

## COMPANY "B"

### BRINGING UP THE T.D.'s

On the 25th of September, 1944, we were officially committed. The 807th, and with it "B" Company was in combat.

Most of us remember that position in front of Metz for the drizzling rain and bottomless mud. Nothing much happened there and a few days later we moved to a position west of Thionville, France. There we first discovered how it felt to be shelled. It didn't feel very good.

It all began when we received our baptism of fire during the crucial moments on the hill overlooking Thionville. In those long minutes that seemed like hours, all hell had broken loose. The initial fire was bracketing our position, and it was heavy. We had only one alternative and that was to endanger our lives and throw some "hot steel" back. Our O.P. was situated on a hill to the rear of our positions. Commands were sent by telephone for immediate counter-battery. This was carried out. Now we waited for the enemy's return fire which we knew would come with more intensity and greater accuracy. We weren't wrong in that calculation. The shelling returned with increased fury. By this time our O.P. spotted the enemy position. With corrected fire orders the company unleashed a smothering barrage that brought results. Enemy fire ceased and our mission was effectively accomplished.

Orders arrived which sent the second platoon to occupy positions at Cattenom, where we held what were called outposts. In order to confuse the enemy we fired one section as a battery, which proved effective. Being very curious as to our doings, the Germans probed our lines constantly with active patrols. We captured the first prisoner for the battalion and were we proud!

Excitement reached a peak when we occupied outposts and waited for the Krauts. Wait, wait, and wait some more; finally our hopes were fulfilled when the Germans dared to enter our outposts. Alles kaputt! This was our first front line combat, and now we were veterans, or so we thought.

Berg was our first direct fire mission. Yes, it was a lot of fun watching the P.P.C.'s ricocheting through the town and the Heinies ricocheting out.

Well, back to the company at Hayange, to fire indirect across the Moselle while preparing for the assault crossing by the 95th Division. Nothing exciting here, only hard work, mud and rain. Here, for the first time, we could relax. We managed to spend a few friendly hours with the French, their daughters and their wine.

Our good fortune didn't last very long, we were assigned the task of spearheading the drive to Metz with the 95th Infantry. When we crossed the Moselle things really began to pop, by things I mean Heinie shells, and

they popped all around us too. Many of us get cold chills up and down our spine when "*the first night across the Moselle*" is mentioned.

The day before entering the almost impenetrable fortress of Metz, which hadn't been conquered since the days of Attila and his Huns, the second platoon encountered their first heavy opposition. In a brief battle lasting one afternoon we destroyed, with minor casualties on our part, two 88's and five 20mm's, killing or capturing the Germans. Going into Metz with the advance elements of the infantry we proceeded with caution. Before going in too far, our company was ordered to take position on the street. This was to guard against possible tank attacks on the infantry, and prevent a break out of Metz.

The first platoon received orders to take positions on a high hill overlooking Metz. Here we gave artillery support as the infantry moved into the center of the city. In the meantime a special mission came through. The first section occupied positions on the slope of the hill to place direct fire on enemy troops who were preparing to blow up a railroad trestle. This was accomplished effectively and the enemy sustained such casualties that their mission failed.

The following day strong points existed in the city itself. The mission was to neutralize the strong points. With difficulty the platoon moved their guns down a narrow alley and directed fire on the post-office. Delayed fuse brought the Heinies out.

It wasn't what you would call an easy victory for us. On the contrary it was a costly one for the infantry. "C" company of the 377th Infantry Regiment was hit hardest when, after entering the fort the Krauts had already surrendered, this fort blew up. It wasn't any accident because the Germans had mined it. Casualties skyrocketed! A whole company of the bravest boys we knew, no longer existed. Although we were only a hundred yards from the catastrophe our casualties were negligible. Lady luck was leading us that day.

Well, we made it into Metz, and if you don't believe it you can go there, on the main drag you'll find a store window displaying a picture of one of our guns.

In Metz we found (or liberated) cases of cognac, *Three Star Hennessy* no less; along with huge supplies of wine, beer, brandy, two carloads of beef, cheese, cider and many other things. It can now be told that many of us were pretty drunk that night. With all that liquor around, can you blame us?

Our next scare (they call it engagement) was at Ober-Limberg on the Saar. Typically the fighting third was in there slugging, while the rest of the company was just getting shelled at Ischbach. Ober-Limberg, you'll remem-

ber was a super-heated spot; even as we were pulling in at dusk we were shelled. How nice those water filled ditches seemed at the time. From then on it was all "incoming mail." Damn those jerry mortars! You can't hear them coming and even doorways aren't safe. We know, although we would have gladly remained ignorant. This is true about the whole war—you never know about it until you don't want to know.

We then moved our guns to a position overlooking Dillingen, knocked out many pillboxes and one big manure pile. Before we had much time to rejoice, the Heinies threw back some of their 11 inch shells. Our third platoon holds the doubtful honor of being shelled with heavier stuff than anyone else in the battalion. We came through again, shaking a little more perhaps, but we came through!

Our next move was south to Saarlautern-Roden, stayed there one night and had thirty tires blown out by shrapnel. I think it rained mortar shells and there was sniper fire to break up the monotony. Don't think we weren't glad to get out of there! We pulled back to the Saar, had a lot of pig trouble, they were always setting off our trip flares. We also had "88" trouble and machine guns were harassing continually. In short it was rough. We moved back again (advance to prepared position in the rear, they call it) this time into Saarlautern proper. Lootin' in Saarlautern; nuff said.

Winter was coming and life seemed more miserable each day. They threw all they had at us, including those 270's which sounded like freight cars coming in. Not once did we fire back. Even excluding mortars, excluding the shells, everything was rough.

In a blinding blizzard we traveled south to the 7th Army. We must have looked like a band of gypsies with our many vari-colored, liberated comforters, and feather ticks. But boy, was it cold, and it didn't get any warmer in Vosges either. The third platoon's first section went up ahead into, what our Colonel aptly named, a do or die position.—We did!

Winter had set in, and life continued to be miserable. We were now living in the woods of Hagenau and Schweighausen where the harassing counter-attacks were prevalent. Life here was alternately lived in dugouts in the woods and the shelter of homes in town. Tragedy entered the scene and casualties had increased. We had lost good men in this sector, some had been hospitalized and others . . .

It was here that the Second platoon added another victim to its long and glorious list. On a cold morning, with snow falling incessantly we destroyed another of Germany's panzers. For hours after we had snuffed its life the ammunition kept exploding.

The Bulge was eliminated and the Allied armies were on the march again. The Rhine river was the next objective. We had been moved to the north, taking us through Belgium and Holland. We proceeded to the Ninth Army for the crossing of the Rhine.

Here our mission was the neutralizing of enemy observation points, prior to the crossing. Days had passed and we were experiencing the greatest barrage of the

war. In two nights our company alone expended 6000 rounds of high explosive. The crossing was made successfully and we shared in the experience. We were held in reserve and had the mission of guarding the Rhine River crossing.

We stayed in Orsoy while we changed from towed to self-propelled. After freezing all winter we got combat suits in April.

As S.P.'s we re-joined the Third Army, and the 86th Division for the final push through Germany and into Austria. After the Rhine was crossed, German resistance was sporadic and half-hearted. Nowhere did we meet resistance as we knew it earlier in the war. We drove all day and night, capturing Heinies by the score, lots of souvenirs, pistols, flags, swords, etc. On the more practical side we captured chickens and pigs, a welcome change from "C's" and "K's".

Down in southern Germany, in one of those little towns you've never heard of, we had a scrap with tanks. Leave it to the Second platoon to find the tanks. Fighting three Tiger Royals, Germany's pride, isn't exactly an easy task. The air was filled with tracer and screaming shells. We are credited with the destruction of one tank. The other two realizing that the jig was up, destroyed themselves in impotent rage.

