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To
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An informal History
of
Company D 746 R.O.B.

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Dear "Si" this certainly isn't the
weighty literature that you are accustomed
not in actual "heft" or in the contents...
It is, however, the first organized effort
that your foster son has made... You won't
here to guide me in the technicalities of
Railroading so I had to disguise my
ignorance of the language of France...

I hope that Dear Cassell's won't be
too critical of the misspellings as my
German Printer made mistakes in the first
proof that because of circumstances I was
unable to avoid... The book might have
been complete if I had dedicated some
part of it to Silas and Cassell's....

Alfred Carl McLinnic -

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Preface

In order that the members of this company will have a record of the operations of the company through the period that this Company existed, this book is provided. The many things that occurred in the organization cannot otherwise be known to any one member without this type of record. It was very difficult to select the members of this company during the days when the company was being organized at Camp Plauche, La. The result was that many men who were previously trainmen were selected on a high intelligence score to be trained on electrical work. This task was very difficult and was completed at Harrisburg, Penn. on the Penn R. R. and in New York, N.Y. The Company left New York Harbor on December 26, 1944 and disembarked at South Hampton, England. A short stay in England was followed by a trip across the English Channel to Le Havre, France, and to the never to be forgotten camp at "Twenty Grand". At this camp the company was broken up and sent to other organizations to assist them in their work. Therefore a company trained to operate and maintain an electric system was used to operate on "steam lines". The doom of Company D seemed certain. The company, less 86 men, was sent to help the 716th R.O.B. during the days when they shorthanded because of Courts Martials. Men were transferred from one battalion to another wherever and whenever they were needed.

The 716th R.O.B. moved to Esslingen, Germany from Metz, France, and at this time came the first opportunity to work on the electric system of a railroad. Work was started immediately to the catenary system and the transmission lines. The mission of operation and maintenance was now changed to reconstruction. Estimates were made and the work completed ahead of schedule. Men worked 10 to 12 hours a day and 7 days each week. Electric engine services was started throughout the entire division from Kornwestheim to Augsburg, resulting in a large reduction of running time and greatly speeding up traffic. Immediately the company was moved to a division of Railroad from Augsburg to

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Author: Corporal Alfred E. Mc Jnnis

Editor: Captain Floyd D. Gibson

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To the men of this Company who have served their country so unselfishly during the national emergency and to their wives and loved ones who served at home in their absence, this book is respectfully dedicated . . .

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1st Lt. FAY D. LLOYD
O-0923533

Asst. Electric Power Transmission Officer

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half raise his huge hand to crush the imaginary fly out of existence, than thinking it not worth the effort, drop his hand and soon his head to dozing again.

Marching from the glaring Louisiana sun into the black of Post theater No. 1, aided to our seats by the quiet bellowing of corporal Biggs and the scattering of ceiling lights, when the dim lights went out we unbuttoned our damp shirt fronts and watched the lectures of the Non coms come to animation upon the Silver Screen wishing someone would make a mistake and delight us with the antics of a "Terrytoon" film instead. Noone ever made that mistake. "G.I." operators only made mistakes and had projector failures when a good film was being shown.

Each night our last formation of the day revealed a little more order, a trifle more snap and an obvious increase of pride in our outfit. The same night we noticed this, Lieutenant Brown made three trips to our barracks to snap out the lights some prankster would snap on as soon as he left. The fourth time, Lieutenant Brown "fell" us into the company street for a 2215 formation. Most of the boys were confused and dropped from sight under beds. As it turned out twenty one of us and Magoni participated. Lieutenant Brown ran us around the block to work off some of our excess spirits. For sake of the record, Arthur Weinzierl finished with the Lieutenant, neck and neck! That night and every night thereafter the lights went off and stayed off after "lights out."

The short fat man with a nasty cheap suit and as nasty a voice, who sold newspapers in our "chowline", by the time Company "D" reached him the papers were all sold. We remember him because in announcing his wares he expressed our veivs of Louisiana very well, by saying "Lousyanna".

0730 hrs. of June 21, 1944, we loaded into trucks, sped down long New Orleans avenues, by fruit markets, second hand carlots-, Beer joints, across marshs, over the endless bridge at

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Poncentrain lake, and rolled to a dusty stop at Slidell Rifle Range, 1115 hrs. The first appearance of Slidell was the same as its last appearance, it was hard upon the eyes. Wooden packing boxes with canvas tops for living quarters, shimmering in the haze of noonday heat and dry looking Pines ringing the horizon. In the three days following our arrival Company "D" qualified to a man. The actual shooting was secondary. If Company "D" had not fired a shot, they would have deserved their Marksmanship medals for the experience itself. Our boys that fainted because of the extreme heat were revived to go right back into the heat of the rifle range again. The Mock Village Warfare, where regardless of their longing glances at the scanty shade offered by the forest beyond, ran, when the order came, dropped to the hot ground, waited a stifled moment, face buried in the fiery sand, grasped their rifles to run again. Climbing through windows, scaling walls; alert to mock snipers, firing, running, falling. After we had survived we marched in a sweat to try our endurance upon other courses.

The Infiltration Course was as bad as the Range. Stout hearts quailed a little, muscles twitched involuntarily at the unaccustomed nearness of exploding powder charges. You stood in line with the others although there was no danger yet, all of you stooped from the jabbing bursts of machine gun fire. The fellow before you hunched and ran into the trench at the starting end of the course. The fellow behind nudged you so you hunched and ran. Crouching in the trench you remembered how white your knuckles were across the dusted rifle stock. Without being aware of it you were edging over the trench, crawling through the deep dust of the mock battlefield beneath the rattling chill of close bullets. The exertion of crawling costing much sweat which the dust clung to, making the rifle terribly hard to grasp, tempting you to drag its weight. Lungs forced against the short breaths you had to take, deep breaths would have soon forced the deep dust into the lungs choking you. Coming to a barbed wire entanglement, you flopped quickly upon back and lay still having to rest. High up, against the blue of sky, you saw a



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benches. The benches were't as tiring to sit upon as had been the ground and not comfortable enough to sleep upon. The boys, with their inevitable penknives, soon whittled the benches so full of initials, ornate designs and plain cussedness that the benches folded up and collapsed, one by one.

As a further concession to our training and interest, two large telephone poles were erected upon the far side of the office. We clambored up and down the poles like so many squirrels upon a holiday until one afternoon, one of us, in an excess of enthusiasm forgot to stop climbing at the poles top and keep right on going. Naturally "Matthews" found that his enthusiasm far exceeded his abilities. From that time on a "volunteer" system was resorted to in order to coax us up those poles.

One of the highlights of our stay in Harrisburg was when a group of our boys with civilian Railroad experience were drafted and dispatched quickly to Philadelphia, which was at a standstill because the city workers had gone on strike, tying up the transportation of that great city. For ten days we operated busses, trolleys and subways, until the workers came back to work in compliance with Government orders. It was an odd situation, we, all men of Rail Unions and there we were, working as "Scabs". The workers themselves understood our action was necessary and on the whole treated we soldiers very well as did all of Philadelphia. For a while we had hoped the strikers would'nt come back for the duration and we would be left right in "Philly"

Indian summer was beginning to breathe her red and yellow sighs over the trees on the old hills of Pennsylvania when we began our "Bivioucing" at "Camp Katy", located at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania. As the rumor went, Company 'D' being the political apple in the eye of Washington, had to forego the pleasures of Technical Training, for the five day Bivioucs ending only when every member had attended. "Camp Katys" program is forgotten by most of us now but we have'nt forgotten the "Yellow Jackets",

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PORT AND SEA

1635 hrs. of December 18, 1944, Company "D", was unkinking the kinks from their train ride, hiking with all their belongings in the ugly light of the late winter afternoon, through Camp Joyce Kilmer, New Jersey. The march was long and we didn't see a person on the way of our march. We half expected to see a band of timber wolves come streaming across the frozen waste of "Kilmer" and harry our rear.

"You seen the short, cheerful, figure of "Shorty Reynolds", weighed closer to the ground by the weight of his equipment and the addition of a mail bag containing a number of late letters of ours. He certainly had a courage along with his humor to be taking a second chance. Once overseas is enough in a mans life time and 'Shorty' was going again! Ausby Piersosn as tall and angular as "Shorty" was short, reaching over and a long arm against the cold winter light, taking the mail sack and carrying it himself, joking lightly to cover up that wonderful bit of kindness.'

We spent from the 18 of December to the 24, five whole days, the tag end of one day and the start of another at Camp Joyce Kilmer. We studied the penciled, crayoned and chalked inscriptions on the barracks walls and rafters. At this, the last barracks in the United States. You found the "Art" of "toilet wall scribbling" had found new release, a real emotion, almost to the point of a culture. You considered the grave possibilities of a one, Pvt. J. Dribble, as applying to you. He had abbreviated his feelings into a group of "Gothic lines". "Got here, Aug. 3. Left this goddam hole Sept. 2, 1944. No pass, no —", well, he went on a ways further and inspiration had left Pvt. Dribble as quickly as it had come. You could see a new form of realistic literature benefitting from this war, even if morals have to suffer, as surely they have!

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We shivered and shook in the snapping teeth of a December wind that had a thousand mile start, all the way from the St. Lawrence before it swept the flats of "Kilmer", with an impact of ice upon its chill breath. After two hours of stamping our feet outside and a few half-hearted attempts at "48-49-50. etc", we were hurried inside a large building the proportions of "Ringling Bros' Biggest tent and containing a few exhibits that might have escaped from that sort of an affair. We were exposed to the brief indignity of a brief 'Physical' conducted by doctors as brief, who were as chilly as wind outside if one of the boys had the inclination of a physical disorder. If a fellow frothed at the mouth or exhibited every reaction of insanity, the doctors coughed politely and looked to one side engaging in a conversation with an eager,, devoted, P.F.C. assistant of the Cadre.

The coldest day of the year, December, 20, we shuffled and milled about a platform, whereupon, stood a small, redfaced Sergeant, hoarsely wheezing the blessings of our new gasmasks. We plunged our faces into the cold, suction, grip of the masks and stumbled through a gas chamber not knowing whether we had really tested the gasmask or not. We had scarcely the time to complete a breath before being out in the air again. T/5, Neal had a tussel with the lens of his gasmask "fogged up", Neal was'nt quite sure of where he was going. He rushed by the small gas chamber and into the tiny latrine by the side of the area, eight times before he was captured and headed in the right direction.

Our quick marches through the camp to various areas often led us by the "W.A.A.C." area, conspicuous by the red and yellow "Off Limits" sign. We had been told at an assembly of the Battalion that a connection with a "W.A.A.C.", could be made through official channels. We wondered how far the official end of such a connection went before it was out of bounds.

