeant Malozemoff. S-3 Clerk Joseph Espy was shot into this vacancy and efficiently managed all subsequent plans and operations through Louisiana Maneuvers, Desert Maneuvers, Garrison in Fort Dix, and the ETO.

Pilot Knob in California was a proving ground. For almost five months running the 807th lived in the field. A well earned respite from two consecutive maneuvers was given the organization upon its arrival at Fort Dix, where six months passed before going overseas to Europe.

In France, during the early part of November, 1944, circumstances caused the loss of Technical Sergeant McKiddy from the S-2 Section. Fortunately an able and efficient replacement was available in Technical Sergeant Gerald Woods who had previously occupied that position in the recently inactivated 608th TD Bn. His inexhaustible initiative and perseverance gained for that Section an unbeatable reputation for reliability upon its primary functions.

CWO Morris J. Lattman, Platoon Leader, came to the

807th at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. His position as Personnel Officer of the Battalion became more esteemed day by day through his tireless efforts both during garrison and during combat in controlling the administration of the Battalion.

In Tec. 5 Eugene Goin, Tec. 4 Troy Davis, Tec. 5 William Rushing, Tec. 5 Edward Parks, Tec. 4 Benjamin Howling, Tec. 5 Dan Austell, were found the idealistic qualities of men capable of handling any and all phases of intricate Army administration. Their contribution to the success of the Battalion in all of its phases of existence cannot be over-emphasized.

Sgt. Leon Davis and S/Sgt. Harold Trenkel and Tec. 5 Orlo Lang, became famous through the characteristic of punctuality. Sgt. Davis with the rations and Sgt. Trenkel with the ammunition and Tec. 5 Lang with gas and oil never failed to complete a mission regardless of adverse weather, or enemy opposition, or both. To these men who traveled constantly under the cloak of uncertainty a great debt is owed.

Radio Operators Tec. 4 Oscar Engen, Tec. 5 Alonzo Sears, and Tec. 5 James Griffeth, performed at all times as men whose sense of duty overrides all other desires. Theirs is an unsung lot. Hours upon hours, regardless of weather or hostile territory, these men kept the ether waves open night and day. Their skill was the eyes and ears of the Battalion.

Tec. 5 Earle Payne, Tec. 5 Richard Rossman, Tec. 5 Milton Flowers, PFC Ira Wagner, PFC James Bratton, PFC Everrette Sprinkle, and PFC Floyd Engstrom, all drivers, were never hesitant and always ready. Day or night would find them upon the roads—roads that weren't always cleared of mines, roads that very frequently came under heavy enemy artillery fire. In combat or maneuvers these are the men who bore the brunt of all movement in a strictly mechanized and highly mobile unit of the Army.

Tec. 5 Eugene Sentowski, draftsman in the S-3 Section was the only battle loss suffered by the Staff Platoon. Sentowski was killed early in January in Saarlautern, Germany. Gene was a nice, quiet, likeable Polish boy from Chicago. He was a friend of all who knew him and an expert in his line of work. His name will live forever in the hearts and minds of his buddies and his memory cherished as one of our honored dead who gave his life for his country.

## **Communications Platoon . .**

The first man in Communications was T/Sgt. James L. Helms, who was later transferred to the Air Corps while at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. Alonzo F. Sears was the first private to join the section which at that time was

under the supervision of Lt. Halliburton, Jr. Within a short time men like Robert Darville, Orland Moore, Oscar Engen, Roland Squyres, Ben George and Smith joined the section. The training at Camp Cooke was mostly C.W. with very little Voice Procedure; as yet most of us had never seen a radio.

At Camp Hood, Texas we drew our first radios, a few S.C.R. 610s. We also had more C.W. and classes in voice procedure while here. While here Charles Ervin attended Communications School and then entered our section. He proved to be a very good man. Here we lost Smith and Brown, who were transferred to another battalion.

At Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, Bernard A. Jacobs, P. W. Baker, James L. Griffeth, Dan W. Austell and George P. Fries, who were just finishing basic training, entered the Section. Orlo Lang, another new man was transferred from "A" Company. With the exception of Lang, these men have stayed with the section up until the present time. Wiley and Moudry were with us at Camp Gruber but Wiley went to the Air Corps and Moudry was discharged due to bad health. We had a lot of practical training here with the S.C.R. 610th, 608s and 245s including many field problems.

At Camps Gruber and Hood we suffered many inspections under the supervision of Lt. Paul P. Prunty, who took charge of the section in Camp Hood but was transferred to "C" Company at Camp Gruber. Lt. Vogel was then placed in charge and proved himself very capable as Communications officer.

The first job of Communications overseas at Llanover Park, Wales, was that of running a commercial switchboard. All of the boys took quite an interest in it, too, because there were quite a few English girl operators on different lines to talk with. Many men not in the Section even volunteered to help. Talking with the girls proved to be a favorite pastime.

While in England we drew all our equipment and it was really quite a job getting it mounted on the vehicles. Two certain fellows, one from Georgia and one from Pennsylvania made five 150-mile trips to get one radio mounted in a jeep. Of course they took a little extra time off to "bat the breeze," doubtless because the "scenery" was so pleasant along the way.

Our first combat experience took place one cold rainy night about the 23rd of September, 1944 in France. The wire crews and M.C. crews had to set up a Message Center and a field switchboard. The first operators were Private Jacob Goldman and Private Daniel Feick. They sat all night in the rain running the switchboard. It was wet and every time they would turn the crank they'd get a big shock. Feick was wanting to see his "Mommy" already and was really hard to get along with the next day. Goldman didn't have much to say. Everyone had to have a nickname so Feick was tagged with "Light Duty."



Goldman was given the name of "Flat Bush Johnny."

In the beginning the Communications section was supposed to be composed of M.C. personnel, two radio electricians and a few radio operators. Instead of radio operators and electricians the entire crew became wiremen. The wire crew consisted of T/Sgt. Robert Darville, T/4 George (Good Buddy) Fries, T/5 Griffith (Griff), and T/5 Ralph (Wormy) Miller. We had quite a time laying wire. The battalion was only authorized a few miles of wire but Capt. Vogel (then 1st Lt.) kept the ball rolling by talking his way into specially authorized allowances so that there was always enough on hand to do the work. We had phone lines strung all over France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Austria.

After a couple of months T/5 P. W. Baker joined wire communications. He was Capt. Stein's boy before then.

In Saarlautern, Germany, the Communications crew moved into a big fancy Kraut house that had almost all the comforts of home. Nice inner-spring mattresses were fixed up in the large basement. Wire was strung so that we had a radio and electric lights. We took our choice of anything in the town that we liked. There was a modern kitchen in the house and we did our cooking there for a long time. T/5 Ralph Miller and T/5 James Griffith were the Chief Cooks. If no phone lines were out in the early morning we slept late and had breakfast late so we wouldn't have to cook again till about seven at night. If there were lines out, Oh!! Our Aching Backs! We had to get out and fix them before breakfast.

There was a lot of good looting in Saarlautern and Privates First Class James (Chateau) Ballard and Jacob (Flat Bush) Goldman really got their part of it.

Big T/5 Orlo (Smuck) Lang did a pretty good job of going back to Bouzonville, France, every day for the mail. Other than that he sat around on his big fanny eating, if there was anything other than "C" rations to eat.