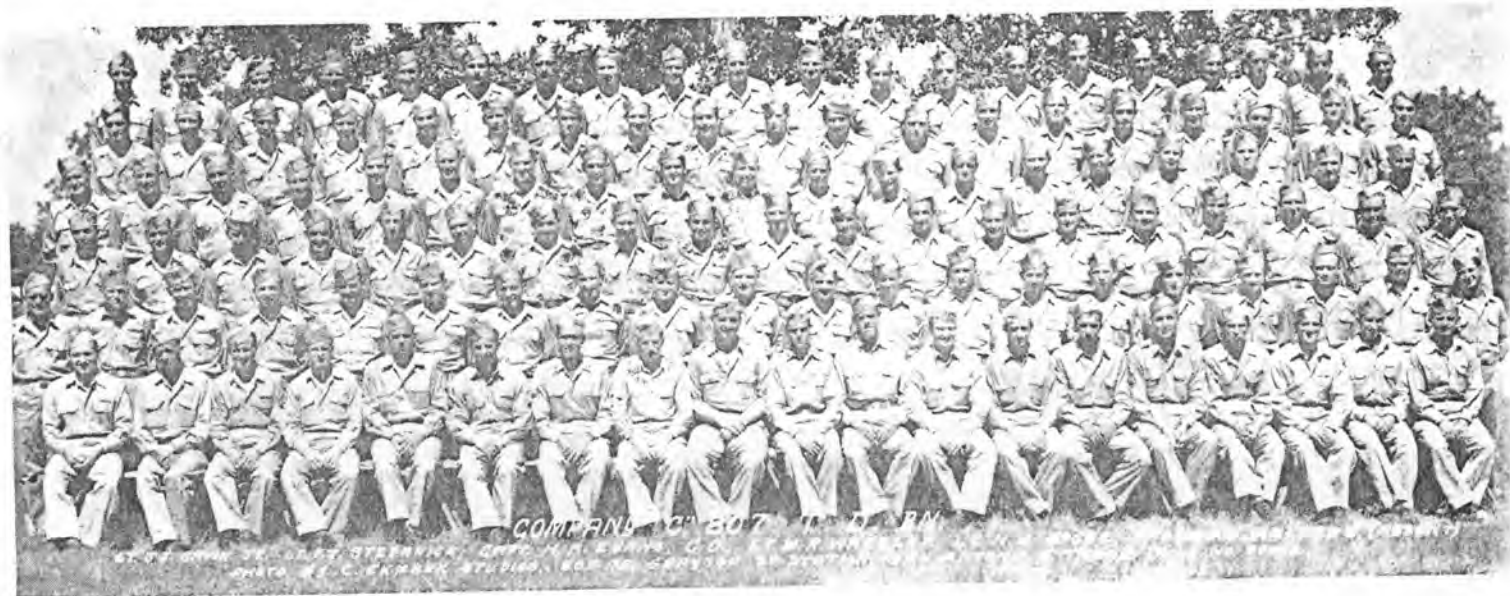
Names such as Ansbach, Ingolstadt, Freising, and Burghausen will always bring back the days of the spear-heading, battle hardened, fighting Company "B."

In the years to come whenever we get together for a big bull-session you'll be sure to hear, "Do you remember at Saarlautern—or, That time on the way to Metz . . . or, Up in the woods of Ober-Limberg . . ."

Yes, we have shared many dangers and many happy moments. In spite of the hell that war is, we have come out of it bigger men, more mature, more tolerant, with a sense of friendship such as only can be acquired by facing danger together—as a gun squad, platoon, or a company. We have learned many things but the one thing of which we are most certain, is that it must never happen again. It is up to us, let us fight for peace and win it, even as we have won the war.

—BLACK, KOUMON,  
ZUCKER





## COMPANY "C"

### Headquarters Section . . . . .

Rather than make this a formal history of Hq. Section we are going to sketch some different events that happened to us while we were in combat, and in so doing will give a more rounded picture of the conditions as they actually were.

Our first combat high-light that distinguishes us as a section occurred at Jouaville, France. It was here that our fire direction center stole the show while directing fire on German positions. The FDC, or the nerve center of the company, composed of Howard, Kowalk, "Tootsie" Woods, "Goebbels" Lester, "Turkey" Heichel, Lt. "Fair Haired Lad" McGee, "Cattle Thief" Wolters, and Capt. "Heavy" Evans, did a really fine job at this position. It was a source of satisfaction to them to know that through their efforts the platoons were laying an effective fire on the "Krauts."

It was during these first trying days of combat that the cooks: Jones, Young, Guerrero, Read, Sparks, Luke, and Stewart, did much to brighten us by feeding us hot chow. Despite almost unimaginable nasty conditions, due to never ceasing rain, they never failed to have something hot and stimulating for us at chow time.

It was at Weymerange that Henry Meyers definitely found out that there actually was a war going on. Henry, like a lot of the boys, was misled by the peace and quiet of the position. However, the first sharp crack of the incoming shells took any and all doubts away.

It was also here that Beltz, Stewart and Jones, all good sized men, tried a new experiment. They all dove for the same fox-hole and discovered that three men could actually fit into a hole originally built for one man!

During the period up to the fall of Metz, the maintenance crew, ably headed by Charlie Adams, and includ-

ing the gun mechanics section of Bridewell and Libel, turned out a fine job of "keeping us rolling." The mechanics were kept more than a little busy fixing flat tires, deflated by bursting shrapnel. It must have been a little discouraging one particular time in Wallerfangen, for the boys had just finished fixing some tires when in came another mortar shell. It not only knocked the boys silly for a while, but also produced five more flat tires!

Scotton, Ervin, Reeder and Fleenor of the radio and telephone section missed many a night's sleep trying to trace damaged wires and lines. It was mighty lonely and a wee bit scary to go traipsing off in the dark through the woods or deserted streets to trace a poor connection.

It seems as if there were a lot of live stock such as hogs, cows and chickens being killed by shrapnel, so Sgt. Wolters assisted by the cooks, decided they were going to have a good supply of fresh meat and took advantage of the situation. But, there is a question in a lot of people's minds as to whether it really was that shrapnel that was doing the damage to the animals. Anyway it was a good excuse and there wasn't anybody asking questions when those delicious steaks and chops began to hit the mess-kits.

There was also a steady supply of wines from the towns we helped capture and that is the reason that Voss started to call the C.P. "High Tight" instead of "High Tide."

Bradley, our mail clerk, was the only one of the HQ Section who was wounded and received a Purple Heart. He received his wound at Wallerfangen. But fortunately he recovered and returned to his duties after a stay in the hospital.

The change over to the M-18 self-propelled gun put the mechanics to work again and for a few days in Homberg on the Rhine River the sparks were really flying.



Adams, Vargason, Bollig, Myers and Beltz were more than happy when the destroyers were finally put into readiness and ready to go. But their work did not cease because now they had their own retriever to keep rolling as well as the dozen other tanks. Beltz spent a good part of time digging his retriever out of the mud.

Lt. McGee made history about this time with his spear-heading supply train. He had a rather funny habit of capturing German towns after dark. To tell the truth, it was hard to say who was more surprised in the morning, Lt. McGee or the Germans.

The end of the war found the "work horse" section still at it, that is, working. Holly and Garcia had their hands full trying to refit the entire company with decent clothing and equipment, the mechanics started all over again on the destroyers, and the cooks kept right on dishing out the chow. Some of us had it easy, though, with a little time on our hands. Lester re-fought every battle of the war and Whitney was thinking of running for Burgermeister.

Naturally a good deal of time was spent talking over old times and many a good laugh was provided. There was the time Capt. Evans was called "Rear-Admiral" because he controlled the Army and the U. S. Navy while we were on the Rhine River pulling security guard . . . the old abandoned horse in Wallerfangen who used to go clop, clop, clopping down the deserted streets every morning and got to be known as the milk man's horse . . . Bollig and his trucking route for live stock . . . Adolph the dog . . . "Old Gerald" "good night for a patrol" . . . Woods . . . "Shoe shine" Kidney's sparkling shoes . . . the time the kitchen was put next to the dead horses at Thionville . . . "Hand Grenades" gun crew of "Holly," Young, "Bugger Red," Bridwell, and Libel . . . and last but not least Fleenor's and Guerrero's eternal quest for mail.

In closing we might say of HQ Section—Although their hands didn't pull the lanyards that fired the 40,000 rounds from "C" company's guns, theirs were the hands that supplied it, theirs were the hands that fed the gasoline to the vehicles and kept them rolling through snow and rain, sunshine and shrapnel. They tuned the radios and kept the telephones talking. If the weapons failed to operate—they fixed them. If the stomachs were empty, they fixed that too.

They will tell you they are not heroes, only work horses, but you can count the shrapnel holes in their vehicles too.

—SGT. LESTER

## First Platoon . . . . .

Before September 18, 1944, France was only a place that we heard and read about, but on that date we found ourselves making a personal appearance there through the courtesy of our "friends and neighbors," back home.

Across France our route was marked by Frenchmen on both side of the road waiting to give us fruit, flowers and wine. This sort of thing stopped after we pulled into an indirect fire position near Metz. The first platoon was surveyed in as the right platoon in a company indirect fire setup. This was the first time that we dug foxholes

and slit-trenches that we thought we might use. No shells landed in the immediate area of the first platoon, but we learned how weird they could sound when the Germans registered in on our left flank. This was only five days after we landed in France. Next to the Germans our main enemies were rain and mud, but little did we know that we would soon move into a position that would make this one seem dry.