We went "on the Alert" the 23 of December. Last minute checks and rechecks by the Supply boys of our T.A.T. equipment, personal property and all of the records that they had already

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been working upon for weeks. It all had to be gone over for the last time, making the twentieth time John Cox had checked John Coleman's camera on the list and in box number so and so. The rest of us didn't give those fellows in the Supply room a second thought as they worked, bundled against the cold of the night, we were far too interested watching the exaggerated charms of Gypsy Rose Lee trying to captivate in the film "Belle of the Yukon". Some of us were to turn away from film theaters all over Europe, that were still showing this movie, in succeeding months.

December the 24, 1944, Company "D" formed their chattering lines and swung their young strength into the force of the army's largest Railroad Battalion the 746. R.O.B. we went to "Kilmers" Rail yards by the way we had come. One of the Cadre road guards said to each one of us as we passed him by, "Good luck!" We had heard that before and had imagined that was the sort of thing men said at times like that. But there was something in that fellow's voice and eyes and something on his uniform in the way of overseas ribbons and a Purple Heart that made each one of us realize that he meant every word. Just before we entered our train, we looked again at the large sign reading, "Merry Xmas — Good Luck!" The first a cheerful wish, the latter a sober prayer.

1330 hrs., we left our train at a pier in outer New York Harbour and jammed together with some Air Corps officers and some Negro Q.M. troops, on the deck of a ferry that was to take us to our sea going troopship. "You thought of the other troops with you, all of us had been working at different jobs and posts all over America, at a certain date, a certain hour, the precise minute, we would all be upon a ferry boat in the middle of New York Harbor". And there we were! Many days from then, all of our separate lives had been drawn from their individual destinies and placed upon paper as one small part of a great plan. From then on our course would be a predetermined marching into the future. It's a helpless feeling to have a future, all mapped

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and charted by another's decisions and no longer able to blaze your own way. You dismissed your thinking with a "oh well, my way isn't the way wars are won."

We had our only look at the Statue of Liberty while crossing New York harbor. "She" was like the "Lady of the Mist" with the sea fog and harbor mists shrouding her.

An excited bevy of Red Cross girls (about 50 years old) dashed around the big closed over pier, our last formation upon American soil. The "girls" were worrying us with offerings of doughnuts, coffee and five cent Hershey bars. We started a line moving for the ship, at the shoreward end of the famous gangplank. You had a brief word with a sweet blue-eyed Miss, more certain to be Mrs., she handed you a gift wrapped in red paper and a smile wrapped in the dazzle of gold teeth. Your last chat with this last American woman was considerably one-sided. To your query, she scuttled her "tinsel" smile to the other side of her face, snapped, "No, ya only get one! Whaddaya think this is Bargain Day at Macy's?" You thanked the good Lord above for including in his divine scheme of things the blessings of the Red Cross! You moved out upon the gangplank. It was a terribly disappointing thing, the gangplank, close to the water, very short, in fact it was nothing more than some boards, not at all the gayly canopied, neon lighted affair you had expected. The line ahead jammed, and stopped, leaving you halted in the middle of the gangplank — halfway between Europe and America! You looked down to the water, an old life preserver, half an oar, some garbage scraps were surging in small agitation, in the oily water along the piling and ship's side. The line moved, you stepped from America to Europe in a single step. That "gangplank" should be mounted in some place of honor, some pretty grand guys walked its length.

Christmas Eve, some of us, leaned over the ship's railing looking across the black, rained, gap between us and the gayity of New York's lights. One of the boys, it might have been Tosto,



ENGLAND AND 'TWENDY GRAND '66

On a cold, windy morning of January 8, 1945 at 0730 hrs., we pushed each other from out of our Railway coaches to the windswept, snowblown, barrenness of Banbury Railway station. We thanked, in our hearts, those in charge for moving us at a march towards our billets rather than allow us to stand around in the subzero weather for transportation. We left Banbury station yard and entered upon the main street of Banbury, a small hill covered with ice was at the beginning of the shop district, the street was filled with hurrying citizens of the crown, bicycles and draycarts, and lined with sagging shops not unlike dour old maids, scowling at us. Those staid old English shops frowned their annoyance all the more as we slid, shouting down the hill, the boys of "D" company made the incident an adventure rather than a discomfort. We would run a few steps, slide a dozen steps, our packs, rifles and miscellany of gear flopping and clattering the whole town through.

One group had quarters in Nissen huts near the Railway station, another group was quartered at the Flying Horse Tavern, Headquarters for "D" Company was stationed above the stable at the ignoble rear of the "Buck and Wing" Tavern. Of our many problems, stoves were our most immediate problem. One stove was set up in the orderly room (acting orderly room), after several puffs, the smoke went out of the orderly room window, upstairs into the sleeping quarters. Those in the quarters coughed and gagged then knocked out another pane in the window giving an exit for the smoke which went out the window and back into the orderly room. Those working in the orderly room would come out at the days end, their faces looking as though they had been working in a coal mine all day.

Our quarters were nothing more than damp brick lofts, as cold as it was water would drop from the walls in sheets. Tucked away in narrow brick allys of a town that was nothing more than a confusion of allys. The Headquarters detachment was next to the town dary, the waste from our latrine overflowed the basins

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and ran under the wall to invade the dairy where it was patiently mopped and wrung out into the streets to instill in us the caution of making sure we didn't drink English milk.

We enjoyed our evening snacks of "fish and chips" with buns brought to us by our serious little English boy, Johnny, as was his name. He was certain the two most wonderful things in this world was "Yanks" and chewing gum, any flavor. One night we were all eating one of those snacks, Carl Miller came in with a sheepish look, called "Bud" ploog over to him explaining his embarrassment to "Bud". It seemed, Carl had been to a "Tea and Cakes" shop having a "spot of tea", we remember very well those tiny English tea cups, well, Carl finished, got up to leave and to his acute surprize found he could'nt get rid of his tea cup. His finger was wedged in the cup handle so tight he could'nt get it loose, Carl did'nt know quite what to do for a few moments, certainly he could'nt break the shop's chinaware there with all of the customers and help looking on! Carl settled with his embarassment by keeping the teacup, with finger attached, hid under his overcoat and ran down allys all the way to the quarters where "Bud" carefully broke the tea cup away from his finger with some taps of a hammer. It would have been awkward to say the least of possible complications, if Carl had, had to salute Lieutenant German with that teacup on his right hand.

We could never forget Sgt Kinner and his haircut. There was much dark whispering in the corners to the effect, "it serves him right" Sgt Kinner had gone into an English barber shop and was in the ensuing melee cut and butchered in several places one of which had to do with the cutting of his hair. The barber was eighty years old and his rising young son in the business was sixty two years old, between the two they managed to have Sgt. Kinner looking like a young owl in no time, his near baldness emphazing his eyes and "beak".

Which of us can ever forget Clucky and Sampson unloading eight tons of coal from a truck, using entrenching tools! It was





as vast an undertaking as displacing the sands of Coney Island to a point a mile away, using teaspoons as tools. Four tons and five hours later the two discovered the truck had an automatic dump! And there are some in this outfit who still wonder at this late date, how Sampson got that way.

There were laughs for the men of Company "D", many laughs, but for every laugh there were a thousand unshed tears. Men laughing at one another, at themselves and all the time crying deep in their hearts. They, that had their roots deep in the firm soil of their native America had been torn up and were being temporarily „heeled" into foreign, unkind soil, amongst peoples and customs terribly strange in the beginning and distorted by the war to tremendous differences. Is it any wonder they hated England and Europe? They looked at the evil red, brick buildings of Banbury of old Oxfordshire, making giant brick steps down the hill into the town steeped in the blue dirty smoke of a thousand pot chimneys and the loom of centuries of backward customs heavy and rank with the smell of the years. They seen a representative figure of Europe in the frowning, hulking shape of Banbury. — It was like an old fallen log, already rotten, with fat grubs eating its heart out. Company "D" wanted none of Europe, they wanted their bright star upon the darkened heaven of the world — America, magic word, wonderful land! The company was lonely and home sick and in their mutual sorrow, drew closer together as never would have been possible in the states. This was a good thing for there were darker days clouding their futures horizon.

All of us were sorry and thought we had lost Captain Gibson when he suffered a fall on January 10 and was confined with a broken to the 318th Station Hospital at Middletown, Stoney, Oxfordshire. The story, between the time he left and joined us months later, would be a story complete in itself. Even though at a distance from his company, he fought the miles of red tape and held Company "D" on the roster as a complete unit, at a time when outfits that were apparently as important as Company "D"



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train at South Hampton, they were selected for the baggage detail. The detail consisted of unloading the companys baggage from the train into trucks, at the docks they unloaded the baggage from the trucks and piece by piece, carried the baggage aboard a large English vessel, this went on until 0400 hrs. in the freezing morning. The job finished, our boys went below to deposit their packs upon bunks where the packs enjoyed a good rest, while they went up to the galley to slave as "K.P." Company "D" served under British cooks for their first and last time it was found that British cooks may not be the most sanitary in the world but they certainly are the most efficient. One fellow from one of the artillery outfits on board ship was assigned to an electric bread cutter. After a thirty second introduction to the unfamiliar machine by a cook who spoke in the confusion of a London Cockney, the Artillery lad began his job. He cut bread in good shape for about fifteen minutes, discovered one of his fingerends was missing, he yelled, one of the British cooks came running, when the cook learned of the lads misfortune, he patched the lads finger up saying, "Thank heavens I thought the bread machine was broken!" The boy went back to work on the bread cutter. Two minutes later he was missing another fingerend. The cook was really angry this time he told the boy that there were no more bandages and to leave the bread cutter and scrub the mess tables down. All of our boys decided that they preferred "K.P." under American Management at least if one them lost an arm in an American kitchen they got the day off!

On the morning of January 25, 1945, we were riding at anchor's length at the edge of Le Havre France, the outer harbor. Those that were interested enough braved the cold of the wind up on deck and took our first look at France. There was just a tiny corner of that large country jutting through the heavy mist of frost that lays over salt water on cold winter mornings. It didn't look very good to us. At 1400 hrs. whether we were interested or not we were ordered into landing craft that was at the ships side. We would have to land upon the beach because the inner harbor of Le Havre had been too badly damaged to allow

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the safe passage of an ocean going vessel. We stood, packed together in the small landing craft watching our duffle bags being dropped from the 70 foot deck of the English vessel to the landing craft rolling and pitching on the rough water below. About ever fifth duffle bag would miss the small boat and sink with a quick splash into the icy water. The sailor in charge would shout up his encouragement to the other sailor, throwing down our duffle bags, "better luck next time!" Something akin to dislike gripped our hearts at his bandying of words and our duffle bags. 1430 hours the last of the landing craft had deposited the last of us upon the beach at Le Havre. As far as we cared to look down the beach were "L.S.T.'s" with their bows yawning upon the beach disgorging jeeps, men and supplies, they looked like some large sea monsters, dripping from the sea ready to swallow us up. The three hundred yards from waterline erupted bits of iron, mortar, bricks, bedsprings and C Ration cans — always wherever we were to go in Europe there were C Ration cans, empty, preceding us. A few hundred yards around a corner of gutted buildings and a scant dozen rods from the beach was "D" company. We stood and crouched around small open fires from 1400 to 1900 hrs. tryin to keep warm in our wet clothes. The temperature shrank with the light, as soon as night had come, the drooping temperature was below the zero mark. That formation, more a gathering than formation, was the strangest that company "D" had ever known. There we were right in the middle of the war that we had read and seen in the movies and the graphic "Life" magazine! Long Avenues stretched between the vastness of a dead city. The rubble from the shelled buildings had fallen into the streets, crowding the street boundaries to a narrow winding path between the wreckage. The moon forced itself up the heavens as if reluctant to shine its rays upon the ruin that men had made of a beautiful city. A large ruined church still partly standing, was bathed in a sad beauty as the moonbeams cautiously entered the vacant windows, framed with ragged edges of colored glass, to the inside where other buildings had cascaded upon one another. At one edge, one of our "G.I.'s releasing the straining demands

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nature had thrust upon him, silent and miserable with the cold across his bared buttocks the numbed fingers of his hand trying to separate the tight wad of "K" Ration toilet paper.