Corporal Bernard (Nubbin) Jacobs, the Code and Panel Cpl., didn't have to worry about panels much but he had plenty coding and decoding to keep him busy.

Private Wade (Hatcher) Childers and Private Ronnie Wilson really did a good job as motorcycle messengers until the weather got so bad they couldn't operate the bikes. They had to make the trips in jeeps from there on.

An officer really boosted our morale one night just after one wireman had been killed by a shell burst. He told us that a mortar shell wouldn't go through the canvas top of our  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton truck. We almost had to laugh right in his face. On another occasion a shell hit just outside our window and broke every glass in the house. We were all sitting around playing cards and listening to the radio and Orland Moree was running the switchboard. We all ran over each other getting to the basement. It all happened so fast that after it was over no one could tell how they got there. Those basements the

Germans had were really the stuff. They saved us from digging fox holes and were much dryer and warmer too.

Both men and equipment were utilized to the utmost. The wire crew worked all night on quite a few occasions, lying in shell holes and ditches splicing phone lines while sparks from shells were flying all around. The two vehicles used by the wire crew, a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton truck driven by T/5 Miller and a jeep driven by T/5 Griffith, were really put through the ropes.

The battalion says "thanks" for a swell job to the men of the Communication section:

T/Sgt. Robert Darville, Port Arthur, Texas; S/Sgt. Cleo Henneman, Dubois, Pennsylvania; Sgt. Orland A. Moree, Powderly, Texas; Sgt. Oscar E. Engen, Presho, South Dakota; Sgt. George P. Fries, Salisbury, North Carolina; Cpl. Alonzo Sears, Houston, Missouri; Cpl. Bernard A. Jacobs, Carrollton, Georgia; Cpl. P. W. Baker, Rome, Georgia; Cpl. James L. Griffith, Bogart, Georgia; Cpl. Ralph Miller, Granite Falls, North Carolina; Cpl. Orlo Lang, Waseca, Minnesota; PFC Jacob Goldman, Brooklyn, New York; PFC Daniel L. Feick, Detroit, Michigan; PFC James E. Ballard, Tuscaloosa, Alabama; Eric M. Adams, Dothan, Alabama.

## Transportation Section . . .

The Transportation section will be remembered for its unflinching and tireless efforts in getting supplies up forward despite rain, mud, snow, bad roads, artillery fire, and countless other obstacles that invariably made life miserable for the faithful and gallant men of this section. Though battle honors are not the lot of the Transportation crew, the combat echelons could not have moved one inch nor shot a single round had it not been for the work of these men. Thanks to:

Sgt. Johnny "Pig" Lucas  
T/5 Harvey Harrel  
T/5 Fabian "Goobler" Cobb  
PFC George "Stooge" Doyle  
T/5 Leslie "Skeets" Walker  
T/5 Francis "Rooten TooT" Rittenhouse  
T/5 George "Rossie" Cansler  
T/5 Glenn Hass  
T/5 Ben George  
PFC Hazen "Soupy" Wilson  
PFC William "Chubby" Haynes  
PFC Charles Clough  
PFC Gaither Vanhoy  
PFC Stacy Leicht  
PFC John Holden  
PFC Wade "Hacher" Childers  
PFC Guy "Goon" Lane

## BATTALION SHOP

The 807th battalion shop came into being under the supervision of Captain Levy as Motor Officer and Master Sergeant Ziech as battalion Motor Sergeant. Of the original staff of twenty-one mechanics, only three now remain to see the final inactivation of the unit. These men are Staff Sergeant Clouse, T/4 Joseph (Clarence) Borba, and T/5 (Swede) Johnson. At Camp Hood, Lt. Olesen became our next motor officer and remained with us until elevated to Company Commander of Headquarters Company.

At Camp Gruber, Oklahoma we received shipment of our new M-10 Tank Destroyers. These tanks were the latest and best of Tank Destroyer equipment. Thereafter work became plentiful with a lot of motor maintenance during our months of training. At the completion of our

training there, we left for Louisiana Maneuvers. Lt. Barr succeeded Captain Olesen as Motor Officer while at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma and remained there until we were shipped overseas.

Overseas the battalion shop continued its all important work despite the hazardous conditions. At Saarlautern, Germany, the incessant artillery shelling made work virtually impossible, so the battalion shop was moved back to Bouzonville, France. But even here the Heinies managed to drop in some 380mm shells fired from one of their many large railway guns.

Men of the shop crew can well be proud of their fine record in keeping the battalion mobile at all times and under all conditions. Crew members included:

**M/Sgt. Oswald N. Sloan**

**S/Sgt. Eugene L. Clouse**

**T/4 Edward T. Mazurek**

**T/4 James E. Hoskins**

**T/4 Curtis G. Clayton**

**T/4 Gerald R. Myers**

**T/4 John P. Rees**

**T/4 Milford O. Johnson**

**T/4 George G. Blackburn**

**T/4 Joseph C. Borba**

**T/4 James J. Utley**

**T/4 George E. Yetter**

**T/4 Leo C. Donahue**

**T/5 John L. Wilson**

**T/5 Donald J. Johnson**

**T/5 A. C. McNelly**

**T/5 Krikor Gulexian**

**T/5 Oran Hanson**

**T/5 Raymond F. Wasser**

**T/5 James P. Fields**

**T/5 Leroy Miller**

**T/5 William F. Jones**

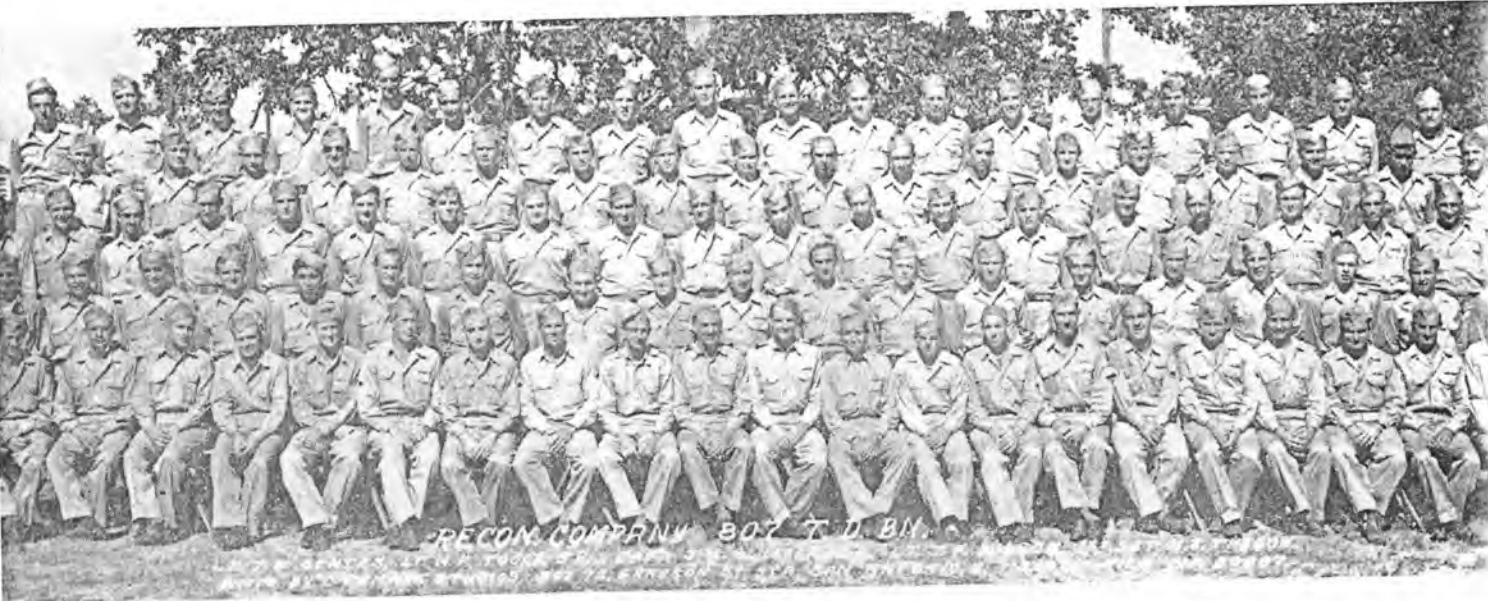
**T/5 Steve Duris**

**PFC Nat Tarsi**

**PFC Robert E. Cauffman**

**Pvt. George W. English**

In closing let us not forget the yeoman service of T/5 Glen A. Yoder, who from the very beginning of the battalion has day in and day out so faithfully and efficiently executed the duties of battalion mail orderly.



## RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY

At this writing, Reconnaissance Company has come a long way from the early days after the activation of the battalion. At that time the latest tank-busting weapon in the company was the towed 37mm gun. The old type, clumsy scout car was the main reconnaissance vehicle. As improvements were made and newer models were produced, Recon worked and studied with them until, when the time came to prove its worth, the unit, two platoons included with Headquarters company, was ready.

From that time we begin our story.

The first round fired by the Reconnaissance Platoons in combat sounded off on September 29, 1944. From that time on, Recon was to establish a record of perseverance and fighting fortitude that will long be remembered.

Things were pretty quiet for a few days after their combat debut until, on the 11th of October a 60-man enemy patrol was encountered and they had the first direct contact with the foe. The unit was with the advance elements of Task Force Polk at the time, attached to the 43rd Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop in the Moselle River town of Cattenom.

The following day probably the most outstanding single act of heroism in the battalion was accomplished by PFC Joe Stefan when he saved the lives of four men trapped in a house in the town under small arms fire and a stream of hand grenades. Stefan stayed with his machine gun for four long hours in spite of continuous jamming of the weapon while he too was being subjected to a hail of snipers' bullets from houses nearby.

Joe finally beat off the attack and for this feat he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government and the Silver Star by our own War Department. He was the only man in the battalion to receive a foreign decoration.

The next day Joe was wounded during another attack and never rejoined the battalion after being hospitalized.

At the same time Recon suffered its first casualties

when Glenn Smith, Allen Edwards, and Troy Tolbert were killed by artillery fire. During the following few days, Lt. John Vader, then reconnaissance coordinator, and one of the best liked officers in the battalion, was killed while attempting to make contact with another unit.

From the vicinity of Cattenom the two platoons proceeded to Thionville to be attached to the 95th Division with Task Force Bacon. From this position they pushed across the Moselle and then south and were among the first units to enter Metz, the city which hadn't been successfully attacked in almost two thousand years.

After a three-day rest during the Thanksgiving holidays, the platoons moved on to Saarlautern and took up a holding action until some time in January. Lt. Toole described Christmas Eve as being "pretty hot," even if it was wintertime. He continued, "We spent the night in what was left of a tobacco factory, drinking coffee and trying not to think about the Kraut shells coming in. We sure could have used some good cellars that night! New Year's Eve it was a lot more quiet than the week before."

On New Year's Day, Jim Taylor managed to get hold of a bottle of cognac to celebrate the holiday. "It was good stuff, too!" he says. In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, he started down the street with the unopened bottle in hand to share it with "the boys." He had gone only a few yards when the Krauts opened up with their 88's. One shell hit a roof directly above, showering him with bricks and mortar. Well, as you've already guessed, the priceless bottle of cognac was smashed to smithereens. Jim was injured by the debris but told us, "I was more concerned at the time about the damn liquor than I was about the pile of bricks on top of me."

The Haguenau sector was the next scene of action but from that time on, and after joining the 9th Army in the north, the drive to the Rhine was steady and uneventful.



With the conversion from towed guns to the M-18's in the gun companies, the present Reconnaissance Company was formed on April 5, 1945.

A few days later, Lt. Toole and the men in his vehicle suddenly came upon several German foot troops one afternoon. Platoon Sergeant Claude Romack tells the story:

"In the excitement that followed this unexpected encounter with the Germans, Lt. Toole started firing away with the 37mm. He had plenty of small arms ammunition and H. E. shells but for some reason, he grabbed all the A. P. rounds. The Germans scrambled back behind a low embankment and began to wave both arms and legs in an attempt to surrender. The lieutenant had them pinned down so completely, they couldn't do anything else. In the meantime, Jim Dillingham was pleading with me to let him fire his carbine. Finally, we let up long enough for those Krauts to come out with their hands over their heads." Incidentally, Romack says that his first platoon captured over 750 prisoners during the final drive.

Elmer Lytle described the thrill when the first platoon contacted the 7th Army. They were moving along with the doughboys of the 86th Division when a report came back that a tank had been sighted ahead but had not been recognized. They immediately sought out a Colonel from the Division who informed them that "it couldn't be one of ours." The boys started out to do a little tank busting and moved up with Howard Sumner in the lead to get a better look. Peering around the corner of a building they at once recognized the Yank insignia. Investigating further, they learned that the tank was from the 7th Army. It was the first contact made with them.

In Altmuhlhof a funny incident happened—rather it wasn't so humorous at the time, but later on the men concerned had a laugh over it. Sergeant Romack had five men with him and was scouting around in the town looking for German stragglers and expecting to find "maybe half a dozen or so," he explained. They came up to a fortification and saw a couple of Krauts inside, cautiously looking out. Sgt. Romack called to them to come out and surrender. Then the procession started! When it ended at last, the six dumbfounded men had 341 prisoners on their hands. But that wasn't all. It turned out that the Germans had been guarding an Allied PW enclosure in the vicinity and the record later showed that their capture resulted in the liberation of over 9,000 Allied Prisoners of War.

Our second platoon proved to be a modest group when they were approached to provide some noteworthy incidents for this history. Lt. Joseph Sentes, our official cut-up (the censor, of course!) and Platoon Sergeant Verheul were extremely reticent about the whole thing. You've all heard the saying that "actions speak louder than words." Nothing could be more true than this about the "fighting second."

One incident, for example, that we succeeded in drawing out of them concerned the time when they started out at seven o'clock one morning to continue the "Rat race" that was then in progress. Lt. Sentes said, "We didn't know what was ahead of us that morning but we decided to find out. We rode all day long, with the Germans retreating only a short distance ahead of us. We stopped just long enough for a little chow, but as it grew

darker that night, we lost contact with the enemy. We went on all that night, until about three o'clock the next morning when we suddenly met head-on with a German convoy coming toward us." There Lt. Sentes stopped talking but the outcome of the situation was that the platoon knocked out three enemy vehicles, forced them back, and succeeded in capturing intact a heavily mined bridge across the Isar River.