The position just referred to was Weyerange, where we got a hot reception, on Walter Bowden's birthday, September 30th. This was our first real baptism of fire and the "Krauts" made an impression on us to be long remembered. After they threw a few "nail kegs" and "beer barrels" at us, we began to return fire with "Wild Bill" bringing us in on the right target at the right time. We were firing indirect opposite Thionville on the Moselle. It is no exaggeration to say the mud was knee deep, so walks and platforms had to be made out of boxes and shell casings. Frying potatoes and trading for souvenirs was our favorite pastime. Our trading stock was cigarettes and candy and in return we received flags, knives, pistols, badges and medals.

After the Germans had been softened up, the 95th Division jumped off, took Thionville and its forts which we had been blasting, and headed South along the river toward the heavily fortified Metz.

In this drive we followed in close support of the 95th. We overtook several "supermen," five of which Heichel captured when he was placing a machine gun near the edge of a town that was overflowing with our troops.

Just before we entered Metz, Lt. Wheeler, Padilla, Freeman, Heichel, Hampton and Formby had a lot of close calls when they went up as a forward observation party. It was about this time that LaMontagne, Peterson, Wooten, Bryant, Mills, Allen and Mike went in front of the infantry to knock out some enemy strong points. They did a good job and were awarded the Bronze Star medal.

The first platoon will also remember its first night in the warehouse in Metz where the "Kraut" committed suicide after spending a restless night just downstairs.

From Metz on there were plenty of pistols which always made good trading stock. We also had plenty to eat as a result of captured stocks. After spending a hectic night we pulled back from Metz, celebrated Thanksgiving with turkey, had a short rest and proceeded in a round-about way to the high ground overlooking Wallerfangen, "Gobbler's Knob," and Dillingen. Dr. Kurt left us a good place to stay but it was really rough on that hill. Our platoon was hard hit when we lost S/Sgt. Case and Johnny Cochran. "Stud" Formby, Allen and LaMontagne were injured seriously by the same direct hit. Glenn J. didn't hesitate to grab a jeep and head for the top of the hill to assist Willie and the others in helping the boys. There we learned another lesson in the seriousness of war.

While we were on the hill, John Brown, "Pretty Boy" Williams and "The Kid" were transferred to the infantry. Things were getting critical, but under the capable leadership of Lt. Wheeler and Sgt. Darold, we successfully blasted the "Krauts" for a few more days. Mike,

Walt, Leon and Herman had some rough spots to place their guns. Elium was number one gun commander.

We had some good parties at Dr. Kurt's place when Glenn J., Heichel, Tarr, Sammy and "Mr." Wooten and "Hamp" got together with their string band. Of course "Reff" was always ready with a story on just any subject. The position on "Kraut Hill" gave us our first crack at the Siegfried line and many things happened there that we will remember. Another of our positions was in Wallerfangen and the situation there was very much unsettled. Cpl. Peterson's No. 3 gun had four directions of fire in two days. "Choppie" and "Slim" Wilson were on his crew then.

We spent Christmas in Wallerfangen, and it was rather lonesome since most of the troops had been pulled out to the North to the Bastogne area. Later we went back to Guisingen in an indirect position where we fired illuminating shells and harassing fire. The weather was rough and the guard shifts were long. "Possum's" second gun crew got most of the illumination shell missions. "Doc" Freeman was the recorder while Barber operated the telephone with Platoon Sgt. Hansen in command when Lt. Wheeler was up front spotting targets. Naturally Clipp "Zero" and his jeep were along with the lieutenant.

Hagenau and the Seventh Army was our next destination of importance. All of us will remember our jeep rides to chow, the rough positions of number three and four guns, the commotion that would break loose every night about midnight and the shellings we received there. Part of the time we were operating with a skeleton crew and no half-tracks while the rest were back on a four-day break. All that wine was good too.

After Hagenau we had several interesting experiences with the 9th Army. Each section went up to the Rhine at night to snipe at OP's. It was on one of these trips that Clipp got his Purple Heart. They practically dug number two crew out of the cellar and later knocked out Barry's gun. Beard, Shinn, and Elium fixed a good chicken dinner at their house nearby. As usual Beckers didn't miss out on the chow. Shinn and Glen looted a good motor-bike and "Dad" got picked up by the M.P.'s when he was joy riding back in town.

The platoon had some modern dugouts equipped with fancy furniture and fixtures near Wesel. It was here that "Handgrenade Pete" and "Whispering Sam" came to us.

The platoon put out a lot of H.E. at this position, most of it going just before the 9th jumped off. At Baerl on the Rhine we got our M-18's and became a self-propelled outfit. Here each crew had a house and we took things easy. Every now and then we would have to go down to the river and watch for floating objects and fire a few rounds. Things had changed a lot since the first few days there when it seemed like all hell was breaking loose. That first night when we pulled in was very impressive. After we stayed there a while, "Possum's" hotel went into operation, and we had plenty of looted bikes and motor-bikes.

When we went back to the 3rd Army and to the 86th Division, we started on a chase that took us South and East with our main stops being at Freising and

Ingolstadt where we got a lot of booty. We were very active on this drive since we had our M-18's. After a few days we were glad to hit Austria and the end of the war in Europe. With the war's end we performed occupational duties and we didn't mind that type of work at all. Lt. Wheeler was busy with civil affairs such as keeping the mayor "on the ball."

We had a waiting period in Hockenheim which will be very easy to remember because of our beer hall, motor calls, parades, baseball, and volleyball games. Swimming, passes to Heidelberg and Mannheim, the cigar factory, benzine schnapps, Leon Wade and Max Shabus' trading.

We waited here for some time before we started on our journey home. We were contented in the fact that most of us had completed our primary mission, that of coming out of combat safe and sound.

As we look back through our months in combat we find a few less serious things that stand out as much as our combat experiences; some of those are: "Wild Bill" and his faithful aiming circle; Bill Jackson and his pipes and rumors; Cobb and his "Overland and Maxine"; Elium and "Dad" Shinn taking care of "Son"; Mike and his "Squeeze Box"; "Reff" and Panama; "Comrad" Morcom in Hockenheim; "Ol' Pard" Heck and his leather shop; Walt and his M-18; Byers, Clipp and the foxhole on the Rhine; Brother Bain saying "Tear it down," and "they're shooting at me"; Beard saying "I like to died last night"; "Bull" Durham and his black-jack playing; "Lawyer" Shabus; Leon Wade and his teasing Beckers about pancakes; "Choker and Possum"; "Panch" and his guitar; Heichelstein and Shabus trading; Tarr buying cameras; "OCS" and his Chow; Pete and "can you imagine that"; Moudry and his accordion; the old vets home and the round table; Albarty and his top hat and tails; "Wahoo" and his wine; carrying wine in the five gallon cans on the jeeps in Hagenau; Tarr's love for the army; "Pasadena Pere" and his card playing; "Kid" Krall; Darold waking Leon up every morning in Hockenheim; Reff and his Johnson "B"; "Mac" and "Hamp" always together; "The E.T.O. Rag"; Hamp and his "Rubber Dolly"; "Mauldin" Grothouse as number four gunner; Gordon and his "Pennsylvania Polka."

—CPL. HOWARD

## Second Platoon . . . . .

To try to relate every incident and happening of our platoon in training and combat would be an almost impossible job. So, we will try to touch on the highlights, and hope that in so recalling certain incidents, it will bring other events to the reader's mind. There are probably many more humorous happenings, and serious ones too, that we have all forgotten or placed in the back of our heads. But, there are always particular occurrences that we will remember forever.

For instance, we probably all remember Verneville, France. Our first time under enemy fire. We were all as green as grass in regard to actual combat, but we learned more in our first five minutes under actual enemy fire, than in all our months of training. "Bumpty" Kasten, and "Jaybird" Rucker decided that very day that the slit

trenches they had been taught to dig in training were not nearly deep enough and all through the night could be heard the soft thud of the pick-ax, and the scrape of shovels as they dug themselves subterranean fox-holes.

Our first position will be remembered chiefly because of the constant rain that poured down on us as we tried to blast the "Krauts" from their fortress of Metz.

We were all cheered when we were given orders to move from our positions and proceed to Thionville to hold a portion of the Moselle and harass the "Jerries" on the other side with sporadic fire. It was at this new position that we had our first casualties, and it was really brought home to us all that we were in the mess for keeps, and not playing for marbles.

S/Sgt. Jimmy DuVal was seriously wounded at this position, and his loss was keenly felt by all of us. This loss was quickly followed by that of Cpl. "Come Over Cheer" Grant, the slow but methodical gunner of Sgt. "Crabs" Bain.

