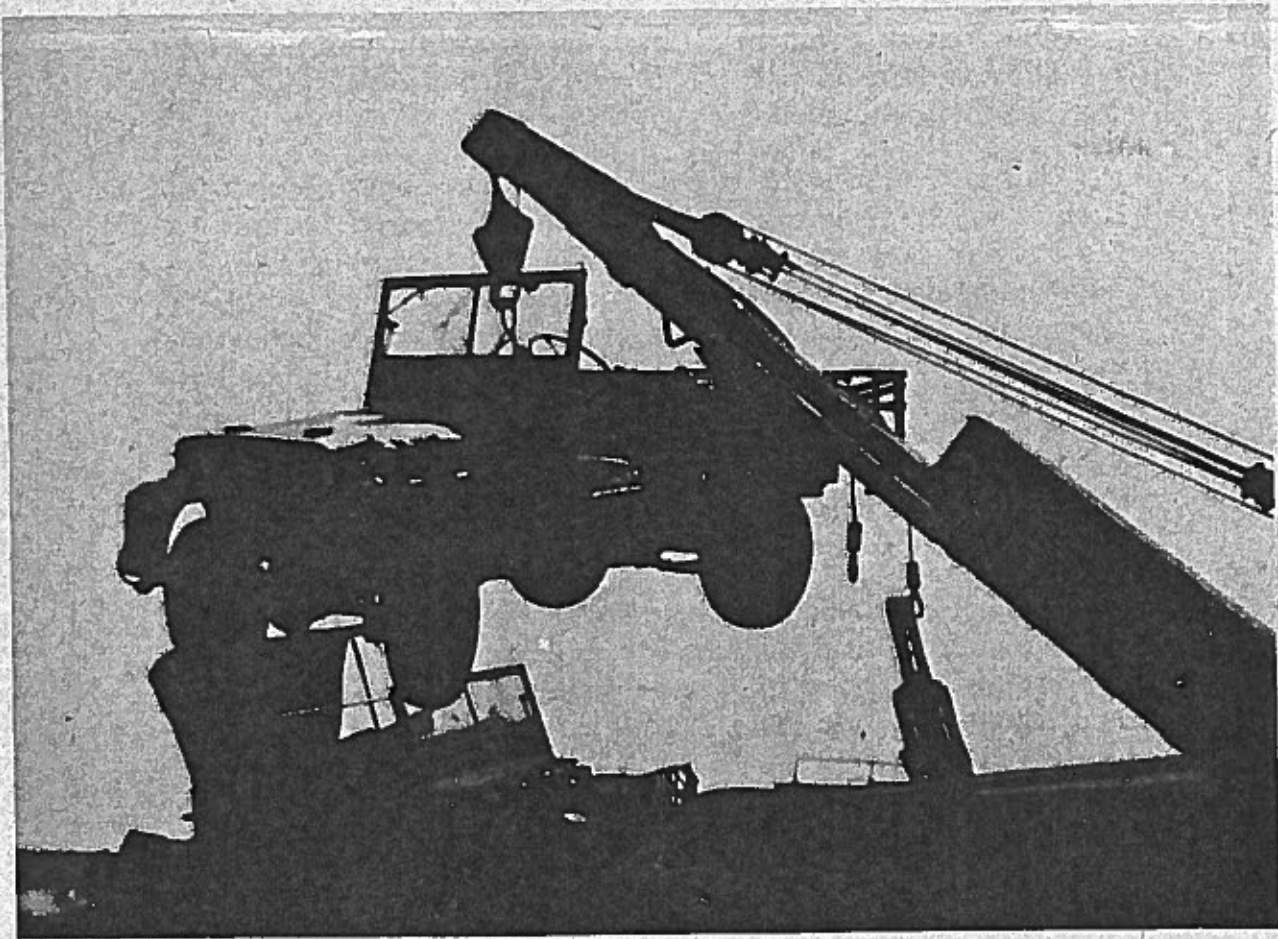


**Company C**  
**130th Armored Ordnance**  
**Maintenance Battalion**



**One Year In The European Theatre**  
**Of Operations**

# Dedication

With a little expressed but often felt sense of pride this book is dedicated to ourselves by ourselves.

Unorthodox? Perhaps.

Our reason, given in all humility, is simply that we know our story should be told. And who can better tell that story than the men who lived it.

This is not the story of valiant and courageous combat for such is not the mission of an Ordnance Company. Rather it's the story of how an Ordnance Company, operating with the quiet competence which is a characteristic of any group of specialists, managed to meet and overcome every inconvenience and discomfort the weather and the enemy could contrive and perform their little known but extremely important duties.

We have tried, also, to invest in this book something of the humor and good spirit which has been a prevailing factor in the success of our operations.

This book is dedicated to ourselves with the knowledge that each of us has a deep feeling of appreciation for the part each of our Buddies played in making a success of the organization as a whole and in making our life together something long to be remembered.

# Foreword

The editors and contributors to this book wish to point out that we have few if any qualifications as authors. We hope our spelling is correct but we are quite sure that the sentence structure and punctuation leaves something to be desired.

However we are not apologizing because the book does go a long way toward accomplishing our goal which is to set down in black and white something of our experiences overseas. It will serve to jog our memories in years to come and will help us keep our stories straight when we get to reminiscing.

It is to be regretted that our supply of snapshots of specific places we have been is so limited but that is something beyond our control. The various reporters to this book have tried to do their best to make the different phases of our life overseas live again in print.

This book is primarily intended to tell our story while we were overseas. However a brief History of the Organization has been included for the dual purpose of giving the newer men a chance to know something of what went before and to serve us all as a memory refresher.

The editors sincerely hope that this little volume proves as interesting in the reading as it has in the making.

# Editorial Staff

S/Sgt. Daniel M. Garside .....	Editor and Author
T/Sgt. Arthur E. Starr .....	Assistant Editor
T/5 Charles C. Sottile .....	Treasurer and a principal contributor
T/5 Richard S. Jenkins .....	A principal contributor
S/Sgt. Francis B. Conway, Jr. ....	Photography
T/3 Earl P. Peloquin .....	Photography
Sgt. Frank T. Billek .....	Artist
T/3 Constant W. Thueson .....	A principal contributor
Pfc. Melville G. Simonson .....	Contributor
T/5 Paul P. O'Donnell .....	Contributor
T/4 William D. Pecoraro .....	Contributor
S/Sgt. James A. Currieo .....	Contributor
T/5 John V. Brink .....	Contributor
T/3 Dick L. McMillen .....	Contributor
T/5 James C. Milne .....	Contributor
T/5 Harry Schiff .....	Contributor
T/5 Earl F. Furth .....	Typist

# Our Job In The Army

The key to what it is we do lies in the name or designation of the Organization. However to the uninitiated it may seem somewhat obscure — hence this explanation.

The word Armored signifies that our Organization is part of a combat unit or, as in our case, part of an Armored Division. Ordnance simply means that we are concerned with vehicles and weapons which in the Army are classed as Ordnance Materiel. Maintenance is self-explanatory — we maintain the guns and the vehicles of an Armored Division.

Thus it is that just one short sentence is required to tell the world what it is we do. 'We maintain the guns and vehicles of an Armored Division.' That's all there is to it and for the most part that's all anyone ever knows about us. However that is hardly the whole story.

That one sentence doesn't tell of the months and years of training, of working and of schooling that was required in order to develop the degree of skill that can be claimed for our men. It doesn't tell of the multitudes of little items of know-how that come from experience only and can't be found in any text book.

Nor does that one sentence tell of the inconveniences and actual hardships that are met and overcome as a matter of almost daily routine while in the field. The job must be done and it is done — come what may. Many people when thinking of maintenance naturally think of well equipped shops. Sure we've had them too, but we've also worked right out in the sun, the rain and the snow and once in a while we've had to stop working while a Jerry plane did a little tattooing with a machine gun.

One sentence doesn't tell that tank engines are big and heavy, very heavy, and that it takes wrenches by the hundreds plus plenty of muscle and brains to repair one; or to put on a track that's been knocked off. And it doesn't tell of the care our men must constantly exercise to avoid nasty accidents while working with the big stuff.

That one sentence makes it all sound easy and commonplace but don't let it fool you. It's not easy to work on a heavy steel vehicle under a hot sun when everything you touch burns your hand. It isn't easy either when it's so cold you can't hang on to the tools. Yes, steel can be either fire or ice and it's always heavy. Sure, we admit that just to watch us work makes it all look easy. After all there's the big wreckers to do the heavy lifting and there's always a crew to share the work. It looks easy alright but that's because we know what we're doing.

And lastly that one sentence doesn't even mention the thousands of separate jobs we handle in a years time. Not only do we repair the tanks and the trucks, we repair the artillery pieces, the individual weapons and all the instruments such as binoculars, watches and telescopic sights. These are not the simple jobs of repair that the individual fighting soldier could accomplish himself, these are the jobs that require special tools and skill. To make repairs always requires new parts so we have a whole section devoted to the stocking and issuing of such items, anything from a small screw to a complete engine assembly.

So again we say, that one little sentence can never tell the world what it is we do, nor, for that matter, can a thousand sentences.

# A Brief History

This Organization was activated, along with the rest of the 8th Armored Division, about April 1st, 1942 at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The unit designation at that time was Company C, Maintenance Battalion, 8th A.D. Simple, wasn't it?

The original cadre for the Company was composed of men from the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Armored Divisions and of these men only M/Sgt. Carl Mariotti, T/Sgt. Charles Swafford, S/Sgt. Ralph E. Metts, S/Sgt. Jack L. Reiter, T/4 Tommy Epling, T/5 Paul P. O'Donnell and T/5 William D. Sheehan are still with us. Metts and O'Donnell are the oldest in point of service with the Company and that's one of the reasons we call Metts "Pappy".

The first two weeks of May 1942 saw the Company filled with inductees from every State in the Union. These men had the unusual experience of being assigned to a unit first and then receiving their Basic Training instead of the usual thing of going through a Replacement Center before being assigned to a unit. The Company strength was around two hundred and fifty and of this original group only the men in the following list are still with the Organization:

T/4 Xavier I. Boarman  
T/3 Kenneth H. Cline  
S/Sgt. Francis B. Conway, Jr.  
S/Sgt. James A. Currieo  
T/4 James Daley  
T/5 Earl F. Furth  
S/Sgt. Daniel M. Garside  
T/4 John Kobzeff  
S/Sgt. Joseph P. McConathy  
T/3 Rex McDonald  
T/5 Michael R. Daniello  
T/4 Alton J. Domrud  
T/4 Raymond P. Endris  
T/3 Alfred Franzosa  
T/3 Charles W. McDonnell  
T/Sgt. James A. McKeen  
T/4 William D. Pecoraro  
T/4 Robert W. Sheegog

These men later became known as the "Originals".

The first Basic Training Period was hardly well started when we began shipping cadres to form new Armored Divisions. This was the intended function of our Division at that time and continued to be so for over a year. It has been estimated that over eighteen hundred men were sent out as cadremen from the Maintenance Battalion alone. Every Armored Division from the 9th to the 20th was cadred by our Division.

The biggest group this Company sent out at one time was a group of eighty men who went to the 2nd Armored Division as fillers just before that Division sailed for Africa.

Fort Knox, Kentucky will long be remembered by those who were there as a soldier's Paradise. The stories that could be told of the good times in Louisville would fill a very large book. Remember the Seelbach?

The 1st of January 1943 found us ready to convoy to Camp Campbell, Ky. which was actually located right on the border between Kentucky and Tennessee. The two nearest towns being Hopkinsville, Ky. and Clarksville, Tenn. with neither town having much to offer soldiers. The big memory of Campbell is of our first night there when the P.X.'s ran out of beer because nobody had thought to let them know that the 8th boys needed more beer than anyone else. And how! The other memories are mostly of the cold weather and it was COLD. It didn't help much either when the powers that be decided we shouldn't wear certain items of clothing which were specifically designed for cold weather. 'Nuff said.

Two months at Campbell were enough and every one was plenty glad to board the train for Camp Polk, La. The Maintenance Battalion took almost a full complement of men, roughly six hundred, while the rest of the Division took only skeleton cadres. The men we left behind went to form the 16th and 20th Armored Divisions.

We arrived at North Camp Polk just as the 7th Armored Division was leaving and every one at that time thought that we'd fill up with new men, train them, and then shove off for overseas. Which only goes to show how wrong you can be when it comes to anticipating Army plans.

As it turned out this was just the beginning of a long siege of training which was to last for nearly twenty months. Because our unit was kept busy serving the Division the new men we received were straight off attached to line outfits of the Division for their Basic Training. We got them back in six weeks or so all trained and ready to start learning their jobs with us.

That phrase, Basic Training, was to become a catch word among us because of the seemingly unending series of 'Basic Training Periods' which we went through. This is especially true for the "Originals" and chances are that should any of them be asked how many times they had Basic Training the answer

would be, "Oh around fifty". Even so there are still a few among us who never really had their Basic Training. Too busy.

The big memory of North Camp Polk is the "D" Series, a three-week pre-maneuver maneuver. The "D" Series was held right at Christmas time and of course it turned out to be the coldest December in the history of Louisiana. At least that's what the natives claimed. All we know is that it rained, snowed and froze 'till hell wouldn't have it and we all knew that never again would we be warm.

Altogether it was a pretty sorry situation, that "D" Series, and Christmas Day was probably the sorriest day of it all; especially for those who had to stay in the woods (a lot of us got to go to town to visit our wives or to be guests at dinner in private homes). Chaplain McArthur visited the bivouac area Christmas Day and after standing around one of the fires for fifteen minutes or so noting the general gloominess, said "Well, isn't anyone going to wish me a merry Christmas". Yep, it was that bad.

For once plans carried through and the 1st of February found us in the field ready for three months of maneuvers. We were both surprised and pleased to find that what we had learned on the "D" Series actually made the big maneuvers easy going. Lots of little things happened on maneuvers that are part of our memories but perhaps the thing we all remember was how Mrs. Currieo seemed to find our bivouac area almost as soon as we did. She had no way of knowing where we'd be next but she never failed to find us anyway. A good thing for Jim Currieo that she did, too, because Jim was always needing a ten-spot to get back into the poker game. It cost more than one wife a couple of hundred bucks to keep her 'old man' on maneuvers. What a game!



Some of the men "Taking a break".

Back from maneuvers we moved into South Camp Polk and started another training period. Post-maneuver Training it was called but there was a faint odor of Basic Training in the background. We all knew of course that we'd be going overseas before long but five would get you ten from the non-believers.

So in spite of all the arguments to the contrary we did start our P.O.M. business along about the 1st of September and it's for sure none of us will ever forget that period of confusion. Everything seemed to be in a continual mess and it was beyond our imaginations to see how we'd ever get all the necessary work done on schedule. But we did.

And so at long last we were on the train and headed for P.O.E. Naturally our movement was a Top Secret and therefore no one knew just when we were leaving. No one that is except everybody in Leesville. At least they did wave good-by although we still don't know if they were happy or sad over our departure. After all we'd been there for nineteen months and were damn good customers. Or is the word sucker?

A P.O.E. is always a deep dark secret, so, being very proper we never uttered the name Camp Kilmer aloud until after we had arrived there. The three-day and four-night trip up through Chicago, Detroit, across Canada and through Buffalo was not bad at all. You've got to hand it to the Railroads for a swell job. A lot of us didn't see much of the scenery along the way, we were too busy trying to draw to an inside straight but we still agree the ride was OK.

At Kilmer we stayed just nine days. They were busy days filled with lots of last minute details including the very important and very exacting P.O.E. Physical Examination. Is there among us a single man who will ever forget the careful individual attention we received? How many men was it who failed their Physical? Oh well none of us wanted to stay in the States anyway.

The big memory of Camp Kilmer will always be the night we left, dressed in full uniform including steel helmet, rifle, and full field hump with overcoat. Will anyone ever forget the long mile we marched to the train? Or forget the tussle we had getting from train to ship when we had to lug a duffel bag in addition to all the other stuff we were carrying?

It was a very eventful day, that day we sailed, November 7th, 1944. And while we were slowly moving out to sea the rest of the country was busy electing Roosevelt president for the fourth time. The view of New York City from the Hudson River was a sight few of us had ever seen before or for that matter had ever expected to see.

Our ship was the H.M.S. Samaria (since reported sunk in the Pacific) and it's for sure none of us will

ever forget that tub. Not in a hundred years. How can we ever forget the crowded, ill-ventilated quarters which served both for sleeping and eating, where in fact we spent all our time except for the brief periods we were allowed on deck. Who said eating? Did anyone eat? Of course if you didn't like the food you could always get a delicious onion sandwich on the sly from the stewards. Cheap too, only one dollar and fifty cents American. Not a bad price to pay for your own food.

Yes, it was a pretty sad trip for all and for those of us who succumbed to the well known mal-de-mer it was just plain hell. However most of us were lucky and didn't get sick, well maybe a little woozy at first,

but not really sick and there was always a game of chance available to help us forget our surroundings. There's nothing like a rousing poker game to make a man forget what time it is. The tougher the going was the rougher the game became. Some of us did alright for ourselves too, ask a certain Master Sergeant whose initials are Carl Mariotti.

We've got to admit though that there was one good thing about that boat ride. We did get over safely and actually without a real scare. So if our feelings about the English and their country are a little on the adverse side perhaps we let the memory of the Samaria sway our minds too much. After all we didn't have too good a chance to get to know them.



# One Year In The European Theatre Of Operations

## TIDWORTH

Our story rightly starts with the first sight of land, not that the land itself was anything worth seeing—just a dim mass on the horizon. The important thing was the lift it gave us after nearly two weeks of suspended animation in anything but pleasant circumstances.

All day we watched that dim mass grow and presently we could determine land to either side of us. It was then we began to hear that we'd dock at Southampton and our interest quickened when we began to realize what a really tremendous port it was.

Once the ship had been made fast (after a night at anchor in the harbor) we began the interminable sweat to disembark. All day the 'mechanical riot' would squeak and squawk with orders for this or that unit to prepare debarkation and all day we just waited and waited. Finally the 'squawk box' brought us to our feet—sure enough it was our turn now and as quickly as possible we put on our overcoats, slung our packs and rifles, picked up our duffel bags, formed in line and then we waited, and waited, and waited. But, just as someone once said, "All things come to those who wait," presently we moved. Up three decks and another wait but this time not so long, then down one deck and Lo! the gang plank.

Those first couple of steps were a little shaky, probably because we had always heard that they would be, but it was good, so good, to feel the solid ground again. In the great shed along side the dock we lined up once more. We were glad for the chance to stop because the march down the gang plank had been rapid and we were already chafing under the weight of our equipment. It was dark and we were tired and beginning to gripe when the announcement came—drop your equipment and line up for coffee and doughnuts. Good old Red Cross. Not much, but every man who has ever been served, has a feeling of real appreciation for the Red Cross because of this simple but timely service.

Before long a train had been brought in and we loaded into compartments. Something new in

transportation for us—these compartments—eight men in each made it a bit crowded too. The blinds were all down because it was nighttime and there was still good reason for blackout. Fortunately it was only a couple of hours ride to our destination and after that boat ride anything, less disagreeable, was easy.

Trucks were waiting to carry us the mile or so to our new home and then it was we knew we were at Tidworth Barracks in Southern England. It was late when we arrived but the advance party had things fairly well arranged so without too much confusion we found a bunk and hit the hay. Hay is right, for, to our surprise we were about to have our first experience with straw mattresses. We soon found out they beat a hammock all hollow.

Tidworth proved to be a lot of things, all new to us, and all disagreeable, at first. Arriving as we did, in midwinter, we had to get used to the constant drizzle and the ever present mud. We didn't actually get used to it but we did get so we could ignore it most of the time. Then there were new housekeeping habits to learn. No longer did we have central heating and dependable plumbing. Rather we had the mysteries to solve of heating a large high ceilinged room by means of a small hole in the wall alleged to be a fireplace. Good trick, that, but we never solved it. The plumbing proved to be another of those somewhat indifferent efforts toward modernization, an earmark of provincial England. Ours we found housed in a special building off by itself, a regular community project. The facilities looked alright but we found the looks to be deceptive, it seems that certain little points, such as mechanical operation and frozen pipes, had been overlooked during its construction. The shower facilities proved to be equally as deceptive—they looked alright but they weren't.

All of this would have been as nothing had chow facilities proved adequate. But to a bunch of hungry Joes nothing is so demoralizing as a long chow line or queue as the English have it, and here at Tidworth we had chow lines to end all chow lines. The mess arrangement looked good and perhaps it was good, for a maxi-

num of nine hundred men. But when it is necessary to feed around twenty-five hundred men, three times a day, with a set-up meant for nine hundred the only answer is—long chow lines. Then add short and slightly stinko rations to the deal and you've got a sure fire way of making twenty five hundred men wish to high heaven they had never left home.

Funny thing about those rations. Seems like there never was quite enough of anything to go around in the mess hall but if you'd walk into any of the rooms in the barracks at night you'd find plenty to eat. It has been explained that this ample 'snack supply' was due to the inherent nature of KP's and while individual cases could never be proved, it was noted that whichever section furnished the most KP's was the section with the best supply on hand. In all probability this was merely a coincidence and the food was acquired in some other manner.

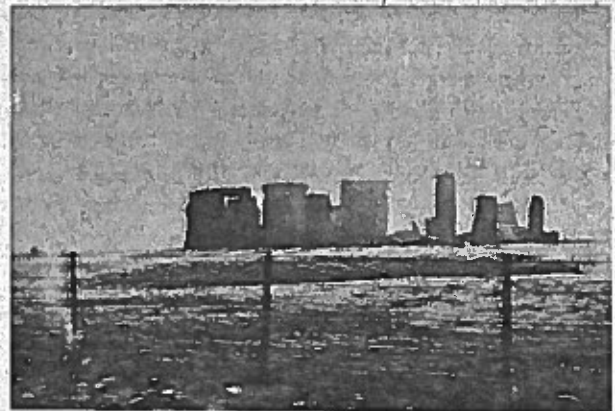
However our likes and dislikes were beside the point and incidental to the real job we had to accomplish in a comparatively short time. First there was the job of assembling all our vehicles and equipment. The impedimenta of the Division had been unloaded at several different ports in England and we had to help bring this equipment to Tidworth for processing. All our tools and other equipment had to be unpacked, cleaned of preservative and readied for use, no small job considering that the boxes and crates ran into the hundreds. In addition to the assembly of our own vehicles was the job of picking up tanks for the Division. The things that made this a chore out of the ordinary were the narrow English roads and the fact that tank tracks have a tendency to skid on cobblestone pavements. This was especially hazardous through villages and on narrow bridges. Threading a needle in the dark is a cinch compared to hitting a narrow bridge in the fog with a wide tank. So you can't blame T/Sgt. McKeen and his crew for missing one and ending up in a ditch. Besides the tank was sliding down hill at the time so even if the "Old Goat" had seen the bridge it wouldn't have made much difference. There were other close calls too, but somehow all the vehicles were brought in. Super-imposed on all this was a very large amount of work for the Division. Priority stuff that had to be done right now. Jobs like putting baggage racks on damn near every vehicle in the Division. Three weeks time they gave us for that one and all we had to do was find the steel, cut it, weld it into racks and weld the racks

to the vehicles. Thousands of cuts and thousands of welds to make hundreds of racks—no small job, that. It meant working crews in shifts day and night but the job was done. And the result would have done credit to a fully organized factory. The Service Section carried the brunt on this job with help recruited from the other sections. Walking into the shops during this period was a bit like walking into fire what with all the torches going at once. Section Chief Mallard and his men, Karam, Olive, Kerschner, McDermott and the men recruited from the other sections, Strange, Cline, Mason, to name a few of them, deserve a lot of credit for the excellent results achieved.

While this work was being done S/Sgt. "Pappy" Metts had a crew working at full speed on uncrating and assembling a slew of ammunition Trailers. This was no easy job since they came packed two to a crate requiring two wreckers to lift and carry and here again plenty of credit is due for a good job well done.

Then in addition to these 'special' jobs the normal work of keeping the Division vehicles running was being carried on without disruption or impairment of service. All of which leads to one conclusion only and that is that the whole Company can rise and take a bow.

In spite of all the work time was somehow found to get in a bit of "Fraternization—English style" and see something of England. Everyone had an opportunity to visit London at least once and impressions were probably as varied as there were men. One thing on which all would agree was Picadilly Circus. The damndest place we'd ever seen. Most of the impressions and interesting stories that could be told about Picadilly Circus would never stand in print. We'll just have to remember that part by ourselves.



Near Tidworth — Ruins of the Roman Era in England.



Near Tidworth — Shaughnessy with Cass of Hqs. Co. try their hand at hunting.

We did get to see something of the damage London had suffered by bombings and some of us even saw or heard a V-bomb. Four years of bombing or the threat of bombing is a long time to sweat it out! No wonder we were surprised to find Londoners were indifferent to threats of death or injury. They had to be.

Life at Tidworth soon resolved itself into a routine and one might have thought it would continue on and on. There was the Red Shield, a tea room run by the English Salvation Army. As soon as its doors would open a line would form for tea (you can get used to it) and biscuits and Spam sandwiches (Spam and England will be synonymous for ever more). Then there was a PX where once a week you could buy five packs of cigarettes, a couple of candy bars and so on. Not much help to a gang used to buying everything and anything they wanted. The Garrison Theatre for movies and another theatre for vaudeville. The castle where the Red Cross held forth and really went a long ways in providing snacks and entertainment. The castle itself was interesting, large as it was, with high ceilings, great fire places and other evidences of past grandeur.

In fact it can be said that a great deal of what we saw in England gave us the impressions of a past grandeur. A grandeur based on Mid-Victorian standards. This was quite true at Tidworth and we were told that the barracks and houses we occupied were actually at one time part of a large estate and had been built a long time ago. We still maintain however that antiques are to look at, not to live in.