1905 hrs. we kicked some dirt over our fires and climbed into huge trailer vans that had slatted sides and were without tops. The spot where one of our fires had been suddenly flared skyward in an explosion. One of the fellows had kicked a mortar shell over his fire with the dirt, unaware that he had done so. We didn't think too long about that for that was a danger past, and we had heard one of the truck drivers remark, "we've got an eighty five mile drive ahead." The future with its shadow of discomfort loomed higher in our imagination than any danger past. 1930 hrs. the convoy ground its separate motors into sputtering, growling life in the sub-zero weather. The cold, sleepy men of company "D" stirred against one another in half frozen irritation as the trucks began to move.

We huddled down as close to the floor and each other as possible trying to evade the ice fingers of the frost, cold as the grave, the fingers would soon find us out and grasp away from us that speck of warmth we were trying to contain under our huddled mass on the back of the truck. We soon stopped trying, we just remained in our cramped positions, we knew every time one of us moved as much as an arm, every one on the truck had to move that much further into the rushing wind of "below zero". Someone spoke in a hoarse whisper that John Cox was terribly sick, we could see a little of Johns face, strained and gray with pain. The fellow next to John was covered with the frozen, red stained, meal John had thrown up, the boy didn't say a word of protest, he suffered with John and placed his own blanket, all he had, tenderly over the sick mans shoulders. The trucks snaked up winding roads for mile upon mile stopping at various camps trying to locate our destination which was as vague to the drivers as it was to us. The camps that we stopped at were nothing more than dark huddles of canvas in snowy clearings, splashed with moonlight. The whole



scene of France on that first night had a look of wildness , combined with a weirdness as though we were traveling around in an immense crater of the moon. So cold and desolate looking were those camps that we almost preferred staying in the known discomfort of the trailer vans, not having the courage to brave the unknown discomfort of those camps. Each camp had the same group of indifferent guards, around big fires, who spread their hands and shrugged, "no room". We were all suffering, praying we would find some haven for those fellows that were sick and enduring only because of the quiet courage of brave men. Somehow you thought of a mother and father in ancient Palestine going from inn to inn, trying to find room for their precious child and were turned away with the indifferent "no room in the inn tonight". Those sick boys of ours were as precious to their children, wives and parents as the Palestine child was. The cold was more bearable thereafter because of our concern over the sick boys.

On the morning of January 26, 1945 at 0430 hrs. we stopped at a camp named "Twenty Grand", this was one of the camps in the Le Havre area called the "ciggerette Camps" because they were named after popular brands of American Smokes. One of the camp guards told us that the only room in the camp was in a back area, a mile from where our trucks were stopped. Our officers lost no time in making the wise decision of getting us off those trailer vans, telling us to take only the equipment that would keep us warm and walk as soon as we were ready, to the back area, in the direction that the camp guard pointed out to us. Under a different set of circumstances the walk might have been enjoyed. The small road before us, striped in the lovely pattern of moon shadows from the even rows of great beech trees on either side, concealed frozen ruts and spots of ice, causing us to stumble. The road led us through a dense wood of thin trees snapping among themselves with the frost, we were in the wood for such a long time, actually a few minutes, that we thought the road had lost itself and we with it, then the road surprized us by coming



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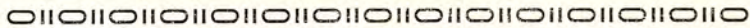
suddenly from the wood and skirting the crown of a high cleared bluff. To the left was a deep valley which stretched away in withering vapors of frost and dissipated moonbeams. We didn't look too long in that direction, we were interested in the tents which stretched back from the bluff to the line of thin trees.

There was no forming the straggling lines of "D" company and assigning definite groups to definite tents, someone found our "street", from then on the men of Company "D" determined for themselves who was staying in which tent. You walked into a tent, if there were less than six packs, you stayed, if you stumbled over more than six packs, you moved to another tent. Lieutenant German was told that the colonel desired "D" company to go back to the trucks, a Mile away, and get the rest of our equipment. It is not recorded what Lieutenant German's answer was but whatever the answer it must have been good because we didn't go back for the rest of our equipment until several days later and then we went in trucks!

Finding a tent, each man became his own detail gathering stoves, pipes, cots and fuel, you discovered later, as you lay in a canvas cot appropriated from "C" company with the trees and the moon for silent witnesses, that by helping the rest, you were helping yourself as well. You found a stove, your tent-mates helped set it up, in the end you were all warmed by it, you benefitted from the simple act of including others in the range of your vision. You curled your toes, shrugged deeper into your nest of arranged blankets, shelter-half, overcoat, pants and skins, soon you were far from the world of misery, cold and war, in the pleasant vale where dreams hold sway — dreams of home

Nearby, in the dark beneath the frosted folds of a tent, Newman stirred in the alternate chills and heat of a fever. One of the boys, always loud in his joking ridicule of Newman, heard the sick boys stirring. Rosinski, carefully disentangled himself from the clinging warmth of his cot, unwrapped his over-

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coat from the foot of his cot, wrapped it quietly around the long, upper, half of Newman's body then crept back to his cot which had cooled off in the interim. Newman stirred no more but slept warmly as daylight came to us at "Camp Twenty Grand".

We were at "Twenty Grand" from the 26 of January to the morning of the 31st.

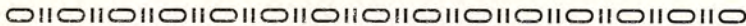
We didn't realize at the time but it was a good thing, we were only allowed enough coal to last through a night. This forced us to "scavenger" the woods for trees and shrubs that we could chop for fuel. If it hadn't been for this bit of necessary activity, tempers worn thin from the strain of preceding days might have snapped, small forgotten arguments irritated to the surface of our dispositions in short, we would have very soon been at one another's throats if it hadn't been for our self appointed details for wood beside the Seine River. And thus we were kept from unpleasant developments by keeping out of sight of the Negroe guards who had evidently been drafted for the express service of protecting the twigs and limbs on the trees of a huffy French woman's property from malicious harm wrought upon their sacred boles by cold "G.I.'s" with bayonets and entrenching tools. Months later, "Chuck" Grotefend and John Cox were to scratch their worn hair nearly out of existence trying to account on paper for some sixty-five entrenching tools. The warm winds of Spring must have uncovered a great many of these articles, broken and bent with a good many familiar initials, that would have explained the Supply room problem quite easily.

Two helmets of coal per man was the most we ever had of a night. A miser could not have been as jealous of his heap of gold as those of us that took turns as fire guard through the long nights. Measuring each lump, each handful of coal dust for the hungry fire, towards morning we were stirring leaves, grass and sticks, with the coal dust, coaxing the fire to continue in its fitful warmth.





Grimy, bearded, men stretched long, stamping lines towards the negroe Mess tent twice a day. The first few times, older more experienced outfits shoved by the head of Company "D's" Chow line, by the time Company "D" filed past the Mess tables, very little of the food was left and that was cold. One of our lieutenants said if the fellows would stand behind him by all being on time for the next Chow formation, he would see that noone "bucked" our Chow line, no matter what rank of officer tried. Company "D" ate hot, solid, meals thereafter to finish in time for "seconds" while our Lieutenant held back the other Chow lines of grumbling outfits. We had done some grumbling ourselves against this humorless man that was our Lieutenant all the time in Basic Training in which this officer took a prominent part. At Harrisburg our murmurs had assumed the proportion of threats, all of them idle boasts which we wouldnt admit for the life of us! We seemed to have forgotten in the distortion of our thinking that for three or more years of the war, we had been at home living our lives as we were meant to. This Lieutenant of ours was in the Army all that time advancing the difficult way from enlisted man to the debatable height of an officers standing, living that life a man is'nt meant nor born for but thrust into by fate to fulfill some cruel design of her own. For three years seeing the unending monotony of Army barracks, every building alike, every man alike in his garb, eating meals composed of menus of similarity, everything, including a man's mind, in a prescribed pattern of repetition that must be followed no matter how great the storm of rebellion in a man's breast. This Lieutenant of ours had known this all the while he was trying vainly to "jam" the "U.R." down our throats, throats that were aching with a longing for home. We were his last class in Basic training, we were going across the water together and he wanted us to have the benifit of his store of Military knowlege. He was disappointed in this desire of his because we weren't interested in anything the Army had to offer nor could he convince us otherwise. Is it then, so great a wonder that he became impatient at times? At "Twenty Grand" he stood all alone, holding back those other protesting outfits deter-



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mined to eat before us, he not eating until certain that all of his men had eaten, no longer could we say other than Lieutenant B. C. Brown had our greatest respect and admiration, late as it was and inadequate as it was.

All the day of the 30th we wondered at our delay in "Twenty Grand". We began feeding our "easily influenced" imaginations with Rumors — Company "D" was going to build log rafts and practice crossing the Seine, just below "Twenty Grand", preparatory for an amphibious assault upon Norway; Iceland had a spot in its colds bosom for an Electrical Transmission Company; Ed Brantly with all seriousness knew for certain that Madame Chiang Kai Shek had asked for the services of Company "D" to electrify a road connecting the large ricefields outside of Chungking; to mention a few of the choice subjects which we were being appalled, frightened, thrilled and discouraged by. The same evening at 0435 hrs. we learned of the true facts, just a short time previous, the orders had come to our officers, eighty five men to be assigned to the 712 R.O.B. somewhere in Belgium, the rest, one hundred men and three officers to go on detached service with the ill-famed 716 R.O.B. in Metz, France. How best to determine the men to go to one place and the others to go to the other? A difficult decision to make and no time to make a proper selection of the men. The fastest and fairest way would be to keep those who had the most experience in the electrical end of Company "D"'s records and keeping that group with Headquarters in Metz, holding them in view of the time the Company could begin their work for which they had been trained for. When that work was begun the eighty five men that were on detached service would join the Company Headquarters to fill the positions held open for them. That was the theory by which the selection of men at "Twenty Grand" was made and that is the way the plans eventually evolved. Eighty-five men had to be detached to the 712 R.O.B. and there was no way out but to send the men. Lieutenant Brown gave us a serious talk beside the still tents standing in the snow and the lengthing shadows of the winters dying sun. Every solemn word

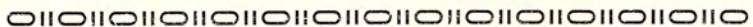
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of his could be heard in the cold calm of the swift gather of dusk. There are some of us that wish we had recorded that little talk in our dogeared notebooks. At the end of his talk the Lieutenant, called each man's name of the eighty-five men, lingering over each name, as if they would lose their savor with absence, it was a bitter blow for us who prophesied the breakup of our company in this move. A tinge of sadness hung over our tents with the smoke of our stoves- we tried unsuccessfully to shrug it away with a joke.