Many interesting things happened at Thionville, but there were two that stood out above all the others. The first was the two crews who were needed to knock out a particularly troublesome pill-box on the bank of the river. "Bull" Wade's and "Crabs" Bains' crews were picked to do the job. Immediately, preparations were begun to assure that the mission could be accomplished. At the crack of dawn, the crews opened fire at the pill-box from a distance of four-hundred yards. It is our opinion that the pill-box is still vibrating from the three-hundred odd shells that crashed into it, and rendered it useless to the enemy. The destruction of this fortification was of great importance when a few weeks later we supported the 95th Division in their crossing of the Moselle at that point.

The other incident at this position that turned out to be tragic, occurred when our highly respected platoon leader, Lt. Thompson, and our Security Sergeant, Mike Vig, teamed together to direct artillery fire on targets of opportunity. After crossing the swollen Moselle in infantry assault boats, they moved constantly forward with the infantry and directed devastating fire on the stubborn defenders. They successfully completed their mission despite many close calls, and were traveling toward the rear lines, anticipating a well deserved rest, when a stray German mortar shell hit and instantly killed Lt. Thompson. Miraculously, Mike escaped with but two small snags in the sleeve of his field jacket. Lt. Thompson was posthumously awarded the Silver Star, and Mike was later given the Bronze Star, and a furlough to the States.

After crossing the Moselle River, hectic days were to follow in which we saw the fall of historic Metz, and we were on our way to our next objective, the Saar. At that time the saying, "one more river to cross" was gaining considerable momentum. But, as the days went by we found out it meant, "just one more to cross before coming to the next one." Our next notable position was in St. Barbara, Germany. It was at this position that "Buzz Bomb" Healy's crew decided the infantry was a bit too slow for them, so ventured out to the knob of St. Barbara hill, and poured round after round into the German positions. There wasn't anyone who got very

much sleep at this place, due to the unceasing day and night firing. About the only comfort we derived was the fact that we knew the Krauts weren't getting much sleep either.

We all felt rather badly when the "Jerries" counter-attacked in the North and our forces had to divert themselves from their drive toward the Rhine, and go North to halt the attacking Germans. We then entered a period of "sweating it out," for we were left to hold that position of the line we had helped to win. We expected a counter-attack nightly, but it never did materialize. It was here that we spent Christmas, and Jones, the cook, fixed us a real chicken dinner that did much toward boosting our morale.

It was also near here that "Mortar" Sam's fox-hole caved in on him after he had taken great pains to build a "comfortable" and large one. Sam exploded into the air and vowed indignantly that he'd "never move another inch of dirt," but fifteen minutes later, after a particularly nasty artillery barrage from the Germans, he was really making the dirt fly.

When all the ground had been regained in the North, we were on the go again and after a series of long and difficult moves were finally entrenched on the banks of the Rhine. We supported the initial crossing at Wesel, and then spent a period of about two weeks guarding the approaches to the river that we had helped take.

Then came the order we had all, more or less, been expecting. We were told to change over to the self-propelled M-18 as soon as possible. This we did, and shortly thereafter we were on the last drive of the war with the 86th Division which finally ended with us well on our way into Austria.

With the ending of the war came a period of waiting, and wondering what was going to happen to us next. For a short while we were the military government near Burghausen, Germany. This didn't last too long, and before we knew it, we were on our way to Hockenheim, Germany, there to wait for shipment home—a furlough—and re-deployment.

The foregoing is a rather brief sketch of our history and there were many happenings, as we have said before, that were too numerous to mention. But, we don't think that any of us will ever forget . . . Kelley and his "Best" jeep . . . LeMagna, talking without waving his arms . . . the time "Curley" Morris and Coffey went looking for schnapps and came back with about thirty Krauts . . . Mike Vig's inevitable cigar . . . "Sugar" Kanes Uncles . . . Koperski's brudder Chuck stories . . . The day Hannah went into the burning building to try to save "Sonny" Green, and "Smiley" Boan . . . Silver, when he fell into the Rhine. Don't ask him what happened to his gun . . . "Bull" Wade, when he didn't get any mail for a few days from Mama . . . Andy, the barber . . . That crazy laugh of "Windy" Meyers . . . Bains' gout . . . Stuttering J-J-J-Joe . . . "Charlie" Harbin's numerous motorcycles . . . Kowalk and his many sewing machines . . . "Mauldin" Gibson, holding up the procession until he found room to load the chicken coop . . . Lt. "Little Joe" Cavin, and his communications . . . Don't forget "Bugger" Dale and his speeches . . . all the secrets that Danley gave away in his sleep . . . Ask "Pop" Holmer if



he ever found his teeth . . . the "accident" Mahaffey had in England . . . Kasten's ability to fry chicken on the move . . . "Growling" Weibel . . . Deafy's "huh, what did you say" . . . Eason didn't get stuck very often, but he sure knew where to do it . . . Hogentogler's many worries, and oh my, the rumors . . . Johnny King and "Oakies" darn good driving . . . Our nomination for Burgermeister of any town, Cpl. Solon.

But most of all, none of us will forget all the boys who started overseas with us, many sent out as replacements, and not fortunate enough to return. We will always have a special place in our memories for them.

—CPLS. SILVER AND KOWALK

## Third Platoon . . . . .

We were baptized at Metz and even though it wasn't much, it was enough to convert us to combat soldiers. That's when we learned there was a war on and from then on it was our war. We won't talk about the rain, the mud, rough digging, because I know everyone of us remember only too well what it was like.

Remember the fort? How could anyone forget it. At first we had our guns dug-in along the road leading up to it, but in a couple of days the first section moved up "on top," while the second section was directly below firing from positions behind the parapet.

From this position we had perfect observation of Thionville, and the Moselle River. We fired at troops, convoys, trains, suspected and observed targets, and water towers, our specialty. The "Third" had its first casualty, William E. Bennett. A short time later "Bill" Young and Fred Breeden were sent to the hospital.

At this time Sgt. Thomason's crew was giving us most of the laughs and little incidents for which they are best remembered. "Sonny" Jullich set a record for our platoon, and possibly the Third Army, by holding a grenade with "pin-pulled" for over ninety minutes. Limbach and Able caused the entire platoon to be alerted when Limbach forgot the pass-word and Able did his best to shoot him. Matthews had a name for everything, it was "hickey," consequently he was known to the boys as "Hickey" Matthews. "Sam" Mayse firmly established himself as the platoon "chow hound," and Donald Skalberg told bars, Stars and Stripes when he was angry, and could he do it! We all laugh when we recall Reffner and "Bird-Dog" Barrier and their famous Ton and a-half.

After weeks of firing, the 95th crossed the then swollen Moselle, and from then on they were "our" division. We joined "Task Force Bacon" and started moving on Metz.

It was during this drive that the mission of supporting the point platoon fell in turn to each crew. On one of these missions "Turkey" McKee and his "Boy" Bailey, Johnson, Dougherty, "Mama" Bonds, Eastep, Mills, "Rollie" Stringer, "Old Man" Dudley, Frank Przybylek and "Looie" Balaskey, assisted by our own "Snuffy," who removed the muzzle cover, fired point-blank at a farmhouse and took six prisoners.

Ft. Julian will long be remembered by "Snowbird"

Myers, and the boys who were with him. They were given the mission of firing at a door leading into the fort from an exposed position in the courtyard not over fifty yards from the target, under sniper fire. If this is doubted ask the boys who were there, "Fisheye" Cox, Sutherland, Gustin, Sullivan, Lytle, Tuggle, and Mac-Korski.

Wallerfangen, Germany calls to mind a number of things. The home of Von Papen, where we learned that though his politics were bad, he had good tastes where other things were concerned. How about it, fellows?

The communications and S-2 section, Patrick and DeWyer was broken up and "Pat" went to Thomason's crew while Howard still chased his wire.

It was here we lost some good boys, fellows we shall never forget. Schmolke was a short distance from his birthplace, but he never made it. Johnson and "Rollie" Stringer were seriously wounded, and didn't come back to us. We lost others to the Infantry, and the old ten-man gun crew was a thing of the past.

Here again is where the Third platoon had its field day, firing on the average, six hundred rounds per day. Those were the days when each gun position looked like an ammunition dump. Does anyone recall where this originated: "We do the impossible, miracles take longer?" and by the way, "Where did that one land"?