The second platoon also captured—or brought about the capture of close to 500 prisoners. Sgt. Verheul also told of their releasing about a hundred Allied prisoners from one of the many concentration camps they came upon in Germany. He said they watched the gaunt emaciated men trying to help each other to walk as they came out of the prison enclosure. Sgt. Verheul said it was one of the most pitiful sights he witnessed over there.

The boys in the third platoon point with pride to the fact that for a while they formed a spearhead for the entire 3rd Army. "The Stars and Stripes" reported at the time that the most advanced elements of the 3rd Army were situated in Ingolstadt, which the third platoon had just taken. Under the most commendable leadership of Lt. James "Armor-plate" Wilson and Platoon Sergeant Lester Frederick, winner of the Silver Star award, the platoon forced the capture of more than 700 prisoners. In Ingolstadt, Ben Lubelsky had about thirty-five Germans in tow when the Heinies started throwing in an artillery barrage. Ben, while trying to keep the group together, began to direct them in his best high school German to a shelter a few buildings away. He was astonished when one of the Krauts explained hurriedly—and in perfect English!—that he knew of a shorter way to the same shelter. After the Kraut had led the group to safety—with Ben in tow this time—he explained that he had lived in New York City for several years prior to the war.

One day Sergeant Arnold Marx was directed to look over a town that had already been reported as taken. With Johnny Purdue and Oley "Hedgerows" Olsson, he took off in a jeep down the main street of the town. Suddenly he realized something was wrong, for there was no evidence of a surrender and the place looked deserted. Just to make sure, Sgt. Marx went back to guide the platoon in and, after making everything secure, learned from the then solicitous civilians that they were the first Yanks to arrive.

Cpl. Dave Ivanec was proclaimed "overseer of special rations." He acquired the title when one day he found a warehouse full of choice cuts of beef. While the other platoons contented themselves with C-rations, the third platoon feasted on steak.

One of the many outstanding achievements of the battalion was the capture by the third platoon of six enemy towns within eighty minutes during one of the last days of the war.

Sergeant Chris Swanson of the Pioneer platoon won the nickname of "Fearless Fosdick" during the brief battle on the Danube. The Pioneers had gone up to the river to repair the entrance to a bridge. Shortly after they had unloaded all the tools necessary to begin work, the Germans began "zeroing in" with direct fire from an 88mm. When things started to get a little hot, Chris jumped up in the middle of the road in the excitement

and exclaimed dramatically, "no Heinie is going to drive me back!" This courageous remark is herewith recorded for posterity.

Lawrence Franklin was just wondering at the time whether the Heinies were going to drive HIM back when a shell landed close by and the concussion caused his nose to start bleeding. It was a "close one" but Franklin refused medical aid, the job was completed and the Pioneers had come through once again.

Even the kitchen crew was right up there pitching all the while. The story of Ed Litwhiler, "The fighting cook," is the proof. When the kitchen crew pulled up one day and began to start housekeeping, Lit decided to look around in the cellar of the house. He doesn't know who saw whom first but he came upstairs with his carbine trained on a Heinie. Later, he proved to be an S.S. man, too.

Then there was the time when the kitchen truck was spearheading the 86th Division with Mess Sergeant Jeff Jones in command. Jeff had passed up "B" Company and was in the lead of the 86th when his crew came upon a road block and stopped to see what was going on. They were "politely" directed by one of the doughboys to "get the H-- out of the front lines—but fast." Jeff and the crew needed no second invitation and withdrew to where they belonged to prepare the next meal.

Incidentally, present Mess Sergeant Freddy Johnson says that less than 500 K-rations were used by the Company during the whole course of the war—some sort of a record, we think.

Captain Jim Slusser's leadership is deserving of the highest praise. His many accomplishments are too numerous to mention, for he was always out where the going was toughest. On several occasions, while recon-

noitering for new positions, with his driver, Mallard Jackson and Company Interpreter and Mailman Maurice "Pinky" Pinsky, he went into and took charge of towns that had never been entered by our troops. Many times Captain Slusser exposed himself unnecessarily to the enemy so that he could better direct his men.

Much credit is due 1st Sergeant Harry Tryon. Sergeant Tryon was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action—a rarity among 1st Sergeants. On one occasion while two platoons of the Company were waiting in a tavern before moving on, Harry served as bartender for most of the day, dispensing the best German brew he could find. Harry was considered by all as a "regular guy," which is an unusual reputation for the "top-kick."

Before we conclude this history, we feel it couldn't be complete without a brief mention of the fair city of Hockenheim—but then YOU know about that, too. In fact YOU probably know more about THAT than WE do!

We wish also to remember four of our fellows who were unfortunately wounded in action and were not with us to share in the final spoils of the war. To Isaac Whitt, Otis "Smokey" Williford, Carl Payne and Leroy Gill, we wish a speedy and full recovery.

In closing, we hope that some day these pages might be read in a moment of perhaps sentimental reminiscence. We leave with you these words which will no doubt express the thoughts of all:

*Though our ways in later years may  
take us far apart, nor time, nor space  
may separate the ties within the heart.*