The following morning, the 31st, at 1000 hrs. we moved out from Camp Twenty Grand leaving the eighty-five men going on Detached service to follow us later in the day. 1100 hrs. we were in the railyards of Roen, France, fringed with bomb splatters. Twenty-eight men were assigned to a car. The cars were mostly the "40 and 8's" of our fathers with a number of new Transportation Corps Plywood Wagons. We hung our gear on hooks that ran along the ceiling of the cars, having done this we next tried scrapeing the filth and manure from the floors of our cars. No brooms or shovels were to be had so our efforts were anything but astonishingly successful, the manure had froze so we let it lie and climbed in on top of it. At 1410 hrs. after the rest of our boys had joined us, a lone, ragged, French machine lazed down the track, bumped into our train apologetically and began its hesitant throbbing of the airpump. Charlebois observed correctly that a bicycle pump would have been as well for pumping the train line. At 1430 hrs. the engine, coughed, heaved with a gasp of steam, away from the pull of the train. As a natural trail of events, our cars shuddered and moved. We discovered that irregardless of the twin buffer plate extentions at each car end and the link and screw draw-bars, adjustable to slack, each car still had to be given a separate tug before it would move. We stopped a dozen times before clearing the wreckage of Roen at one of the pauses some of the fellows dragged heavy pans into the cars and had little coal fires blazing in the doorways upon the pans, they threw off more smoke than heat but were comforting to look

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at if nothing else. Sometime about 2100 hrs. our train after threatening for so long to stop, did so, right in the middle of a long tunnel. Our open coal fires quickly filled the tunnel and our cars with dense clouds of reeking coal smoke, we lost no time in kicking the fires out into the night when the train left the tunnel. We spent the rest of that night huddled upon our duffle bags our heads covered with one anothers blankets, our feet deep in the muddy manure which had been warmed to an ooze by our coal fires and the animal heat of our many bodies.

From January 31st to February 5, 1945 we were on the long road from definite Roen to indefinite Metz.

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METZ and BEYOND

The first morning on the road, February the 1st, our engine backed us into a small siding above a smaller station with the brevity of "Brevail" upon its sign. With some more of its apologetic coughs the French engine left us and went back to some larger station for repairs or to replace wheels lost during our traveling or something that the French crew never explained to us, leaving us to our own amusements all that day. As if a magic wand had been waved, the weather finally caught up with the European calendar and it turned warmer, indeed, winter had stepped from its sub-zero garments of white into the green mantle of Spring. We turned from marveling at the weather to chasing an indignant band of geese from a puddle in a nearby field and washing and shaving ourselves free from the crust of coal smoke and dirt clear down to the point where we could see our self respect again. This done we soon had small trackside fires going for the cookery of our "IO in Ones". A few had crinkly strips of bacon curling themselves in sizzling fry-pans, the rest of us ate canned ham and eggs (find the ham) in the prickly silence of envy.

With the universal goodwill of American Cigarettes, there is no diplomacy as sure and effective, we had every car spread to the deep warm yellow of straw. Bechtal and Clucky came in with two, red, carcasses of rabbits slung between them. They had caught the rabbits and skinned them on the spot. The two boys were as surprised as we when the rabbits which they had laid down beside a fire, came to life and started hopping around, with nothing on, as one could very well say! The two boys had to catch the rabbits and kill them all over again. If cats have nine lives, French rabbits must have almost as many, they have two lives that we can affirm to. For the remainder of the afternoon the thickets close to our train were filled with the shots of carbines, shouts of hunters, and rabbits hopping around minus a head or a hind end. Rabbit boiled, fried or anyway we wanted it was a welcome addition to our meal that night.

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Early evening a group of us visited the old church that has stood the years in the center of Brevail, removing our fire blackened helmets we went inside. The damp air was heavy with the combination of ancient odors, the musty rot of tapestries rotting layers of straw, wooden pews polished to a shine by centuries of squirming French children. White spatters of pigeon droppings spotted the uneven flagged floor and swallows darted in and out beneath the high painted dome, crying "quick little crys. We could see a beauty here, especially in the sunset that was sending the last handful of its rays against the colored glass windows, filling the old church with all the colors of the spectrum, with none of its excitement. It was the only beauty the peasants were acquainted with, a far simpler beauty than we were accustomed to, but we were reverent in its presence. We walked quietly from the church in the liquid rills of the evening bells trembling the silence around us. Next door to the church, the bulk of another building leaned towards the church, the two almost rubbed stone shoulders, so close were they. Another group of "G.I.s", little the worse for wear and white wine, stumbled down the street, laughing to one another. Upstairs of the building next to the church, some painted, ill-clad, French women with hungry eyes, gestured to the "G.I.s", the "G.I.s" laughed again and stumbled from sight into the building under the sound of Vesper Bells.

The second of February, we were at some rail yards outside of Paris, within sight of the Eiffel Tower. In this suburb of Paris, Ed. Lee, Ralph and Norman Parker, distinguished themselves in combat and were carried back to the safety of our train. At 1600 hrs. our first "G.I." engine and crew hauled us the eight miles along the Seine to another Parisian suburb, Noisy le Sec. We had a closer look at the Eiffel Tower, standing with its famed steel legs spread apart over the sprawling city of Paris, just as it always stood in postcards and in the movies. We didn't think it was anything to rave about, an oil derrick in Texas is as scenic and S/Sgt. Stubbs would have rather seen one than all the famed towers in Europe. To stop and consider





a moment. The education of travel was wasted as far as we were concerned. It would have been much more interesting and comfortable to sit in an easy chair at home with the world at your finger tips via the radio and books, hearing and reading about the beautiful Seine flowing through the "City of Light". When you actually see the "beautiful Seine" with its stinking sewers, and ribbons of oil and refuse, the "City of Light" with its streets twisting like serpents through dark, evil appearing buildings, you wish you had been left to the pleasant unreality of the radio and books at home.

Noisy le Sec was just another step in our rail tramping through France. Numerous commuter trains ran through the war wrecked station and yards, with people crowded inside the cars to the luggage racks and people clinging nonchalantly to the railings outside the cars reading newspapers, arguing, the lovely madmazzelles, safe on the speeding trains waving welcoming arms towards us.. Jack Biggs and Klienschmidt rehearsed the "Slidell" incident that night before we went to sleep. The two of them out in the dark yard, trying to wrestle with all the energy of American boys and all around them was the grim shadow of war, shots still could be heard from the Paris that never seems to sleep and was still nervous from its recent liberation — Jack and "Smitty" wrestled on.

The third of February our train had delighted its train crew by settling down to business and dropping into Rheims. We formed a favorable but mistaken impression of E.T.O. "P.X.'s" when we used our "E.T.O.USA" cards for the first time in the large Rheims "P.X.". That place was stocked similar to a "five and ten" at home, so we formed the impression that all P.X.'s on the continent were likewise stocked. They were'nt A few cultivated a taste for champaign which was later discovered to be too expensive a taste.

February the Fourth, found us waiting, as per S.N.C.F. schedule, at Conflans, France, for a bridge ahead to be repaired. That





meant a delay running into days, we had a war to win, or so we liked to think, so we left Conflans Jarney, leaving the eighty-five of our boys going on "D.S." with the 712 R.O.B. We began a nocturnal wandering over French rails at the mercy of indifferent French train crews. At one small dark station we heard the broken striding of "Bed check Charlie's" motor as he roamed the night skies looking for just such a couple of "C.I.s." as we. He didn't find us hence all this writing under the heading of "history". We went to bed which consisted of merely closing our eyes, we were already in the prone position, that tried and true method in which travelling is best enjoyed.

0700 hrs., February, 5, 1945, we rolled into the glass shattered and strewn train shed with the tilted sign, reading Metz; at one end. In the drizzle of the overcast morning the first of Co. "D" moved into a large Stucco building, smeared in wavy tan, blue and green bands of clever, German, camouflage. An hour later the rest of Co. "D" moved into the same building. This large four storied building with its three immense wings was to continue in the written pages of history with the infusion of Company "D". The building had been a university for Priests in prewar times. In following days we were to see one or two of these priests, looking solemn as penguins, picking their careful way through the rubble filled yard. The Nazis rolled into the Alsace Lorraine with their war machine and had set up their Gestapo Headquarters for that French region in the building which we moved into. When we took possession we didn't have to fight from room to room to release the political prisoners at the far end as our "Dougs" had done. We merely moved in and went through the usual army process of taking over the possession of building, we cleaned and set up quarters on the first floor of the first wing, were ordered to the second floor. We cleaned and set up quarters there, finishing the job in time to receive orders to move up to the third floor. Again we cleaned and set our new quarters in order wearily, thinking about the other two wings in the Building, thanking the stars that we didn't have to move into a building



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the size of the Empire State building. T/5 Michels chased by Cpl. Coleman, followed a confusion of electric wires to bring to our few rooms, once again, that miracle of Thomas Edison's. Their methods may not have been orthodox but we did have lights for that night.

Company "D" had their Headquarters in Metz, France from February 5 to 1530 hrs. of May 8, 1945.

We were settled in the Academy one week cleaning the debris left by the Nazis when they had to vacate the premises. One day when the building was clean the 716 R.O.B. moved in. The second night the 716 was called for a formation in the ballroom not forgetting for a moment Company "D". In company with the 716 R.O.B. we were compelled to witness the ridiculous spectacle of an American Officer in the Transportation Corps, compare himself favorably and before he was finished, equally with Abe Lincoln. The officer, in further elaboration compared the hard slats of our ice-box beds to the comforts of a "one-posted bed". Several of the boys gave a few whispered hints as to where that officer could put that "oneposted bed" of his. A few more of us, the reasoning ones, could'n't see how such a procedure was possible as the officer already had a "six gun", holster and belt in the same place. This performance took place on the evening of February 10, and marked the first and last entertainment, most of us were able to attend under the auspices of the 716th R.O.B. Those first two weeks we kept to our third floor suite and the 716th kept to the seclusion of theirs. During the day Company "D", cleaned the grounds about the building while the grim tide of war groaned, and rattled in the spring sunshine by our front gate and the fleets of silver bombers roared overhead. Jerry Clancy, one of our quieter boys expressed our feelings very well by sticking a sign up on the grounds over which we daily toiled and could be read from the road, the sign was brief but pointed, reading, "W.P.A. Project No. 716".