Christmas is something to remember, and the Christmas of 1944 "Lay Low Valley" Germany is one that brings "Viel" memories. Who'll ever forget our notoriously famous cooks, Litwhiler, Luke, "the cook"? How can we ever forget the security section, Buck, Doc, Pick, Mac, Pete, LeRoy, or the C.P. gang "Booger" Adams, Berry, "Blood and Guts" Hartsell, and our erstwhile "Scotty", the most decorated man in "Lay Low." Charlie Bowman "found" more than the whole platoon put together, and at one time we nearly had to leave the stoves in order to take Charlie's "personal effects."

We had everything then. The "Old Man" and his boys supplied us with all the news from headquarters at the junction of No. 10 Mortar Ave. and Burp Gun Road. Johnny Nealon was chief editor and his staff consisted of "Senator" (that's right, that's right) McKean, Fred Caldwell, "Blackjack" Klinerobe, Walter McNeal, Bob Dunaway, Carl Hauge. Shrapnel provided us with plenty of pork, jams and jellies were plentiful, and nobody starved for chicken. After four weeks of living in one spot we had to move out on an hour's notice to start on that long mad march to Haguenau.

From here we took our memorable break, our first in the E.T.O. Three glorious days in "Snuffy's Rest Camp" with all the wine we could carry in water cans, jugs, and abandoned kegs. "Dr." Pilon was at his best and its best we say nothing more.

From Haguenau to Venlo, Holland, we almost did a sightseeing tour but upon our arrival at Rheurdt we again had our individual missions, at which time barrage balloons became a prime mission and objective. It was during this phase that our platoon leader, Lt. Stefanick received his Purple Heart, a slight kiss from an

"88". We'll long remember his ability to turn hand springs from a moving jeep.

The Rhine crossing was one of the biggest things we ever experienced and shortly after the completion of this mission, we thought it was one of the easiest. We learned, however, as we were preparing to pull out, that "Jerry" had had different ideas. Through no one's fault, we suffered a casualty that hurt us all, Glenn Flinn.

We were lucky and we all know it for a mill elevation would have meant the difference of at least three direct hits on gun positions.

Shortly after March, we changed to "S.P.'s and aside from getting them ready, picking up a replacement (in the form of one John Rinehart) and a little patrol work which all took place at Baerl, the rest is all personal, until we joined the 86th.

We moved across the Rhine and crossed Germany,

firing at a few houses and frightened Germans. Ingolstadt on the Danube was the only place where things got rather hot. While speaking of Ingolstadt, it might be well to mention that our supply of eggs was unlimited upon leaving this place.

Another city worthwhile mentioning is Freising, for here we picked up our supply of spirits which was to last us for the duration. Burghausen was a pleasant place, and from here we took our "peek" into Austria. We moved once more, as a platoon, and this move took us back into Germany, where we realized rather than celebrated the end of the war, Zietlarn, Germany. This is the printed history of a group of men, and those same men know that the real history will never be told, for each man holds his own part.

—PATRICK

## COMPANY B—ALL PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR

Ackerman, Cornelius—Watch your dauber.

Adamczyk, Chester—Harrison Sinatra.

Anderson, Purn—Give me a plug.

Aronoff, Harry—I'll take 3 to 2.

Ascher, Raymond—Big feet.

Bare, Lovett—I love my wife.

Barron, Clyde—Burrhead.

Barrea, Victor—I hate 'ou.

Berry, James—Didn't mean to make you mad.

Beckman, Herbert—Who's got my teeth?

Biggers, Earl—Barney Oldfield.

Bigham, James—Model soldier.

Blanchard, Emory—Gator.

Black, Archie—His wife's favorite husband.

Black, Harold—Sorensen's boy.

Adamiak, Anthony—The mad Russian.

Bonaquisti, Joseph—How's your bed-sores.

Boyd, James—Oh, I come from Alabama.

Boenighausen, E.—The Burgomaster.

Bulla, Russel—Big Bull.

Bush, Carl—Answer to a girl's nightmare.

Castiglia, Eli—The Pepsodent Smile.

Cannon, Elwood—Meatball.

Cernik, Jerry—Cherry Picker.

Christofferson, H.—If it's burned it's Christofferson.

Chisolm, Marvin—Do you all come from Gogah?

Chambers, Mahlon—Nature's Blunder.

Clements, Ira—"Two chocolate . . . schlafen."

Cordera, Sylvester—"Shloot shix."

Congo, Joseph—Peacock Joe.

Cooper, Samuel—The Deacon.

Cooper, Ivan—The coyote wrangler.

Crowe, Marvin—in trouble again.

Crawford, Kirby—Mississippi's Mistake.

Davis, William—Billy the Kid.

Damron, Keith—Ye old lumberjack.

Daigle, Louis—Louisiana swamp rat.

Dean, Harold—"Muscles."

DeHart, Earl—Eats corn through a picket fence.

Dover, Junior—I'll fix it.

Eichentopf, Arno—Oregon Eddie.

Eller, Floyd—Don't let this happen to you.

Everman, Clarence—Snake.

Falk, Lawrence—Glamour Boy.

Fisher, Edward—The Hook.

Fricks, Felton—Give me room.

Frelich, Tony—Two-ton Tony.

Fuller, Robert—Open the other eye Sack!

Fullmer, Lester—I lost my good tooth.

Gayles, Garrett—Silent Jack.

Gilmore, Richard—Where do you want your bedroll, sir?

Gresak, Adolph—Greasepack.

Grove, Edward—Wanted, dead or alive.

Guest, James—I need a man, where is Guest?

Guerra, Angelo—Little songwrich.

Hamilton, Walter—Mauldin.

Hendrix, Harold—The Kid.

Heide, August—Young 'un.

Himmelberger, F.—There are two more men out.

Howell, Johnny—Rabbits are jealous.

Ierardi, Philip—All star.

Janowiecki, Albin—Flapjack Kid.

Jones, Cullen—Who's G.I.?

Kephart, William—Lootin' William.

Keith, Wilmer—Who's the new girl?

Keller, Lonnie—Himmelberger's favorite son.

Knight, Paul—Peanut Paul.

Koumon, John—The Nose.

Kraus, Frank—Sound off, Frankie!

Kratzman, Raymond—Bandy legs.

Len, Stanley—Pappy Len.

Letizio, Daniel—Gertie from Bizerte.

Lindsey, Columbus—The Sheik.

Luetz, Leroy—A good boy.

Mackey, Frank—I only shaved last week.

Martinelli, Daniel—Macaroni Kid.

Martinez, T.—Buck.

Manchester, Clyde—Who has the bones.

Mann, Holland—The handy kid.

Mahaffey, Leo—It'll shrink.

McCurry, Howard—Hillbilly Serenade.

McCauley, John—Honest John.

McMillin, Charles—My new teeth fit fine, thanks.

McCloud, Wayne—The cowboy.

McFarlain, William—What ditch?

Meadows, Blake—According to the third stool . . .

Milliken, Edward—Take it back to ordnance.

Miller, Ralph—Drives an accordion and plays a half-track.

Miller, William—He sings too.

Miller, Robert—Where is that movie?

Miller, Rodney—Sorry, no more points.

Morrison, Robert—Enigma.

Moody, Emory—I can ride any critter.

Mosley, Charles—Billating party.

Nuss, Hans—Give me the Signal Corps.

Oswalt, Malcolm—M-20 cowboy.

Porter, Lowell—An apple for the teacher.

Poleck, Peter—Military crease Pete.

Powell, Russell—Love sick.

Raili, George—Rumor on the run.

Ray, Olen—Texas Staff.

Rasmussen, Joseph—Buckshot.

Rex, Hilton—Leo gets the credit, he does the work.

Richardson, James—The Ape.

Roach, Porter—At least I eat well.

Rost, Eugene—Happy Gene.

Rusk, Delfred—Ah, what a smile.

Saeger, Edwin—This is Hightight Baker.

Shue, Norman—Shoo-snoo baby.

Sigmon, Clifford—Carolina here I come.

Sinclair, John—Too old, says he.

Slawsky, Norman—I think I'll go on sick call.

Smoak, Parker—Give it to me one more time.

Smith, William—Gott damit.

Snow, Roy—Another three day pass.

Spaugh, Luther—Mail call.

Schwab, Stephen—The old ver.

Sorensen, William—Wild Bill.

Strickland, W.—The atomic blond.

Taylor, Marvin—Lum the Bum.

Tevepaugh, Garland—I'm an old cowhand.

Uhl, Charles—Charles Atlas.

Vaughn, Howard—The barefoot boy.

Veres, Joseph—Hunky Joe.

Avila, Joe—Bazooka Joe.

Walker, Earl—Boundbrook disaster.

Wilson, Fred—Wee Willie Willie.