—DON NUTTING  
BEN LUBELSKY

## RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY HISTORY

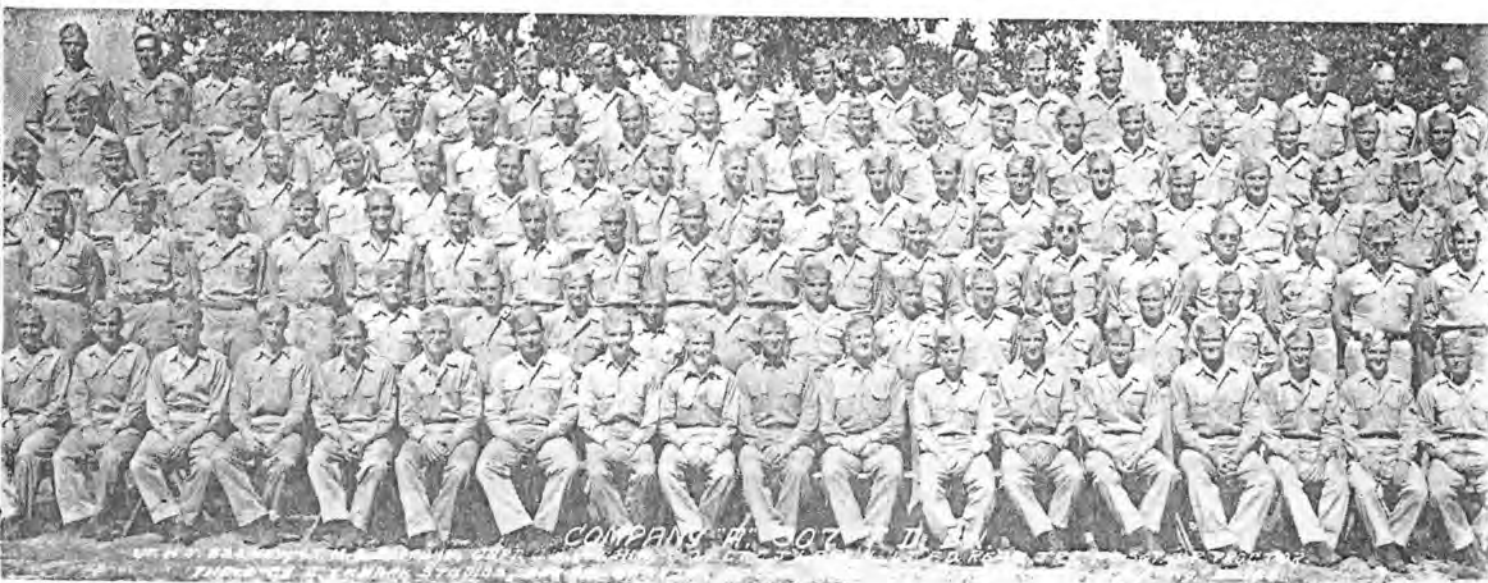
Tryon—Only "top-kick" who never took the Army seriously.  
Andrews—Scourge of the motor pool.  
Baldwin—Calling all cars.  
Frederick—Hi Ho Silver Star.  
Jones, Jeff—Pierre of the mess hall.  
Romack—Our Bronze Star hero.  
Sharpe—Two sizes too small and too big.  
Verheul—Quiet but efficient.  
Freeman—Wild Bill.  
Katsay—The French citizen with 85 plus.  
Marx—Hollywood Kid.  
Mitchell—Kansas Sunflower.  
Rarden—Old Faithful.  
Steckelberg—"Stinky" himself.  
Sumner—Fate fiend without film.  
Swanson—Fearless Fosdick of the Blue Danube.  
Radakovich—They couldn't hang "Doc."  
Garrard—Silent man.  
Johnson—More cook than talk.  
Litwhiler—The sunbathing baker.  
Luke—I'll fade ya.  
Wilson—Texas, my country—right or wrong.  
Grothouse—Mr. Anthony.  
Ivester—Orderly room all-star.  
Nutting—"Parlez-vous francais?"  
Bryon—"Testing 1-2-3."  
Conrino—European excursion.  
Ivanoc—"Overseer of special rations."  
Jakes—Reconnaissance jeweler.  
Mitcham—Georgia cracker.  
Moon—Over Carolina.  
Pedersen—Call to arms.  
Riley—On the target.  
Sanders—The musical gunner.  
Svoboda—D.C.—Doctor of Carburetors.  
Troyer—"Eggs boys-up or over."  
Wallace—"I'll drive it."  
Whidby—Little John.  
Adcock—One-stripe General.  
Black—Smiling Bill—alias Ned Sparks.  
Bulchuck—"I'm a mechanic."  
Butcher—With no meat.

Calvert—Makes a good drink.  
Clutter—Purple Heart collector.  
Coyne—The missing mail man.  
Crosby—"If its liquid, he'll drink it."  
Cummings—Immaculateness personified.  
Darby—"I use Kreml."  
Dillingham—Tennessee southpaw.  
Edwards—Coast to coast, then back again.  
Evans—"The voice."  
Farrell—Give us a fast two.  
Fields—"Wie gehts, fraulein."  
Fleming—Souvenir of Hockenheim.  
Franklin—"Is you is or is you ain't my baby?"  
Garcia—The perfect soldier.  
Gaskill—Barking bartender.  
Geer—Our messenger boy.  
Giesen—Pioneer spearhead.  
Gropp—Wake up and start over.  
Hamby—Toole's alarm-clock.  
Hanson—Hardrock.  
Hinojosa—"allo my fran."  
Hoynoski—Polish ambassador.  
Humphries—"Ah come from Alabamy."  
Irby—Silent pardner.  
Jackson—Rosebud.  
Jones, Frank—Van Joneson.  
Kerns—Pappy.  
Laurent—The crooner.  
Libson—The handy man.  
Lubelsky—"I'm trapped."  
Lytle—Pride of "Pa."  
McNamara—"Haben-sie schnoppis."  
McNeal—Roger-out.  
Miller, A—"On detail again."  
Miller, L—"Which Miller."  
Minyard—Lightning.  
Mitchell, B.—Rainstorm.  
Morey—Dynamite driver.  
Morgan—Rabbit, the Nazi exterminator.  
Moxley—Room service.  
Mueller—Chow-hound, wrappers and all.  
Morris—Remember Belgium.  
Olsson—"Ve vas in der hedgerows."  
Page—Hairless Harry.

Purdue—Barney Oldfield.  
Pettit—"Call me PFC."  
Pierce—Man of few words.  
Pinsky—Madcap mailman.  
Pyrce—Connecticut Yankee.  
Rich—Ah'm F'm Virginia.  
Roark—Slim superman.  
Rowley—Rough-house.  
Seel—Wisconsin's pride and joy.  
Shushok—"Its the Gypsy in me."  
Shutt—How do you spell it?  
Smith—Marine reporter.  
Sosebee—Free air.  
Strawn—I cash jewelry.  
Suina—Pancho Villa.  
Surratt—Shave and a hair-cut.  
Taylor—Our clap doctor.  
Thorson—"Two-gun."  
Travnichek—"Bug-eye."  
Turk—"Splash-em."  
Turner—Lance Corporal.  
Watson—Garrulous Jack.  
Welch—"Did you say something, Jim?"  
Williams—"Call me wavy."  
Breathwit—"Can I have a pass?"  
McConnell—"Buckin' for PFC."  
Murphy—Buzz-bomb juice.  
Trojanowski—"We fix flats."  
Childers—Gentleman from Texas.  
Howard—Our high-point man.  
Opitz—Dead-eye.  
Parrish—Carrot-top.  
Parker  
Davoli  
McClure  
Hay  
De Vries  
Garcia, M.  
Iron Shields  
Thayer

### OFFICERS

Capt. Slusser—The Patriot.  
Lt. Toole—Warhorse.  
Lt. Wilson—Armourplate.  
Lt. Sentes—The official cut-up.



## COMPANY "A"

The main body of recruits arrived at Camp Cooke, California fresh from basic training at Camp Roberts, California. Company officers consisted of Lt. Levy, Commanding Officer; Platoon Leaders Lt. Wright, Lt. McCune and Lt. Roysdon. Whatever we lacked in military discipline was soon ironed out by our able 1st Sgt. John P. Proctor. Even the lieutenants were not long in finding out that they did not outrank the 1st Sergeant, and not as much as a lead pencil on his desk was to be tinkered with.

Our outfit was known as the "Goya Battalion" and along with that went certain distinctive features that set us apart from other outfits on the post. (Cocked fatigue hats and a loud "one" "hut" to every facing made in our drill). GOYA means "Go on all you Americans," or did it?

The company mess sergeant often made up menus that were a little on the unusual side. Hotcakes, French fries, and gravy for breakfast, and Schnell's famous stew and burnt bread soup.

Cycle riding was also quite a relaxation for many of the men, but Clarence "Hollywood" Mills relaxed too much when he fell asleep while riding down a country lane, and he wound up resting a few days in the hospital with minor aches and pains.

To Harry Taylor went the distinction of being the first single man in the company to enter into holy wedlock. That jump on the boys netted Harry 24 extra points.

The Japs were on the offensive, and we were on the alert. We toted 120 rounds of ball ammunition in our pockets and a rifle on our shoulder wherever we went

on the post. Beach patrols kept us busy, and Cpls. Kahle and Mason often mistook seals and buoys for Jap invasion barges.