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The day of the 17, February, a group of us stood in the trainmasters office running over in our minds the long forgotten rules of our first I.C.C. Railroad Exam. When we had all gathered and closed the door, the trainmaster, a First Lieutenant of the first water as the saying goes, motioned us to seat ourselves, we shuffled for the one chair in the room, finding it already occupied, we remained standing. The trainmaster corrected himself with a frown and a command of "at ease!" You thought how convenient, if the trainmaster of your divisional office at home could calm his seething office with a loud "at ease!" you thanked heaven and the Brotherhoods in the same breath, that the trainmaster didn't have that supreme authority. The trainmaster, with the silver on his shoulders, began learnedly to question us each in turn. All the while consulting an official looking book lying opened before him upon his desk. We supposed the book to be some sort of an "M. R. S." rule book. A couple of the lads had their doubts when they seen the colored pages of a comic book slipping from its concealment between the pages of that large book. The trainmaster asked us if knew the number of the old standard flagging rule, the answer echoed as one voice in the room, we all broke our teeth on that rule a long time ago. One or two of the lads, Pritchard and Charley Chaplain (not the one of movie fame) were anxious to enlarge upon our simple assertion, the trainmaster waved them down with a bored wave of fingers well equipped with souvenir rings and the usual cigarette. He then asked us if we know which was a diesel locomotive and which was steam propelled, those that were most prompt in their distinctive answers were rushed out of the office and put upon the Engine crew board. To us that remained in the office, a final question, was thrown. "If a train of 20 cars were to meet an opposing train of 20 cars at a siding with a 24 car capacity," the officer bared his yellow, ivory, teeth, "how would they pass one another?" Again those of us that looked as though we were bright enough to be figuring that complex move, were rushed frantically from the room and marked up on the Conductors board. The few that remained were selected for the "Flagging board", — after they had po-



liced the area around the trainmasters desk. From this date on, until months in the future, the 716th R.O.B. was operated, maintained and supervised by the little detachment that was Company "D's" Headquarters, with most of the personale of the 716th looking on from their bunks in the Seminary. Company "D" solved all motor pool trouble by moving the members that were inclined towards mechanics into the motor pool under the direction of Lieutenant German, assisted by Staff Sergeant Clarence Parks. This all went to make a unique situation, if the 716th wanted one of their own vehicles they had to come to Company "D". The Motor Pool under our management, in addition to the successful operation of motor transport, conducted unauthorized motor tours of recent liberated areas in Europe, these tours increased the souvenir coffers of Company "D" appreciably.

Frank Prokop will be long remembered for his courageous duty as Motor Pool guard, it would be many years before we would forget Franks ordeal of halting and trying to advance a large, dark, object one rainy night. The dark object which confronted Frank, failed to respond to his urgent commands beyond halting. Frank remembered his duty, when we would have surely forgotten and fled, closed his eyes, fired ten times at the dark object. Later examination, verified by the Sergeant of the guard, revealed the "dark object" to be a pine tree, a much subdued pine tree bearing the splintered effects of carbine shots.

Our boys were well represented in the yard office and were the only ones who could keep their eyes from the interpreters and upon their reports. Those boys of ours, beneath the shine of electric lights that never went out, knew that the yard office was the last bright of light, we, who were going on the road, would see all the night, through. Beyond the muffled shine of the yard office windows ran two deceptive rails through miles of black, unfriendly, country, allowing us not a moments relaxation from our nerves. Our boys in the yard office knew this and they kept their humor as bright as the electric lights over their desks. We can never forget Neil Chapman for that, Neil handed you the



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"dope" sheet of the nights work and a mouthful of slurring remarks and latest jokes. You scarcely noticed the amount of work he had lined up for you, so busy were you retorting to his remarks. Later as you blared out of the yards into the night on your engine, you cursed and ranted to the fireman Jerry Clancy, reading for the first time the amount of work lined up on the "dope" sheet and Neil had cleverly disguised under the colorful fabric of his patter. The engine jogged towards the next station, the line of dark cars herding behind, important with their, third, seventh, and first Army supplies. The next station jumped out of the black of night, someone behind a timid lantern handed an order, motioned you on. Jerry cracked the firebox door, by its cheerful glow you read the cheerless order, "block occu-eipd". You cursed the dam fools that operated a road under occupied blocks instead of with Positive blocks. The engine stopped jogging and limped along, you leaned from the cab windows, from the gangway, straining your eyes into the darkness ahead for a prick of light, "feeling" in the dark for the rear end of a train. Sometimes there was a marker lamp, always unlighted, rarely was there a flagman, we just had to creep along for miles, looking for a blur darker than the night and no headlight to determine for us. The most important thing in life and your constant worry, an evil and unpleasant comrade who never left your side all the time you were on the road, was the location of the train ahead. At the top of the divisions longest hill, you whistled your trains presence to the operator at the bottom of the hill. You wanted to let trains tonnage push you and work the steam because of the hill beginning beyond the station. The train with its 1200 tons started pushing towards the station, you dragged them down, kicked them off, looking ahead for a blob of light, you seen it! Swinging violently in a half circle across the track. It is of no help to you. That signal when given by a "G.I." is strictly a "washout motion" and must be acknowledged accordingly. The same signal when given by a Frenchman, is a "highball". You drag impatiently, cautiously and heart breakingly, down to the swinging light, every foot dragged is ten feet subtracted from the run for the hill ahead. The engine noses up to

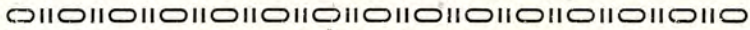
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the light before your engineman, J. Rupp, sees the light in the excitement of a Frenchmans hands giving a "highball". Rupp kicked the steam jam off and started that little "G.I." "Hog" hiking for the hill, the two 'Jerrys', Clancy and Rupp, grin with you over the scribbled tissue reading big as life, "Block unoccupied!" You all settled with the engine to pray that there was enough run left in the rain to climb over the hump. Rupp thinks the engine will talk its way over and Clancy says he can keep her hot, you know they both can do their job. Men can do just so much and then it is all up to the engine. The little "G.I." "Hog" stamped in loud echoes up the hill, halfway up started losing her "feet" all of you looked at the sanders bitterly, knowing that we might as well pour the sand upon the rail with oil as with those steam sanders. You dropped down into the dark right of way, sliding down the grabirons running ahead to place rocks, sand, anything that your groping hands came in contact with, upon the rails ahead of the valient, staggering, engine. Near the top, there were no more rocks, you scrambled to find something to put on the rail, the engine exhausts started roaring together, the wheels flying over with rapid showers of fire, then died. The engine and crew had given the hill all they had but it was'nt enough, you doubled to the next available siding, eight miles away. It was the better part of two hours before the train was together again and the train was rolling towards the front by this time you were certain of one thing the next two or three blocks would at least be clear.

Those boys of ours, Magoni, Tucker, Roller, Marchetti, Russell, Robinson, Wilson, Pritchard, Chaplain, Rupp, Daniels, Clancy, all of our boys who for trip after trip stood in those cold, drafty, engines, running backwards, yanking their tired arms loose on the stiff levers, leaning continually into the freezing driving of the night outside the cab window. Trying to get supplies to the needy front by applying their adequate civilian rail experience to the inadequacy of Army Railroading. By the time they were out of "M.R.S." operating, they were fed up with the majority of Army rail outfits that seemed to contain fellows pretending a





knowledge of the complicated business of Railroading and only complicating it further. Those of our boys who handled trains in Europe won't be mentioned in the glowing sentences of medal awards, they were just a detachment of the 746th R.O.B. doing the woe and work thrust upon them by foreign outfits for which those outfits received the ratings and praise. They shrugged their shoulders with a "Well, it's for the same army". Somehow their reward seems incomplete to their wonderful job which raised a matter of work to an accomplishment.

He was tired and heavy with the fatigue of the preceding thirty-six hours of no sleep, the cold grease of "C" rations for food and standing long hours behind his train. He was therefore grateful that his orders were to "deadhead" back to his terminal. He stumbled over a piece of iron, shifted his bunched duffle bag to a more comfortable position over his back, continued walking down the side of the train. Reaching the last car, he climbed in, dropped the duffle bag in the cars end, arranged some whisks of straw and laid down. He nudged his head against the lumped hardness of the bag and relaxed from the strain of the last hours. It was cold on the damp straw litter, he huddled deeper into his stained mackinaw. The man smiled a tired smile, a beautiful thing to see upon the face of one who has worked beyond human endurance, a smile almost hidden beneath the coal dirt and deep creases of worry. He was remembering the letter in his pocket, his sons first letter. The letter was a tangle of scratches and ink blobs, at the very end as bold as his son's young heart, was written, "I love you". He could imagine his wifes hand closed over his son's tender one, guiding the pen in those words, no need to guide his sons spirit. He opened his eyes as a young kid with flagging equipment climbed into the car. The man told the kid to wake him when the train reached the final terminal. The kid answered, saying, "Someone will have to tell me when we get in! This is my first trip!" And it was the kids first trip, he was a replacement and had never had a train ride prior to coming into the Army. The man so near sleep on the floor thought, "thats the hell of it, you can't blame these kids





for never having had any rail experience. They can't be blamed either for not wanting to learn now, not the Army way at least. The Army told this kid that he was a flagman from a certain date on. So he was a flagman with the lives of men and valuable equipment in his unknowing protection." The angel of sleep came to the man upon the floor, touched him gently and passed on.

The train clattered over the puzzle switches and out of town. The "Karki" engine crew bunched in the gangway on the right-hand side, snapping the whistle cord and grins at a madmazole not entirely indifferent to their wholesome attention, appearing annoyed by snatching her blown skirt hem down over pretty knees, flying up and down with her revolving bicycle pedels. The rear bobbed after the train. A young soldier with a worried look stood in the rear car door, remembering he didn't an extra pack of smokes. Behind the young soldier on the floor could be seen the feet, one crossed over the other, of a sleeping man.

The train made good "running time" until halted by a procession of trains ahead at the edge of the German town of Lauterechen. The engine crew dug into their gear for "C" rations and whistled for the flagman to protect the rear of the train. They were accustomed to delays. The young flagman at the trains rear, uncertain as to the proper procedure, lingered with a red flag close behind the rear car. After ten or fifteen minutes, he decided it would be best to walk a distance from the train. He walked slowly down the track, fidgeting his red flag counting the ties. Ninety six ties he stopped, looked back to the train. One hundred, twenty, ties he stopped again but with purpose, his ears intent upon the drumming sound of a locomotive in the distance beyond the curve. The young flagman began walking in an anxious haste towards the curve. He broke suddenly into a run waving the red flag desperately when the blasting fury of an engine "heeled" around the curve, a twisting stream of smoke pouring over its back. The kid jumped from



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the path of the train waving and shouting. The engineman on the locomotive flipped his air brake valve into emergency position, yelled to his fireman, and both jumped to the safety of the soft shoulder. Seconds later, came the splintering crash of an engine plowing to a standstill in the wreckage of five cars.