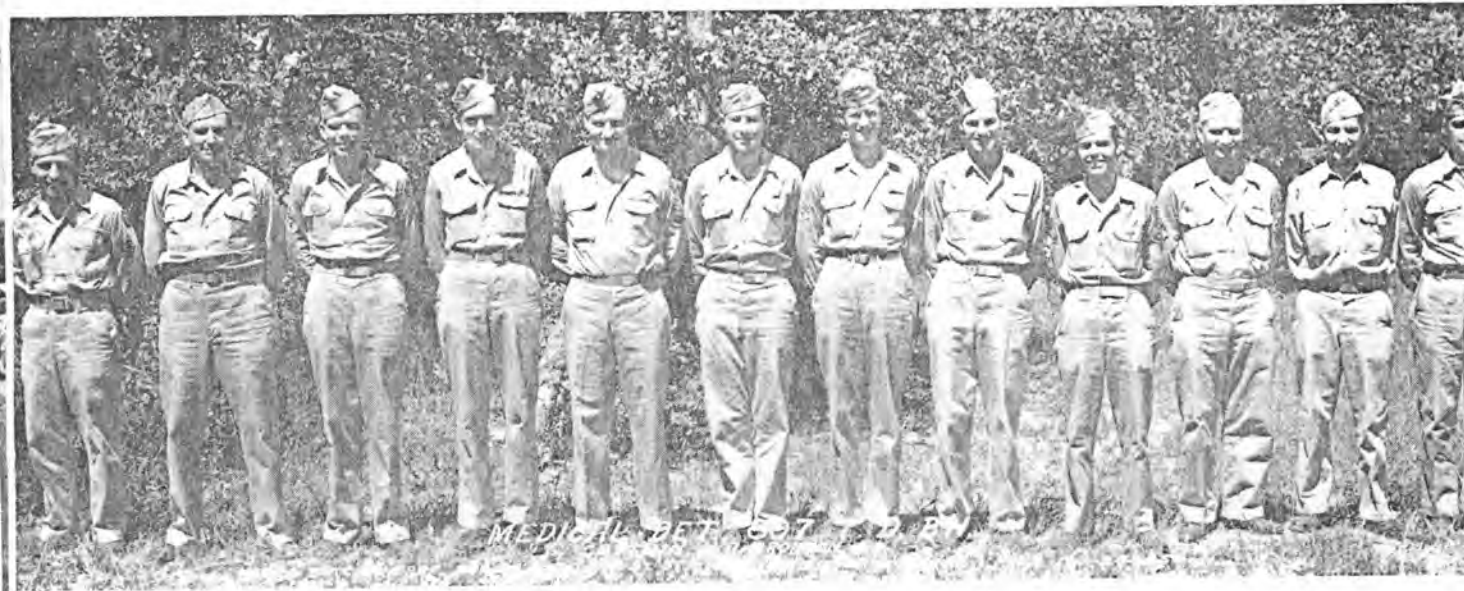
Zablocki, Dasyk—The bald eagle.

Zorr, Raymond—Is 12 the biggest hat you got?

Zucker, Alexander—I know everything (I think).

dismissed.





## MEDICAL DETACHMENT

For any type of personality or section of the country you will find it represented in the Medical Detachment. It is a cross section of the United States. The colorful desert country with its canyons and cactus reaching north into beautiful grazing land—this is Arizona, the home of Manuel A. Trujillo. Minnesota, the land of many lakes, good fishing and winter sports, of paper mills and other industry—this is the home of Tuzinski and Pilon. Kansas brings us Setina and Church two good men. Colorado, the land of the Grand Canyon and of breath-taking views, from here came Alphonso B. Manzanares. From the far reaching spaces of Texas and Oklahoma, the Cow-Country of the U. S., comes Ira V. Burton. From Ohio comes Leonard W. Haar, with his talk of racing and sports. Kentucky is well represented, having three men present, Delmer L. Earls, Willie Day and Richard S. Bywater. Kentucky is noted for a number of things such as fast horses, beautiful women and tobacco. Last but not least "moonshine." Pennsylvania, the industrial center of the U. S., brings us John N. Jellison. New York gave us our former trader, Brian Finnegan. Dropping down the East Coast to North Carolina we find one of our men, Max C. Tichenor. Across the border into Tennessee we find Clarence A. Edwards resting in his beloved Smokies. Wisconsin, America's Dairy Land, brings us our Medical Officer Captain Howard A. Bronson.

The detachment was activated at Camp Cooke, California at the same time the battalion was organized. Joe Bechard, now in Headquarters Company, Delmer Earls, Don Ellis, Richard S. Bywater, Willie Day and S/Sgt. Phillip was the first men joining the detachment in April after it was officially organized in March. At that time Lt. Grant was the Medical Officer. Not until August of 1942 did more men arrive to take their places. Iva V. Burton, James S. Wilson, William Perry, Thomas Tatum and Edward J. Tuzinski arrived August the 10th, 1942. Then on September 2nd Ernest L. Setina, Manuel

A. Trujillo, Alphonso B. Manzanares, Lesley L. Clauson, Robert Huett and Ralph Church arrived. Lt. Eli "Little Commando" Davidson and Lt. Rarusitis were also Medical Officers at Camp Cooke. The battalion was transferred to Camp Hood, Texas in October, 1942, where Max C. Tichenor joined the outfit. At Camp Hood we acquired two more Medical Officers, Lt. Kochansky and Captain Nicholas S. Scielzo. While at Camp Hood, Lt. Karusitis and Lt. Grant were transferred out. In February, 1943 the battalion moved to Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. While there Lt. Kochansky and the "Little Commando" were transferred and we received in their place Lt. Thomas Machio. We also lost S/Sgt. Phillip, Clauson, Huett and Morone. On the 15th day of September, 1943 we started roughing it on Louisiana Maneuvers. While on maneuvers Clarence A. Edwards and John N. Jellison joined the detachment from Camp Berkeley, Texas. From Louisiana we were sent to the desert in California for special training. We were on hand for a big event in world history while there. The first rain in 40 years fell, flooding out our tents. On Christmas Day of '43, S/Sgt. Leonard W. Haar, Brian Finnegan, Harris and Fischer joined us, coming from the 608th Tank Destroyer Battalion which was inactivated. While on the desert Captain Scielzo left us to enter a hospital for treatment and just prior to our leaving the desert Captain Machio was transferred. Captain Gahrman, Infantry, was placed in charge of the detachment on the move to Fort Dix, New Jersey and for some time after we arrived there. Captain Gahrman was relieved by Captain Archie Grevior (better known as "Mr. Five by Five"). While at Fort Dix we lost Harris, Clemmer and Fischer through a transfer to a hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. William Perry was transferred to the 602nd Tank Destroyer Battalion. Alphonso B. Manzanares was transferred to a hospital for treatment and later discharged from the Army. While at Fort Dix we were rather busy preparing for overseas movement. After completing prepara-

tion we moved to Camp Kilmer. From there the Hermann took us to England. We only stayed long enough in Wales to pick up our equipment for combat. We then moved on to France going directly into combat. At this time Harold J. Pilon joined us from a "Repple Depple." We covered at one time or other practically the entire Western Front operating with the gun companies.

I'm sure we all remember the mud and rain at Metz, our first mission. Likewise we remember being the first armor across the river at Thionville. Also I'm sure we remember the incessant shelling at Saarlautern and our casualties. We all remember the snow and cold on the 7th Army front near Haguenau. How can we forget the long march to the 9th Army in the dead of winter. The crossing of the Rhine brings back vivid memories. We recall our almost non-stop march through Germany into Austria. How many have forgotten the day the war ended and our celebrations.

We also recall many pleasant incidents and many laughs: Finnegan's lady love at Veymerange; Edwards and Earls crashing with a six by six truck; Captain Grevior teaching Bywater to make booze with Ethyl Alcohol; Willie Day's binges at Baloney John's; Church playing poker and visiting the Service Clubs; Wilson's news comments, jeep driving and selling insurance; Burton's fatherly advice, especially to Willie Day; Jellison's noise on any and all occasions; Trujillo's guitar playing and recitations of "The Face on the Barroom Floor"; Earl's defending "Silver" of Lone Ranger fame; Ellis' cheering up of the old lady in Austria; Haar's cooking in Saarlautern and trying to keep the boys out of trouble; Pilon's ball playing; Reynold's "85" points; Tuzinski's political arguments with everyone.

In summing everything up, we can say we have worked together to the best of our ability. We have two men who received the Bronze Star for heroism, Tec. 1 Ernest L. Setina and Tec. 5 Brian Finnegan for removal of wounded from a mine field on the Moselle river. We were fortunate in not losing more men than we did. We

took care of all the men in our own battalion and many men from other outfits. All in all, we have done a good job and we are very proud of our record. After a 30-day recuperation leave we were ready to go again, but Japan's surrender brought on our inactivation. We hope to soon be in civilian clothes, again pursuing our trades and professions, carrying with us fond memories of our days in the Medical Detachment of the 807th Tank Destroyer Battalion.