At Camp Hood, Texas, the advance party under the leadership of Sgt. Gaffey (McGillicuddy) arrived 3 days late after a layover in Juarez, Mexico. Cold showers until December; no heat in the barracks, days of terrain appreciation, 0400 reveille and training on the Commando course, lots of double timing and night marches. The Goya spirit was slowly dying out. Received our first OCS Officers, Lts. Read, Barr and Underwood. Captain Levy returned and left again. Seemed as if this was worse than combat; the AUTC officers were in our hair all the time. The TD School had a solution for every problem, "theoretical stuff"—Texas was supposed to be down south but it was colder than Montana. Our first cadre left, Sgts. Milam, McCrosson, McDonald, Cpls. C. Bird and Momyham. From later reports they were always sorry they left—main reason they stayed at Camp Hood, Texas for a couple of years. T/4 Parks was the first man to be discharged from the company. In December we drew more replacements; all boys from south of the Mason Dixon Line. Our Non-Coms formed a training company to make soldiers of them. Got our first furloughs from Camp Hood, Texas in January and February saw us on the way to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma.

At Camp Gruber, Oklahoma the training company stayed behind, Valente, McPeeters, Opitz, Rummelhart and Smelzer were doing the honors for "A" Company. Stood inspection in a raging snowstorm for some unknown Colonel and later in the spring were isolated by the worst floods in many years. Seems as if the weather always went to extremes wherever the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion was stationed. It was here that we



drew our long awaited equipment—first 75s on half-tracks and later the M-10s, which most everyone took to like ducks to water. We found out there was plenty of work to them and we started in on a very rough summer—the nights were so hot you couldn't sleep and the days resembled the well known "hot spot." We had one 3-day problem per week and everything had to be spotless for Saturday inspection. This is where the 25 mile hikes started and many found out just how far you could plod on—after you thought the limit of human endurance was reached. T/4 Anderson, mechanic, stuck his hand in the fan of an M-10 and went to the hospital. He came back. Next on the discharge list were S/Sgt. Bush, Cpl. Hom Herbert, T/4 Mason, PFC Payne and Privates Storey and Hayes. Lt. Vaughn made captain. "Tiger" Proctor and "Jack" Mathieson were attached for rations and became the company mascots. More furloughs for some in September saw us on the way to Louisiana for maneuvers. Our heavy equipment was shipped and we convoyed the trucks through. The citizens of Mena, Ark., gave us a dance on the night of our stay there and a fine time was had by all.

Louisiana Maneuvers started during a rainy spell, M-10 drivers were informed of the \$25 fine for knocking down pine trees, quite a sport in the past. We got our first taste of large scale maneuvering and everything was strictly "tactical." The blackout driving practice paid off here. "Kelly's Ridge Runners" almost completed maneuvers without even blowing a bogey, only to fall out in the last week due to engine trouble. 1500 miles with no motor trouble is quite a record. Bouquets to driver Cpl. Clyde England. The battle of Peason Ridge and the night the crews dug their destroyers in will long be remembered by all who participated.

Our training on the desert, at Pitor Knob, California was marked especially by the converting of our self-propelled battalion to a towed battalion status. We also received another group of replacements, but this time the new men were hardened soldiers from the 608th Tank Destroyer Battalion, which we were led to believe must have been the crackest outfit this country had ever known, and its de-activation was the greatest military blunder of this war.

Our outfit was really getting hot now, and we were rapidly getting to the top of the priority list. Our high priority now permitted the pioneer platoon to borrow old sticks of dynamite and a few blocks of TNT from the engineers to put on demonstrations for the battalion. Sandstorms, heavy rains, the hot sun, desert maneuvers, and dehydrated chow were getting us down. The Goya spirit had left and no one dared to mention the word.

The end of this assignment did not come too soon, but the boys in the outfit west of the Mississippi were rewarded with 15-day furloughs and they all reported to our new post at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

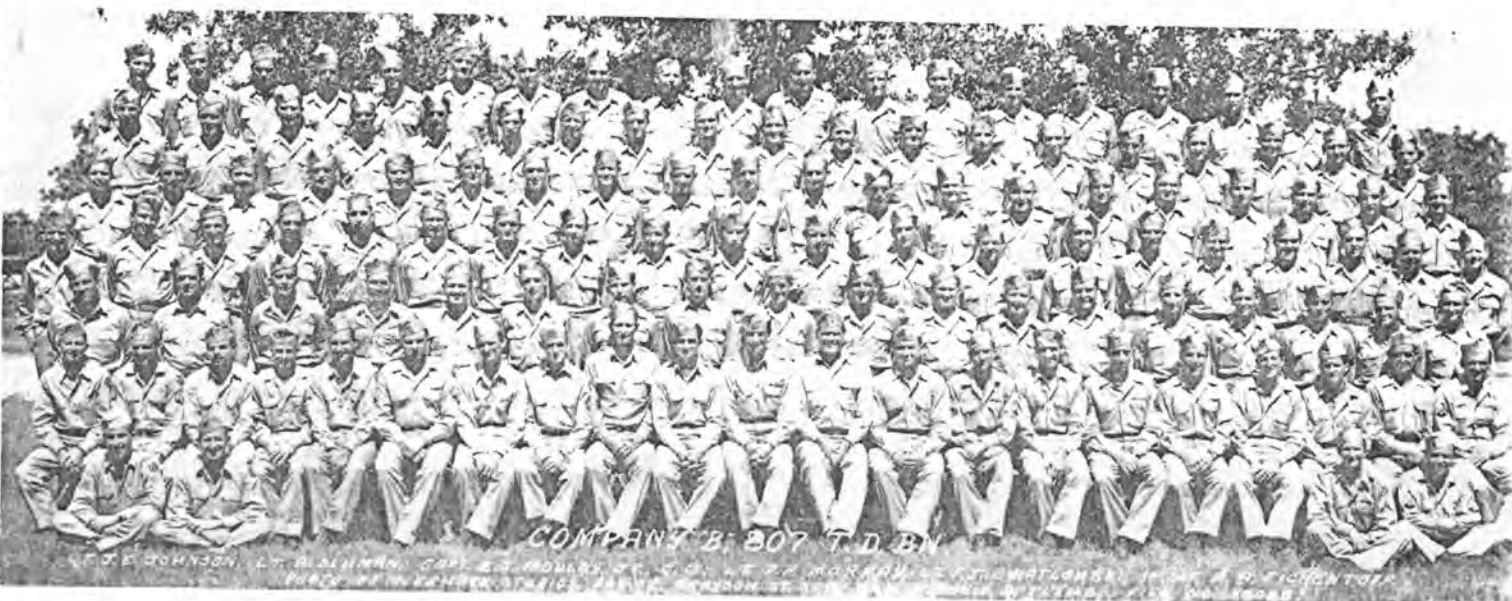
The battalion minus the western boys who were furloughed from the desert hit Fort Dix, New Jersey on a very cold night and in the deserted end of camp. This

made for a bad impression but later it was acknowledged to be the best Camp we were ever in. After everyone was furloughed we started the same old training grind, artillery classes for the NCO's till they nearly went nuts. This was relieved by plenty of passes to New York, Trenton, Philadelphia and other nearby places of interest. The 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion was well known at the "Extension Bar" in Trenton, New Jersey. It was here that Captain Vaughn and Lt. Read took the fatal step into matrimony.