The angel of sleep returned in company with another angel, together they touched the sleeping man in the last car and bade him to follow.

Twelve hours passed before the body of the man was extracted from under the engine pilot and wreckage. The "G.I.s" working on the wreckage carefully lifted the body and because there was no other place to put him, laid him in the nearby field. Rain fell softly upon the field washing the dirt from the man's face and ran down to nourish the earth beneath, pulsing with the new green of spring. — He looked like a broken toy a child had forgotten and left to lie in the rain.

A new cross stood bravely with other new crosses at the American cemetery in Hamn, Luxemborg, on April 25, 1945. The chaplain bowed his head spoke a prayer for Vincent A Lipira. The prayer was not very long but reverent and beautiful as if the chaplain were laying a flower upon the grave. The spirit of the chaplain's prayer lingered at the grave for shortly after, a friend of Vincent Lipira visited the grave and found a cluster of wild flowers stepping daintily over the grave in a music of color. — God was smiling his grace upon the grave of a soldier.

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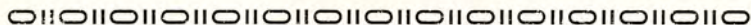
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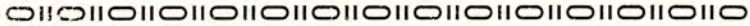
Into Germany

We all laughed when someone told us a story of how our "Deecon" Hardy had uncoupled a blazing car from an Ammo train and had a frightened French engine crew drag the car to a safe distance from the train. We stopped laughing when we learned our Hazen Hardy had done just that! We were humbled when we realized that he had the strength of his honest convictions behind him all the while we had laughed at him in the past. No, we no longer laughed, we were proud of our preacher!

The first train over the Rhine close upon the heels of the advancing Doughs, had two men of Company "D" upon it, Alonzo Craighead firing and Otto Reichel decorating the rear as "Flagmaster". The train was another of those many ammo, trains for General Patton. The track ahead had'nt even been inspected, so rapidly had it been secured, to make matters worse, the "G.I." engineman laughingly informed Craighead that the trip was his second! After that bit of information, Alonzo would quickly put some coal in the firebox and hurry to the gangway looking nervously ahead while the engineman exchanged pleasantries with the head brakeman, General Patton recieved his train. It is doubted whether he considered the cost, there were two on that train that did.

One of our crews started for Thionville. At Hagendange a green operator gave them a new order telling them to proceed with their train to a place named "Audun Le Tishe". After days and miles of traveling down the blind allys of french Branchline Railroads, the crew found „Audun Le Tishe“, a grand meal and a "G.I." operator who told them theirs was the first train ever to come to that station. When the crew arrived back in Metz, they informed the Yardmaster of the trip and "Audun Le Tishe". By the usual chain of informatory channels the colonel learned of that trip. His inimiabile curiosity aroused at the same time perhaps it was also amused, dispatched a lieutenant, with time upon his hands to locate "Audun Le Tishe", as there was no re-





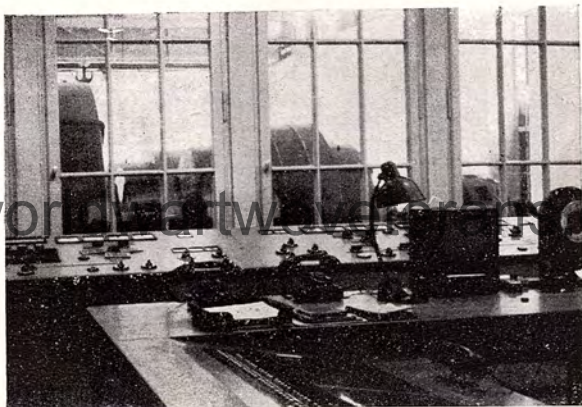
cord of a station by that name existing. The lieutenant after several weeks of searching added another officer, a master Sergeant, and two T/5's to his staff. All of whom were enlisted in the quest for "Audun Le Tishe". The station with that name was never located again. The trains crew, its principal participants being Tucker, Daniels and Burdette, were for a time in the very imminent danger of having to sign a statement of charges for 45 "gons" of coal and 10 empty "boxes". Somehow or other, it was proven, that on the day of their trip to "Audun Le Tishe", the crew were in their rooms at Metz thinking of a motto for the 716th motto contest. The motto, as we will remember, was selected after an impartial judging of all entries, by the colonels staff. The colonels motto was selected, "All for One. One for All." Shades of Alexander Dumas! Thus that crew were able to play upon a colonels vanity and have the pending statement of charges torn up. A few are wondering if a certain "G.I." operator at a certain station was ever found and notified that the war is over.

Some time in April, one of our lads with the Headquarters at Metz developed a few marked tendencies which might have proved embarrassing had it gone unheeded. This member had let his hair grow to a beautiful flowing cape about his neck. He took time and care with his toilet, powdering, polishing his nails and gazing long and lovingly into his hand mirror. Some of his friends took him in hand when he began to be shocked by nasty stories and hurried him to the medics. The doctor after a thoughtful appraisal of the boy's condition asked if the patient had been drinking quite a bit. The boy nodded yes. The doctor asked for a sample of the boys liquor. When the particular brand was analyzed it was found to be the French equivalent of "Lydia Pinkham's Compound". The boy switched to "Marabelle" and was soon telling as many off color stories as the rest of the lads.

The first of April, a large detachment of Company "D" was operating with Thionville, France as a home terminal. This detachment worked in road service to Bad Kruesnak, Kassel and



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Control panel for machines and telephones at Stein sub-station
(near Nurnberg)



Wreckage of Ulm yard in front of Depot after clearence was made
for two tracks through yard / June 1945

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First electric locomotive to run between Furth and Treuchtlingen
2 Sept. 1945

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Mainz. Often a night was spent at the middle of the division, Hergarten Falk. At this little town just inside the French border, T/Sgt. Iwasco had charge of Twenty-five "D.P.s". He had a regular training schedule set up for the "D.P.s", beginning with Reville, following with Police call, a lecture, a hike, ending with retreat. At Bad Kruesnak the only building that remained in its original condition was the "Hotel Klapdoor" a beautiful building standing in the midst of a city that was completely destroyed. Some very dirty "G.I.s" stayed at this magnificent hotel for a blessed eight hours rest.

"Short-circuit" Sterni really surprized us by turning out to be half the genius he always claimed to be. In the war torn Thionville shops, Ceasar Sterni was the man who was paged when a diesel locomotive came limping in, he really knew the difficult ins and outs of Diesel repair and maintenance. Of course it gets boring to hear him tell of it but we suffer in silence for we know every word to be true!

Just before we left Thionville and Metz we nearly lost another of our members. Clayton Wilcox and a boy from the 716th R.O.B. were on the second engine of a doubleheader fighting their way up the steep grade and into the long, low, ceillinged, tunnel between Homburg-Burdonge and Ebersville, France, on an engine that was running backwards. They dissapeared from the dazze of sunlight into the blackness of the tunnel, choked with coal gases of the roaring exhausts, the Niagara of noise from the slipping drivers, water condensation from the terrific heat running down the meta of the cab ove the deck floor in a stream, and no cablights not even a headlight! That trip they were in the tunnel longer than usual. Clayton remembered gropeing in the dark for his duffle bag, thinking that if he could force his face against it he might get enough air to keep him conscious a bit longer. Clayton remembered next of waking in a hospital ward and the doctor saying he was damd lucky to be alive. The doctors had worked hours to bring him and his 716th comrade to consciousness. Next morning Clayton was on the deck of an-





nother second engine of a doubleheader, turned the wrong way, heading for the same tunnel for another try. He was a little wobbly and whitefaced, but he was keeping a fire that had his engine just beginning to lift her tail!

Up with the other detachment with the 712th R.O.B. Charley Arndt had just escaped with his life when the engine that he was firing, plowed into a rear end in Germany. The head brakeman was killed and the engineman severely injured. Charley, despite his large size escaped without a scratch by jumping back on the tank by the manhole and riding the engine to a standstill. It was an experience that Charley didn't forget easily and was nervous for some few days after. But Charley went back firing in due time. No, medals aren't awarded for boys like Charley because they do a days work in the war. An award of some sort should be given him just for the reason of his going back to the deck of an engine again after his experience.

Most of us had seen some parts of Germany and found it, except for the cities, a clean, neat and scenic country. A country of toy villages, fields and woods that seemed to contain fairies. The irony being that the people that dwelled here and were the most sensitive, faithful toy makers in the world, and seemingly at harmony with their fairy land, were at the same time the instigators of two of the times most terrifying wars. We were getting tired of France. Unsanitary, poor, France with war damaged cities, smelling like large American dumps. Even after the war had passed French cities by, four or five months, the French had made no effort to clean up the ruins. We had been in France long enough and were glad to pack up at Metz and Thionville, and move into railway cars preparatory to moving.

The first two trains with Company "D" and 716th R.O.B. personale moved from Thionville to Metz. At Metz we changed engines and crews for the long run into Germany. While waiting under the immense Trainshed we could see a lot of changes since the first time we had seen Metz. Little switch engines





were dashing around shuffling cars, the glass in the roof, there must have been ten acres of glass, was repaired. Every four or five minutes a passenger train would be rolling in or out of the station. In one of the cars, a fellow was telling why Russell Boob was removed from the 712th R.O.B.'s "Running board". There was quite a lot of noise in the trainshed and all of the story couldn't be heard but the general drift of the story had to do with a French Engine crew that "Russ" was piloting. The "Frogs" had been bulling and complaining all the way out of their terminal, on one of the hills the "Frog" engineman did everything but shut off the steam. "Russ" had just about enough from the man, he reached over and yanked the "Frog" out from behind the throttle and took the train in the remaining distance himself. The French engine crew reported the incident. As a consequence, Russell Boob was removed from the "Running Board". At the time gasolene was needed at the Front badly and the train "Russ" had taken over the roads as quickly as possible, was all gasolene — for that he was reprimanded!

The first train for the Headquarters in Germany stepped out of Metz at 0910 hrs., May 10, 1945, hauled by the last man to work in Road service with the 716th R.O.B., Engineman "Billy" Wilson, who could make an engine talk right back at him, had that engine talking loud and sweet as the train charged by Sablon yard. The first section was followed at 1130 hrs. by the second. May the 8th, Company "D" Headquarters closed books and turned their backs upon France, leaving that country a better country, it ought to be we certainly policed and stood guard over enough French property.

We discovered to our amazement that "Das schöne Deutschland", to be far ahead of the rest of Europe as far as Railways, towns and scenery was concerned. Germany seemed to be equal to our own civilization in some things. Coca-Cola signs dotted the roads ideas, filling stations with the familiar "Esso" and "Socony" gas pumps, in the fields was farm machinery with the label, "MacCormick", "Woolworth", "5 and 10's" were in all of the





cities, Ford autos were in the backyards, and "Philco" radios were in every German home. We wondered if perhaps these luxuries were part of the "Lend, Lease program". At that time the German people appeared to be a nation of shell shocked people, beyond believing or disbelief. A people only beginning to realize the total loss of total war to the vanquished. They knew when the first free German newspaper "headlined" in their first "Occupation" paper, "Hitler Dead! All German Armies Surrender!"