By Captain Howard A. Bronson

Not having joined the organization until March, 1945, I can't consider myself a veteran. However, I did see it through a few combat days and one important day, V-E day. I have never traveled so much or so far with any organization. Now, being the last Medical Officer with the organization, I can summarize the Detachment's last days. Although we had few battle casualties since I joined the outfit I could see that the men were thoroughly battle tested and could take care of any situation. Getting into a smooth running organization was a relief to me and the experience of being in this combat outfit was a pleasant one.

I'll always remember Setina's unfailing interest and ability in getting medical supplies; Bywater's knowledge of medical reports which seemed to keep me confused; every ride with Finnegan being something between a roller-coaster and an airplane ride; the interest of almost every company aid man in working up a good civilian practice for himself and for me. I am sorry we didn't get to deliver any babies although we came close in Rhineburg. The 807th ambulance service in Rhineburg, Burghausen and Hockenheim, although annoying at times, kept time from hanging on our hands.

From Lintfort, Germany to North Camp Hood, Texas, all of the men of the Medical Detachment took their work and good and bad breaks in stride. If they all do as well in civilian clothes as they have done working together, they will have nothing to worry about.

## "POT POURRI"

We are sure everyone will remember: S/Sgt. Leonard W. Haar, "Pappy": "These guys are running me nuts." Best remembered for worrying too much.

Tec. 3 Don Ellis, "Sheik": "Eight to eighty, so long as they can walk or aren't too heavy to carry." Best remembered for his way with the women.

Tec. 4 Ira V. Burton, "Chaplain": "I told Willie he shouldn't have done it." Best remembered for his consoling words in the time of need.

Tec. 4 Ernest L. Setina, "Skinney": "I wasn't fast enough with the three cornered bandages." Best remembered for the way he dished out the aspirins (he always had plenty).

Tec. 4 Max C. Tichenor, "Eight Ball": "I told the little woman I personally took those knives and swords from those German officers." Best remembered for his letters to the little woman.

Cpl. Willie Day, "Gay Dog": On awakening one morning to find that a German officer had committed suicide right next to him: "I have only begun to fight." Best remembered for his experiences at Baloney John's at Ft. Dix, N. J.

Tec. 5 Richard S. Bywater, "Bo Washer": "Don't buy water, buy Bonds." Best remembered for his calluses on the wrong place.

Tec. 5 Delmer L. Earls, "Uncle Fudge": "Whatever it is, they have got more and

better in Morehead, Kentucky." Best remembered for his home remedies in the treatment of mankind as well as animals.

Tec. 5 Brian Finnegan, "Junkman": "We have a complete line of cheap jewelry or anything else in that line and everything is guaranteed." Finnegan is the contact man for the firm of Finnegan, Goldman, and Lattman, Importers & Exporters, Ltd. Best remembered for his wild driving. (Everyone in the Detachment has dropped their insurance since he has left the organization.)

Tec. 5 John N. Jellison, "Jelly": "Too bad she had only one leg." Best remembered for his dreams of a Night Club in Coraopolis, Pa.

Tec. 5 Edward J. Tuzinski, "Minnie": "I should have been a Democrat, maybe I could get back to the States." Best remembered for arguing politics.

PFC Clarence A. Edwards, "Smokie": "As much as I've tried I still can't tell a tale bigger than earls." Best remembered for his ability to play the string instruments and driving PFC Wilson crazy with "Ida Red" and "Arkansas Travelers."

PFC Harold J. Pilon, "Athlete": "I was catching when I should have been battling or something." Best remembered for his helping everyone out in the Battalion on the proper use of the German language. Recommended for NCO.

PFC Manuel A. Trujillo, "Pecos": "I shore would love to dab my loop on a burro up on Burro Creek, Ariz." Best remembered for his dreams of riding the range again.

PFC James S. Wilson, "Razor Back": "This jeep doesn't handle like that Buick I had when I was selling insurance." It has been said by some that our good friend "Arkie" was like an electric phonograph, he never runs down. Best remembered for making everyone in Germany believe he was a great American doctor.

Pvt. Ralph N. Church, "Little River": "It's dog eat dog in the army." Best remembered for the way he blinked his eyes and wore his overcoat in hot weather. He was transferred to the Air Corps and is now blinking in the 8-29's.

Pvt. Alphonse B. Manzanares, "Porky": "Who put the lights out?" Best remembered for his three cards and a pair.

Pvt. Joe J. Morone, "Goldbrick": "Give me more spaghetti." Best remembered for not working, better food and having a good time.

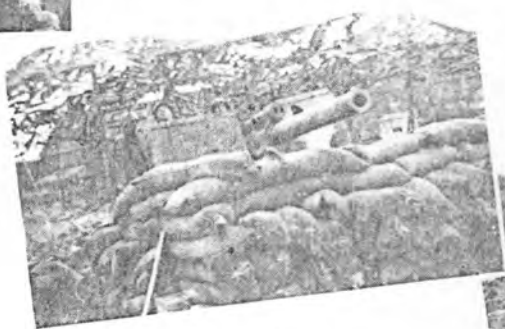
Captain Archie Grevior, "Mr. Five by Five": "Who took that lantern out of the dispensary." Best remembered for trying to wear a pistol belt. (Impossible.)

Captain Howard A. Bronson, "Stinkie": "Have you ever had those pains before?" Best remembered for wearing 1st Lt. bars two months after he was made captain.