Christmas 1945 can be called a milestone in our lives. How many of us had, say five years before; entertained for an instant the thought that we'd ever at anytime spend Christmas Day in a

foreign land? But there we were and not a damn thing could we do about it. Since Christmas is one thing that we always try to do something about, we carried on true to form. A pine tree was found (no questions, please) and placed in a central position in the mess hall. Decorations proved to be a tax on our imaginations and sadly enough the very best that we could achieve were strips of paper foil taken from food containers. It was a pretty sad inspiration for a jolly Christmas spirit especially when all the things that go toward creating that spirit were so far from us. However the general atmosphere did get a boost at dinner when a goodly number of kindly Joes brought big-eyed English children as their guests. Uncle Sam didn't fail us when it came to providing plenty of everything that makes for a big Christmas dinner, including turkey, and we've got to admit that it was one time when the chow didn't run out. And good it was.

Christmas Day was bright and cold—just the sort of day we'd want had we been spending Christmas at home. In spite of the cold our Division Band stood outside our Mess hall for fully a half an hour playing all the old Christmas tunes. The men in the Band could not have been enjoying themselves very much while their hands and feet were freezing but their music did make the day seem more like Christmas. Another visitor that day was General Devine, our Division Commander, and it was the first time many of us had seen him close up. We liked his looks and his friendly manner.

But in spite of everything that might have been favorable to us England wasn't what we wanted and we were all glad to learn that after nearly two months of rain and mud and fog (who can describe that fog?) we would soon be on our way. Getting ready to move gave us plenty more work assembling and stowing all our equipment aboard the trucks. We knew it had to be done with some semblance of order, too, because for all we knew those trucks would be our home as well as transportation for months to come. Then there was a lot of clothing and personal equipment that we had to draw again. The same sort of stuff we had turned in before leaving the States. We never did quite figure that one out. Finally we knew just what it was we were to do—about half the Company would travel with the vehicles and the rest would remain a day to police the area (did we ever move into anything but a dirty area or move out of anything but a clean one?).

For that reason our trip to France is really two stories. So first we'll tell the story of those who travelled with the vehicles. To the chant of "Any gum, Chum?" we left Merrie Olde Englands.

#### DREAM SHIP No. 1

Those of us who were to accompany the vehicles left in convoy the morning of January 4th, 1945 and spent the night at Camp Hunsley. It was the first experience our men had with convoy driving in England and it's OK by us if it's the last. At that the only trouble we had was flat tires and in this respect a new champion was crowned. DeRego ran up a total of five and he swears the English were throwing nails in front of his truck.

Camp Hunsley was a sort of stop over camp for outfits moving to France, there one night and gone the next. We were no different so the very next morning we moved to the docks at Southampton. Here we took part in the interesting experience of loading onto an LST—one of those ships with great doors in the bow that open like the jaws of some prehistoric monster ready to swallow anything in sight.

Things like this are always done with a plan and past experience has refined the system to the point where it works with precision. Well, at any rate the vehicles did finally get loaded. Once we got aboard ourselves it took only about a split second for everyone of us to decide right then and there that under no circumstances would we ever get off.

Most of us had a natural aversion to water in any form, probably due to the fact that in our early years we had been forced to wash in it, or, what's worse, to drink it. So we often wondered what it was that would lead an apparently normal human being to join the Navy. Well here was the answer—no longer would there be any doubt. It was simply that the Navy knows men are suckers for luxury. And we mean luxury—bunks with clean sheets, hot showers that worked and plumbing that did likewise and with plenty of white tile to complete the picture. Chow that couldn't have been any better at the Waldrof, and the crowning glory of it all, a coffee urn full of steaming hot coffee, real coffee, twenty-four hours a day. If the Navy ever needs men in a hurry they can get a couple of hundred right quick by just looking up a certain Ordnance Company.

Top all this with a smooth Channel and the fact that this was the famous LST 392 and it can

easily be seen why this was a never to be forgotten trip. The crew aboard the 392 had been in several invasions and had plenty of swell tales to tell. The fact that their ship had been used by General Bradley and Ernie Pyle as an observation post on "D" Day was a source of great pride to the crew. They were ever grateful to Ernie for making their ship and their work immortal.

As we approached Historic Le Havre, situated at the mouth of the Seine river, and began to see what bombs and shell fire had done to a once great and romantic city we began to realize something of what war is really like and to have a deeper feeling of respect and awe for the men who had to face the beaches of France on "D" Day. We entered the mouth of the Seine and proceeded on to Rouen. Here again we count ourselves fortunate in being able to witness the effects of war from an advantageous position. We can well understand why this trip up the Seine was in peaceful years a tourists' delight. Now it was still scenic but almost everywhere we looked we saw the evidence of bitter fighting. Wrecked buildings, ruined vehicles by the hundreds, and in the river itself could be seen the superstructures of the many sunken vessels. There could be no mistake, this was the war and we were headed into it.



Unloading at Rouen — Charlie McDonnell is the guy in front.

At Rouen we went through the reverse of Southampton and soon out of the welter of excitement and confusion a convoy was formed and to the new version of a familiar chant—Cigarette for Papa—we moved off to join the rest of the outfit at Auffay.

#### DREAM SHIP No. 2

Those of us left behind at Tidworth set about a familiar chore. Policing up. Pavements around

the buildings and in the shops had to be scraped and swept clean of the mud. The barracks had to be thoroughly cleaned and all the trash gathered and burned. There was plenty to do and it took most of the day to get it done.

On the morning of the 5th we marched to the train and were off to Southampton. This time we were able to watch the countryside from the train windows and so got a fair idea of the extent this section of England and especially Southampton had suffered from bombings. In Southampton we had a march of a couple of miles and the full hump we carried didn't help matters a damn bit. Once again we found ourselves in the great shed along side the dock and once again the Red Cross was on hand with coffee and donuts. The fact that it was daylight made our period of waiting (There's always just so much waiting to be done) more interesting since it afforded us a chance to watch the activity.

When we lined up to go aboard we were all plenty pleased to note that this time we were travelling on an American ship. And our faith was not in vain for here was a ship on which it could be a pleasure to travel anytime. Not a large ship, it was a converted Liberty, but it had every facility for handling a maximum number of troops in comfort and decency. After the sorry latrines aboard the Samaria and in England it was a positive joy to see the clean and adequate facilities this ship had. Our quarters were lined with tiers of bunks, four high, made to fold up out of the way when desired. We soon found that the ventilating system worked too, so for our money we had it made. It wasn't until the first chow call that we discovered that this was not only a swell ship it was in fact a bit of Heaven. Our feelings amounted to almost ecstasy when we saw the clean well equipped kitchen with everything shining and no vile odors. And when we passed through the serving line we found it to be a steam table loaded down with plenty of everything that we liked. You actually had a choice. Right then and there every man had a feeling of deep appreciation for the American way of doing things and we all hoped that any future voyages we made would be aboard American ships.

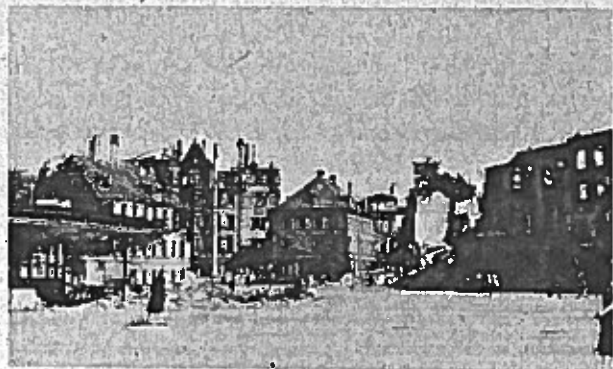
The trip across the channel was uneventful and we had calm water all the way. The actual crossing was made at night but even so we had a chance to watch channel traffic during most of one day while we moved along the coast of France to the harbor of LeHavre. Here we anchored until it could be arranged for our landing and it was

this part of the trip that provided the surprise. No one had given our landing a thought or if they had it was only to suppose that the ship would tie alongside a dock in the normal manner. Then it became apparent that such would not be the case for word passed out that we would be taken ashore in a landing barge. The import of this was not immediately recognized but before long we got the idea — it meant going over the side and climbing down about 30 feet of rope ladder. This wasn't exactly in our line but we weren't strangers to the method having practised this very same feat on land at Kilmer. We went over the side four at a time but there was a difference this time from what we had done at Kilmer—a big difference. This time the ship was rolling a little and instead of being in shirt sleeves we were wearing our overcoats and were loaded down with our musette bags and carbines. All of which didn't make it any easier. Of course after we were down it was great fun to watch the others and call encouragement to them. We weren't exactly scared, understand, and if our knees seemed to shake a little it was from muscular strain.

The landing barge took us right up on the beach and there was a very practical reason for



*The wrecked cities all looked like this.*



*Or this.*

this. Every installation in the harbor had been bombed and shelled to a shambles and there were sunken ships all over the place. That part of the city adjacent to the harbor was completely devastated. This was our first close-up view of a large city practically destroyed by war and we found it an awesome experience.

#### AUFFAY, FRANCE

In short order we were loaded on trucks operated by a Quartermaster Unit and were moving through the city. We were just a little surprised at the lack of interest in us the French people were showing. It wasn't until later that we learned the reason and from one point of view it must be admitted they had grounds. After all who could really feel kindly toward someone you knew had accomplished the destruction of your home. Our attention was soon distracted from this gloomy thought and centered on the trucks we were riding in. They seemed to be in the last stages before taking off for a maiden flight and were bouncing and jolting till by rights they should have fallen apart. There could be only one reason for this insight into the potentialities of a 2½ ton truck. It could only be the drivers. And so we had our first close-up of Eisenhower's Night-fighters who we soon learned were driving "fools". It might be mentioned here that as we got to know some of the Q. M. units better we couldn't help but admire their ability to drive their trucks long and hard in performing excellent feats moving supplies. However, much as they loved to drive their trucks, few seemed to have any interest in even rudimentary maintenance and as a result they often proved exasperating to our mechanics. The following story told in numerous variations is a good example. A dusky driver came in one day and asked for a wrecker to bring in his vehicle. "What kind of a truck is it?" he was asked, "a ¼ ton or a 2½ ton". The driver replied, "Ah don' know what kin' truck dat is, Ah's jus' de drivah". We couldn't help liking their good nature though and we always had a lot of fun talking with these men who all seemed to have had a lot of funny experiences.

We rode the QM trucks from Le Havre to Auffay, France, arriving there quite late. The billeting party had been there a couple of days ahead of us and had billets all picked out. Cow barns. Something new and different again. We were all plenty tired so without further delay we spread our bedrolls on the straw and went to

sleep wondering if this was to be our fate from then on. However in the morning we awakened to the realization that a cow barn, far from being a hardship, was in fact, a pleasure. There was no doubt but what we could sleep warm and comfortably. The next couple of days were spent waiting for our vehicles to catch up with us and in exploring the neighborhood which had seen some fighting. There was a chateau here that was badly damaged but which had once been a very substantial home. We were far enough in-



*Auffay France — This had been a very fine home*

land now so we noticed the changing attitude of the French. Here they were more friendly and willing to show it. It wasn't long before we learned the value of cigarettes and chocolate in trading for some of the necessities of life, namely, a particularly potent concoction called Calvados. Made from prunes or something similar they said.

The vehicles joined us shortly and about the same time we received our issue of the new sleeping bag. This proved its worth although actually it would have been quite inadequate had we not retained our four blankets each. A little experimenting soon evolved an efficient arrangement of blankets and sleeping bag which was to prove a real comfort in the cold weather to follow. It was here also that we had our first snow, the first many of us had seen in a couple of years.

#### REIMS, FRANCE

Now that we were assembled and ready to move out, we headed toward Reims. This move turned out to be an all night affair and coupled with the cold was something to tax our endurance. We stopped in a wooded area which was part of the Argonne Forest and was not far from Reims. It was here that one of the famous battles of the

Last war was fought and evidence of shell craters and trenches were still to be seen. It had now turned bitter cold and just to care for oneself proved to be about all that anyone could do. It was next to impossible for the mechanics to work but work they did. The first night here we had nothing to protect us from the frozen ground and snow but pieces of canvas on which we laid our bedrolls. This was entirely inadequate and the night was spent in fitful slumber resulting from our efforts to get warm. It was of little comfort to see, the next morning, that the snow had melted all around us from the warmth of our bodies. We most certainly did not feel that warm during the night.

But that day good old QM came to our rescue with bales of straw for which we were plenty thankful. By using a pick and shovel to remove the top layer of frozen ground and filling the pit thus formed with straw we were able to sleep that night in perfect comfort. Of course this didn't help any during the few minutes it took to remove our outer clothing and slide into our bedrolls nor did it help any in the morning when we had to leave the snug warmth and pull on cold clothing and frozen shoes.

We were all plenty happy when word came down that we would move out shortly. We had only been at this place in the woods for a couple of days but in this weather we much preferred to be moving. At this point two of the maintenance sections rejoined us. They had been following tank units of the Division on the move to this area and because the tanks and other heavy vehicles kept sliding off the road these men had had no sleep for nearly 48 hours. Fighting off sleep and the cold was a losing battle for them and they were about as near frozen as it's possible to be without actually getting stiff. What followed didn't help these men a damn bit and that's for sure. They hadn't any more than joined us when the order came for us to pull out. It was late afternoon and we moved right away and as often happens we travelled but a short way and then halted. This didn't bother us because it was more or less a normal procedure and we were used to slow starts but because it was so cold this was one time when we didn't want delays. For the next few hours we'd move a bit and halt so that by darkness we'd only travelled a few miles. And there we stayed until almost morning. The temperature was right around zero and we had no place to lay down nor could we build fires. It was just plain misery and without ques-

tion the longest night we ever spent. Toward morning traffic had straightened out enough so we could move and keep moving and by driving steadily all that day we arrived at our destination, Pont a Mousson, France, that night.

### VILLE-au-VAL

We stayed just one night in Pont a Mousson and the next day moved across the Moselle river to Ville-au-Val, a village about 7 miles away. Our billet here was an old Chateau which had been built at least a couple of hundred years ago and was an excellent example of a feudal baron's castle. This chateau was built in the form of a square with a court yard in the center. Three sides of the square contained living quarters and the fourth side held the barns. The structure was three stories in height and built as it was on the crest of a high hill it made a very formidable fortress, at least for ancient times.



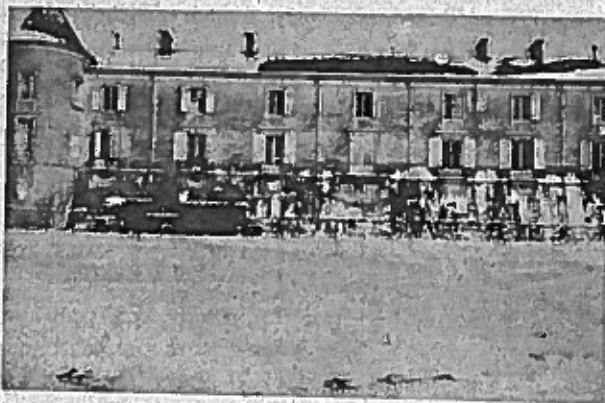
*A common scene in Pont-au-Mousson, France*

We settled down for a stay of some length and soon had things arranged for our comfort. The kitchen was set up inside much to the pleasure of the cooks since it's a doggone rough job to cook for the Company when the stoves are mounted in the truck, and this is especially true in cold weather.

Our position here in relation to the war was a new experience for us although we were later



At Ville-au-Val — Our home here was this old chateau.



Another view of the chateau.

to have similar ones. We were across the Moselle river in support of one Combat Command of our Division and the bridge at Pont a Mousson was the only one in use for many miles in either direction. Fighting was in progress not so many miles away and this was the first combat experience for any of the units of our Division. We fully realized that as long as the battle kept in our favor our Company was in but little danger however we also realized that should the tide change we would have a sorry time trying to get back across that lone bridge.

Now for the first time battle-scarred tanks and trucks began coming in for repair and for the first time, too, our men had the gruesome task of cleaning these vehicles of blood and flesh before completing repairs. This job was doubly gruesome because the mess was what was left of some one of our own. It took gritted teeth and a fierce mind to overcome the nausea and do the job. One way it was done is shown by the following incident. S/Sgt. Reiter was busy chipping some bone from a breech block in order to free it when Capt. McGuire came along and stopped

to watch. Reiter didn't hear the Captain approach and the Old Man swears he heard Jack saying, "this is the bone of a cow", over and over. Jack denies the story but it's probably true and it was simply his way of keeping his mind busy while he did what had to be done.

It was here, too, that we were given a rush job of making some three thousand lugs for tank tracks. The tanks couldn't be managed in the snow and ice without these lugs to help traction and they were needed right away. So once again the Service Section began a day and night routine that was to last for three weeks. And once again a swell job was done. There were no shops here so all work had to be done outside in the snow and cold and it was plenty cold.

Lots of things took place while we were at the Chateau that are worth remembering. Like the time McKeen's men were working all night changing a tank engine and three times had to run for cover when a Jerry plane, attracted by the light they had to have, strafed the area. Or the time McDonnell and his crew were returning from a day's work with the 88th Recon and heard a V-bomb explode where they had just been a few minutes before. Then there was that week of hell on earth when the whole Company became afflicted with a mysterious malady very much akin to the well known GI's but which was later diagnosed as intestinal Flu. Whatever it was it was horrible and just about invalidated the Company for the week. Another, but pleasant, memory is of the time Conway came in from one of his periodic hunting trips with a big bag of quail which we found to be very, very succulent indeed. And how about Olive's run-in with ancient traditions when he was to be the guest of one of the French families living near by. He had gotten in pretty solid with this family through their daughter and also because he could speak French. When this family learned that we would soon be leaving nothing would do but they should kill a pig for a feast in Olive's honor. This was alright with Olly but what he didn't know was that he was expected to kill the pig himself. That was the custom—the one being honored must kill the pig by sticking it with a ceremonial sword. Now Olive just isn't the pig-sticking kind in fact the very idea was abhorrent to him so he set up a howl. After much ado about everything these kind people compromised by letting Olly shoot the hog. They didn't say so but they thought that once "Salomey" was dead the honored guest wouldn't mind sticking the sword through the hog



and so save the tradition. That's what they thought but it seems Olive thought differently so in the end the little gal had to make good the day and stick the pig herself. Olly got his feast though—he was given the brains to eat.

For most of the six weeks we spent here in the Chateau the weather was cold and there was a thick blanket of snow on the ground. The days were, for the most part, beautiful, with the sun shining brightly but as soon as the sun went down the cold closed in on us and the nights turned pitch black. The darkness and the cold made guard duty extremely difficult and the fact that we were actually within striking distance of enemy patrols added considerably to the nervous apprehension we all felt. Three hours on and three hours off is a tough schedule for guard even under ideal conditions. But now it was an ordeal that bordered on torture. Just about every man can remember at least one time when some nocturnal sound scared the wits out of him although it is likely none of us had as bad a scare as Jim Daley the night a dog ran between his legs. It's funny to tell about afterwards, just like the time Simonson spent the night challenging a cow, but when it's happening all the guard knows is that he hears something out there in the dark and it's up to him to control the situation. The sense of relief on finding that it wasn't a Jerry was exceeded only by the feeling of ridiculousness.

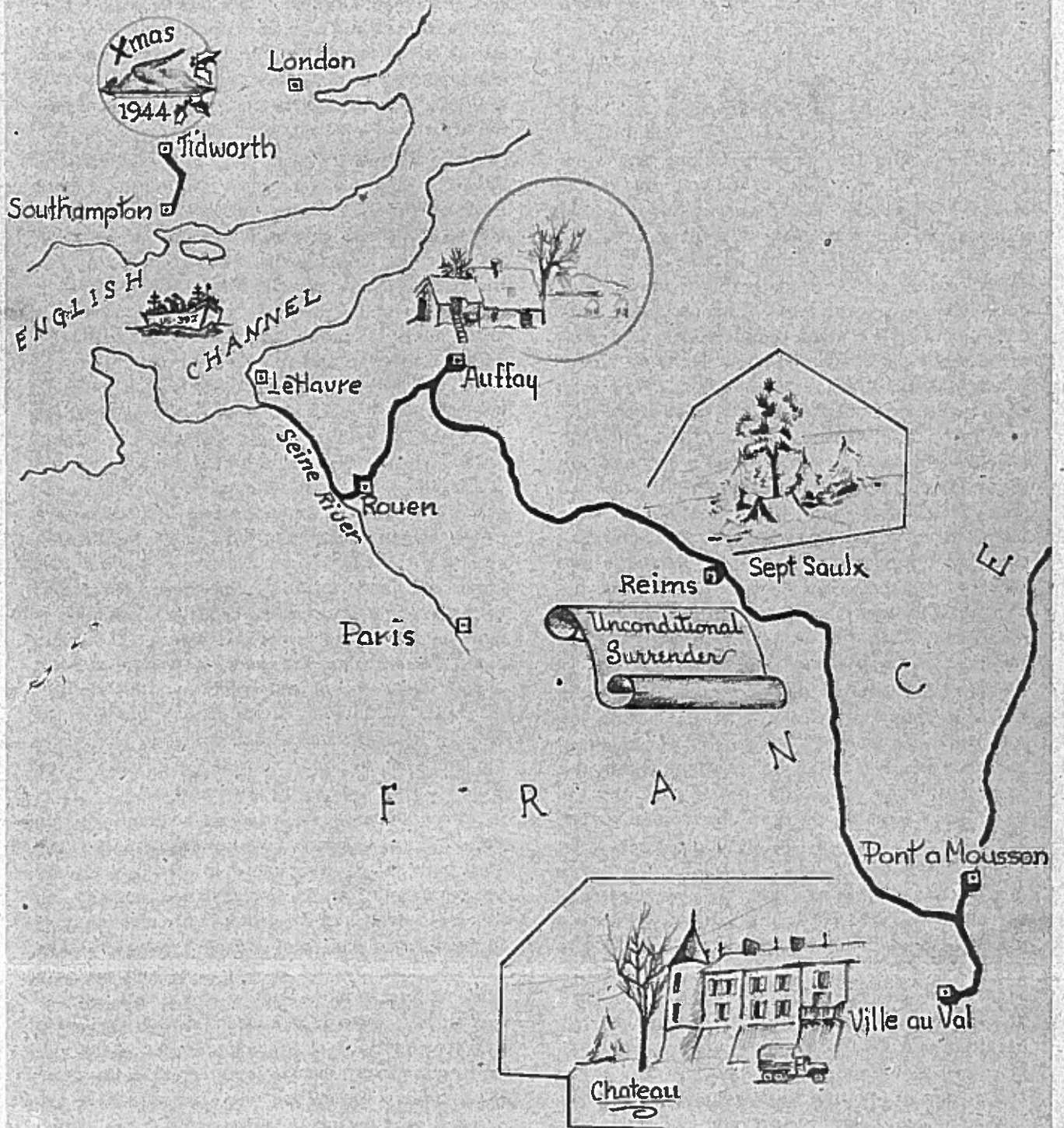
The cold weather also made the problem of warm sleeping quarters one of immediate importance. Our Chateau had never been modernized so the only solution for heating was in the fireplaces which the larger rooms had and the small iron stoves we set up in the smaller rooms. We had already learned in England that the biggest fireplaces in the world will not keep even a small room warm and here was no exception. The stoves we had did a little better but because the stove pipes were just stuck out the windows there was no controlled draft and the smoke these stoves gave out, all of it inside the rooms, could be compared to that emitted by a locomotive pulling up a long hill. Then there was the fuel problem to be met each day. We had no coal so we had to use wood and that meant cutting trees. Therefore we turned woodsmen and each day would see at least two trees felled. The axe we wielded was far from being a mighty one but by dint of persistence the trees did fall and were cut up. The wood was green of course and was responsible for the great volume of smoke we suffered. Some of our firemen approached their

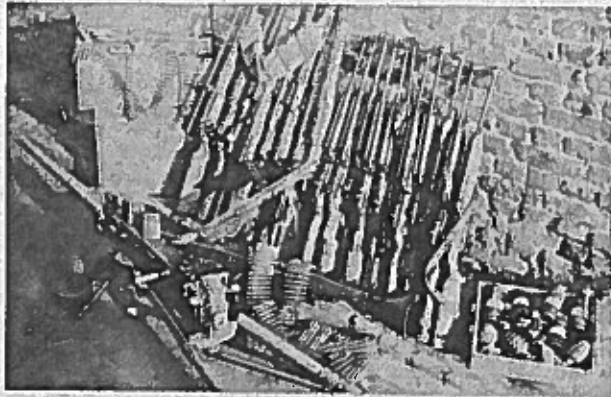
task with unfettered zeal and as a result both the Officers' quarters and the Auto Platoon Headquarters Sections quarters were plagued by having the floor near their fireplaces catch fire. Oddly enough the only complaint that Pierre, the owner, ever registered was the night he was awakened by water cascading onto his head. He logically figured that the floor could be replaced but a spoiled night's sleep was lost forever.

One of the nicer things about the world is that no matter where one travels he finds a local interpretation of the universal custom of allowing nature to have its way with a grape. Here at the Chateau was no exception and we found an old friend with a new name. Mirabel they called it but it was still Calvados to us and anyway it didn't really matter what they called the stuff since it had all the devastating potentialities of TNT. A small glass of this miracle maker, which in quality and in quantity was a fit companion piece for the mighty atom, could be had at the village Bistro. The kitchen of this tavern (that's where the stove was) proved to be a favorite gathering place for our men until it became apparent that the efficiency of the Organization was suffering thereby. Then the place was put Off Limits until after 5 p.m. Wine was plentiful too or rather something that looked like wine but was more in the nature of colored water. The same could be said for the beer then available—it looked like beer but that is as far as the similarity went. All it could do for us was intensify our longing for some real American beer. Even the ten cent beer we used to deride back in the States would have been highly welcome now.