After a wait of several days at Weinberg, Germany, the first of us left at 1600 hrs.; May 6, for Stuttgart by truck. The con-diction of the rail bridges ahead forbade any further rail travel. The afternoon was typical of a German spring, dreary with a light rain, the road we had to follow rose from deep valleys in twists and bends up the dizziness of high hills and rushed in breathtaking sweeps down into small villages, where the road would dart and weave around sharp, blind, turns eventually to straighten and leave the village the same perilous manner by which it had entered. We remembered one such village, it had a tiny shop with a woodcarver's sign over the window and the name of the village, "Willsbach". In the window an army of small painted, wooden, soldiers stood at attention. Just beyond the shop was a sudden blind turn, that confused our driver into suddenly applying the brakes and quickly twisting the steering wheel, we skidded around the corner safely . . . Without further accident we were in Stuttgart by 2800 hrs. We spent the night in a large brick school building that had been a Nazi Industrial school until a few weeks earlier when the American Soldiers took over. In This school, Tedder and a few buddies professed an interest in the Physics Labratory, which we that spent the night there will never forget. The boys did very well in their searching for souviners, one of us found a radio in the school principals lush office, we had'nt heard a radio for days and were anxious to hear the news. We all gathered around, someone snapped the radio on remarking the hour was 0120 and therefore would hear the news in another few minutes. The radio began . . .



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An army truck sped down a dark mountain road, its tires whineing on the wet pavement, on the back of the truck sat a soldier hunched forward, hands clasped, looking back at the dark whirring roadway. Beyond him was a large pile of duffle bags. In the truck cab sat a large Coporal driving the truck and a shorter, thin soldier with the rank of a Sergeant, sitting besides him. Neither of them spoke, they fixed their attention upon the treachery of the road. They watched the stone house fronts of a German village detach from the dark curtain of rain and swing towards them, distorted by the rain-streaked, windshield and diffused headlights. Suddenly, a whole wall of stone buildings loomed at the truck, the road leading, seemingly into the midst of stone. The big Coporal snapped the brakes on, seen the sharp, blind, turn spun the wheels in that direction. The wet pavement was not enough resistance for the tires, the truck skidded into one of three stone buildings, crumpling the truck in a crashing jar that woke the sleeping village. The fellow on the back of the truck, George Hyland, was thrown entirely over the truck cab into the side of the stone masonry, sixteen feet above the road. George fell to the street with a broken hip and strangely conscious. The driver was wedged in an impossible position, the steering wheel had pinned him to the seat, crushing his chest — "Red" Mc Cullough was unconscious and close to death. Joseph Shake, the Sergeant, suffered a broken neck and was also mercifully unconcious. A german doctor and three german nurses made the injured as comfortable as possible with cushions taken from nearby German homes. Although the doctor worked desparately over him, "Red" Mc Cullough, was so terribly injured internally that it was obvious, a matter of moments would be the extent of his life. He didn't murmer a word, he die as the German doctor directed him to do with motions. The last moment, "Red's" spirit was like his hair, a flame of courage, and like his grin, always, contagious in its warmth. Of all the boys in his company, "Red" was liked the best, he was that kind of a fellow. At 0120 hrs., May, 7, 1945, "Red", had no more moments left.

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At 0120 hrs. an ambulance headlights flashed around a sharp corner, upon a wrecked truck, a handful of people and stopped, staring with its two baleful eyes looking back at itself in the window of a shop. In the window an array of tiny, painted, wooden, soldiers, one or two standing, the others lying in stiff attention where they had fallen

At 0120 hrs. the radio broke the silence of a school principal's office in Stuttgart, Germany, enlightening a group of soldiers standing solemnly about it with the announcement, "Field Marshal Rundstedt has signed the final peace terms".

May 7th, the first of Company "D" was living in a building that the Merkel and Kienlen Firm had for their employees in Pre-war times. For one time at least we had room service, feather beds and a brood of ugly but efficient maids to clean our rooms for us. In the Merkel and Kienlen Dinning hall we were served some very good meals dished out ot to us by some pretty "dishes" themselves.

On the eight of May, at 1530 hrs., the final group of Company "D" with the Company records left Metz, traveling by rail to Kornwestheim, Germany, there to be held up by rail condicions at 0330 hrs., the tenth of May. For two days thereafter Clinton Gee in company with R.V. West terrorized the French soldiers and made merry with the local brand of Schaaps. The two set upon a self appointed mission of releassing radios from the French and giving them back to the German civilians. It was rumored once that the two drove the French from an entire German town. The grateful inhabitants bestowed the title of honorary Burgomaster upon Clinton Gee's shoulders. If the rumor is so, "Clint" has yet to fulfill that position. A program of liberation in reverse with West and Gee the joyous liberators.

Our Headquarters left Kornwestheim at 1030 hrs., May 13, arriving in Plochingen at 1300 hrs. at which town they were for two days. May 15, Company "D" set up Headquarters on the third floor of the Schiller Schule (school) in Esslingen. Here again we



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Hdqs. train on Siding at Roth, Germany
20 Aug. 1945



Mess car dining "room" — Roth —
20 Aug. 1945

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Crew that rode the first elect. Engine from Furth to Treuchtlingen
27 Aug. 1945



Looking East at the east end of Ulm yards
15 June 1945

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repeated the tried formular of a R.O.B. move, by moving into another drafty, large, school building and upon the third floor.

The afternoon of May 16, a captain and an officer of higher rank of the 716th R.O.B. were in conference in the cool rooms of the Merkel and Kienlen office building. Outside, the river Neckar smiled with sunflecks and swallow dimples, the forested hills on the far side of the river bowed down to touch the river with an aiery beauty. The beauty of the outside must have been felt inside the conference room for there were satisfied looks on the two officers faces reflected in turn by the bevy of Metz interpreters, always bumping one another anxious not only to reflect their masters expressions but their opinions and clothes as well. Indeed the enlisted man, guarding the main gate would be half inclined to salute one of them if one had crept up upon him unawares "Sir", spoke one officer, "I think your suggestion a most necessary and important one". The higher officer, gleamed in his vain little eyes, "Yes, that motor car is by all the powers vested in me, mine!" He paused, in a reflection of promise added, "I shall have it painted a maroon with gold trimmings, on the front will be the crimson letters of our motto . . ." At this moment, all of the under officers combined with the interpreters to chant the motto in unison, "All for one, One for all!"

The officer with the least rank apparant upon his shoulders, said, "and did Lieutenant Lloyd see the right side of your suggestion Sir?" The higher officer shifted the leer of pleasure from his face with a swallow, throwing up a cough and an unpleasant leer in its stead, snapped "I'm afraid the Lieutenant was very much outspoken and decidedly uncooperative in his veiws! In fact, he told me that he would run the motor car into the river before he would allow me to use it!" All in the room sulked in silence, suddenly one of the under officers brightened in the depths of adding two more of Company "D's" "E. M." to our guard list and the gloom, suggested, "We can perhaps gain our own ends by inform their orderly room that Lieutenant Lloyd must be made to cooperate!" All were in nodding accord so the higher officer

picked the telephone up and was soon speaking down the vast gulf in rank between him and Sergeant Jack. The first Sergeant listened, then said, "A moment sir, I'll refer you to our officer." The higher officer acknowledged by a continued ranting. A new voice answered the telephone when the high officer had finished his spiel, the new voice answered the officer, "If Lieutenant Lloyd said he would run that motor car into the river before giving it up, he meant just that. Further more, unless the guard list from Company "D" is reduced, our electrical work will have to suffer and you will have to answer to the Grand Division!" The higher officer, surprised, asked indignantly, who was speaking? The voice on the other end assured, "This is Captain Gibson, Company 'D', 746 R.O.B., resuming my command"

Lieutenant Lloyd kept the motor car and shortly after the guard roster from Company "D" was reduced, Captain Gibson had cast his own sort of personality into the 716th's midst, the effect was similar to a bomb All this within a few minutes of his arrival after being away from the Company for months. We were pleased!

In Esslingen we actually began in the work for which we had been activated and trained for. To be sure, there was still a group of us that were used as 'handy men' to the 716th and our other large group scattered with Railway outfits as far away from our Esslingen Headquarters as Paris. Our small company to that date, May 18, 1945, had seen service with the 716, 732, 713, 712, 718, 765, 762, 728 R.O.B.'s and the 1st and 2nd M.R.S. Captain Gibson upon returning to the Company set about to bring all of the scattered members together again into one company. That he ever began the job is a tribute to his genius for maneuvering around red tape. That he accomplished the job is nothing short of miraculous Each of our scattered members was tied in a tangle of red tape and Army orders which the Captain cut rather than wait the many months it would take to unravel that tape. The important thing for us to remember, Company "D", instead of being chocked to extinction on paper and being ab-

sorbed by a score or more outfits took its original shape and when we left Esslingen, were firmly on our own feet carrying to completion the assignment formulated in Washington and almost forgotten or lost. A Captain didn't forget

About this time the 716th was mystified by the case of the vanishing telephone. Investigations carried on by the fearless 716th Sergeant of the Guard, whom try as we will can never forget, revealed the telephone at the Main gate office had been torn brutally from its wall bracket and hurled into the Neckar river where it was recovered the next morning. Further investigation disclosed to the Sergeant that the accident occurred about 0100 hrs., the time that "Joe" Doyle was guarding with his life and carbine the sacred soil of the 716th Post Headquarters building. "Joe" was summoned to the court proceedings. During the Cross examination "Joe's" unruffled attorney, Olin Sneed defended the accused on the defense plea that it might have been possible while "Joe" was examining a trucks trip ticket, for a child intent upon mischief to have slipped into the gate house, remove the phone, dispose of it without "Joe" being aware of the deed. Attorney Sneed pointed out that "Joe" couldn't have called up the guard house by phone notifying the guard of the accident, he had to wait a full hour for his relief to come, giving the necessary clues an hour to rearrange their positions and to cool themselves as clues in mystery cases oftimes do. Attorney Sneed slyly summed the defence up by calling attention to the fact that "Joe" couldn't have called the guard house by phone before the crime was committed! The 716th hadn't had such a case since their French Liaison officer shot himself into glory! In veiw of Joe Doyal's overwhelming defense, he was released with the solemn warning, if he was ever on guard at Post No. One again to make damd sure a child didn't run off with the gate house! His defense Attorney might have a job explaining that to the 716th! "Joe", in a hitherto unpublished statement was heard to say, "the telephone kept waking me up so I stopped it the quickest way that I knew of." "Joe" revealed a new slant upon the mystery in the light of that statement.