# Pictorial Review

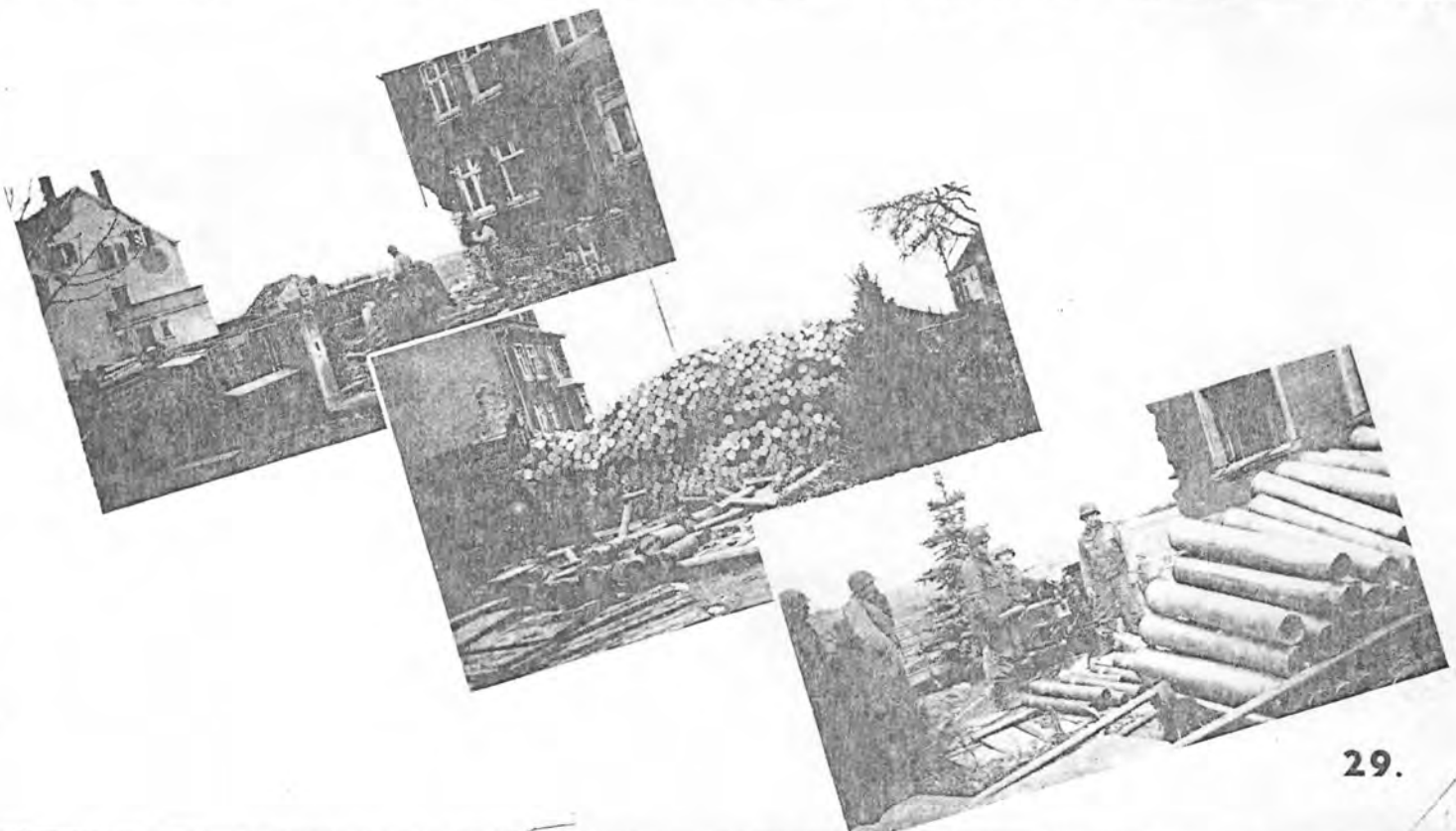
ALONG THE MOSELLE



VEYMERANGE,  
FRANCE

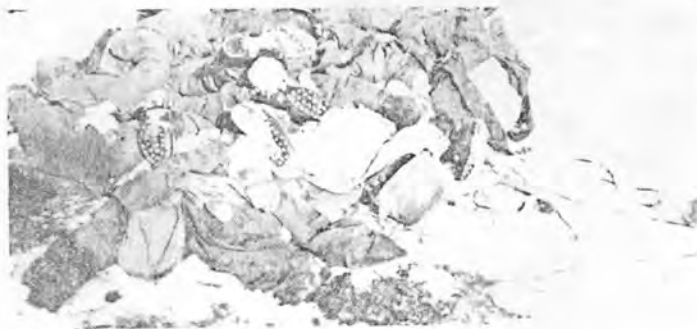






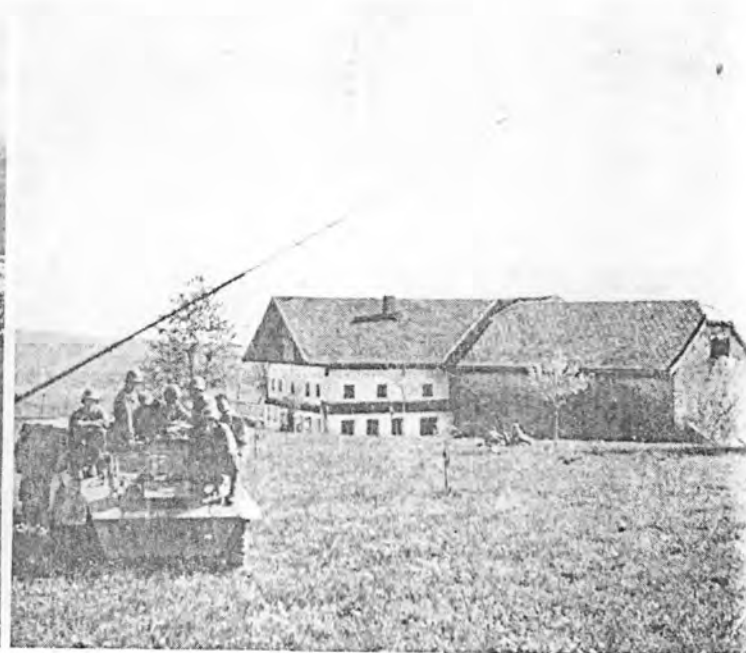


## THE RHINE AND HAGUENAU





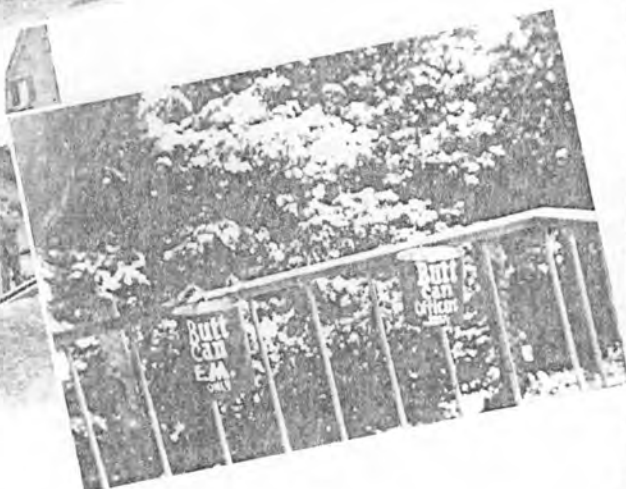
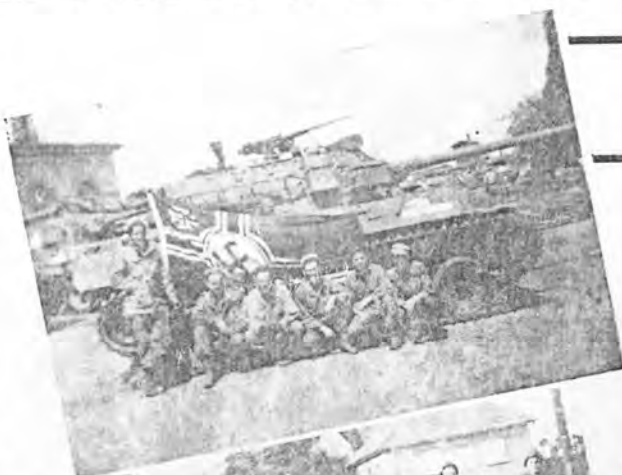
## THE PURSUIT







## HOCKENHEIM



## AWARDS AND DECORATIONS



### SILVER STAR

Lt. Col. Carlton K. Smith  
Lt. Travis B. Thompson  
S/Sgt. Lester Frederick  
PFC Joseph Stefan  
PFC Telesford H. Martinez

### SOLDIER'S MEDAL

S/Sgt. Donald J. Gaffey  
PFC John E. Lovick

### BRONZE STAR

Lt. Col. Carlton K. Smith  
Capt. Clifford W. Vaughn  
Capt. Howard A. Evans  
Capt. Edward J. Molloy, Jr.  
Capt. James Slusser  
Lt. Joseph E. Johnston, Jr.  
Lt. James Wilson  
Lt. William F. Toole, Jr.  
M/Sgt. Frank Azevedo  
M/Sgt. Oswald N. Sloan  
T/Sgt. Joseph C. Espy, Jr.  
T/Sgt. Richard C. Thoene  
S/Sgt. Claude Romack  
S/Sgt. Elgin O. Rittiman  
S/Sgt. Kermit G. Larson  
S/Sgt. Donald R. Cover  
S/Sgt. Donald J. Gaffey  
S/Sgt. Edwin Saeger  
S/Sgt. William J. Sorensen  
S/Sgt. Stephen Schwab  
Sgt. Johnny H. Lucas  
Sgt. Leon R. Davis  
Sgt. Wilburn T. Thomason  
Sgt. Mike J. Vig, Jr.

Sgt. Douglas A. Lamontagne  
Sgt. Marvin Taylor  
Sgt. Edward Grove  
Sgt. Lavern H. Davis  
Sgt. Elton Valente  
Sgt. William J. Tush  
Sgt. Jerry Cernik  
Sgt. Robert B. Kelly  
Sgt. Henry F. Rominger  
Sgt. Waldon E. Burns  
T/4 William Wilson  
T/4 Richard Gilmore  
T/4 Ernest L. Setina  
Cpl. Clarence V. Peterson  
Cpl. Luther Spaugh  
T/5 John Vince  
T/5 Brian Finnegan  
T/5 Michael J. Fuhr  
PFC Martin A. Jullich  
PFC Ernest P. Wooten  
PFC Joseph Cummings  
Pvt. Quillian F. Mills  
Pvt. Ernest W. Bryant

### CROIX DE GUERRE

PFC Joseph Stefan



**In memory of the gallant men  
who gave their lives for their country,  
this book is respectfully dedicated . . .**

**RECONNAISSANCE  
COMPANY**

Lt. John J. Vader  
PFC Troy W. Tolbert  
PFC Terry A. Edwards  
Pvt. Glen R. Smith

**COMPANY "A"**

Cpl. Robert A. Ratliff  
T/5 James R. Atterbury  
T/5 Robert L. Thomas  
PFC James H. Linthicum  
PFC Edward R. Birch

**COMPANY "B"**

S/Sgt. Charles Welch  
T/5 Earl V. Dudwoire  
PFC Edward C. Hicks  
Pvt. Richard W. Sandahl

**COMPANY "C"**

Lt. Travis B. Thompson	PFC Johnny Cochran
S/Sgt. Elvin G. Case	PFC William Bennett
Cpl. Glen Flinn	PFC Joseph J. Schmolke
PFC Mark Williams	





ON THE WAY  
*Home!*