For diversion there were frequent trips to Pont a Mousson where hot showers could be had. The taverns here were more spirited and offered an opportunity for a more varied amusement. The town itself had been fought for and many of its homes and buildings had been wrecked. The Fort of Pont a Mousson which had been the focal point of the German defense was located across the Moselle on a high barren hill. It was here that they made their stand in defense of the city and rumor had it that anyone daring to tread the mine fields surrounding the Fort would be rewarded with beaucoup lugers and P-38's which littered the ground. Conway could never let an opportunity like that go uninvestigated so off he went with high hopes. He made the round trip through the mine fields alright and that was his only reward for the rumor regarding the pistols had proved to be just that. However Conway's

E N G L A N D





*The collection of firearms and ammunition carried on Conway's truck.*

zeal for firearms of any kind did not always go unrewarded and it was while we were still at Pont-a-Mousson that he acquired the first of what later was to prove to be quite a collection of both Allied and Enemy firearms. A report came in of a crash of one of our medium bombers not far away from where we were located so Capt. McGuire, S/Sgt. Conway and T/5 Kaplan took off in a jeep to investigate. This plane had hit the ground with tremendous force and had broken in a thousand bits. Parts and pieces were scattered and buried in the snow for 500 yards around. After diligent search four 50 caliber aircraft machine guns were found and brought back. They were for the most part badly mangled but out of the four Conway managed to assemble one workable gun.

Soon after we had arrived at the Chateau "A" Section decided that they wanted to be alone so they moved to the bottom of the hill in the Village. Any advantage they may have gotten by this move was offset by the long hard trudge up the hill for chow. To make this trip three times a day would discourage any but a hungry GI. Then too their privacy was completely nullified by the ever presence of dozens of kids. While this made it something of a hardship for these modest men when it came to their personal hygiene it also afforded them a lot of pleasure.

The people of this village were all friendly and made an effort to speak our language. Some of the younger ones had studied English in school and could get by with it quite well. A dance was arranged at a nearby village and every effort was made to entertain us. They even made an effort to learn our kind of dancing to our kind of music but the gap was too wide for them to cross in one evening. The same was true from our point of view when we tried to learn their style

of dancing. However it proved good fun for everyone and another was planned but before it could take place we were on our way.

We had spent nearly a month at this Chateau and had acquired a feeling for it and the people of the village which was to persist and had it not been for the wonderful reception we received at our next area it is likely that our stay here would have been the outstanding memory of our continental experiences.



*Road from Auffay to Reims*

#### BUNDE, HOLLAND

The morning of Feb. 3rd, 1945 found us loaded and ready to move north. We had lived in the Chateau long enough to have a feeling of being at home but orders had come for us to join the 9th Army and that was that. The Villagers of Ville-au-Val waved goodbye as we started what was to prove to be a march lasting three days and two nights. Our route carried us up through the Ardennes where the "Battle of the Bulge" had been fought and all along the way we saw the evidence of the terrific struggle. We continued north and on our way through the city of Liege, Belgium, we began to note a difference in the general attitude of the people. They were obviously happy to see us. Liege itself had not been too badly damaged and was a clean appearing city, something we had not seen much of so far. Our destination up to now had been kept a secret but now we were told that we would stop in the Village of Bunde, Holland, which was about three kilometers from Maastricht. This was in the very southern tip of Holland and was al-

most separated from Holland proper. The billeting detail had arranged for a school house and also for rooms in several private homes and though we arrived quite late at night the villagers were out to greet us. The warmth and sincerity of their greeting was a welcome surprise. Here the first thing they asked us was will you come live at our house—quite a difference from "cigarette for papa".

Most of the company quartered in the schoolhouse which had been emptied of everything. We bunked right on the floor and liked it. Some of the men hit it lucky and slept in private homes where they had real beds. We had the use of a tavern and dance hall across the street from the schoolhouse which afforded us an indoor kitchen and mess hall. Good thing, too, for while the weather here was considerably milder than it had been at the Chateau it rained all the time. Not a hard rain, just a drizzle which was enough to keep everything wet.

The people of the village had a fair knowledge of English and it was easy to make our-



*Street scene in Maastricht, Holland.*

selves understood. The villagers were almost 100 percent in hatred of the Nazis although their homes and village had not suffered from battle. One man who spoke English well told us how wonderful it was to be able to speak freely once more. He told us how the Nazis would acquire anything they wanted, such as radios, by giving elaborate receipt which promised the articles return at some future date. The Nazis were always very polite in their dealings with these people but nevertheless many of the men were taken to Germany as laborers and a number of their daughters were taken for other reasons. It wasn't until the English Tommies appeared that the Jerries began to plunder in preparation for withdrawal. The Germans had been gone but a couple of weeks when we arrived and the vill-

agers were still in a jubilant mood. Food and clothing were very scarce but these thrifty people were doing wonders in keeping themselves healthy and well. Their homes were immaculate at all times and their daily lives were in constant accord with their religious beliefs. The church was the hub around which they lived their lives.

As usual we had our job cut out for us and this time it was the building of huge gas can racks for the big tank recovery trailers. They were to be used to get gas forward during the impending drive across the Roer river. Also tanks had to be fitted with big hydraulic scrapers which made them a sort of super-bulldozer to be used to destroy road blocks. This was a new idea and it had to be worked out since there was no prescribed way to make this conversion. As usual it was a rush job so there was nothing to do but work day and night. Again the Service Section, this time working with "A" Section, was put to work. A large part of the job called for welding and there was no space large enough to handle the job in any of the buildings we used for shops so it had to be done out in the open. Because a welding arc can be seen for miles at night it was necessary to move the work a couple of miles outside the village to open territory. As expected, the welding arc did attract enemy planes but other than causing a few hasty retreats for cover they did no harm.

Another new experience came to us now and that was the V-1 bomb or, as it was more familiarly called, the buzz bomb. Every day these bombs passed over Bunde in their flight toward Antwerp which was the target. However knowing that they were not meant for us didn't ease the feeling of trepidation we had every time one went over. Several times they came in low and our imaginations told us that they sounded very much as though the motor was about to stop any second. At night their path could be followed by the flash of the motor and it made an eerie sight.

Our life here wasn't all work though and for the first time we began to get movies from Special Service. Some day no doubt someone will discover why it was that the movie projectors always broke down. It seems that this was a universal complaint but apparently it was one of those things about which little could be done. Besides the movies we also had a dance for which a local orchestra was recruited and the village Burgmeister took over the responsibility of providing suitable young ladies. Here as in France there was difficulty in making adjustments to the dif-

ferent music and different steps, but these girls seemed to catch on faster.

Then just about this time the local taverns, of which there were several, were able to get beer brought in from Belgium. This beer wasn't anything like the beer of former years since it had no alcoholic content whatsoever but it looked like beer and that helped some. We were also able to acquire a few things for souvenirs and for the first time we were allowed to mail packages home. There wasn't much in the way of souvenirs to be had but the villagers found a ready market for little wooden shoes which they made in their homes.

There was another form of recreation enjoyed by the Hollanders but which, understandably enough, they did not invite us to join. This was the age old custom of Bundling. It came to us as a distinct surprise that this custom still survived and it was definitely something which we could have entered into whole heartedly. Here in Bunde the practice was for the girl to lay under the sheet and the boy on top of the sheet—apparently the old way of using a board had been discarded or perhaps that was an American innovation when bundling was practised by our early settlers. At any rate bundling as done by these people is nothing more than a practical way for a guy to visit his gal of a cold winter's eve without being cold. Coal is an important item here and it can't be wasted. At least that has always been the avowed reason for the custom. Actually it may be just another trick to get a guy to thinking along lines of connubial bliss and hasten his desires for matrimony. We think that with some modifications this custom would be a good idea for adoption by Americans. It has possibilities.

While we were paid in a special Dutch currency just as we had had a special French currency, the principal means for paying for services and souvenirs was with cigarettes, candy and soap. It was wonderful to be able to have our clothes washed, ironed and mended beautifully for a pack of cigarettes and a little candy. And it was wonderful too, to have pieces of delicious apple pie practically forced on us. There was no escaping eating some once it was offered even though it actually was embarrassnig because we knew how difficult it was for these people to get food.

But that's the way these people were and we'll never forget them. Several of our men made lasting friendships and it was with considerable

regret when at last orders came through for us to move. It was a swell feeling to know that here was one group of people who had a genuine friendliness for America and Americans. The often expressed desire of the youngsters was to go to America and you can bet that had we been able to more than one kid would have been brought along with us.

#### SUSTEREN, HOLLAND

Our move this time was just a few miles north to the village of Susteren, Holland, near Sittard. This time we took up quarters in a railroad work shop. It was a good<sup>d</sup> sized building but it had been hit by shells and shaken by bombs landing nearby until it was in bad shape. However it afforded cover for all our vehicles and by careful planning we all managed to find a bit of roof that didn't leak to sleep beneath.

We were not far from the battle zone now and again units of the Division had been committed. Here we could, at night, watch the great flashes in the sky and hear the rumbling of the big guns. A great deal of artillery fire and bombing was in progress at this point and it made an awesome spectacle.

Because units we were supporting had joined in the battle it was necessary that we establish a Vehicle Collecting Point near the front. To



R & E men loading a disabled vehicle onto a transport trailer.

this point disabled vehicles would be brought so they could be inspected for the possibility of repairing them. To carry out this function it was necessary for our Radio Section, a Maintenance Section and part of the Reclamation and Evacuation Section, including inspectors, to go forward. It was the first experience any of our men had had with being close to combat and they all came back with vivid impressions and some good tales. Conway, Swafford, Turcotte, L. Price, Kobzef, Sheeks, Wilson, Pecoraro, Favazzo, Redinger, N. Smith, Mullins, Goldsmith, Schiff, Goepfinger, King, Nickler, Bourque, Cram, Fischbein, Fields and Cleveland, to name most of them, under the direction of Lt. Thibeault, were the men involved in this job. And in spite of the fact that they were probably under considerable strain, since it was their first experience with actual combat, they acquitted themselves in a splendid manner.

Fortunately this job was to last but a few days when the Division was relieved so it could join the drive across the Roer river.

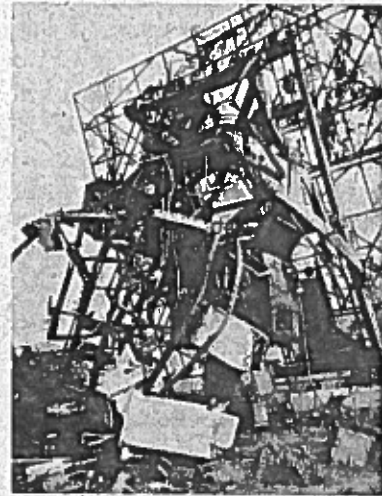
#### GOLDKRATH, GERMANY

By the time our orders came to move the Roer had been crossed and gains consolidated so it was just a matter of moving for us. We travelled due east from Sittard and entered Germany a few miles down the road. Now we had our first view of the famous Siegfried line. The part we passed through consisted of large concrete pill boxes which had been half buried in the ground and made to conform to the land contours. They were spaced about every three hundred yards and in such a manner that each could protect its neighbors and at the same time command a wide field of fire. The job of overcoming these formidable fortresses was obviously one in which the Infantry played a major role and can only be classed as a magnificent achievement.

We crossed the Roer, over a repaired bridge, at Hilforth. After all that we had read concerning this river it came as a surprise to find that it

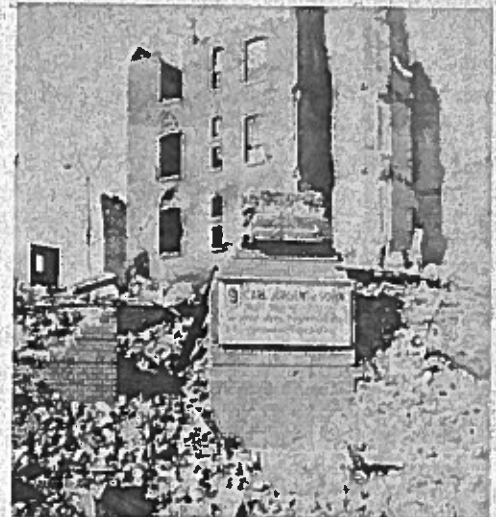


*Mariotti and Carside look over a pill box.*



*A German radar antenna — slightly used.*

was actually only a good sized creek not more than 25 or 30 feet across. The story behind this river need not be retold here as it has already been well publicized. Our route to the Roer had been mostly through open country so it wasn't until we had crossed the river that we began to see the real effects of the terrific struggle that had taken place. The village of Hilforth, a fair sized place, was completely destroyed and this was true of each succeeding village we passed through.



*Nothing left of this business place but the sign.*

Our first stop in Germany was in the village of Goldkrath and here, for the first time, we moved into abandoned private homes. The front was pushing ahead so fast that it became apparent that we would have difficulty keeping up. However we did remain in Goldkrath for a couple of days and we spent the time exploring the village for suitable souvenirs. It was here that we really became addicted to "Liberating" and be-

gan the collection of junk which was to keep growing as we moved.

In Goldkrath the homes were for the most part nicely furnished and semi-modern and it was a pleasure to sleep on mattresses for a change. The villagers had moved out right now taking only what they could carry so we found their homes to be almost completely furnished. We were surprised to notice that every home had the familiar religious symbols hanging on the walls and it was apparent that these things had been around a long time. All of which led us to think that perhaps the highly advertised rejection of Religion in Germany had not reached into the hinterland of the country.

The only people we found still living in this village were an old lady, who had suffered shrapnel wounds and was ill, and her daughter. They were Hollanders who had been slave laborers and since the battle had past they had been hiding in a darkened shell of a building. They had been hiding there for several days when we found them and had had no food, water or heat. We reported their presence to the Medics who gave them aid and sent them back to Holland.

#### LOBBERICH, GERMANY

We moved from Goldkrath on a ten minute notice and began what might be called a chase after the forward elements of the drive to the Rhine. We moved almost directly north to Lobberich, Germany and entered the town just a few hours after the Infantry had cleared it. Our billet here was a large factory and it proved to be a gold mine to us in a number of ways. The factory building itself was large and in addition there were a lot of private homes adjacent to it. By moving out the civilians we had a solid block of buildings in which to live and work so we soon had things organized for our comfort and convenience. It was a good deal to discover a tavern, complete with beer on tap, in the area and it at once became headquarters for the evening.

This factory had apparently manufactured a varied line and we found stocks of every kind of hardware and electrical item. In fact we found just about everything for which we could think of a need. There was a wood shop and a plentiful supply of plywood and lumber and it was here that cabinets and lockers of all shapes and sizes were built to fit specific storage needs in our vehicles.

About 500 slave laborers had been employed at this factory and they had been taken away but

a short time before we arrived. However a few Russian men and women had managed to hide out and were still there so we more or less adopted them for a time. They were happy to work for their food and we in turn were happy to be relieved of the job of digging latrines and sumps. This was our first association with any of the Displaced Persons though we had already seen thousands of them starting their long walk to safety and home. It was a sight with which we would be familiar in time to come and one which we would always find it hard to be callous about. Literally millions of people loaded down with personal belongings, until it seemed that it would be impossible for them to move, trudging the highways with dogged determination. They were free at last and their only thought was to get home no matter how hard the struggle.

While we were living in comparative comfort here in Lobberich the war was going forward rapidly and each day found us that much farther from the units we were supporting. A great force was being built to cross the Rhine and we all knew it wouldn't be long before the attempt would be made. Each night we could hear the hundreds and thousands of bombers going over and in the distance, amid the flashes of artillery and bombs, we could see the anti-aircraft of the enemy fighting back.



Our "Home" in Lobberich.

We were kept busy with maintenance work on the vehicles of the units we were supporting for when the time came for our Division to move the intention was to keep moving. There would be little time to do maintenance work then. Every preparation for the Rhine crossing was being made, no detail overlooked, even to giving all units experience in driving over pontoon bridges and in this even our unit was included. Only the bridge we practiced on was set up on dry land.

At last the day arrived for us to move and we all knew that this was the beginning of something that could easily be a lot different from anything we had experienced so far. The trip to the Rhine was actually no different from any previous road march we had made but this time there was a different feeling. We were headed straight into Germany with no intention of turning back and we couldn't help feeling a bit strange.

As we approached the Rhine we saw plenty of evidence of the intense fighting that had gone on in order to make the crossing. The bridge we were to cross was known as bridge "H" and it was a pontoon bridge about 200 yards long and was located just below Wesel at a spot opposite the village of Spellen. This was a somewhat isolated place approached by a circuitous route which included travelling on top of a dike. This crossing had been established only two days and there was still a feeling of expectancy in the air. Everywhere we looked we could see anti-aircraft guns and anchored to the bridge was a cluster of 6 or 7 barrage balloons extending into the air about 1500 feet. A crew of engineers were constantly at work repairing and checking the bridge to make sure it wouldn't fail. To our inexperienced eyes this bridge was an accomplishment of no mean proportions. The current was swift—so swift that the water broke with a rush over the large anchors which had been dropped upstream to hold the bridge in place. While this one bridge alone represented an effort deserving the highest praise it was but one of several the engineers had built in this sector.

As we approached the bridge a sense of urgency seemed to come over our convoy and as each vehicle rolled onto the bridge the driver was told to keep moving and not stop until he was well past the other side. It took but a few moments



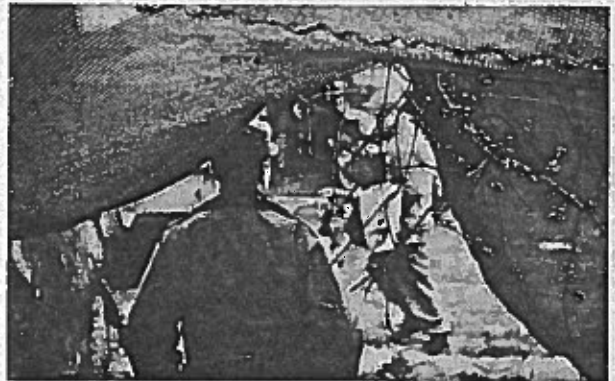
Our biggest thrill — crossing the Rhine over "H" bridge below Wesel.

to complete the trip and the greatest thrill of the war for us was over. The die was cast.

#### SPELLEN, GERMANY

After travelling but a mile or so down the road we pulled into Spellen which was our first stopping place east of the Rhine. This little town had been fought for viciously and was virtually wiped out. There were still dead Krauts laying around and there was not a building left suitable for occupancy.

We found one building which could be used for the kitchen so we deployed our vehicles in the vacant area around it and for the first time thought it necessary to camouflage them with the big nets we carried for that purpose. This was to be a temporary halt so little effort was made to set up comfortable billets. Instead the men prepared whatever shelter they desired in the vicinity of their trucks. Our nearness to the bridge and the fact that the fighting was not far off made a foxhole seem like an exceptionally good idea hence no one needed urging to dig one. This was especially true after a Negro truck driver, who had just brought in his vehicle for repair, set about digging a hole with speed and determina-



At Spellen, Germany — That's Sheehan's back we see and he's watching Loreto.



At Spellen, Germany — a symbolic picture.



tion. In a short time he had dug so deeply that he was just visible and when asked why he dug so deep he replied, "Man, we got plenty of fire power alright but those 88's is exact". We got the idea.

We were here two days and nights during which time the Luftwaffe made repeated attempts to destroy the bridge. We knew of each attempt because of the tremendous amount of anti-aircraft fire that would be released. Guard duty at night was a little frightening for this reason especially for those men whose post included a cemetery which was adjacent to us. Walking through a cemetery at night is a bit on the spooky side anytime but when its done with a few unburied corpses laying about and with guns firing in the not far distance it is definitely a throat drying deal.

### IM-LOH, GERMANY

Orders to move came the morning of our third day at Spellen and we moved with but little delay. Plans called for us to move to Dorsten and we would have except that when the billeting party arrived there they found that a slight miscalculation in timing had been made and the town was not quite cleared as yet. In fact it was to take nearly a week of heavy artillery fire before the Krauts decided they didn't really care much for Dorsten. However we did not know all this at the time and we would have rolled right into the town had not our billeting party stopped us at Im-Loh.

Im-Loh itself had just been cleared a few hours before we got there and was really a bit close to the fighting for our kind of an outfit. But you can't just turn around and go back when your outfit is part of a large force so there was nothing to do but move in here and wait. In a short while we had found a couple of farmhouses large enough to accommodate everyone and had given the owners an hour to move out.

The farm where most of the company stayed had a large house and several barns. We moved right in and made ourselves at home. Naturally our first act was to thoroughly investigate every nook and cranny in the buildings. There might just possibly have been a couple of Jerries hidden there. Also the early bird gets the worm when it comes to souvenirs. We were surprised to find a great deal of new merchandise stored here—stuff like furniture and linens. Later we learned that the farmers son had been an officer in the Luftwaffe so we decided that quite likely much

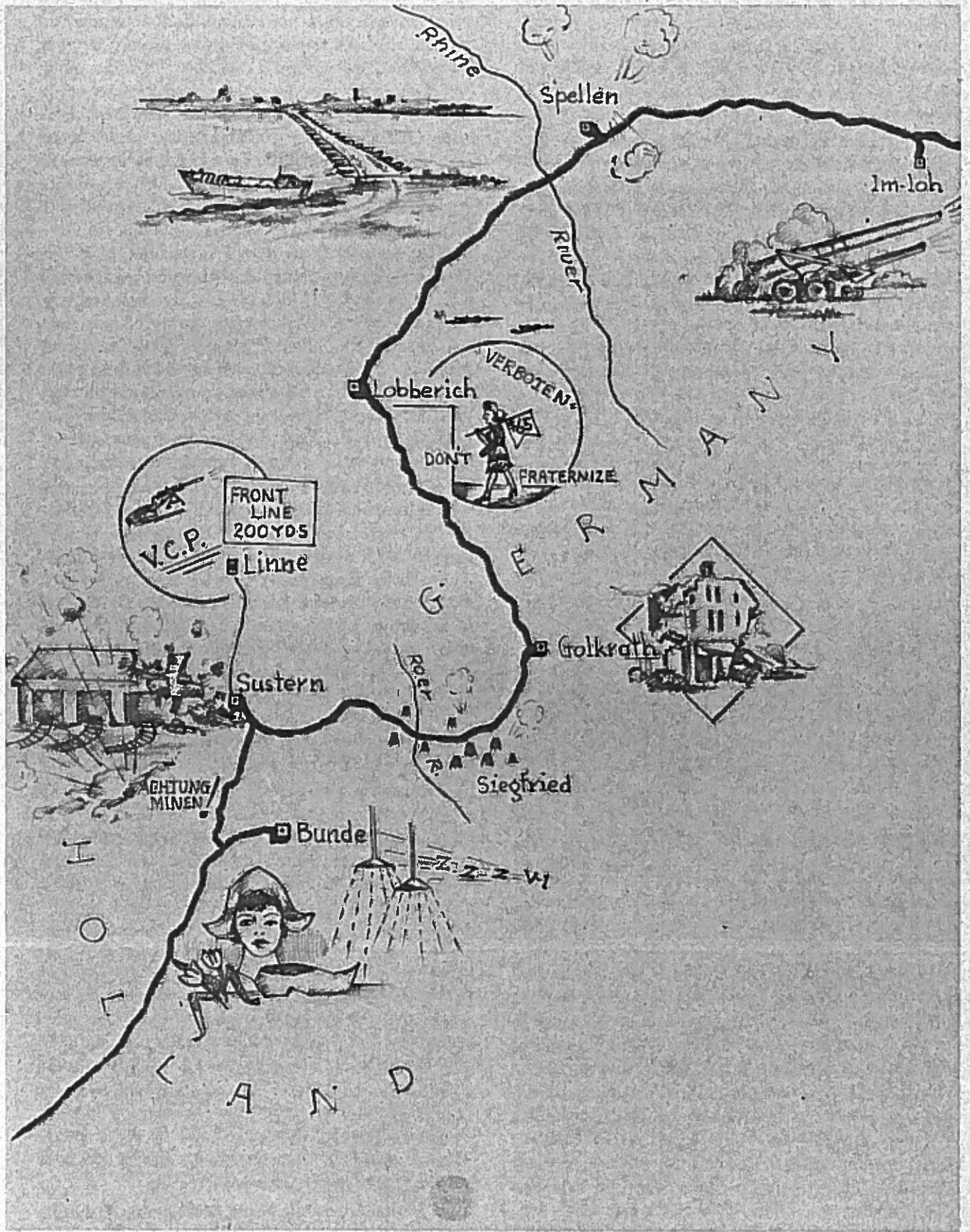
of what we found was loot. This idea was strengthened when we discovered a number of unopened Red Cross packages meant for our Prisoners of War.

This farmer had a large herd of fine cattle and considerable other livestock and was obviously quite well to do. He and his family were hard working people and as usual they expressed contempt for Hitler and the Nazis. That was the big puzzle—why it was that no Nazis could ever be found among the civilians.

Here we had the novel experience of being the first unit to occupy the area and as a result had first crack at "liberating", needless to say we made the most of the opportunity. Some useful items were collected as well as some good trophies. Siberz unearthed several hundred pairs of house slippers in a nearby house. These slippers proved to be a handy and useful item, especially later on when beer became more plentiful and nocturnal calls of nature more frequent.

One of our first problems was the disposition of sundry dead Frenchmen and horses which we found lying around. The only suitable answer was to detail several of the local German internees to bury them and this was done under the supervision of Nauth whose knowledge of German was to prove equally helpful on many an occasion. The Frenchmen (there were two of them) had been slave laborers and they had been shot while attempting to escape during the fighting. This had occurred the day before we arrived but no one had had time to see to their burial before we got there.