Like all good things, our sojourn in Fort Dix, New Jersey came to an end on the 5th day of August, 1944, when we entrained for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. For the next four days at Camp Kilmer we received our final checkups and on August 11, 1944 we left pier 86 in New York Harbor. The U.S.S. Hermitage was to be our home for the next 14 days, on our trip to England.

During combat the platoons within the company were pretty much on their own, and we were pretty well spread out, but Lt. Beeney and his able staff handled the problems of logistics most efficiently, keeping the platoons well supplied with hot meals, gasoline, ammunition, and P.X. rations. Entertainment within the platoons was no problem, and the second platoon was especially fortunate in having music at all times, from the "Whistling Lieut." Everything was not rosy though in this fighting platoon. Until Rcn. Co. was formed Pvt. John R. McConnell had the whole platoon pinned down with his tommy gun. Sylvester J. Winowicz, the boy Edison of the platoon, can be credited for inspiring Lt. Read to many different actions, mostly violent. The platoon's defense against Robots was a carbine manned by Cpl. Kahle. Bill "Chow Hound" Munde made history by devouring fourteen hot cakes at one sitting. Until the second platoon reached Saarlautern, Germany, Donald J. Gaffey proved to be the meanest man west of the Mississippi River, but then the great McGillicuddy's driver, Leonard McKinney, proved to be the platoon's most feared man. While engaging the enemy one day T/4 Lloyd M. Larsen fired upon an enemy plane, later he was informed not to fire on any more *FRIENDLY* planes. Our cooks brought forth a new secret weapon. One night they took and liberated a town in enemy territory by the sound of chains clanging on the Mess Truck. "No shots, no casualties" was their motto. Then we had "Wrongline Wilson," better known as "Pop." While testing lines one night near Thionville, all he could get on his test line was "Nix Verstehe." Oh well. We sort of have one up on the rest of the boys for being the only company in the battalion on the line in Luxembourg. Not everyone is as fortunate as Clarence Rients, Norbert Miller, Carlton Kepler, and Willie Graves by getting to see their brothers while overseas. At the first sound of hob nail shoes on the streets of Metz, PFC Ford was the first person in our company to do indirect fire with his carbine.

Company "A" is indeed proud of Staff Sergeant Donald J. Gaffey, wearer of the Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star Medal and Good Conduct Ribbon, the most decorated enlisted man in the battalion.



## COMPANY "B"

### ACTIVATION AND TRAINING

In mid-year 1942, "B" Company, part of the 807th T.D. Bn., started its interesting life. Then we were few in number and green in experience. The men of the company totaled about half strength and equipment for training was definitely limited. Naturally, this was preliminary until our full quota of men arrived from replacement depots. Under Captain Gray, the company commander, we started training. We remember the days of "dry running" on the 37mm gun, and occasional firing of the bee-bee gun. These were the days at Camp Cooke, California. Advanced training was our next step so it wasn't long before we were in the heart of Texas. Now we were getting down to business. Training was rougher, days filled with schedules and passes limited. We now had Captain Woodside as our company commander. Our worst memories are of the obstacle course at Hood. Social activities were again limited but we shall remember Killeen, Belton, Temple and Waco.

During these four months at Hood we had another change of company commanders. Lt. Molloy relieved Capt. Woodside. At Camp Gruber, Oklahoma passes were liberal. Parties at Tulsa and Muskogee will never be forgotten. It was here that we received our first M-10's. Now was the period of driving instruction and later the night problems. Lt. Robran was our acting company commander and stayed with us through the Louisiana Maneuvers and the Desert Maneuvers. Going to Louisiana we stopped at Mena, Arkansas. What a time was spent there. The maneuvers in the swamps plus dark, dismal days made life miserable. Continual black-out drives with little rest was an omen that the days of toughening up was in our midst. Finally the maneuvers were over and there was a sigh of relief on all of the faces . . . but, our joy was short lived since we were going to Pilot Knob, California. This was the new experience of life, the desert, sand, heat and tents. Through time we had our tents set up and our area cleaned. Passes were given but after all we were on the desert. Yuma, Arizona was near so that town took the beating,

or perhaps we did. We received our towed guns here and also replacements.

These replacements were not the "green" rookies, but seasoned men of the 608th T.D. Bn. These men knew the score. Remember at first we thought there was to be a little trouble with the Civil War again? The majority of the battalion was from the South, but the new men were mostly from the North. However the Yankees and the Rebels got along swell together. We were now men, not kids anymore. We had our desert maneuvers and we received the good news that the battalion was to go to Fort Dix, New Jersey. Our first furlough in many months was also due. It was here that we had plenty of passes and lots of places to go. Through a period of time we were given the alert but it was a false alarm, so another furlough was enjoyed.

Finally orders did come through and we were processed for overseas shipment. Then to Camp Kilmer our last camp before going overseas. In a few days we were on a ship heading for Europe. This ship was the U.S.S. Hermitage. We cannot forget the famous compartments "Ferry" and "Eagle." Landing at Liverpool, England, we were sent to Llanover Park. We stayed here three weeks and drew our equipment.

The time we spent here was a new experience for all of us. The cozy Welsh towns, the pubs and the Welsh girls were quite friendly. The towns of Abergavenny, Pontypool, and Newport all are to be remembered.