That was the keynote here—the short time that had elapsed between the clearing of the village and our arrival. Those of us who had arrived first had watched tanks of our Division topping a rise some 800 yards away in pursuit of the enemy. All around us there were batteries of our 240mm guns as well as plenty of anti-aircraft guns. It was to be our first close-up of heavy fire and an experience we shan't forget. The concussion and noise of a 240mm gun is something that can't be ignored and when a battery of them keeps firing in rapid succession there develops some doubt in the listener's mind as to the advisability of remaining in the vicinity even though he knows its his own artillery. For two nights straight these big guns kept up a constant bombardment of Dorsten and because Jerry was fighting back with everything he had we were kept on edge by an occasional 88 shell either landing close by or going over our heads



with a very unpleasant whistle. Several of us found it exceedingly easy to fall flat on our faces the instant we heard that eerie sound and we weren't shamefaced either. Of course we laughed about it but the laugh was somewhat hollow sounding no doubt.

At least we were all very much impressed by the proximity of the fighting and there were a number of very ambitious fox-holes completed in short order. This dirt moving complex was shared by officers and men alike and it is still a mystery to us what a couple of the officers expected of their foxholes while they slept on the second floor of the house. Perhaps a 20 foot dive into a foxhole appeared to them a cheap price to pay for the time they would save in the event of an attack. However the ludicrousness of our actions did not occur to us until later and all we can say is that we did what seemed like a good idea at the time. And maybe we weren't so far from wrong either because the next morning we received a jolt that put us all to thinking. Along about the middle of the morning a company of the 75th Infantry came up the road and took over an adjoining farm. The first thing they did was to dig-in all over the place. We were naturally curious as to why the Infantry should be carrying on in such a manner in what to us was still a rear area. Upon approaching some of them we were received with disbelief when we stated that we were Ordnance. "What the hell are you doing here", they asked and when we told them they said, "Hell we're digging in for an expected counterattack". "Gulp", we said and took off. We were plenty glad when they finally moved out after a few hours.

We had quite a bit of work to do here—stuff we had picked up along the way. So there was nothing to do but move a great stack of hay from one of the barns in order to set up a shop. Funny thing about that hay—it was in bundles and piled very neatly and while it was a good sized pile none of us would have ever guessed that it would cover so much ground once we had piled it outside. It took only about a half an hour to carry out the straw what with a hundred or so of the men working at it but the pile we made outside the barn was easily five or six times the size it was while stacked in the barn. The job of stacking that hay must have been a tedious one for the farmer and his family and it's not hard to imagine his feelings when he saw his hay scattered over half his barnyard. This was war though and it was necessary to have the

cover of the barn for working. How necessary was demonstrated several times by the appearance of enemy planes overhead. This brought us a new experience and we found that we were in the center of a regular cone of ack-ack guns. It made a wonderful sight to see the tracers from dozens of guns converging over our heads in an effort to knock out the planes. Carlin happened to be standing guard at the half-track during one of these attacks and so became the first and only one of our men to fire a fifty calibre machine gun at an enemy plane. He still swears that he was the only one of all the guns firing to hit the target but there is nothing to prove or disprove his statement in as much as the plane very definitely did not fall.

All of this action made the war very real to us and there was a certain strangeness about it all due to the fact that the news we received over the radio was mostly of the impending end of the war. Not wishing to miss a chance to cash in on V-E Day some 23 of the "Rocker" men organized a pool at ten dollars a head. All the angles that might bear on winning the pool were agreed upon and all that was left was sweating out the great day. Someone would win \$230.00 or at least that was the idea. What actually happened comes later in the story.

#### SELM, GERMANY

The constant bombardment of Dorsten finally had its effect after a few days and we could again move on. By now however our troops had actually swept on considerably farther so we had no need for moving into Dorsten. We loaded up our vehicles and moved out, plans called for a long move and we were all willing. Perhaps we felt that a long move on our part was an indication that the war was about over.

Our route took us through Dorsten and this sight of a newly won town was one of the highlights of all our travels. We had been on the sending end of the artillery barrage and we knew what a terrific amount of ammunition had been expended. Now we saw the still smoking ruins and our eyes searched in vain for one building that had not been destroyed. Without doubt this town had been as thoroughly destroyed as any in Germany. Why, we wondered, did Jerry insist on fighting for their cities when in every case it meant total destruction. Surely the war couldn't last much longer.

We kept moving along amid sights which by now had become familiar. Thousands of refugees

moving to the rear in a steady stream, wrecked buildings and vehicles, shattered forests. A depressing sight at best but the ball was rolling and we'd win. Somehow the world would emerge again into a peaceful state. Not that we were really thinking such deep thoughts for that is not the nature of the G. I. Joe. Our only concern was when we'd get relief from the interminable "C" rations.

Selm was nothing more than a cross-road stop-over for us. We moved in late at night taking over a large farm house and barns. The owner had fled leaving only a couple of Russian slave laborers behind. Two Russian gals had moved in just before we arrived so the two couples were all set to enjoy the comforts of bountiful living. There was plenty of everything to eat and a large house and even though we had taken over these Russians were not in the least annoyed. Rather it meant protection for them as well as cigarettes and candy.

The first night was an apprehensive one because a big bunch of Jerries had been captured in this area that morning and there were others fighting but a few miles away. They were in a pocket and their only hope of escape was in our direction. No wonder the guards got a scare when they detected a goodly number of soldiers moving close by in the dark. It was with genuine relief that they learned these soldiers were good old infantry GIs. But again we were embarrassed by questions. This time we were mistaken for Tankers and the doughfoots wanted to know where in hell our tanks were. Doughfoots have a good reason for wanting to know where the tanks are and they didn't get it when we answered, "In the shop and we're working on them". "What the hell kind of a tank outfit is this anyway?" "Tank outfit, hell, we're Ordnance". So here we were again with our necks stretched—good thing that ball was still rolling.

The next day we spent watching an artillery duel with Jerries' 88s. We could lie on top of a rise and watch our shells trying to knock out the Jerries and vis-a-versa. Very interesting. But the trouble was that we were pretty close to the line of fire and it wouldn't have taken such a very wild 88 to smear us all over the countryside. Just a bunch of greenhorns, that was us. No doubt we should have been in the cellar.

The hen house at this farm proved to be a gold mine for eggs. Competition got to such proportions that we had to stand in line. Salvati was too slick for the others though and a hen

would hardly have time to drop an egg before he was there to grab it. Couple of times he was accused of squeezing the hen in such a way as to be of help to her but at any rate he managed to gather about a dozen and a half eggs. That was one time the Company Supply men had a feast.

The second night here Capt. McGuire came back from Battalion Headquarters and called a meeting of all the officers and first three graders. The dope was this—tomorrow, early, we'd hit the road. This time the plans called for a push straight through to Berlin. The order was to keep moving and no stopping to retrieve disabled vehicles. Yipe! Could such a thing be possible—could we really believe that in four days we'd be in Berlin. Well it was a thrilling idea anyway and we were all for it.

We hit the road the next morning alright and kept moving right on through Lippstadt and heading towards Paderborn and Berlin. We rode all that day and night. The route we followed were secondary roads so that the main highways would be free for supply traffic and we were travelling right through the enemy. We could see fighting on both sides of us and not far off either. The night was pitch black and the roads narrow and rough and it was all any of the drivers could do to keep the vehicle in front in sight and stay on the road. In fact we had a little trouble along that line. Seems Johnson took off on a little side trip with the kitchen truck. A fine thing that—our kitchen truck travelling around in blackout all by itself and without the slightest idea of where they were or where they should be going. Twice they hit dead ends and had to unhitch the trailer and laboriously turn around. The kitchen crew was scared and not afraid to admit it so no wonder they were happy when someone finally got them headed right. Then Swafford's 2½ ton truck with several of his men aboard developed a liking for the ditches. In fact this truck wasn't satisfied with just sliding off the road easy like. No, this truck had to lay over on its side and wallow in the mud. The first time it happened the men just figured it was one of those things that will happen and they set about righting the truck with good feeling because none of them had been hurt. But when it happened again a short ways down the road these stalwart lads began to have serious doubts as to the advisability of continuing their association with this fugitive from a hog farm. At the moment though there was nothing to do but set

the damn thing back on the road and carry on. The boys were doubly thankful that no one had been hurt this time either but were getting weary of it all.

Sometime during the night we received a message via the radio from our Battalion headquarters to the effect that our billeting detail had been captured by the enemy. We were all much relieved when we found the billeting party intact and with an area ready for us. A check up made it reasonable to suppose that the message had come originally from the 88th Recon. Bn. and had been sent by them because one of their patrols had seen our billeting detail turn down a wrong road that would lead them straight to the enemy. It was true that our men had made this wrong turn but fortunately they realized their error quickly and turned off again in a safe direction. Our billeting detail was always made up of Lt. Spayde, T/Sgt. Starr and one or more of the men from the Artillery Repair Section and the above incident was just one of many interesting experiences they had.

Altogether this march proved to be second only to the trip from Reims to Pont-a-Mousson in nerve wracking ordeal but it was over much sooner than we had anticipated.

#### DELBRUCK, GERMANY

We had already passed Lippstadt when we were headed off into a farm yard and told we'd be there for awhile. Seems that plans had changed overnight. The 9th and 1st Armies had joined at Paderborn thus forming a pocket of the entire Ruhr district. Now the 8th had been assigned part of the job of compressing and overcoming the large Jerry forces which had been surrounded.

This farm place was like the others and we made the best of the available hay lofts for sleeping quarters. The owner of this place had apparently been a big game hunter since there were trophies of African game all over the place. Also one of the finest butterfly collections any of us had ever seen was still hanging in glass cases on the walls.

When it became apparent that we might be in this section of Germany for quite awhile we sought permission to move to a better place. When we moved in here our vehicles had at once turned the farm yard into a quagmire and now it was almost impossible to bring tanks in for repair. Then, too, this place afforded but little shop space. Arrangements were made for

us to move into Lippstadt which was but a few miles down the road.

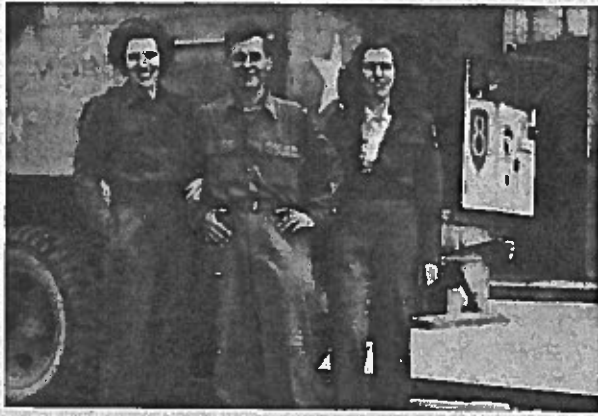
#### LIPPSTADT, GERMANY

The move to Lippstadt took but a little while and we were all pleased to see that here was one city that had not been destroyed. In fact the fighting had by-passed this city and it was functioning as normally as possible under the circumstances.

For billets we had received permission to move into a large German Army Camp. It was a permanent camp and was composed of large modern stone buildings. We learned that this had been headquarters and induction center for the Luftwaffe and it was easy to see that it must have had considerable importance in the German Army set-up. We found that a good part of the camp was devoted to offices and what must have been millions of records were kept here. At least it looked that way with these records scattered all over the place. Seems the infantry assisted by the DPs had had a devil's holiday ransacking for loot. The GIs were looking for pistols and the DPs were looking for anything they could use or that had value. Every office was a complete shambles with typewriters and other machines smashed, the furniture broken and records dumped on the floor.

The building we occupied had been used mostly as a barracks and we had beds with straw mattresses. It was not long before we had a crew of Russian DPs under the guidance of Kobzeff, who could speak their lingo, cleaning the building. The Camp Engineer was found and ordered to restore the lights and water. This was real comfort and we reveled in it.

By now we had learned to take what we wanted for our comfort and relaxation and it was a very pleasing sight to see one of our trucks roll up loaded down with kegs of beer. This was more like it and the men realized that from now on we would not want for things to make life a little better. We adopted a couple of Russian boys who had been soldiers and had been captured. They had already been working for Germany for over two years and were very happy when we asked them to stay with us. We knew them as Peter and Alex and they became the 1st/Sgt.'s orderlies. We promised to carry them with us until we met the Russian Army. Another innovation was a crew of DPs to do our KP work thus relieving our men from that tedious but necessary task. This was getting good.



*Peter, the Russian, poses with two Red Cross girls.*

Our stay in this area lasted only about a week but we had a great time exploring every nook and cranny of the camp in search of souvenirs. Because the Germans had abandoned this camp on a moments notice we found large stocks of new clothing and in one building we found a large amount of new merchandise which must have been used to stock canteens. Most of us acquired a new thermos bottle along with sundry toilet articles and the mechanics all managed to get a suit or two of blue coveralls to augment their supply of working clothes. The Russian and Polish DPs who were camped nearby had a great time acquiring clothing, dishes and anything else they could use. Nor was this sort of scavenging or looting above the Germans living in Lippstadt for we noted plenty of them in there rooting with the rest.

Lippstadt was indeed a pleasant interlude but our tank units had moved back a considerable distance in the process of compressing the Ruhr pocket so there was nothing we could do but follow along.

#### SOEST, GERMANY

The move to Soest was another comparatively short one and again we moved into what had been a German Army camp. This time it was a depot for horse-drawn artillery pieces. Here we found several large barns chock full of brand new equipment. The area had been under shell fire and some of the buildings were badly smashed but we found plenty to catch our interest. First we noted the excellence of the equipment, especially the two-wheeled ordnance carts. These had every conceivable item for repair and maintenance of the artillery pieces all stowed in a carefully designed manner which utilized every available space. We found plenty of things such

as tools that were just what we needed. Then there was the big rack of bayonets. From the moment these were discovered every man became an embryo knife thrower. The big wooden doors of the barns resounded with the thuds and clatter of thousands of practice throws. In this respect it can be acknowledged here that the peer of knife throwers was none other than S/Sgt. Conway. Who else could it have been? After all Conway lives and breathes guns and knives and had he been born 150 years ago would certainly have had his place in our history books along with Daniel Boone and others of his kind. He's that sort of a guy — a born woodsman.

The next discovery which benefitted all the men was the finding of case after case of goggles —literally thousands of them. We all took an ample supply of these goggles just as we took an ample supply of the rubber sheets we found. No one ever figured just what these sheets had been used for by the Jerries but we found them ideal for wrapping water proof packages and also as a sheet to lay our bed rolls on. In fact we found that these sheets came in handy for many uses.

Our stay here was only meant to be a few days because our Armies were fast eliminating the Ruhr pocket and we could again turn our eyes toward Berlin. This time we hoped we'd make it.

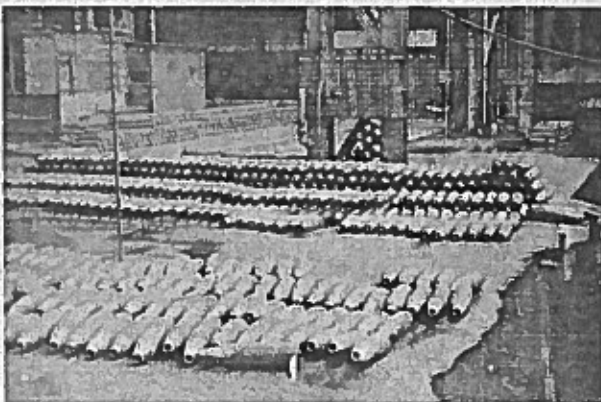
#### WATTENSTEDT, GERMANY (HERMAN GOERING WORKS)

We started out with high hopes for we knew this march would be a long one carrying us half the distance to the German capitol. As we moved farther east we began to notice that there was something different about this trip compared to the others we had made. This time we were travelling through beautiful country side virtually untouched by war. The Jerries had simply pulled back fast so there had been no need for routing them out of entrenched positions. For mile after mile we watched the seemingly endless view of cultivated fields. It was a new sight for most of us accustomed to the rural scenes of America. Here there were no large tracts devoted to one crop. Instead everything was planted in patches or strips. There'd be a strip of this or that grain and then a strip of something else and every few strips there would be one left fallow. Another thing we noticed was the method of planting the strips a few days apart so that when harvest time came the farmers would be able to handle the harvesting a strip at a time. Also we noticed that

these farmers did not as a rule use contour plowing but instead would plow straight over a hill. It must be a good method because nowhere did we see any soil erosion. Nor did we see a single bit of waste land anywhere. If a gully could not be planted in crops it was planted with grass and all the land was in use right up to the edge of the forests which covered almost all the hilltops.

Someone had pointed out that the excellent appearance of Germany's farm land was due to the presence of so many millions of slave laborers and this is no doubt true although there is no question but what the German women did a lion's share of the work too. The ability of these women to do the heaviest kind of work with apparent ease was somewhat disquieting to us. We felt that should we be put to doing the same work we'd find it more than we could do. Everytime we passed a woman carrying a great basket of hay on her back we were reminded of the weight of our full field pack and we'd admit to ourselves that here was one load our backs would not carry.

We rolled into the Goering Works area late in the afternoon and the billeting detail directed us to the factory building which was to be our home for a while. We soon realized that here was a project to keep our imaginations at work for some time to come. Here was a vast industrial enterprise covering some six square miles which had been built from scratch only five years before. The particular area we were in was comprised of several very large buildings and were used for the manufacture of bomb assemblies and artillery shells.



*Goering Works — We lived in this building.*

We found thousands of slave laborers in camps nearby and they told us that these buildings had been thoroughly bombed by our air forces three times and rebuilt twice. The third

time it was plastered, took. The Germans were no longer able to rebuild. We moved into what had been the offices and directly across from the building we found another building which had been built especially as a large mess hall complete with kitchen. Then, best of all, we found that the basement of this mess hall contained nothing but beautiful modern tiled showers. There was no question but what we'd be very comfortable here and we wasted no time in locating the area engineer and ordering the restoration of the lights and water.

Adjacent to this building we found extensive air raid shelters and in one we found stored all the precision instruments and gauges used by the factory for the mass production of their product. The value of this equipment would undoubtedly run into several hundred thousands of dollars but it was of little use to us since it was all highly specialized stuff and was scaled in meters. However we did find it all very interesting.

Once again we had plenty of DPs available for kitchen duty and it was here that Bruno, the Italian slave laborer, joined us. It was a natural association since Currieo could make out with Italian and Bruno was one man who obviously knew how to work and enjoyed working. Bruno had been in pretty poor shape when Currieo adopted him. He told us that he had been here for over two years and had a grim tale to tell of his life during this time. This was the second time he had been brought to Germany. The first time he had escaped after a few months and had gone back home. He managed to keep out of sight for awhile but then the Germans caught up with him again and this time he knew he had to play ball or risk having his wife and daughter molested. He had worked 14 hour shifts here in this plant, one month on the day shift and the next month on the night shift. He was fed twice a day with thin soup and a piece of bread and the only way he had managed to sustain himself was by going out after his days work and scavenging the garbage pails of the German overseers' homes to get potato peelings. These he would wash and boil into a soup. He and others like him did not dare to be sick and when one of them collapsed at their job they would be strung up and left to hang for a couple of days as an example. Bruno had seen plenty of horror while he worked here and he was one of the lucky ones — he could still be of some use. Bruno was a highly skilled engraver and jewelry maker by trade and he gladly made bracelets and pins for the men. As a result

of this work Bruno soon had a large supply of cigarettes and candy and we all hope that this 'wealth' enabled him to make his way home with greater ease and comfort. By the time Bruno left us he had gained about 30 pounds in weight and had made friends with all the men.

Our diversion while at the Goering works was gun collecting. Some of our men had learned the trick of approaching the burgomeister of a village and issuing an ultimatum to the effect that all guns, swords and knives in the village be collected in one hours time. Of course these villages had all been screened before but it was surprising what could still be found. All the antique guns in Europe must have found their way into Germany just for the purpose of being surrendered. In addition to the guns acquired in this manner we also had the pick of truck loads which were turned over to us by the other units for disposition. Every man acquired at least several guns which he desired to keep as souvenirs and the boxes for shipment home which began to pile up on the mail clerk would have filled a 2½ ton truck had they all come in at once. Some of the more ambitious of the men sent as high as 6 or 7 boxes on the theory that if they arrived at their home, okey, and if not all they had lost was the postage.

Another acquisition, of more immediate importance, was the large collection of Germanese trailers we made. Now every one of our vehicles would have a trailer and that was important because it meant that less equipment would have to be stowed on the trucks which in turn meant that there would be more room for the men riding them. For the first time we had plenty of room.

From the amusement standpoint there wasn't much for most of us to do but that was nothing new and we were used to it by now. We managed a ration of wine or cognac now and then and some of the men made use of the opportunity to improve their fraternizing technique, which they had first exercised a little at Lippstadt, with the DPs. Of course fraternizing with anybody at all was strictly taboo at this time but there are always some who don't mind trying.

Our stay here was to last about ten days and toward the last we began to hear rumors to the effect that our next move would find us out of the war. At any rate we took off for Gottingen in high spirits.

## GOTTINGEN, GERMANY

The march to Gottingen was also through countryside largely unharmed by the war and with the same beautiful fields. Only occasionally did we witness the results of shelling and bombing. One such place was the railroad yard at Northeim. Here we saw the result of an exceedingly thorough job of pin point bombing. The city itself was virtually unharmed but the railroad yards at the edge of town were completely torn asunder.

Our billet proved to be just on the edge of Weende, a village located just outside the city of Gottingen. We occupied what had been an SS Camp for cavalry. Here we had plenty of room since one of the four barracks buildings was sufficient to house the entire company. We also had a big kitchen and mess hall and plenty of hot running water and lights. It took a little cleaning up because the Infantry Division that had been here before us had left on a moments notice. But with the help of a bunch of Italian DPs we found living in a nearby camp we soon had a first class garrison set-up.

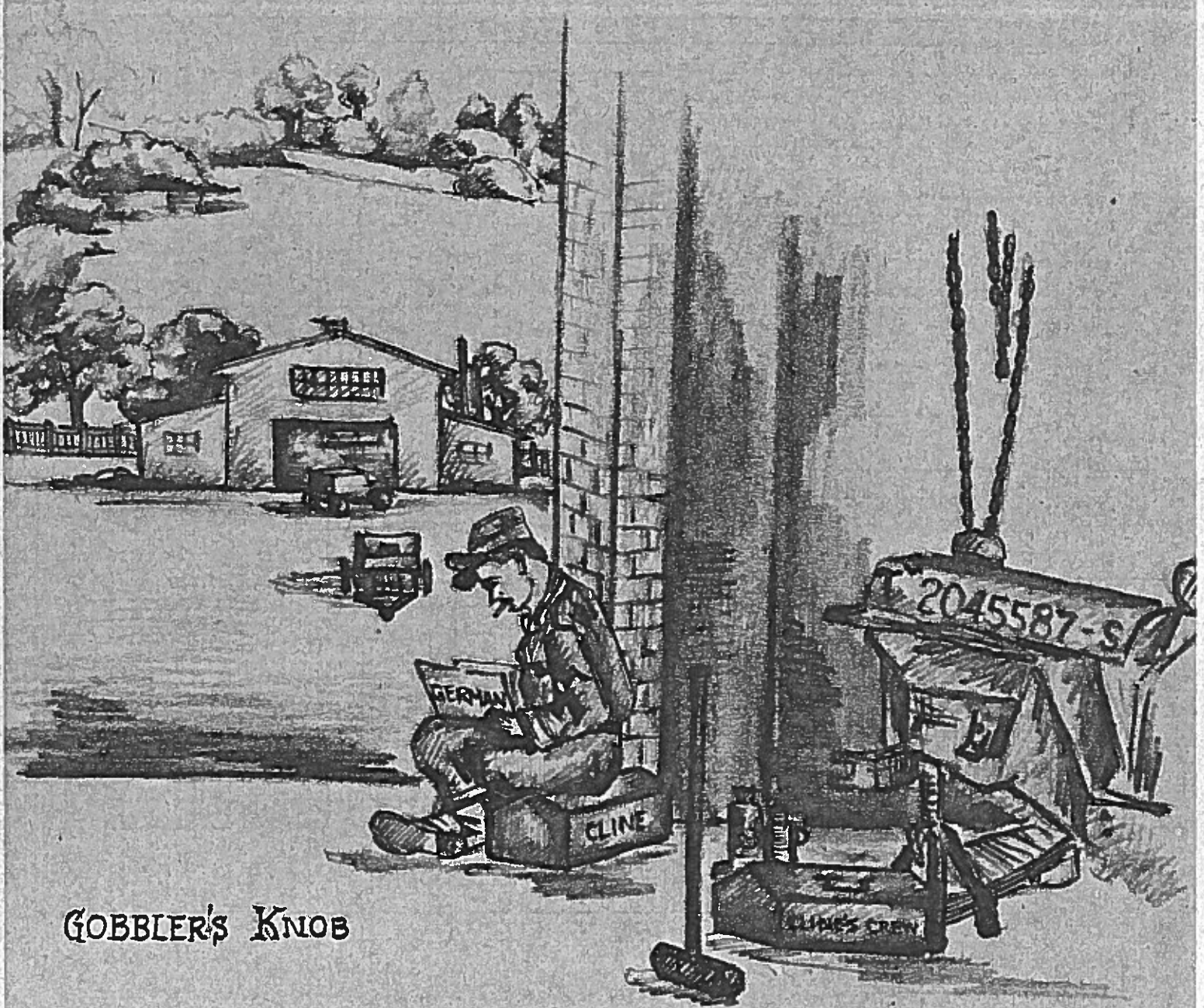


Batting: S/Sgt. Joseph P. McConathy

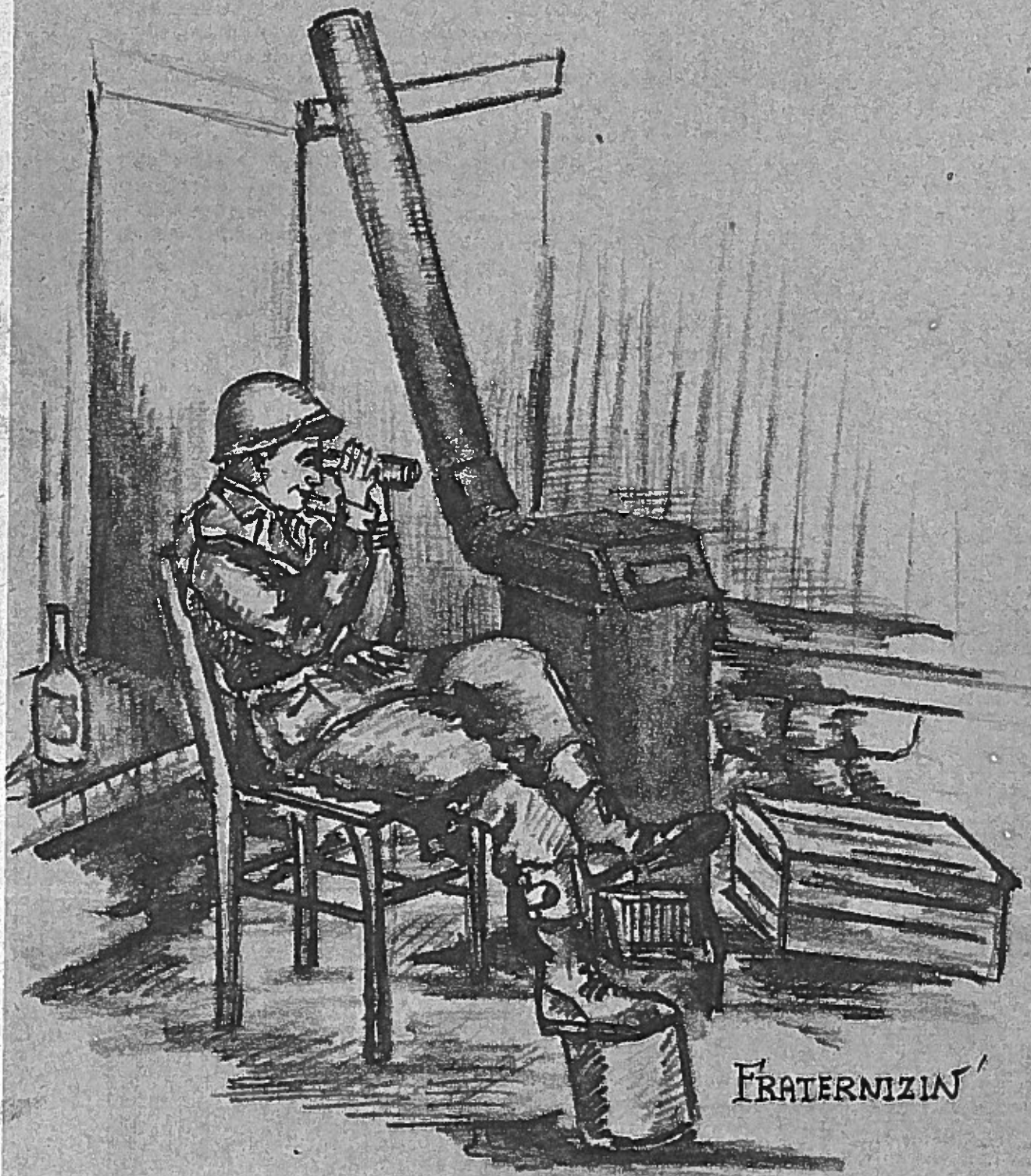


Batting: T/5 Eugene H. Roberts





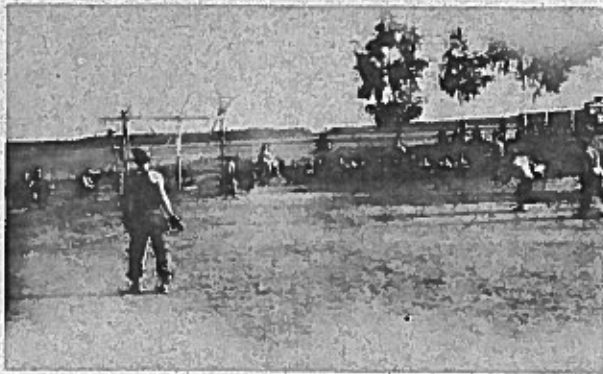
GOBBLER'S KNOB



FRATERNIZIN'



*Your OUT! or SAFE! or somthin.*



*Mariotti says — "It's a strike!"*

The rumors we had heard about our being out of the war seemed to hold true and we did little more than wait for the end of the war. Now for the first time since we had left the States Sunday was a day of rest and shortly Saturday afternoon became a time for play. So under these ideal conditions and with the revitalizing effects of Spring we began to relax and get back to a more normal attitude toward things. Life was pretty good. We had beds to sleep on and hot showers, plenty of room, plenty food and nothing to worry about.

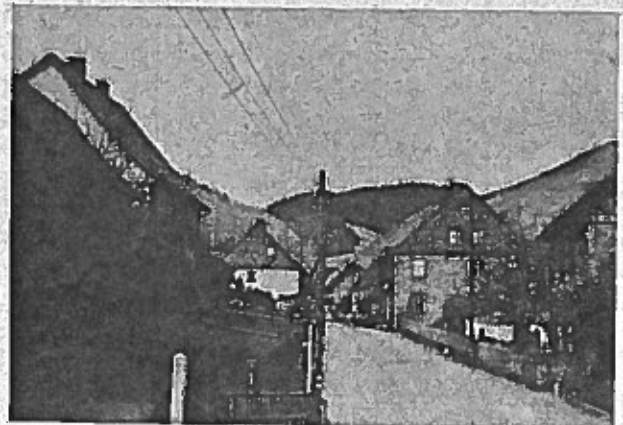
It was toward the end of our second week here when on May 6th the news came that the surrender terms had been agreed upon. This was the news we had been waiting for but strangely enough once we heard it we suddenly realized how little it actually meant to us. It didn't mean that we'd be home soon and it didn't mean that we were through with war. It did mean that we'd have an interlude of several months or a year before we hit the Pacific. We all agreed on one thing — Let's get going quick so we can help finish the Japs and go home.

One thing that May 6th did mean was that now there'd be a winner for the \$230 pool the 'rocker boys' had started back at Im-Loh. We

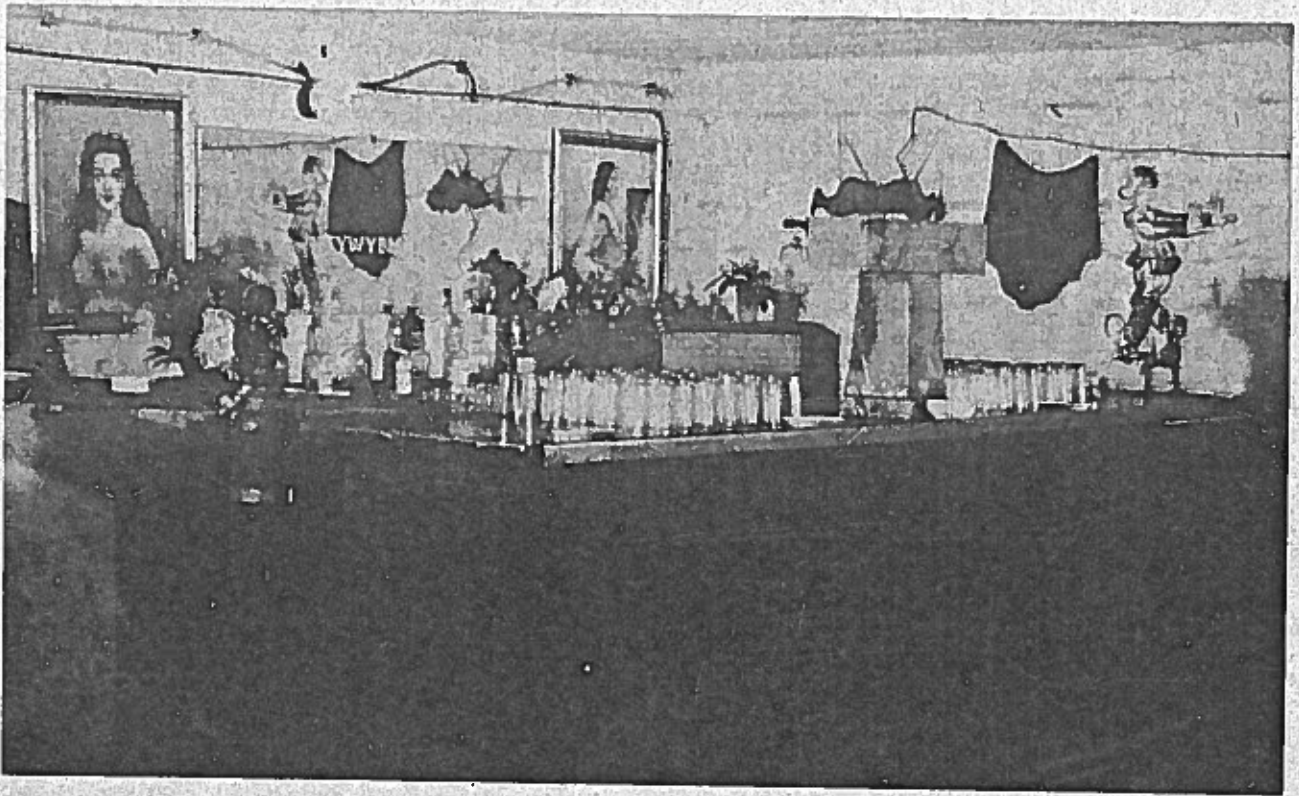
soon realized that the answer to this question was not to be so easily obtained. The conditions of the surrender had resulted in three men having an equal claim to the money. Our rules had said that the man who had picked the day the war ended would win the pot. Now it could be argued that the war ended on any of three different days. The question was not settled for several weeks and then it was decided that the men who held tickets on the 7th, 8th and 9th of May should divide the pot. The lucky men were Giordano, Swafford and Rex McDonald. It was just coincidence that Giordano had been the instigator of the pool. The story that he had had advance information was without any foundation whatsoever.

We were located on one side of the Harz Mountains, an area famed for its scenic beauty, so we were always glad for an opportunity to take a trip to some nearby place. These mountains, with their dense forests, had become the refuge for large numbers of SS troops and for a while was considered a danger point. However as the days passed and word of Germany's surrender had gotten to these men they gradually gave up. Before long we were allowed to travel about without our steel helmets or carbines. The war was truly over for us.

The German frauleins of Weende and Göttingen seemed to be drawn to the high hill just back of our camp. Here they came in droves to bask in the warm sun. For the first time we now had a good use for the binoculars we had acquired and it was a common sight to see a dozen men standing in the shadows of our buildings watching the gals with the glasses. Small wonder that as soon as five o'clock came around any number of men could be found roaming the hill-sides. German or not here was willing compan-



*High in the Harz Mountains.*



Our taproom at Gottingen. — nothing but the best.

ionship and no man made rule could overcome the desire for association with the opposite sex. These women were lonely too, for their men were scattered far and wide and they did everything possible to make friends. Some of the younger and more daring of the men reported that these gals were O.K. At this time it was still a risky proposition to fraternize because some of the frauleins were undoubtedly treacherous. We heard stories of men of some of the other units being enticed into ambush and maimed for life.

After a week or two we finally hit on the slickest trick we had yet devised for our own amusement. Lt. Spayde and Lt. Robinson unearthed a regular bar somewhere, a really good one with electrically cooled taps and all the gadgets. This we moved into a large basement room in the barracks and put in operation. Billek and Boarman, our two artists, set about putting some damn clever murals on the walls and we already had a supply of tables, chairs and glasses. Just like that we had a tavern that couldn't be beat and with congenial Daniello as head bartender, assisted by Nauth, Wilson and Bieniewicz, we had a swell place to relax of an evening.

All interest was focused on the still secret "Point System" and in every heart there was a

secret hope that somehow and someway they would be among the lucky ones to be sent home for discharge. It was a false hope, of course, and we all knew it so there was little resentment when we finally understood just how little the "Point System" would benefit us. At that time we had not received credit for any of the battles our Division had engaged in and in all the Company there was not a man with enough points to go home.

All good things seem to have a way of folding up for GIs and this idyllic (for Europe) life we were leading was no different in this respect. We were in British Occupational territory and there was nothing for us to do but move. Where would we go? The rumors flew thick and fast and it was nothing to hear at least two red-hot, grade A rumors a day. Finally the day came when every rumor agreed that we would move within twenty-four hours to Frankfurt, Germany. That was alright with us but as usual there was a last minute change and this time we were told definitely that we would move within the week to the vicinity of Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

#### PILSEN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Sure enough before the week was over we had received our orders to move. The job of

getting loaded on trucks took a little figuring because we had already turned in all of our excess equipment and it was almost impossible to move the company with our authorized vehicles. We had given up hope of taking our bar with us when at the last minute a 2½ ton truck belonging to a Quartermaster Unit came in for repairs. Since the truck would run and could not be worked on until we reached Pilsen anyway we immediately saw an opportunity to carry not only our bar but also a very substantial amount of beer and cognac that we had in stock. This lucky break later proved to be not only lucky but exceedingly advantageous.

Our trip was scheduled to take two days which meant that we should have to camp out for one night. The weather was warm now however and the prospects of being out for one night



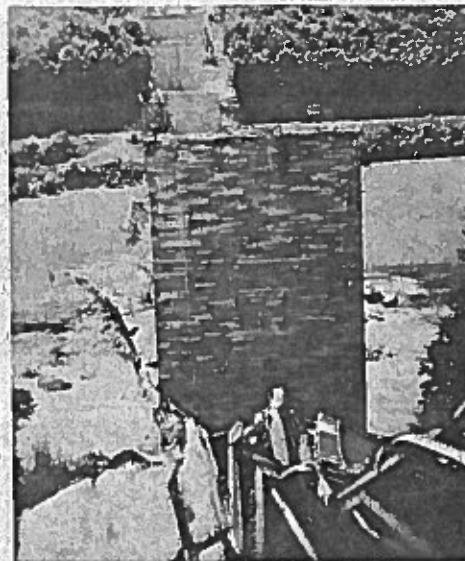
*On the Autobahn headed for Pilsen.*



*When ya gotta go — ya gotta go.*



*Lunchtime enroute.*



*Autobahn between Gottingen and Kassel — The Germans did this themselves.*



*Ditto.*

pleased us. It would be a lark this time. A large part of the way was over one of Hitler's highly publicized Autobahns and it was a swell trip from every angle. Once we hit the Sudetenland we had a new and pleasing experience. All along the road people gathered to wave and call greetings. We, not realizing that this was the Sudetenland and wishing to respond, had great fun throwing cigarettes and candy to them. A large part of our personal reserves of these items were thus thrown away and it was not until later that we learned that the people who had cheered us so enthusiastically were in reality Germans.

Our billet turned out to be a factory building and adjoining school house located in the town of Nyrany, Czechoslovakia which was about 7



*We pass in review for General Devine.*



*Nyrany, Czechoslovakia — Our "Home".*

or 8 miles from Pilsen. This was a fairly good set-up but nothing to compare with what we had at Gottingen. We did have a suitable place to put our bar however and that made up for much of the inconveniences. As usual it took but a few days to organize everything to suit our needs for living and working.



*Capt. Chester C. Stone  
Successor to Capt. McGuire as C.O.*

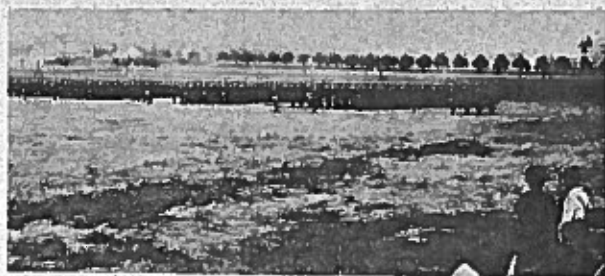
Only one real concern remained and that was the "Point System" and "Redeployment" and from now on we would be constantly sweating out the developments. First we received credit for one battle but that didn't help any so we turned our attention to the rumors that told of a second battle credit we would receive. And hardly had we begun to have faith that such a credit would be forthcoming when we heard that

a third credit was a possibility. Wow! Things were picking up. The first battle star put Mariotti and Mason over the hump and with the second and third stars we would have several more men eligible for discharge. Of course most of us seemed to have no chance at all of ever getting home and we were resigned to taking a trip to Japan. We finally did get all three battle stars but those men who were now eligible were still sweating it out just like the rest of us.

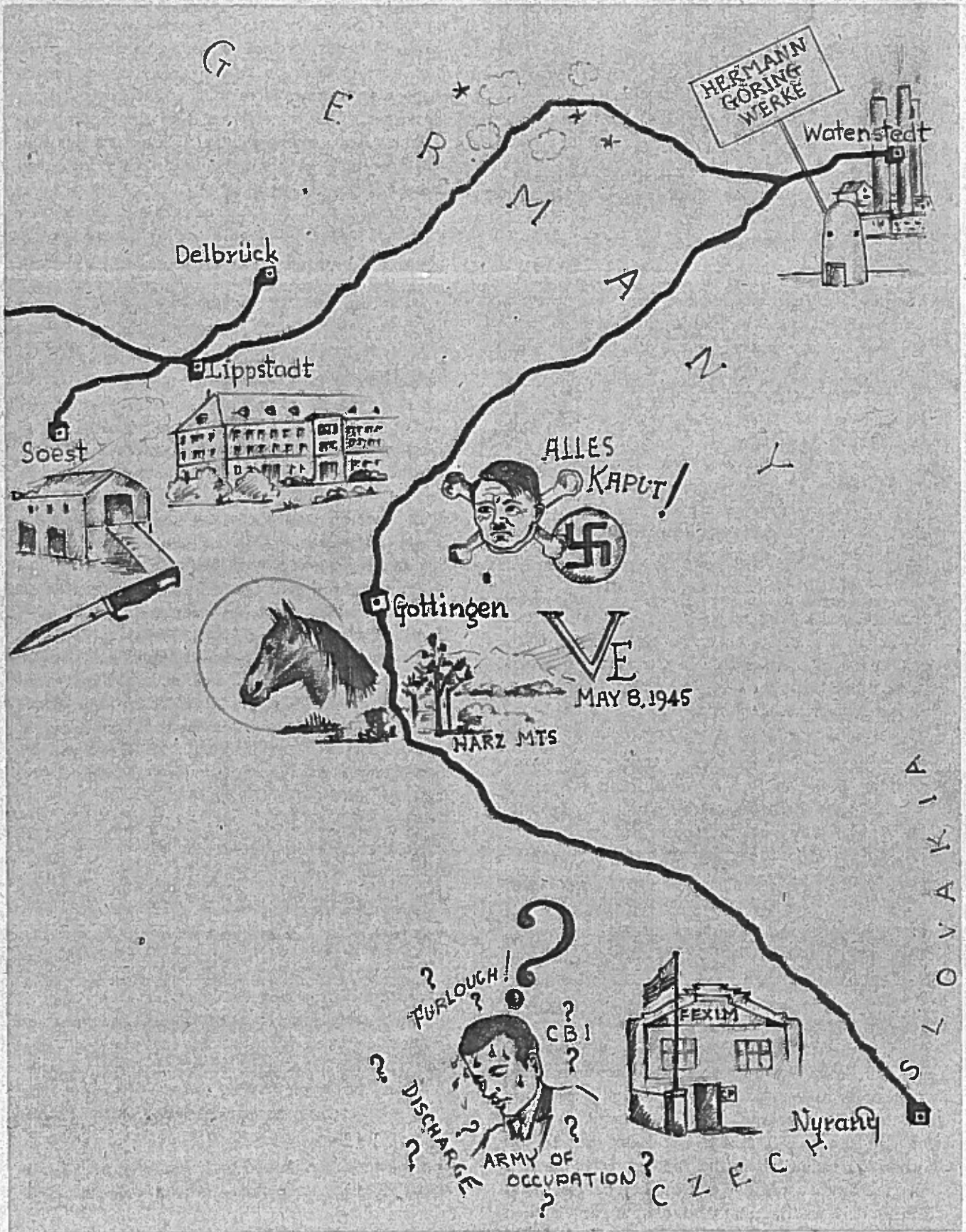
As a company we had come a long way together and there had grown up within us a great bond. We had lived and worked and sweated together so long that mutual respect and



*Front row: Major Thomas E. Hall, Battalion CO; Maj. Gen. John Devine, G.G. 8th A.D.; 1st Lt. Errie L. Zink, Hqs. 130th Ord.; T/Sgt. Joel B. Pitts, Hqs. 130th Ord.  
Second row: 1st Lt. Francis B. Zopt, Hqs. 130th Ord.; Major John H. Morrell, Hqs. 130th Ord.*



*BAT-TAL-LION AT-TEN-SHUN!!*



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Nyrany



FOR-WARD MARCH!

friendship was universal and cooperation was complete. When we learned that our Battalion had been put in for the Meritorious Service Plaque we were proud and we were still prouder when the day came for the award to be made. This we felt was a fitting climax to our career. We knew we had earned this recognition and we were proud to receive it.

It is well that our story, as a company, ended at this point for we would never be the same again. Word came to us that the 8th Armored Division would be among those divisions returned to the States for deactivation. That meant that all men with a lower critical score than 80 would be transferred to Infantry Divisions in return for their high point men. Only men with 80 or more points and men who were over the age limits would return to the States with the 8th. For those of us who had been part of the "Thundering Herd" since its inception at Fort Knox in 1942 this was a blow. And for those of us who had spent our entire army career in "C" Company it was a double blow. In fact the last thing any of us wanted was to be separated from the company before the unit was disbanded for good.

There is no room for sentiment in planning for an army so there was nothing to be done when the first of us were transferred. Two of



The last Company formation.

the men, Pecoraro and Daniello, had been with us from the very start. Soon we would all be gone. Already we had reason to be glad that we had started work on this book. It would serve to keep something alive that can scarcely be put in words. We weren't good at expressing our feelings but we knew what it was we felt and we also knew that we would be very fortunate indeed if for the rest of our army careers we could be a part of an organization which was even one half as good as "Good old Company C".

### THE LAST LAP

For the benefit of those who were among the first to leave the Company and also for the benefit of those who left later this chapter has been written.

As you all know, by the time the last of September had arrived all of our men who had come overseas with us were gone except thirty-three who because of age or points were eligible to stay. The last big transfer was made to the 83rd Division and that took everybody except those thirty-three. This transfer included even the men who were over thirty-five years of age because by the effective date of the transfer no orders had been received authorizing us to hold them. Garside was the only one who got a break on that deal. He had been held back a few days as an administrative aid and the night before he was to join the 783rd Ordnance Company of the 83rd Division orders came down authorizing us to hold men over thirty-five. Needless to say Garside was overjoyed and for once proceeded to get stinko.

All the actual plans for our move had been completed and we knew that we would leave Nyngan on the 26th or 27th of Sept. which would give us time to prepare for sailing on or about October 2nd. We were to go to Camp Oklahoma City.

The day before we left Rex McDonald got back from a trip to Switzerland and Dan Sullivan got back from a trip to Ireland. Both of them had been transferred without their knowledge to the 83rd Division so it was their hard luck to have to stand and wave goodbye to us. We knew how they felt because we felt the same way. It was hard to go and leave them behind.

The trip to Camp Oklahoma City was made by freight train and while it took nearly four days it wasn't bad at all. Naturally all the "C" company men were together in one box car and Starr



had had the foresight to pick the biggest and the best car for us.

We didn't waste a minute once we got to Oklahoma and in one day we completed all the requirements. We did in one day what the rest of the Division had had three days to do. So with everything completed we were all set to go to Camp Lucky Strike in time to sail Oct. 2nd. We should have known better.

October 1st we learned that our movement was postponed indefinitely. You all read the story in Stars and Stripes as to why our movement was cancelled. No ships. Rough seas. And so on.

So we settled down to wait. We had nothing whatever to do but eat and sleep and since it wasn't cold yet we were comfortable. Again it's needless to tell that our principal means of amusement was gambling. Man, what crap games! Thousands of dollars won and lost. We know of at least three men in our company who won over one thousand dollars and sent it home. They were 83rd men however and not "C" company men. Somehow us guys were never that lucky.

We knew we'd sail sometime and we weren't too unhappy but it seems that everybody else was squawking. So the Army said, "O. K. — no more Divisions will sail with men under 80 points. You remember we had been able to take men with 70 or more points with us so now those men had to leave too. They were transferred to the 648th T. D. Bn at Camp Chicago and it meant that they'd have a month or so longer to wait. And it also cut the "C" company men down to thirteen enlisted men and two officers.

For posterity and whatever fame goes with it we'll name those men here. They were Giordano, McKeen, Swafford, Metts, Garside, Currieo, O'Dette, Epling, Oien, Goldsmith, King, Link, and Carlin. Capt. Stone and Lt. Pape were the officers. Capt. McGuire also stayed but he was with Battalion, of course. Now there were just three men left who could say that they had spent all their army career in "C" Company. They were McKeen, Currieo and Garside. Metts had been with "C" company since it was organized but he had been with the 5th Armored Division before that.

Finally after nearly five weeks we got the go signal and this time they weren't fooling. Only instead of going to Camp Lucky Strike as originally planned we went to Camp Phillip Morris

which was a break for us. Our breaks continued when we hit Phillip Morris and we learned that we'd stay there just three days and would load and sail on Nov. 4th, 1945.

And that's just what happened too. It was hard to believe but it was true. We got up about 2 a.m. of the 4th and loaded into trucks. It's but a few miles to the port of Le Havre and we didn't have long to wait until we loaded. That was about 5 or 6 a.m. By 10:30 a.m. the boat was completely loaded and had started its journey home.