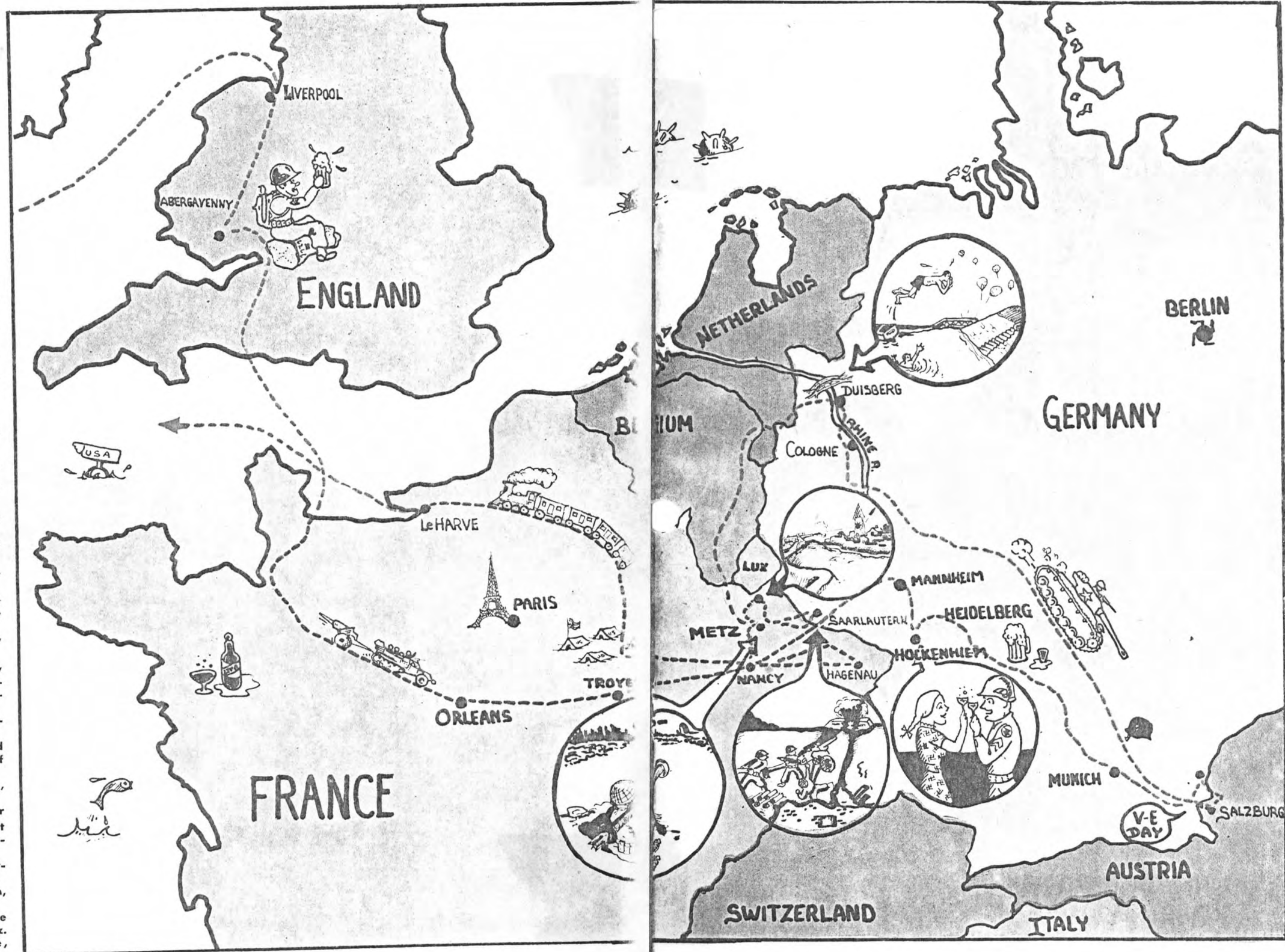
Over the channel we went to France. The crossing was made and everything went along well for us. The welcome we received from the French was a joyous one. Women and children showered us with flowers and gave freely of cognac. Our ride through France had to end soon we knew and that would be near the front lines. We reached that area and waited for the orders that would take us into combat for the first time. Those orders came and we were to begin our combat at Metz. After two and a half years we were ready.



# ROUTE OF THE 807th TANK DESTROYER BATTALION

## BATTALION HISTORY IN BRIEF

Date	Event
March 1, 1942	807th Tank Destroyer Battalion activated, Camp Cooke, California.
March 30, 1942	Officer Cadre reported from Camp Roberts, California.
May 27, 1942	First group of fillers reported from Camp Roberts, California.
Aug. 1, 1942	"Goya Day," Camp Cooke, California.
Oct. 5, 1942	Departed Camp Cooke, California.
Oct. 8, 1942	Arrived Camp Hood, Texas, for Advanced Unit Training.
Jan. 4, 1943	Second group of fillers arrived.
Jan. 18-25, 1943	"Siege of Mumps and Measles," Camp Hood, Texas, provisional training company.
Feb. 6, 1943	Departed Camp Hood, Texas.
Feb. 7, 1943	Arrived Camp Gruber, Oklahoma.
Sept. 14, 1943	Departed Camp Gruber, Oklahoma for Louisiana Maneuvers.
Oct. 24, 1943	Reported Camp Polk, Louisiana, preparation for desert training.
Nov. 17, 1943	Departed Camp Polk, Louisiana.
Nov. 20, 1943	Arrived Camp Pilot Knob, California.
Dec. 21, 1943	Converted from Self-Propelled to Towed Battalion.
Dec. 25, 1943	Fillers from 608th Tank Destroyer Battalion reported.
Feb. 12-March 1, 1944	Desert Maneuvers.
March 6, 1944	Departed Camp Pilot Knob, California for Fort Dix, New Jersey.
March 9, 1944	Arrived Fort Dix, New Jersey.
Aug. 5, 1944	Departed Fort Dix, New Jersey for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, New York Port of Embarkation.
Aug. 10, 1944	Embarked USS Hermitage, New York Harbor.
Aug. 11, 1944	Departed United States for European Theater of Operations.
Aug. 23, 1944	Arrived Liverpool, England.
Aug. 24-Sept. 13, 1944	Llanover Park, Wales, drawing equipment and preparation for short sea voyage.
Sept. 16, 1944	Boarded LST's Portland Harbor, England for France.
Sept. 18, 1944	Landed Utah Beach, France.
Sept. 18-23, 1944	Race across France to catch Third Army, vic. of Metz.
Sept. 23, 1944	Annoux La Grange, France, XX Corps.
Sept. 29-Nov. 15, 1944	Vic. Veymerange, France along Moselle river. 3rd Cavalry Group, Task Force Polk.



M. Jullich — 46

Nov. 15-19, 1944—Drive south along east bank of Moselle River into Metz, France with Task Force Bacon (95th Division).

Nov. 24-Dec. 5, 1944—Drive east from Metz, France to Saarlautern, Germany. Seizure of Saar Bridge, 95th Division.

Dec. 5-Jan. 18, 1945—Attack of fortified positions in Siegfried Line vic. Saarlautern, Germany and defense of Saar river bridgehead, Saarlautern, Germany. (95th Infantry Division and 5th Infantry Division.)

Jan. 19-25, 1945—Transferred from 3rd to 7th Army. Attached to XV Corps, 101st Airborne Division, 35th Infantry Division, vic. of Montbronn, France.

Jan. 26-Feb. 27, 1945—Attached to 101st Airborne Division, VI Corps, vic. of Haguenau, France. Defense of Moder River.

March 1-6, 1945—Transferred to 9th Army. Attached XVI Corps. Drive from Venlo, Holland on Roer river to Rhine river vic. Rheinberg, Germany, 35th Division.

March 23, 1945—Support of 30th Infantry Division crossing of Rhine river south of Wesel, Germany.

March 24-April 1, 1945—Attached to 75th Infantry Division.

April 1-20, 1945—Defense of Rhine River bridges, Wesel-Duisberg area.

April 5, 1945—Re-converted to self-propelled battalion, M-18's.

April 25-May 3, 1945—Attached 3rd Army, III Corps. Drive with 86th Infantry Division in Bavaria from Ansbach, Germany to Erding, Germany.

May 3-6, 1945—Attached 7th Army, XV Corps. Drive with 86th Infantry Division from Erding, Germany to vic. of Salzburg, Austria.

May 8-12, 1945—Attached 86th Infantry Division. Set up Military Government vic. of Burghausen, Germany.

May 14-June 20, 1945—Hockenheim, Germany, XXI Corps. Maintenance of equipment. Athletics and Recreation. Preparation for redeployment to Pacific.

June 11, 1945—Alerted for Redeployment through U. S. to Pacific Theater.

June 21-29, 1945—Camp Miami, Châlons, France, assembly area.

July 1-6, 1945—Staging area, Le Havre, France. Camp Lucky Strike, St. Valery, France.

July 7, 1945—Sailed from Le Havre, France for U.S.A. on USS Marine Robin.

July 16, 1945—Arrived Hampton Roads, Virginia. Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia.

July 17-Sept. 4, 1945—Personnel on 30 day Rehabilitation, Recuperation and Recovery.

Aug. 21, 1945—Assembly at Camp Hood, Texas.

Sept. 22, 1945—807th Tank Destroyer Battalion inactivated.