This was the U. S. S. Le Jeune, a Navy ship, and it was O. K. too. Plenty crowded of course—there were 4700 troops aboard—but its facilities were good and so was the chow. We had about 36 hours of rough going but the rest of the time was not bad at all and on Sunday Nov. 11th we sailed into New York. We were off the boat by 6:30 p.m. and by 8 o'clock we were in Camp Kilmer.

So far so good—nothing to complain about here. After we were assigned to bunks we went to the mess hall and partook of a really wonderful steak dinner. Hats off to everybody who had anything to do with providing that meal. It was really swell.

Our luck still held and because Kilmer was damn well organized we had all been processed and assigned transportation so that starting at noon on the 13th we left for our Separation Centers.

By then the 8th Armored Division had been deactivated. From now on its only place was in history. Garside, in his small way, did his part toward the deactivation. He turned in what little property remained assigned to the company and cancelled the Property Books which were then turned in for storage. He had nursed and cared for "C" Company's property for over three years and this was the end. No ceremony—no nothing. Just handed the books to one of the Camp personnel and walked away. Simple as that and "C" Company, good old "C" Company was no more.

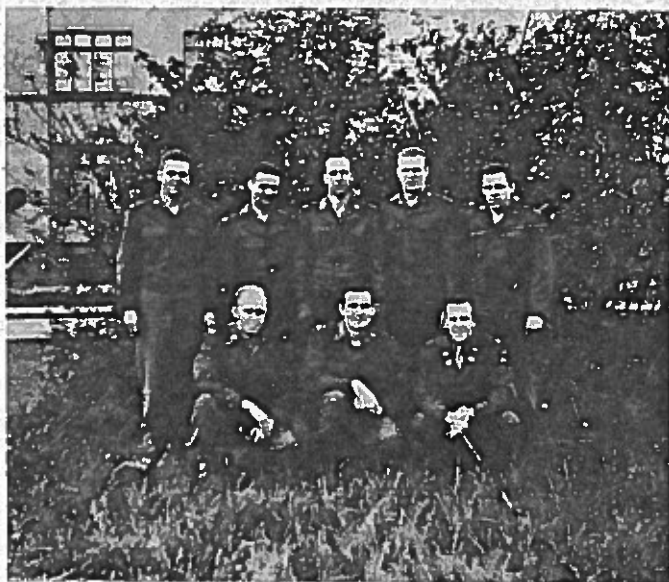
The thirteen who were left were busy getting ready to leave and didn't have a chance for a last get-together. So we just said goodbye and good luck to those we met and each went our separate ways.

From then on "C" Company would live only in our hearts and in this book.

## Headquarters Section Company Officers



*Capt. Herman M. McGuire  
"The Old Man"*



**FIRST ROW:**

*1st Lt. Robt. J. Wallace, Parts Supply  
1st Lt. Ralph L. Spayde, Artillery  
WOJC Wayne E. Gary, Service*

**SECOND ROW:**

*1st Lt. Billie L. Robinson, Small Arms  
1st Lt. Leo W. Thibeault, Company Shop  
Capt. Herman M. McGuire, CO  
1st Lt. Joe D. Pape, Shop Officer  
1st Lt. Edward L. Cook, Ass't Shop Officer*

## Headquarters Section Orderly Room Personnel



STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT:  
Pfc. Harry H. "Doc" Dietz, Company aid man  
1st/Sgt. Biazio "Gee" Giordano  
T 5 Paul P. "Peter Paul" O'Donnell  
Pfc. Robert E. Evensen



Swafford, Starr and Giordano. Wonder which one  
shot the deer? This was near Nyrany.

### S-S-STOP

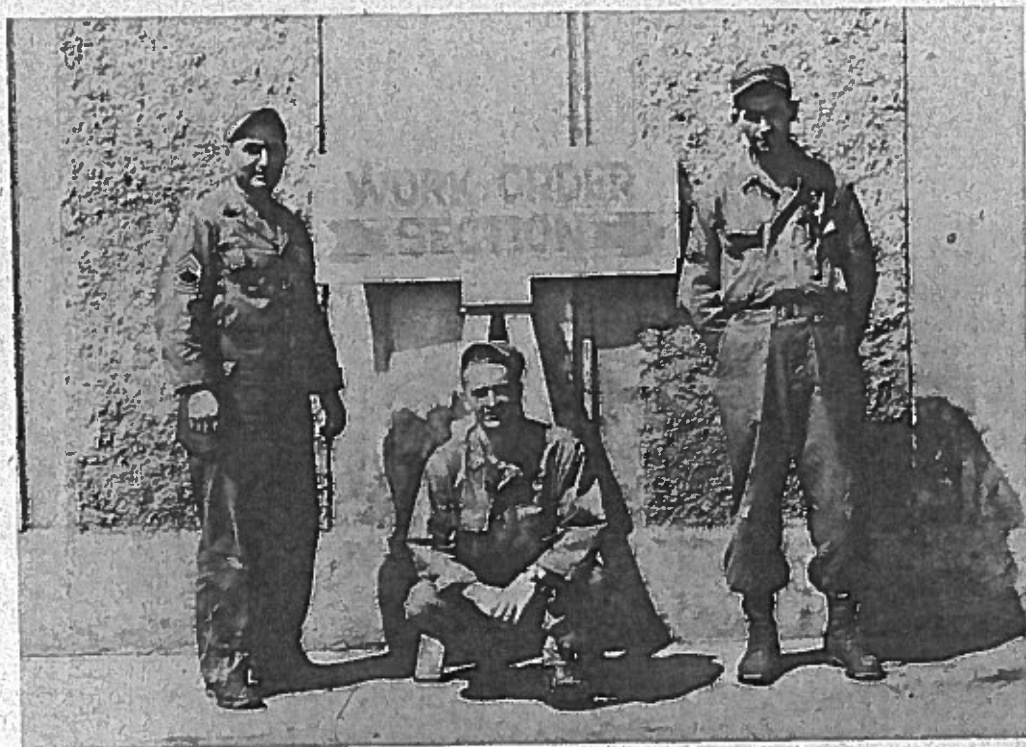
We all remember this one and a big part of the laughs was due to the fact that the guy it happened to told it on himself. He's a former member of the company, a big fellow good natured and likeable. The fact that he stuttered didn't keep him from being a good Joe.

Remember the barbership at Kilmer? And how fast they'd turn you out and how they'd always try and sell you the works?

Well, Boswell went in to get a hair cut and naturally while this was going on the barber was busy trying to sell him a shampoo and singe.

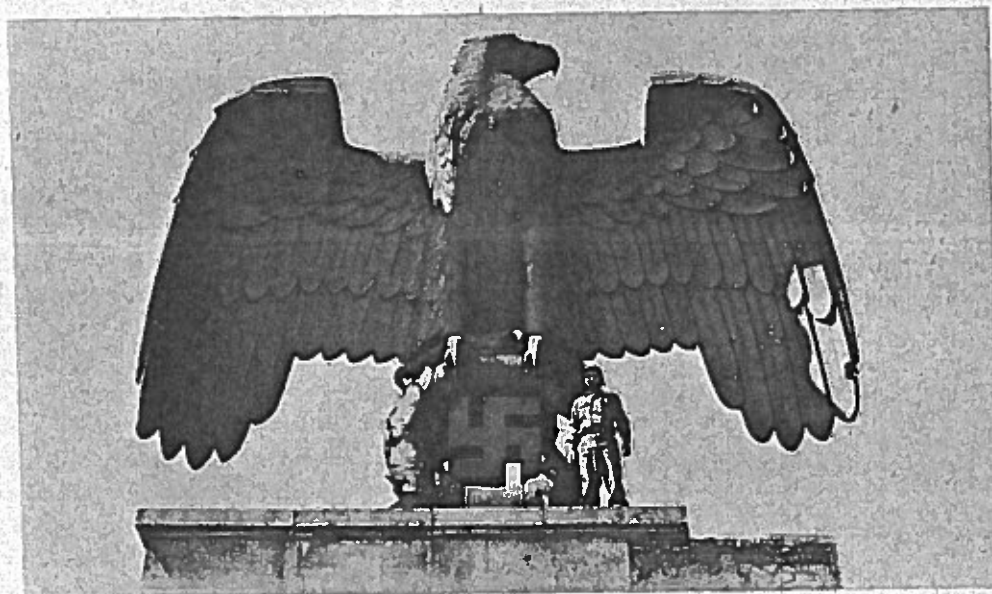
As Boswell told it, "B-b-before I-I c-c-could t-t-tell h-him n-n-no h-he h-h-had m-m-m-me s-s-s-singed".

## Headquarters Section Work Order Section



**LEFT TO RIGHT:**

*M/S Carl "Mariostrich" Mariotti, Shop Foreman  
T/4 Donald W. "Herk" Huntley, Parts runner  
T/4 Tommy "Epples" Epling, Work order clerk*



*Huntley atop the Nurnberg Sportplatz*

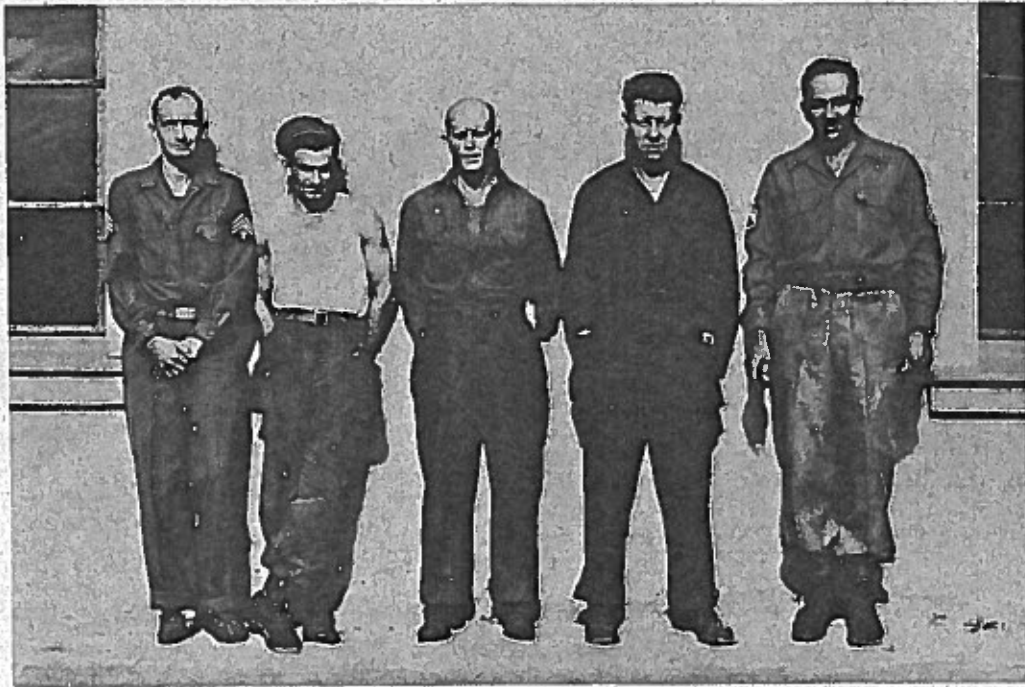
## Headquarters Section Company Supply Personnel



**LEFT TO RIGHT:**

*S/Sgt. Daniel M. "Groucho", "Shotgun" Garside, Supply Sgt.  
T/5 David "Kap" Kaplan, Assistant Supply Sergeant  
T/5 Nicholas "Nicky", "Blacky" Salvati, Mail clerk*

## Headquarters Section Mess Personnel



**LEFT TO RIGHT:**

*T/4 Alton J. "Hungchow" Domrud, First cook  
Who remembers this fellow?*

*T/4 Robert W. Sheegog, First cook*

*T/5 Leonard C. Johnson, Second cook*

*S/Sgt. James A. "Gummy" Currieo, Mess Sergeant*



*Pvt. James E. Carlin  
Mess Section*



*Pfc. Harry C. Strange  
Mess Section*

## IN DEFENSE OF COOKS

Next to the First Sergeant the army cook is the most maligned man in the army. It has always been so and nothing he can do will ever make it any different. Fate has decreed that the cook shall forever be the brunt of every infamous and malicious accusation that the fiendish imagination of GI Joe can invent. No doubt some cooks deserve the epithets but ours didn't—not by a long shot. Our cooks were good, in fact they were damn good. Especially when you consider the circumstances under which they performed their tasks.

We always claimed, when talking to outsiders, that our cooks were the best in the army and we meant it too. But that didn't stop us from razzing and abusing them upon the slightest provocation. We figured that there was no point in spoiling them with kindness. Not that it made the least bit of difference for it is a fact that cooks are by nature very thick skinned. Some claim that cooks can't be insulted but we never found out because most times when we attempted to abuse them over chow that wasn't up to standard we found ourselves being the abused instead. It's the truth that the cooks we knew could dish out chow and insults with equal facility. However it was all in fun and no one would ever have thought of getting angry and we still claim we had the best damn cooks in the army.

It has been noted that reporters like to tell stories of cooks getting into the fight. It's supposed to be so unusual that such a story always rates a couple of columns in any newspaper. Well, we are no different and we have a story of how some of our cooks got out of bounds. They didn't have to fight but they did pull the next best thing from the standpoint of a news story. They captured a couple of prisoners.

This is how it happened. We were billeted in the Goering Works at Wattenstedt and our chow had been pretty poor for sometime due to a breakdown in the supply lines. Fresh meat had been absent from the menu for so long that we had forgotten what it tasted like. We couldn't see the sense of going without meat when there was plenty of it running around the countryside so Currieo and a couple of his men, Carpenter and Carlin, went out to find a likely beef. We had several butchers in the company so that was no problem.

They had walked quite a ways without finding a cow that would do and were approaching the village of Crumm. It was then that the three



*A Wrecker is a handy gadget.*

Russian DPs who had gone along began to tell about a house in Crumm they knew of where the people still had pistols hidden. At the mention of pistols our doughty cooks completely forgot their mission and headed for this house. Pistols were better than meat and besides they could get a cow any day.

They found the house alright and in answer to their knocking an old man appeared at the door. Currieo asked him to give up his pistols and the old man said, "nicht pistols", that wasn't good enough for Currieo so with lowered carbines they pushed the old man aside and entered the house. Inside they found two women who also denied having any guns hidden and in the kitchen they found two young men dressed in civilian clothes. In Germany any young man out of uniform was subject to suspicion so Currieo put them under guard while he continued to search the house. In an upstairs room he found two German Officers' uniforms and it didn't take long for him to figure that one out.

When confronted with the uniforms the two young Germans readily admitted ownership so Currieo declared them prisoners and gave them their choice of wearing the clothes they had on or changing into the uniforms. They chose the uniforms so, after searching them, Currieo let them change and they didn't stop until they had donned their heavy overcoats and field packs. Perhaps they didn't realize that it was four miles to our camp and that it was a damn hot day.

So it was that we were all startled by the somewhat ludicrous sight of two sweating and bedraggled German Officers being marched into our area by our cooks. It took a while for us to believe our eyes, but we finally had to admit the truth. At last we could claim capture of a couple of German prisoners and it had to be the cooks who turned the trick.

## Headquarters Section Company Shop Personnel



### FIRST ROW:

*T/5 Edward K. Link, Dispatcher*

*T/5 Daniel V. Sullivan, Mechanic*

### SECOND ROW:

*S/Sgt. Paul H. "Big Ed" Edwards, Motor Sergeant*

*T/5 Orle L. Hamm, Mechanic*

*T/5 Robert V. "Tommy" Thompson, Mechanic*

*1st Lt. Leo W. Thibeault, Company Shop Officer*



*"Sully"*



*T/4 Victor C. Grindberg  
Company Shop Section*



## Headquarters Section Radio Personnel



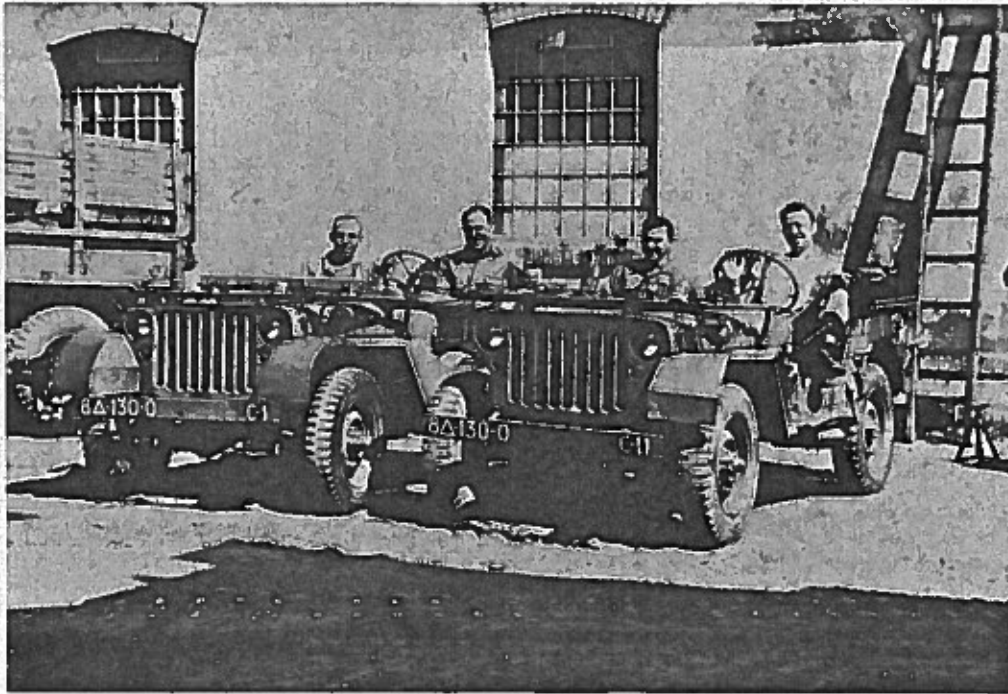
**SEATED:**

*T/4 James Cram, Section Chief*

**STANDING:**

*Pfc. Roland Z. Pelissier, Operator*  
*Pfc. Alvin M. Fischbein, Operator*

## Headquarters Section "Jeep" Drivers



**LEFT TO RIGHT:**

*Pvt. Donald R. Siberz  
Pfc. George "Spook" Brummerloh  
Pfc. David L. Folk  
Pvt. Edgar H. Burgess, Jr.*

### **A PURPLE HEART — THE HARD WAY**

Perhaps the most notable experience, at least from one point of view, of our stay at Lobberich was the occurrence of our first and only casualty due to enemy action. The unfortunate experience was suffered by David Folk when he innocently lifted a cushion from the ground.

It happened something like this: Dave, who was the Old Man's driver had driven Capt. McGuire and S/Sgt. Burns over to the next village where they intended to search for an abandoned Jeep which might be salvaged for parts. They had stopped at a large factory building and while Capt. McGuire and Sgt. Burns went around the building Dave got out to do some rummaging on his own. He approached a wrecked vehicle

which was standing nearby and was giving it the once over when his attention was attracted to a seat cushion lying on the ground. For no particular reason Dave stooped to pick it up and just as he lifted the cushion he was enveloped in an explosion. The cushion had been booby-trapped. Dave suffered numerous shrapnel wounds on his legs and arms and of course was hospitalized.

We didn't see him again for several months—in fact it was just before we were ready to come home that Dave rejoined us. Needless to say we were all pleased that he had fully recovered and was as spry on his legs as ever.

Because his wounds came from enemy action Dave was entitled to and received the Purple Heart.

## Reclamation and Evacuation Section

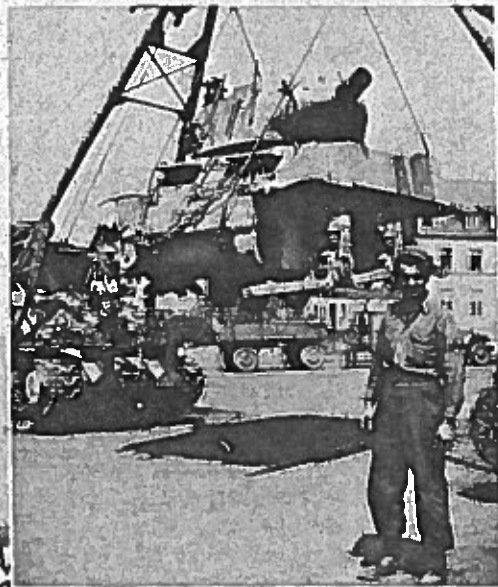


### FIRST ROW:

T/4 Ralph C. Goepfinger  
 T/5 Elmer J. Hawkins  
 T/5 Daniel A. Miranda  
 T/Sgt. Valmore E. "Rommel" Turcotte, Section chief  
 Pfc. Leo E. Price  
 T/3 Rex A. "Fantazzy" McDonald

### SECOND ROW:

T/5 Emil I. Schell  
 T/5 Earl F. "Flattop" Furth  
 T/5 Eugene H. Thompson  
 T/4 John J. A. Swinkels  
 T/5 Edward R. Baumann  
 T/5 Henry F. Wilson, Jr.  
 S/Sgt. Joseph P. McConathy  
 T/5 Edward J. De la Pena  
 T/5 Jacob L. Gacek  
 T/4 Harold A. Bieniewicz  
 T/3 Eugene R. Jindra  
 T/5 Dale Williams



T/5 John J. Babich  
 R & E Section



Bieniewicz and Schell — they didn't  
 have to stand in the puddle.



Baumann and De la Pena

One of the larger sections of our organization operated under the mouth-filling title, 'Reclamation and Evacuation Section'. Its job was to recover wrecked vehicles and handle the inspections required to determine the advisability of making repairs. However because its heavy equipment was adaptable this section found itself called upon to handle a variety of tasks not related to its primary duties.



*R & E men at work.*

While this section was an integral part of the organization it actually, due to the nature of its work, operated apart from the company a major portion of the time while we were in combat. For this reason a separate chapter of our book has been devoted to this Section.

The R & E (as we knew it) was the one group of our Company consistently required to operate in dangerous sectors. Their's was never an easy job. To begin with all of the equipment used by this section was large and heavy and that in itself made the job hard work. They operated three huge Tractor-Trailer units each weighing around seventy tons and three ten-ton Wreckers. In addition they had two regular Tanks which were equipped with an A-frame boom and winches which adapted them for use as recovery vehicles under fire.

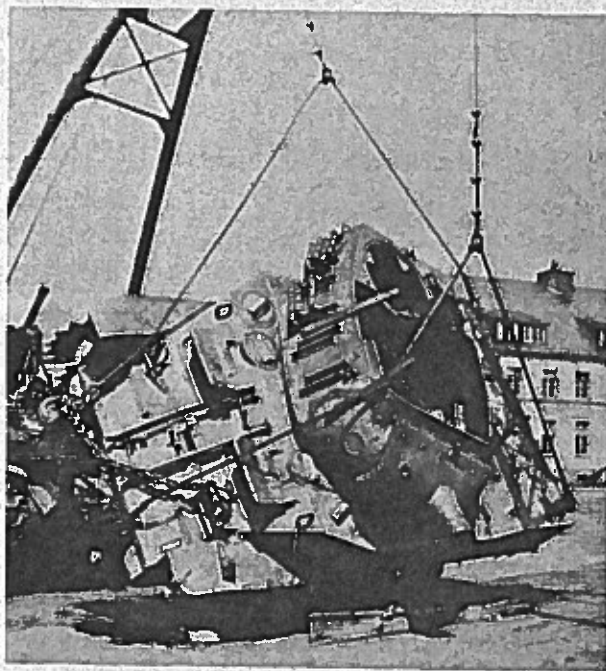
The men operating this equipment could expect to be called upon any hour of the day or



*Still working.*

night and when they went out on a call they never knew if it was for an hour or a week. Whatever the job their job was to stay with it until it was completed. Mostly the calls would be for recovery of wrecked vehicles left behind by some unit. R & E's job then would be to inspect the vehicle and if it warranted repair haul it back to our area or if it was beyond repair then their job was to haul the vehicle to a boneyard. However these men could always count on frequent calls to evacuate damaged vehicles from active combat zones. It was this part of their job which put this section in a class by itself as compared to the rest of our company.

One such job came to them while we were at Im-Loh, Germany. Two tanks had become mired in mud up to the top of their tracks and



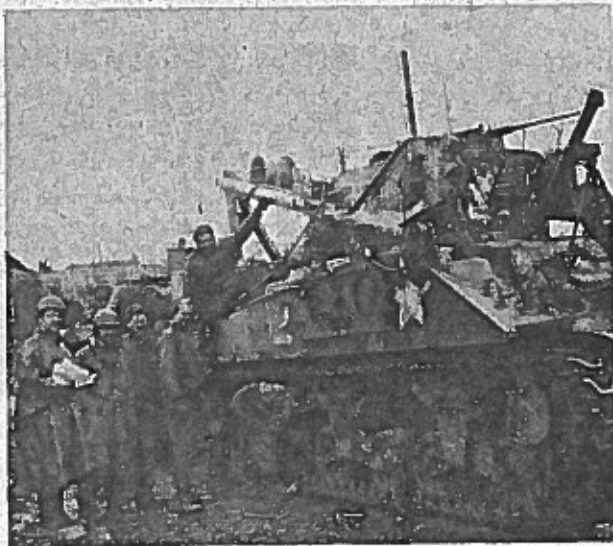
*Guess they quit.*

they were in a spot which was still under fire. This was the sort of job that the tanks with the A-frame had been designed for and they were dispatched to the scene. However because the stranded tanks were smack in the middle of a marsh it was impossible to approach them with the recovery vehicles. The only solution to this problem was to build a corduroy road and that meant hours of back breaking work. It meant cutting trees, fence posts or anything else that would serve and hauling them to the marsh. The job took most of the night and it didn't help any to have mortar fire landing nearby.

The first tank came out fairly easy after the corduroy was laid but the second tank presented an additional problem. This tank had lost one track and a way had to be devised to support this tank while the track was replaced. It meant hours more of back breaking work which can't be fully appreciated when telling of it. It goes without saying that the tanks were brought out of the mud and put back into action.

It was always that way. Each job presented special problems that had to be solved on the spot. And each job meant plenty of hard work but since this was the normal routine for these men they would have been surprised to learn that any one thought they were doing anything unusual.

Another example of what we mean occurred during the time our company was operating a V.C.P. (Vehicle Collecting Point) near Linne, Holland, where units of the Division had been com-



Left to right: T/4 Richard J. Bourque; T/5 Joseph A. Loreto; T/5 Lester Sheeks; T/5 Henry F. Wilson, Jr; T/4 William D. Pecoraro; Pfc. Salvatore A. Favazzo.



T/5 George F. King  
R & E Section & Mess Section

mitted. Orders came in to go out and retrieve a tank which had been knocked out in a field known to be sown with mines. This job fell to Sgt. Pecoraro and his crew and they all admit the trepidation they felt as their M32 began to cross this field. On the way across they came upon another M32 trying to evacuate a tank which had hit a mine and thrown a track. A



T/5 Eugene D. Roberts  
R & E Section

Captain supervising this job stopped our men and ordered them to assist with this job and forget their original assignment. Even with the two crews working several hours were required to move this tank out. Some of the delay was caused by the need to duck an occasional mortar shell but mostly it was just hard work that took

the time. The following day our men learned that a crew from another unit had gone after the first tank and had suffered three casualties.

Whenever the Division or, for that matter our Battalion, moved all the R & E Sections of the Battalion would be grouped together and would follow along, last. There were two reasons for this procedure. First because these vehicles were slow moving and second because their job was to retrieve vehicles which had broken down. Where the company would take a day to make a move the R & E would take two or three days.

This meant that these men would live for days at a time on canned rations, sleeping where and when they could. Every move presented special problems in getting their equipment over the roads.

The men of this section most certainly merit the highest praise for the splendid manner in which they carried out their trying and often hazardous tasks. They played a key role in all our assignments and were never stumped no matter what the job.



*T/5 Kenneth H. Thurman  
R & E Section*



*T/5 George H. Gerencer  
R & E Section*



*T/5 Joseph W. Robertson  
R & E Section*



*Pfc. Salvatore A. Farazzo  
R & E Section*



*Pvt. James W. Cleveland, Jr.*



*T/4 Leonard F. Kazmierzewski  
Company Personnel Clerk*

## Automotive Platoon Headquarters Section



### FIRST ROW:

T/3 Constant W. Thueson  
T/3 Leone P. "Maggie" Magnolia  
T/Sgt. Charles M. Munyon, Section Chief  
T/5 John J. Moran  
T/5 Chester S. Schlisman  
T/4 Ollie B. Richardson

### SECOND ROW:

T/4 Vernon M. Adams  
T/4 Warren R. Alexander  
T/3 Alfred LaRue  
T/4 Donald R. Graham  
T/5 William H. Pfister, Jr.  
T/4 Lawrence A. Dipple  
T/5 Donald J. Sipes

### THIRD ROW:

T/4 Xavier I. Boarman  
T/5 Michael R. Daniello  
Sgt. Frank T. Billek  
T/4 Wayne C. Nissley  
T/5 Henry Rich  
T/3 Alfred V. Franzosa  
T/3 Kenneth H. Cline



T/3 Frederick G. Riggins  
Automotive Platoon, Hqs. Section

### NO SUH, BOSS, IT SHO AIN'T

This one happened at Linne, Holland, where some of our men were operating a V.P.C. A Quartermaster truck came barreling down the road in the direction of the front lines. It was being driven by a colored lad, one of those heavy footed fellows who seem to have been born behind the wheel of a 2½ ton truck, and it was easy to see he had business somewhere.

However just as he came abreast of a couple of our men who happened to be standing near the road he slammed on his brakes. The truck came to a full stop and in the time it takes to tell this that driver had turned his truck around and was off like a shot in the opposite direction. As he turned the vehicle around and by way of explanation for his actions the driver pointed wildly to a sign which had been erected at this place.

The sign read—FRONT LINES, 200 YARDS AHEAD, ARE YOU SURE YOUR BUSINESS IS NECESSARY.



T/4 Verne A. Mason  
Automotive Platoon, Hqs. Section



Our Company Officers add a touch of beauty to a Tank Recovery Tractor



Ville-au-Val — a group of young French friends



Skoda Works in Pilsen as seen from the air

### I SAYS WHAT I MEANS AND MEANS WHAT I SAYS

This little incident didn't happen in C Company but the laughs it brought about will never be forgotten. It happened while B Company was supporting the 36th Tank Battalion during that nasty bit of business just before the Rhine was crossed. A lot of the 36th's tanks had been knocked out and it was B Company's job to clean them up. As a result they had a number of stiffs, to be evacuated, and had called Quartermaster for a truck. In due time a colored QM driver reported to Capt. Boll. Their conversation went something like this:

Capt. Boll, "In the next room you'll find a half dozen stiffs. Take them back with you."

Driver, "Captain, Suh, yo'all has de wrong drivah."

Capt. Boll, "Let me see your trip ticket. (trip ticket is passed over) Is this your name and is this the number of your truck?"

Driver, "Yas suh, Captain, dat's m'name an' dat's m'truck but yo' done got de wrong drivah."

And with that the driver took off—but fast.



ME

# Automotive Platoon Maintenance Section "A"



### FIRST ROW:

- T/3 Walter A. "Cowboy" Cowick
- T/4 Joseph "Joe Depot" Depto
- T/4 Wilbur H. Morse
- S/Sgt. Ralph E. "Pappy" Metts
- T/Sgt. James A. "Old Goat" McKeen, Section Chief

T/4 Otto I. Oien  
Maintenance Section

### SECOND ROW:

- T/5 Richard Jenkins
- T/5 Charles E. Buchner, Jr.
- T/5 Frederick L. Vegkley, Jr.
- T/4 Roland Morgan
- T/4 John T. Howland
- T/4 Glynn C. "Gator" Gaither

### THIRD ROW:

- T/5 Harold D. Rasbach
- T/4 John J. Jordan
- T/4 Ross H. Stockman
- T/4 Curtis K. Bouknight
- Pfc. Kenneth P. C. Kirchoff

BOB'S  
MIDDLE  
NAME



### METTS AND THE MADAME

While we were at the Chateau in Vil-au-Val "A" Section occupied a barn in the village. This barn was part of private property owned by an old lady who became known as "Madame Moustache" because of the heavy hair on her upper lip.

Madame Moustache was friendly and kind and exceedingly sociable. Of course our men could not understand French and she did not speak English but that was no deterrent as far as she was concerned.

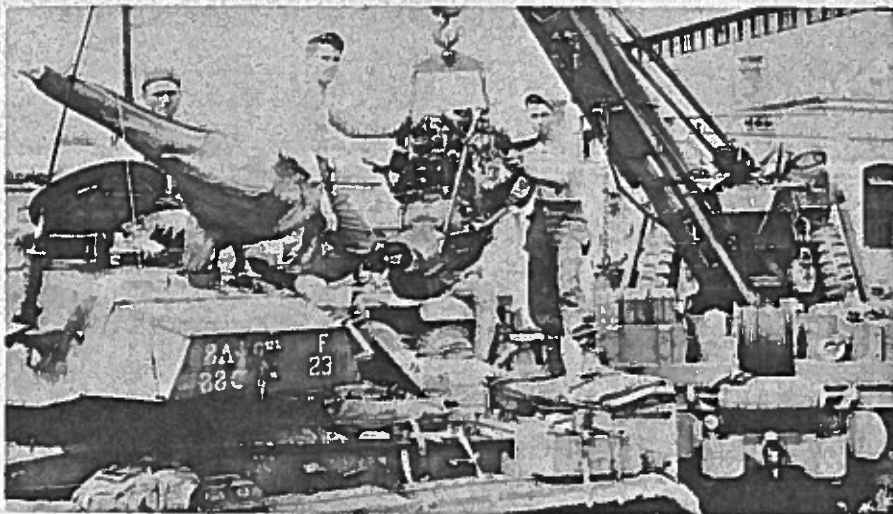
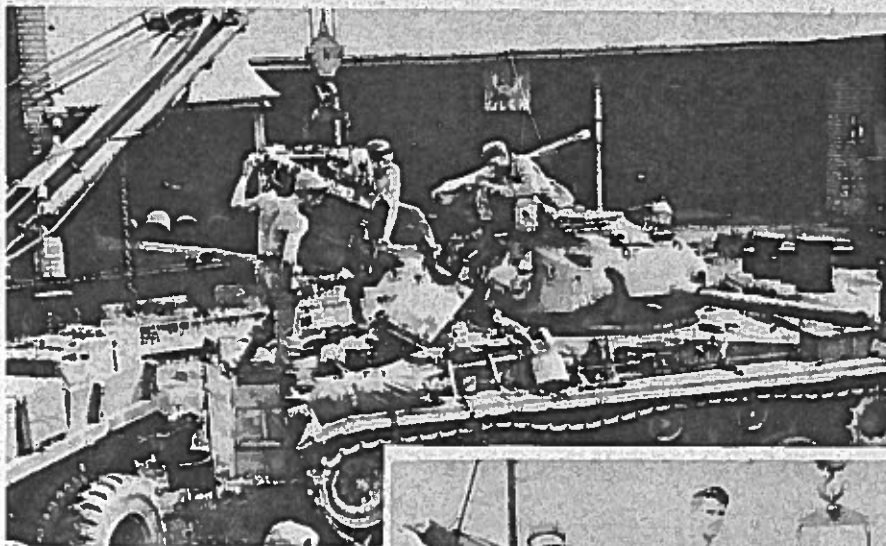
So it was that the men became accustomed to Madame Moustache dropping in most anytime of the day or evening and usually with a bottle of wine under her arm. That was all well and good and none of the men had any complaints until the day Metts decided that what he needed was a bath. Everyone else was away at the moment and there was a good fire going so Metts filled his helmet with hot water and stripped off

his clothes. He had just nicely started his sponge bath when who should walk in but Madame Moustache.

This intrusion didn't upset Metts as much as it might be supposed and he nonchalantly continued his bath on the natural assumption that Madame would beat a hasty retreat. But he hadn't counted on the French casualness about nudity and Metts began to get disconcerted when Madame sat herself down for a visit. It meant nothing to her that Metts was taking a bath but it did to Metts and he spent the next five minutes uncomfortably trying to make his visitor understand that what he wanted was privacy. Finally in despair he had to almost throw her out bodily.

Madame Moustache never did fully comprehend what it was all about but the rest of the men were greatly amused over this incident and never forgot Metts' discomfort. Nor did they ever let Metts forget it either.

*Stockman and Morgan change a motor while the "Old Goat" watches.*



*Same song — second verse.*

## "SO SORRY"

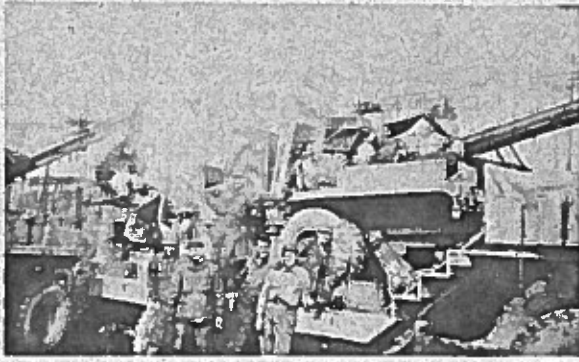
One of the services which our organization provided was the handling of Tank replacements. We would send drivers to a Depot to bring them forward and we would see to it that they were fully gassed and oiled and combat loaded so that they could be issued to the Tank Battalions on a moment's notice.

This little incident happened during a return trip when some six or eight tanks were being brought back. John Nemeth was one of the drivers and had been driving steadily for a couple of hours or so. He was getting a bit tired and consequently was not as alert as he should have been. The column was approaching a village and John failed to notice that the tanks ahead of him were making a sharp turn. In fact it was almost too late before he did notice the corner which made it necessary for him to swing the tank very hard. This would have been alright had they been traveling a dirt road but this was

pavement and tank tracks slip easy on pavement. John felt the tank start to slide and did what he could to gain control but there was too much momentum behind the tank.

All of this would have been of little consequence had not there been a house standing right on this corner. Also it so happened that this was one of the new tank models and it carried a 90 mm gun with a barrel which extended several feet ahead of the tank. The tank struck the house head on and the gun barrel rammed its way straight through and into the dining room. The accident occurred just at supper time and the entire family was gathered around the table. It can readily be imagined what their consternation must have been when they were startled by the tremendous crash. But what must have been their thoughts when the long gun barrel came pushing straight across their dining table.

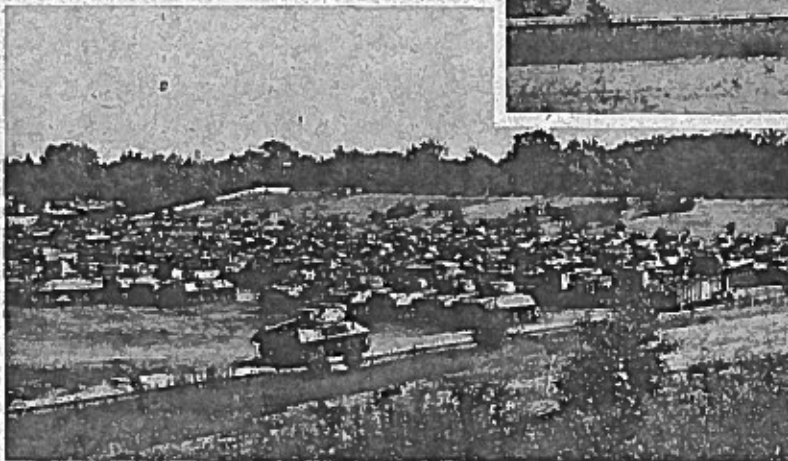
Fortunately no one was hurt-even though the house was pretty well wrecked.



*Bouknight, Schell, O'Donnell, Roberts, E. Thompson and Hawkins with a wreck ready for the 'boneyard'.*



*Boneyard at Nurnberg*



*Some more "Bones" also at Nurnberg.*

## Automotive Platoon Maintenance Section "B"



**FIRST ROW:**

T/4 Norbert R. Smith  
 T/5 Nelson A. Abraham  
 Pvt. Robert W. Mullins  
 T/3 Gustav "Ring Ding" Redinger  
 T/5 Charles E. Bonowitz, Jr.  
 S/Sgt. Thomas E. "Tiger" Burns

**SECOND ROW:**

T/4 Clifford C. Maddox  
 T/5 Richard A. Doversberger  
 Pvt. John A. Straut, Jr.  
 T/3 Edward M. Thomas

**THIRD ROW:**

T/Sgt. Charlie "Cunnel" Swafford, Section chief  
 T/5 John V. Brink  
 T/4 Raymond P. "Hose Nose" Endris  
 Pfc. Glenn H. Wells  
 T/4 Delmar M. Hagen



Left to right: T/5 George Carpenter; What's his name; That's whoois in back of him; Shoemaker; T/4 Norbert R. Smith.



Capacity Load?

## Armament Platoon Artillery Section



**FIRST ROW:**

*S/Sgt. Jack L. Reiter, Section chief  
T/5 Sylvester "Trouble" Trbovich  
T/3 Dick L. McMillen  
T/4 John E. Nemeth  
T/5 Vernon E. "Westy" Westenberger  
Pvt. Donald R. Siberz*

**SECOND ROW:**

*T/Sgt. Arthur E. Starr, Platoon chief  
T/4 Richard J. Bourque  
T/5 Joseph J. "Prime Minister" Racik  
T/4 Irby L. Smart  
T/3 Thomas A. Nickler  
T/3 John E. Hover*



*T/5 Ralph C. Flechsig  
Artillery Section*



*T/4 Edward Wojtowicz  
Artillery Section*



T/5 Sheldon D. Shaughnessy  
Artillery Section



T/5 Winford L. Ezell  
T/5 Joseph A. Loreto  
Artillery Section

### A BANK DOESN'T ALWAYS LOOK LIKE A BANK

A story that the Artillery Section always liked to recall was of an incident that occurred in Bunde, Holland. They were billeted in a private home and in the household there were several children one of whom was a pretty but buxom gal about 15 or 16 years of age. The men all liked to think that perhaps this girl had a little more than passing interest in them — each hoping that he was head man in her eyes. So it was natural that they all took a special interest one day when they noted that the gal was busily engaged helping her father clean the family privy.

This buxom lass had a long handled dipper and each time she lifted it from the pit to pour the contents into the "honey wagon" they noted that the operation was done slowly and carefully. It was as though she were looking for something and since none of the men could speak Dutch the only way they had of solving the mystery was to watch the proceedings.

Their vigil was finally rewarded when the lass suddenly dumped the contents of the dipper onto the ground. Then it was that they saw a glass fruit jar that from appearances must have been buried in this pit a long time. The girl's father brought up a pail of water and rinsed the jar and through the glass it could be seen that it held a considerable quantity of silver coins.

The story behind this somewhat unusual incident was that this jar contained the father's savings and he had taken this way to hide his small wealth from the Nazis. The coins had been so hidden during the entire time the Nazis had occupied this village because the Nazis had decreed that silver coins be turned in to them and that anyone caught hiding silver would be severely punished.

This family was not the only one that had braved the Nazis wrath in order to save what little wealth they had and at the same time thwart the Nazis attempt to get much needed silver metal. But it is doubtful if any of the families used a more ingenious method.

## Armament Platoon Small Arms Section

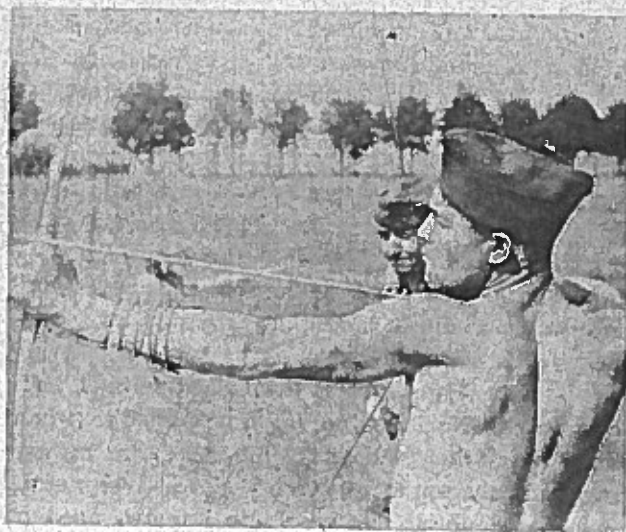


**FIRST ROW:**

*T/5 Dean W. Loberg  
T/4 John Humenick  
T/5 Harry Schiff  
T/5 William J. Sheehan  
T/5 Clarence W. Snider*

**SECOND ROW:**

*T/4 John Kobzef  
T/3 John A. Lapinski  
S/Sgt. Francis B. Conway, Jr., Section chief  
T/4 Richard E. Inscho  
T/5 Clarence L. Goldsmith*



*Inscho the Archer.*



*Schiff, Conway and Lt. Robinson try out Conway's self-made .22 rifle.*

## Armament Platoon Instrument Repair Section



**FIRST ROW:**

*T/Sgt. Thomas J. Adams, Section chief  
T/5 Daniel J. O'Connell  
T/5 James H. Moffit  
T/4 Edward J. Harster  
T/5 James C. Milne*

**SECOND ROW:**

*T/4 Arthur A. Nauth  
T/5 John J. O'Connor  
T/3 Earl P. Peloquin  
T/5 Fulton A. "Cuz" Pearson  
Cpl. Amos J. Postle*



*Nauth establishes contact with a Russian Officer  
(strictly on his own)*



*"Cuz" Pearson, Master watch repairman.*



## Service Section

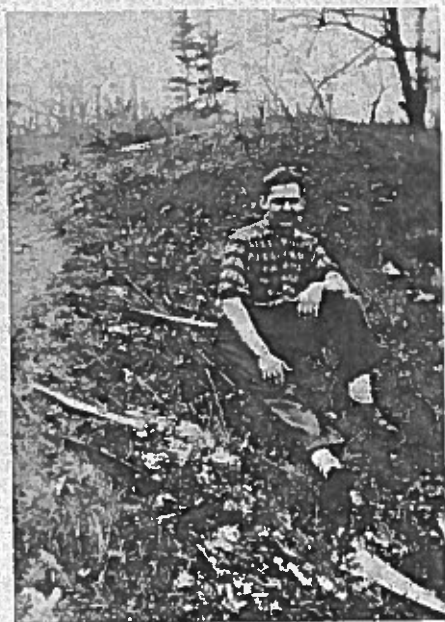


### FIRST ROW:

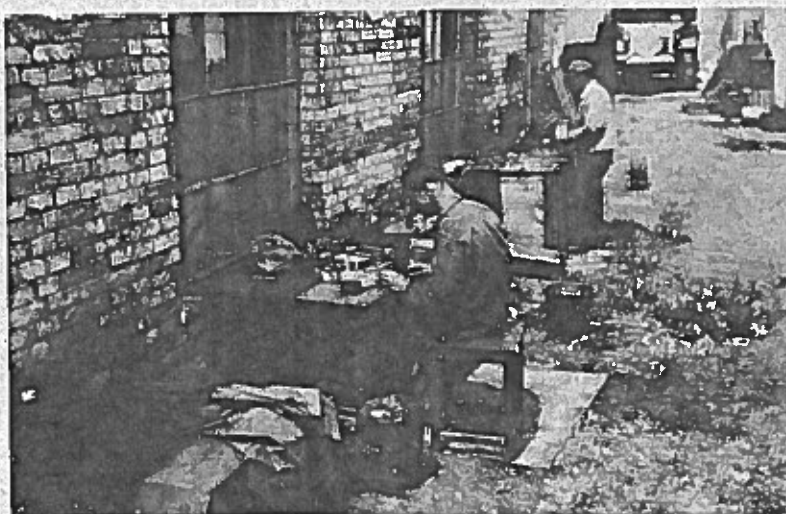
*S/Sgt. John K. Mallard, Section chief*  
*T/5 Andrew G. Prul*  
*T/4 Joseph J. Smith*  
*T/3 Charles W. McDonnell, Jr.*  
*T/4 Joe P. Hannah*  
*T/5 Henry P. Banach*

### SECOND ROW:

*T/5 Charles C. Sottile*  
*T/5 James J. McDermott*  
*T/4 James B. Daley*  
*T/4 Leonard J. Olive, Jr.*  
*T/4 Donald R. Kerchner*



*Pic. William J. Glass, Jr.*  
*Service Section*



*T/5 Charles A. Keil*  
*Service Section*

## FISH IN A BARREL

The road from Selm to Delbruck was no more than a narrow strip leading through enemy territory. Our troops were playing the game made famous in this war — cut the enemy into small pockets and clean out the pockets. And we were following in the path of one of the knife edges. In all likelihood Nazis eyes were even then watching us and we were a bit like fish in a barrel—easy to catch.

It was dark but the vehicle behind the welding truck could see billows of smoke coming from the trailer the welding truck was hauling. The driver sounded his siren and when the welding truck pulled over to the side of the road to investigate it was the last we were to see of them until almost 24 hours later.

Mallard, Kerschner and Karam were riding the welding truck and when they dismounted to see what the trouble was they were dismayed to find that one of the trailer tires had burned up completely. It was raining and the job of changing that tire in the dark was a muddy, miserable task. Especially since they were alone by now and hadn't the slightest idea of where they were.

However they got the tire changed and took off in the direction we had been going and soon they came upon the last vehicle of Headquarters Company convoy. This was better. At least they weren't alone anymore and they'd find us in the morning. They would have, too, except for one thing. And that was the medium tank which was just ahead of them in the convoy and was running without lights.

A tank is hard to follow anytime because of the dust they kick up but at night its almost impossible because in addition to the dust its dark



The Welders — Banach, Moran, McDermott, Mallard, J. Smith and Kerschner.



T/3 Fred Karam  
Service Section

and so there is hardly any chance of seeing the tank stop. They seldom have stop lights that work and the little blackout lights are of no help. So the driver of the welding truck could hardly be blamed for running smack into the truck. It had stopped momentarily and the welding truck hadn't.

This time no one knew that they were disabled because they had been last in the column and the tankers hadn't even noticed that they had been run into. The boys dismounted to survey the damage with fear in their hearts because they knew that this time it would be bad. It was. The radiator had been bashed in and was leaking like a sieve. They could not drive the truck as it was and there was no way to fix it so there they were right in the middle of enemy territory and armed with only one sub-machine gun and two carbines. They had no rations but they did have a truck which the enemy would be pleased to appropriate.

Since there was nothing that they could do at the moment and no telling how long they might have to stay here they had no choice but to make the best of what was a very bad situation. A guard was set up — each man would stand watch for forty-five minutes. That was long enough for one man to strain his eyes and his ears at one stretch. If he stood guard longer he'd get so he couldn't trust his senses. As it was they had a hard time keeping their nerve what with guns firing continuously not far off and the rain making sounds in the bushes nearby.

It was a long night but somehow it went by even though each minute was an agony of expectation that the next minute would bring trouble. With daylight the boys hopes went up somewhat

but they were still in the same tight spot. As the hours dragged by they began to lose hope. Was it possible they'd be here another night?

Fate was kinder than that however and along about ten o'clock in the morning the most beautiful vehicle in the world hove in sight. It was one of A Company's wreckers. It didn't take long to catch up with us at Delbruck and we were all pleased to see them back safe and sound.

Listening to the men tell all sorts of fantastic tales of their harrowing night was a small price to pay for getting the welding truck back. They were hard to replace.

#### SOME THINGS WILL SHOCK EVEN A SOLDIER

Charlie McDonnell, Joe Hannah and Sottile were always plenty proud of their Electrical Repair truck and always kept it in first class shape. In fact they kept it so clean that seldom if ever did they lose out in winning an inspection.

So its understandable that these men would be upset over anyone using the truck fenders for a dining table. The other men in the company knew how it was and they steered clear of

Charlie's truck but men from other outfits didn't have any such scruples. A few times could be overlooked but when it got to be a regular thing Charlie decided something drastic would have to be done. He figured he couldn't keep hollering at the guys so it was up to him to figure another way out.

A conference with his men resulted in an idea and after a few hours work they had made the necessary arrangements. Now to see if they had been successful. The next day their vigil was rewarded — a tanker came away from the chow line and headed straight for their truck. Sure enough he put his mess kit on a fender and with drooling mouth prepared to partake of a meal in a million. Here was steak and potatoes with all the fixings and this tanker wasn't one to waste time. With great gusto he lit into the steak with his knife and fork. YIPE! Suddenly and simultaneously this Joe's hair stood on end, his eyes popped, his muscles stiffened and the steak sizzled, the fork hummed. And the mashed potatoes splattered everywhere.

Satisfied that their little invention would be a success Charlie and his men tacked up a sign which read, DANGER—HIGH VOLTAGE.



Instrument Repairmen at work — O'Connor, Milne, Postle, Adams

## Parts Supply Section



### FIRST ROW:

Sgt. Woodrow L. "Woody" O'Dette  
T/5 Rupert W. Figueroa  
T/5 Ralph Dolti  
T/5 Edward DeRego

### SECOND ROW:

Pfc. Carroll E. Wheeler, Jr.  
T/5 Norman J. Arsenault  
T/4 Darel A. Tapley  
T/4 Charles P. Broderick  
T/4 Thomas Sorokie  
T/Sgt. John M. Heisinger, Section chief



Pfc. Melville G. Simonson  
Parts Supply Section



Pfc. Junior W. Schumacher  
Parts Supply Section

## THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

Jack Heisinger and Charlie McDonnell will long remember a hair raising incident or accident that happened to them.

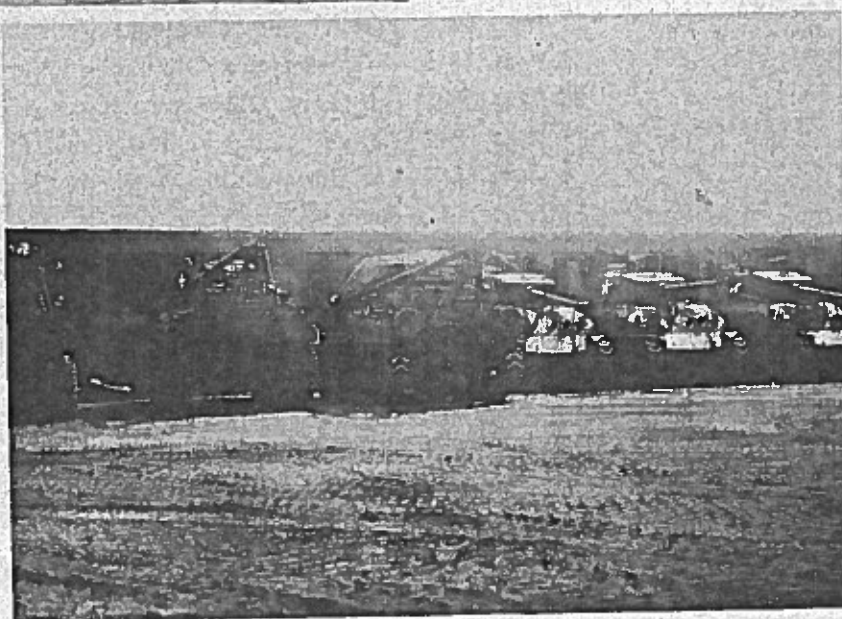
It was during our stay at Gottingen and after the war was over. Jack and Charlie were out on a trip somewhere and were using a 3/4 ton truck for transportation. While they were driving along a particularly good stretch of pavement they chanced to see an Artillery Observation plane flying about. These little planes were a common enough sight and the boys paid scant attention to it.

Suddenly they heard the noise and the rush of the plane apparently overhead and also apparently very low. Just how low they soon found out for there was a crash and a tear and presto! — the entire top of the truck was gone. They both turned gray and without a word stopped the truck. Both of them had expected to see the plane lying in a heap on the ground but instead it was already far away and flying as though nothing had happened.

Thanking their lucky stars but shaking their heads in disbelief they picked up the remnants of the top and continued on. Such a thing just couldn't happen. But it did.



Gottingen — A job of work.



Gottingen — The 'Line'.

## ETO Itinerary

- 6 Nov. 1944—Left Camp Kilmer, New Jersey
- 7 Nov. 1944—Left New York
- 20 Nov. 1944—Arrived Southampton, England
- 20 Nov. 1944—Arrived Tidworth, England
- 4 Jan. 1945—Left Tidworth
- 5 Jan. 1945—Left Southampton
- 7 Jan. 1945—Arrived Le Havre and Rouen, France
- 7 Jan. 1945—Arrived Auffay, France
- 10 Jan. 1945—Arrived Rheims (Argonne Forest)
- 13 Jan. 1945—Arrived Pont-a-Mousson
- 14 Jan. 1945—Arrived Ville-au-Val
- 3 Feb. 1945—Left Ville-au-Val
- 4 Feb. 1945—Arrived Bunde, Holland
- 21 Feb. 1945—Arrived Susteren, Holland
- 1 Mar. 1945—Left Susteren
- 1 Mar. 1945—Arrived Goldkrath, Germany
- 5 Mar. 1945—Arrived Lobberich, Germany
- 27 Mar. 1945—Arrived Spellen, Germany (crossed Rhine)
- 31 Mar. 1945—Arrived Im-Loh, Germany
- 1 Apr. 1945—Arrived Selm, Germany
- 3 Apr. 1945—Arrived Delbruck, Germany
- 6 Apr. 1945—Arrived Lippstadt, Germany
- 13 Apr. 1945—Arrived Soest, Germany
- 15 Apr. 1945—Arrived Watenstedt, Germany (Goering Works)
- 25 Apr. 1945—Arrived Gottingen, Germany
- 27 June 1945—Left Gottingen, Germany
- 28 June 1945—Arrived Nyrany, Czechoslovakia
- 27 June 1945—Left Nyrany, Czechoslovakia
- 30 Sept. 1945—Arrived Camp Oklahoma City, France
- 30 Oct. 1945—Left Camp Oklahoma City, France
- 1 Nov. 1945—Arrived Camp Phillip Morris, France
- 4 Nov. 1945—Left Camp Phillip Morris and Le Havre, France
- 11 Nov. 1945—Arrived New York City and Camp Kilmer
- 13 Nov. 1945—Left Camp Kilmer, New Jersey

## Bronze Star Awards

The following men of this Organization were awarded the Bronze Star for outstanding performance of their duties:

- 1st Lt. Joe D. Pape
- T/5 Lester Shéeks
- T/4 Ralph C. Goeppinger

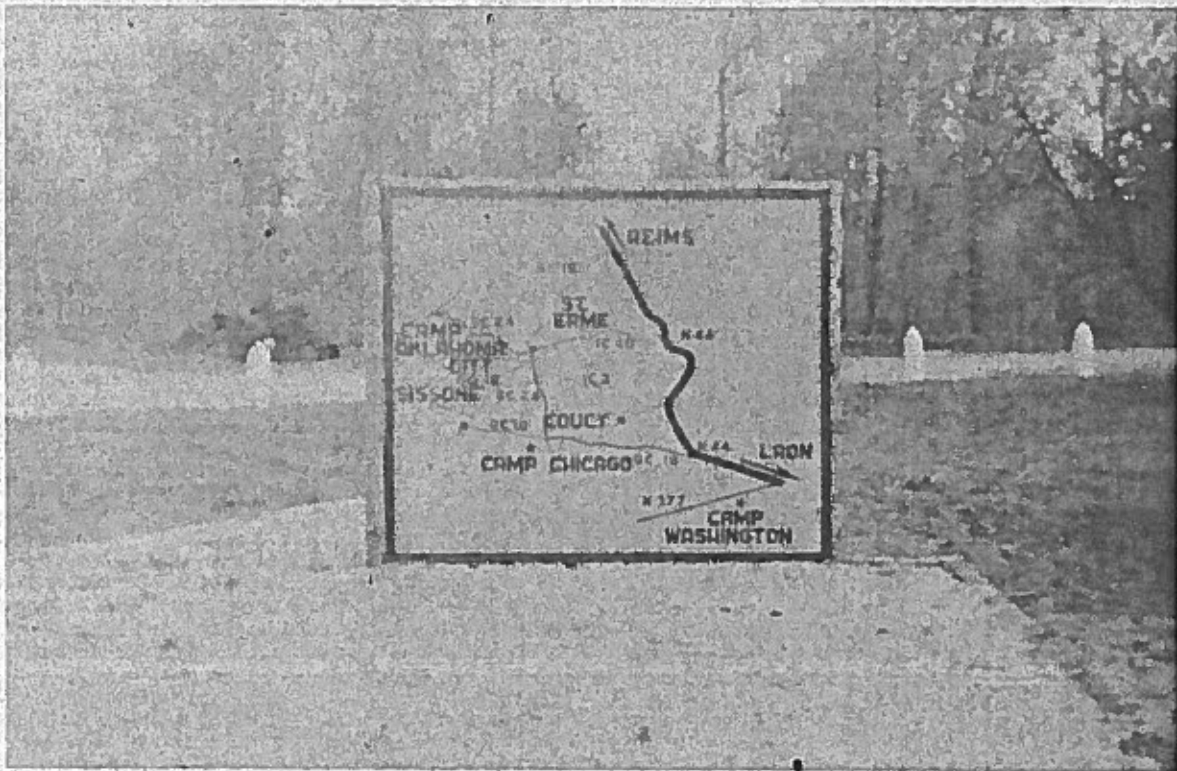
# Registry

Capt. Herman M. McGuire ..... 2700 LaTierca St., Pasadena, Calif.  
 1st Lt. Edward L. Cook ..... 68 Holten St., Danvers, Mass.  
 1st Lt. Joe D. Pape ..... 152 Greenwood Ave., Wyncote, Pa.  
 1st Lt. Billy L. Robinson ..... Jamesport, Mo.  
 1st Lt. Ralph L. Spayde ..... 4117 Tacoma Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 1st Lt. Robert J. Wallace ..... 619 S. Adams St., Glendale 5, Calif.  
 1st Lt. Leo W. Thibeault ..... 84 Horace St., East Boston, Mass.  
 WOJG Wayne E. Gary ..... 412 Division St., Fulton, N. Y.

M/Sgt. Carl Mariotti ..... Box 45, McComas, W. Va.  
 1st/Sgt. Biazio Giordano ..... 218 Winder St., Salisbury, Md.  
 T/Sgt. Thomas J. Adams ..... 1448 Post Ave., Torrance, Calif.  
 T/Sgt. John M. Helsingger ..... 65 Austin St., Rochester, N. Y.  
 T/Sgt. James A. McKeen ..... Rt. 3, Box 120, Holtville, Calif.  
 T/Sgt. Charles M. Munyon ..... 20 Clay St., Winchester, Ky.  
 T/Sgt. Arthur E. Starr ..... 15018 Lincoln Ave., Harvey, Ill.  
 T/Sgt. Charlie Swafford ..... Brightshade, Ky.  
 T/Sgt. Valmore E. Turcotte ..... 8 Tilbury St., Worcester, Mass.  
 S/Sgt. Thomas E. Burns ..... 1371 Cook Ave., Lakewood, Ohio  
 S/Sgt. Francis B. Conway ..... 28 Maravista Rd., Worcester, Mass.  
 S/Sgt. James A. Currieo ..... 1202 Aspen, Dalhart, Texas  
 S/Sgt. Paul H. Edwards ..... 943 Alter Rd., Detroit, Mich.  
 S/Sgt. Daniel M. Garside ..... 3909 N. Keeler Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 S/Sgt. John K. Mallard ..... 310 E. Franklin Ave., Hillabaro, Texas  
 S/Sgt. Joseph P. McConathy ..... 510 Mosby St., El Dorado, Ark.  
 S/Sgt. Ralph E. Metts ..... 1112 Strabley Pl., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 S/Sgt. Jack L. Reiter ..... 1145 Evergreen Ave., Bronx, N. Y.  
 T/3 Kenneth H. Cline ..... R.R. No. 2, Waverly, Ohio  
 T/3 Walter A. Cowick ..... 5730 Acme St., St. Louis, Mo.  
 T/3 Alfred V. Franzosa ..... 12 Lowden Ave., Somerville, Mass.  
 T/3 John E. Hoyer ..... St. Mary's Lake, Battle Creek, Mich.  
 T/3 Eugene R. Jindra ..... 4519 Marcy St., Omaha, Neb.  
 T/3 John A. Lapinski ..... Rt. 3, Quakerstown, Pa.  
 T/3 Alfred LaRue ..... 82-17-167 St., Jamaica, N. Y.  
 T/3 Leone P. Magnolia ..... Lewistown, Ill.  
 T/3 Rex McDonald ..... Middletown, Calif.  
 T/3 Charles W. McDonnell ..... 11 Lorel Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.  
 T/3 Dick L. McMillen ..... Strattonville, Pa.  
 T/3 Thomas A. Nickler ..... 11 S. Broad St., Emporium, Pa.  
 T/3 Earl P. Peloquin ..... 3353 N. Lamon Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 T/3 Gustav Redinger ..... Tappan, N. D.  
 T/3 Frederick G. Riggins ..... 4121 Washington St., St. Louis, Mo.  
 T/3 Edward M. Thomas ..... 300 St. Paul Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.  
 T/3 Constant W. Thueson ..... Jerome, Idaho  
 Sgt. Frank T. Billek ..... 112 S. Maple St., Kingston, Pa.  
 Sgt. Woodrow L. O'Dette ..... 1546 W. Saratoga, Ferndale, Mich.  
 T/4 Vernon M. Adams ..... 1425 Hart Pl., SE, Canton, Ohio  
 T/4 Warren R. Alexander ..... 501 Ruby St., Lancaster, Pa.  
 T/4 Harold A. Bieniewicz ..... East Ouogue, L. I., N. Y.  
 T/4 Xavier I. Boarman ..... 1532 Herr Ave., Owensboro, Ky.  
 T/4 Curtis K. Bouknight ..... Chapin, S. C.  
 T/4 Richard J. Bourque ..... 15 Bloomfield St., Springfield, Mass.  
 T/4 Charles P. Broderick ..... 615 Maple Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
 T/4 James Cram ..... 2127 E. York St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 T/4 James B. Daley ..... 115 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.  
 T/4 Lawrence A. Dipple ..... 616 E. Iowa St., Evansville, Ind.  
 T/4 Alton J. Domrud ..... Canton, Minn.  
 T/4 Raymond P. Endris ..... 707 S. Spruce St., Pana, Ill.  
 T/4 Tommy Epling ..... Kopperstown, W. Va.  
 T/4 Glynn C. Gaither ..... Rt. No. 2 Ridgeway Blvd., Hot Springs, Ark.  
 T/4 Ralph C. Goepfingers ..... 1356 Fern Ave., Duluth, Minn.  
 T/4 Donald R. Graham ..... Rt. No. 3, Marysville, Ohio  
 T/4 Delmar M. Hagen ..... Dennison, Minn.  
 T/4 Joe P. Hannah ..... Rt. No. 5, N. Kansas City, Mo.  
 T/4 Edward J. Harster ..... 8309 Water St., St. Louis, Mo.  
 T/4 John T. Howland ..... Glenford, N. Y.  
 T/4 John Hummenick ..... 1835 Nevada St., Muskegon, Mich.  
 T/4 Donald W. Huntley ..... 2618 2nd St., NW, Canton, Ohio  
 T/4 Richard E. Inscho ..... 9810 Lawton Ave., Apt. 46, Detroit, Mich.  
 T/4 John J. Jordan ..... 3052 84th St., Jackson Hts., L. I., N. Y.  
 T/4 Leonard F. Kazmierzewski ..... 92 E. Main St., Glen Lyon, Pa.  
 T/4 Donald R. Kerschner ..... Bear Creek St., Auburn, Pa.

T/4 John Kobzeff ..... 3304 1/2 Whittier Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.  
 T/4 Clifford C. Maddox ..... 3125 Donner Way, Sacramento, Calif.  
 T/4 Verne A. Mason ..... Box 22, Stateline, Calif.  
 T/4 Roland Morgan ..... RR No. 1, West Alexandria, Ohio  
 T/4 Wilbur H. Morse ..... Addison St., Lisbon Falls, Maine  
 T/4 Arthur A. Nauth ..... 19330 Renwood Ave., Euclid, Ohio  
 T/4 John E. Nemeth ..... 619 S. Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.  
 T/4 Wayne C. Nisley ..... Nettsville, Pa.  
 T/4 Otto I. Oien ..... Dell Rapids, S. D.  
 T/4 Leonard J. Olive, Jr. ..... Chelan, Wash.  
 T/4 William D. Pecoraro ..... 304 Lafayette St., Newark, N. J.  
 T/4 Ollie B. Richardson ..... Trenton, Tenn.  
 T/4 Robert W. Sheegog ..... 415 Oak St., Hazard, Ky.  
 T/4 Irby L. Smart ..... Silsbee, Texas  
 T/4 Joseph J. Smith ..... 7 Summit St., Newark, N. J.  
 T/4 Norbert R. Smith ..... 409 E. Wood St., Versailles, Ohio  
 T/4 Ross H. Stockman ..... Rt. No. 5, Lisbon, Ohio  
 T/4 John J. A. Swinkels ..... c/o John Swinkels, Sommers, Mont.  
 T/4 Darel A. Tapley ..... 725 S. Court, Sullivan, Ind.  
 T/4 Robert V. Thompson ..... 1120 W. Covina Blvd., Baldwin Park, Calif.  
 T/4 Edward Wojtowicz ..... 4844 Pauthrope, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Cpl. William E. Mariano ..... 217 Scott St., Naugatuck, Conn.  
 Cpl. Amos J. Postle ..... 412 E. Calhoun St., Springfield, Mo.  
 T/5 Nelson A. Abraham ..... 8 Virginia Ave., Wheeling, W. Va.  
 T/5 Norman J. Arsenault ..... 62 Maple St., Madison, Maine  
 T/5 Henry P. Banach ..... 13251 Baltimore Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 T/5 Edward R. Baumann ..... 1908 W. Lobard St., Baltimore, Md.  
 T/5 Charles E. Bonawitz, Jr. ..... Millersburg, Pa.  
 T/5 John V. Brink ..... 67 Purchase St., Worcester, Mass.  
 T/5 Charles E. Buchner, Jr. ..... Sandusky, Mich.  
 T/5 Michael R. Daniello ..... 21 Koons Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 T/5 Edward J. DeLaPena ..... 379 Park Pl., Bridgeport, Conn.  
 T/5 Edward DeRago ..... 34 Mill Rd., Fairhaven, Mass.  
 T/5 Ralph Delfi ..... Webster, Pa.  
 T/5 Richard A. Doversberger ..... RR No. 4, Tipton, Ind.  
 T/5 Winford L. Ezell ..... RR No. 1, Obaton, Ky.  
 T/5 Rupert W. Figueroa ..... 2206 N. 21st St., Phoenix, Ariz.  
 T/5 Ralph C. Flechsig ..... 10602 Woodland, Cleveland, Ohio  
 T/5 Earl F. Furth ..... 931 N. Humboldt, Portland, Ore.  
 T/5 Jacob L. Gacek ..... Episcopal Rd., Berlin, Conn.  
 T/5 George H. Gerencer ..... RR No. 1, Bailey, Mich.  
 T/5 Clarence L. Goldsmith ..... Wayland, Iowa  
 T/5 Orie L. Hamm ..... 515 E. Jessamine Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
 T/5 Elmer J. Hawkins ..... RFD No. 3, White Lake, S. D.  
 T/5 Richard S. Jenkins ..... Watermeet, Mich.  
 T/5 Leonard C. Johnson ..... Box 366, Plankton, S. D.  
 T/5 David Kaplan ..... 613 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.  
 T/5 Charles A. Kell ..... RR No. 2, Box 146, Goshen, Ind.  
 T/5 George F. King ..... La Center, Ky.  
 T/5 Eugene E. Krocak ..... Montgomery, Minn.  
 T/5 Joseph A. Loreto ..... 1560 73rd St., Brooklyn 28, N. Y.  
 T/5 Edward K. Link ..... 250 Warren Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.  
 T/5 Dean W. Loberg ..... 4142 Abbott Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.  
 T/5 James J. McDermott ..... 143 Bronx Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 T/5 James C. Milne ..... 411 Furnace Brook Parkway, Quincy, Mass.  
 T/5 Daniel A. Miranda ..... 908 Dakota St., Coffeyville, Kans.  
 T/5 James H. Moffitt ..... 709 Callowhill St., Wooster, Ohio  
 T/5 John J. Moran ..... 93 S. Gregory St., Dorchester, Mass.  
 T/5 Daniel J. O'Connell ..... 2650 N. Shore Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 T/5 John J. O'Connor ..... 11 Sables Court, Medford, Mass.  
 T/5 Paul P. O'Donnell ..... Pulls Ave., Campgano, N. J.  
 T/5 Andrew G. Paul ..... 787 Blvd., Bayonne, N. Y.  
 T/5 Fulton A. Pearson ..... 706 Fayetteville Ave., Bennettsville, S. C.  
 T/5 William H. Pfister, Jr. ..... 214 E. Eichel Ave., Evansville, Ind.  
 T/5 Joseph J. Racik ..... 631 East Allen Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 T/5 Harold D. Rasbach ..... 325 Wood St., Johnstown, Pa.  
 T/5 Henry Rich ..... Rt. No. 5, New Castle, Pa.  
 T/5 Engene D. Roberts ..... Rt. No. 2, Apex, N. C.  
 T/5 Nicholas Salvati ..... 24 1/2 Forest Ave., Middletown, N. Y.  
 T/5 Emil I. Schell ..... Eugene, Mo.  
 T/5 Harry Schiff ..... 1800 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
 T/5 Chester S. Schisman ..... 24 Maddox Ave., Milford, Conn.

T/5 Sheldon D. Shaughnessy	3414 Garfield Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Pfc. Millard T. Kulinog	Volga, S. D.
T/5 William J. Sheehan	515 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.	Pfc. Thomas S. Morse	243 Weld St., Roslindale, Mass.
T/5 Lester Sheeks	Stockton, Mo.	Pfc. Roland Z. Pelissier	67 Center St., Holyoke, Mass.
T/5 Donald J. Sipes	840 11th Ave. S., Clinton, Iowa	Pfc. George R. Price	4821 Ogle St., Philadelphia, Pa.
T/5 Joseph Robertson	RR No. 1, Sunnyside, Washin., c/o L. V. Mayer	Pfc. Leo E. Price	1935 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, Ohio
T/5 Clarence W. Snider	Rt. No. 1, Broxly, Mo.	Pfc. Grady E. Ramsey	9957 Empire Rd., Oakland, Calif.
T/5 Charles C. Scottle	642 S. 4th St., Lindenhurst, N. Y.	Pfc. Junior W. Schumacher	Box 55, Carson City, Nevada
T/5 Daniel V. Sullivan	406 Bank St., Fall River, Mass.	Pfc. Melville G. Simonson	38 N. Bergen Pl., Freeport, N. Y.
T/5 Eugene H. Thompson	Amery, Wisc.	Pfc. Harry C. Strange	2935 N. 14 1/2 St., Terre Haute, Ind.
T/5 Kenneth H. Thurman	Warsaw, Mo.	Pfc. Glen H. Wells	127 S. Fifth St., Coshocton, Ohio
T/5 Sylvester Trbovich	2817 Jane St., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Pfc. Carroll E. Wheeler, Jr.	543 Main St., Malden, Mass.
T/5 Frederick L. Vegkley, Jr.	74 Orchard St., Jamaica Plain 30, Mass.	Pvt. Edgar H. Burgess, Jr.	784 Park Ave., Cranston, R. I.
T/5 Vernon E. Westenberger	4564 Plover Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	Pvt. James E. Carlin	
T/5 Dale Williams	3617 Woodland Park Ave., Seattle, Wash.	Pvt. James W. Cleveland, Jr.	24 Irving St., New Haven, Mass.
T/5 Henry F. Wilson, Jr.	58 Lyman St., Holyoke, Mass.	Pvt. Roy F. Mills	Clear Springs, Md.
Pfc. George Brummerloh	14505 84th Ave., Jamaica 4, L. I., N. Y.	Pvt. Robert W. Mullins	Wise, Va.
Pfc. Robert E. Evenson	123 Cherry St., Gardner, Mass.	Pvt. Donald R. Sibers	421 1/2 Franklin, Des Moines, Iowa
Pfc. Salvatore A. Favazzo	2665 114 St., Cleveland, Ohio	Pvt. John H. Straut, Jr.	RFD, Pomona, N. Y.
Pfc. Alvin M. Fischbein	1529 E. 32nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Pfc. Harry H. Diest	231 Beachley St., Meyersdale, Pa.
Pfc. David L. Folk	RFD No. 3, Lewistown, Pa.	T/5 John I. Babich	207 Bundy, Ironwood, Mich.
Pfc. William J. Glass, Jr.	211 N. 12 St., Pottsville, Pa.	7/3 Fred Karam	1568 E. Tusc, Canton, Ohio
Pfc. Kenneth F. C. Kirchoff	1705 Infantry St., Detroit, Mich.		



A map of the Redeployment Camps near Reims