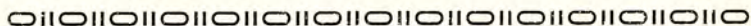


We became souvenir conscious in Esslingen. Every member had a motorcycle in the garage and a pistol in their dufflebags. Their roaring about the countryside in quest of cameras came to an abrupt end when the 716th listed motorcycles as unauthorized weapons. Every time a 716th member smashed a motorcycle or shot himself we had to shove our pistols deeper into our dufflebags and reveal our belongings in numerous "Shakedowns"

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Esslingen was liked by all of us. We would remember many things about Esslingen. The things remembered won't be the palaces or the great churches, long after we have forgotten the "great wall" that bestrides the hill of Esslingen we will remember; the measured clack of hobnailed boots upon the paving stones outside in the street, just after the 2100 hrs. curfew, sharp and echoing all the way down the narrow street, between dark shops and from earsound. The quick measured walk of all Germans, the very young to the very old, because of their love for the Military and universal lack of automobiles. New Yorkers have'nt a thing upon the Germans when it comes to a hurried stride. Typical is a woman about thirty-eight, solidly built, her arms swinging in cadence with her feet, head, up and forward, toeing outward, stamping the hard pavement and up again even before the sound of her walking is heard, so fast is she. That is the typical walking mannerism, you see them coming, you step hastily aside, they pass you without a sound. Moments later, along comes the unaccompanied sound of their walking, very rapid, trying to catch up with the creator and failing miserably.

The bulging hayricks, drawn by giant oxen. The young drover, bareheaded, barearmed and barefooted, seated sidesaddle fashion upon the tongue of the cart, feet adangle, missing the pavement by a scant half inch. Passing daily, these 16th century, carts, by modernistic German Stores with windows crammed in colors of veils, hats and feathers, all accesories of the twentieth century woman. The large, brown, oxen with their nodding heads as if in mutual agreement with their slow, swinging, hoofs. The young drover, his mouth pursed in a whistle, unheard because of





the carts noise; lastly, the load of yellow straw for all the world, a huge loaf of bread, disappearing into the mouth of a narrow ally.

The small garden parks in every small city square, each filled the morning sun, the humming of insects, the color of children and flowers, small cupids of bronze cascading a thin stream of water from their parted, bronzed lips, shot through and through with silver arrows of sun rays. In the middle of each parks laughter, gayity, children screams of p'ayjoy, are old men with old pipes buried in their dreams of youth and their beards, seated upon shaded, park, benches beside older women wrapped in their knitting and gossip. These might be American parks — you know they are'nt, there are no squirrels, no carpets of feeding pigeons, no large, spreading, trees on spreading, green, acres of lawns and no three wheeled bicycles with deep boxes of the world's finest, most "lucious" ice cream, all for a nickle! All for Americans!

A woman, neat in a well, bosomed, housecoat and a "hair-do" rushing from her small, housefront, garden with a shovel and broom stooping in the street and sweeping some steaming, manure into the shovel. Rushing to spread the manure upon her tiny garden, well pleased the oxen had graced the front of her house and not the neighbors. All, with not a hair straying from place in her "hair-do" and no more then the briefest of agitation apparent upon the printed cloth of her well bosomed gown.

An angular, old man with distinguished features, well contained and remarkable in the dignity of old age, almost like your own grandfather He stands straight and tall upon a street corner, his attention absorbed with a pipe of tobacco and the sunglass which he his lighting the pipe tobacco with. Like some mystic in the dimness of a far off age, holding the pipe away from him, his sunglass aloft, conjuring a tiny spot of sun to direct a concentrate of beams upon the tobacco, his gaze fixed in a sacred silence upon the pipe. A thin ribbon of blue smoke



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trembles into the air, then a band of smoke, the mystic loosens his fixed gaze, relaxing into the solid comfort of drawing on a pipe of tobacco, once again reminding you of that old grandfather of your own.

A train of small cars with a dull, black, steam locomotive, wearing smoke deflectors as a horse wears blinders, draws quietly through the town. European trains are not nearly as large as ours nor are they as noisy perhaps that the reason we dislike them, our puffing, whistling, rail, giants are a challenge to our broad, American, imagination. — Slower, slower, to a halt near the edge of town. The train waits for the signal that will allow it to proceed. The cars are jammed with "D.P.'s" of all races and color, so packed are they that the human freight overflows at the doors. The hot summer sun beats down upon the cars. The small, dirty babies stir fretfully in tired, mother, arms, men, silent in the misery of the present and the gloom of the future, children, quiet with a child's fright of homelessness. An American soldier walks down the track beside the train, he peels an orange, bites into it and with an exclamation of disgust throws the orange from him, the orange is not as fresh as it might be. All the eyes on the train watch him, silent, hostile, animal, eyes, born of hunger and war. The cars nearest the fallen orange, empty quickly, the mob throws itself upon the orange. The peeled, limp, orange, lying like a wadded dishrag on the hot cinders, is lost from view in the cloud of savage people.

The signal flips over, the train starts to move, the crowd climbs back into the stifled, small, cars. The cars flick by quickly bearing its trainload of hungry, sick, humanity away to they know not where. In the drab pattern of their reasoning there is now a spot of color for they think that they must be close to a land of milk and honey, when an American soldier can throw away the luxury of an orange.

The dust from the trains passage settled about the empty rails, the sun beat down, the flies settled upon the trail of shivered orange peelings.

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Bridge over Danube River from Ulm to New Ulm veiw shows
bridge fully electrified — 28 June 1945



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Northend of Treuchtlingen yards looking Souteast
20 Aug. 1945

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Esslingen wire train working east from the town
1 June 1945



Co. "D" just after landing from "I.ST." at le Havre, France
27 Jan. 1945

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We would remember these things long after we had forgotten and lost to mind the palaces, the cathedrals, the cities of Germany.

Our work officially unrecognized despite its scope was begun when Lieutenant Brown arrived in Esslingen. He sent a detachment to a large Sub-station at Pasing, Germany, a small town outside of Munich. The Sub-station had suffered two direct bomb hits, one of which completely demolished the control station, the other destroying the bomb shelter killing all of the occupants. The occupants were the German, Sub-station, men who were most familiar with the work in that particular territory and the Sub-station. If they had been alive the work would have been that much simpler because they could have given us some valuable assistance as it was our boys had to unscramble the bomb wreckage without any aid from the Germans and had the Station ready for operation in the matter of a few days. Completing the job the detachment moved to completeing the high tension line between Pasing and New Ulm, Germany. They erected one entire high tension tower and completed the circuit. They then, maintained and supervised the catenary system between Pasing and Augsburg, Germany. This line at that time was under construction by the Third Army. The high tension work and the engineering job on the high tension tower was something the boys had'nt been trained in and they had to go ahead with the job assisted by one or two German civilian technicians.

In the other direction from Augsburg, two line trucks left the Schiller Schule in Esslingen every morning at 9:00 hrs. One truck with Sergeant Strange in charge, the other truck with Sergeant Fuqua. Theirs was the most difficult task of making repairs to the high tension line between Plochingen and New Ulm. Following this high tension line with a truck, down small woods roads, over high hills; into swamps, always before them were the high towers with great swinging loops of cable striding the mountains, spanning the rivers and vineyards of Germany. The boys of those two line trucks came to know the German countryside

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as few Americans ever know it. It is a pretty scene in the summer like its German inhabitants, pleasant to meet casually but highly deceptive once you become intimate. That was and is the German countryside, catching our line crews in drenching torrents of summer storms. For every day the sun shone, there were a dozen days, damp and heavy with a dull, cold making the backs of those trucks a disagreeable place to ride. For that matter, however pleasant the day might smile, climbing any height above a trolley wire just wasn't for some of us. A few of the boys were terror-bound to the earth if they so much as inclined their head up at the narrowing perspective of a high tension tower piercing the blue, yet, up they went! By choice they were the groundmen, (grunts), by deed they were with the highest of linesmen, up where the wind is always swaying the towers. For our linesmen who had dug "Spurs" into civilian poles, long long ago, climbing the steel towers between Plochingen and New Ulm was just another job in their normal days work. The other boys, the cigar clerks, the Railroad men, the lunchcounter operators, climbing those towers and poles was far in advance of their normal skill yet they made that perilous work part of their normal duty. They climbed and who can say they weren't heroes? Those that know will say the men of these line outfits in Comp."D" are heroes without recognition. Sulton, Aiford. Sundberg, Ralph Parker, Ed Lee, they were part of the line gang that maintained the telephone lines from Metz, France to the front. A work which none of those boys had a bit of training in. They succeeded because they did as we Rail boys did, applied their civilian experience to the Army rather than vice versa. Every one of those boys became experts in the work that they were doing. The strange part of the story is that these boys were working under officers from foreign Rail outfits that knew far less than our boys. Our boys were underated because they were members of a "Freelance" outfit, Company "D". Any praise went to their superiors of those foreign rail outfits. The praise for their fine work was overwhelming Patriotic rather than the more practical reward of ratings





One morning the officers of the 716th rubbed amazed eyes at the uncommon spectacle of a peculiar looking train stopped in front of Esslingen Station, waiting a clearance. On the trains side were the slightly blurred, but undeniably bold letters, "Wire Train Co. "D", 746 R.O.B." The train had just reported back from hiding in a railway tunnel. It had been left there because of the danger of air raids. The importance of the wire train can't be underestimated when it is realized that the Germans left thousands of dollars of motive power and rolling stock exposed to air attacks with only the slightest pretense at camouflage. It was the few nondescript wire maintenance trains that the Germans elaborately camouflaged and carefully hid in tunnels and old spurs overgrown with weeds and trees. The wire trains were not as polished as the big electric locomotives with their haughty eagle insignia, nor were they as luxurious as German sleeping car trains but the wire trains were infinitely more valuable, the Germans knew this, likewise did Company "D" — if no one else did. The minute the wire train idled its motors to a stop in Esslingen yard, Ploog, Pritchard, Bellow and Coleman, were climbing aboard with their gear. Two minutes later they had the generous Nazi insignias painted over and Company "D" painted liberally in their stead. In time we became accustomed to the sight of that little wire train chugging and gurgling down the main line, not far behind a steaming locomotive. Our tiny diesel wire train, insignificant in the wake of the steam trains soon displaced them with a quiet more efficient motive power. There were others in the Rail Battalions who never became accustomed to the idea of the wire train though they seen it often enough. They realized something wonderful and entirely beyond their reasoning had happened when the innocent wires over the rails became "Verboten" in big, red, letters and the muffled purr of electricity began moving trains. To this day, those outside of Company "D" think that at a certain time, someone found a key, unlocked a switch, threw it over and electric power became available to all. They had no way of reasoning the hours and days of dull, hard, work that had to be finished before the





master switch completed it all with a mighty surge of unseen power.

Two crews, Sergeant O. P. Reynolds in competent charge worked in conjunction with two German wire trains completing the catenary work in the yards of Gunzburg, Germany and then moved to the New Ulm yards to restore the badly damaged catenary over those war damaged yards.

A fellow with a good nature as large as his body answering meekly at a roll call to "Sergeant Elber", headed the crew that completed a large section of catenary north of Gunzburg in time to assist Sergeant Reynolds at New Ulm.

The two Sub-station crews at Plochingen were headed by Sergeant Kephart and his brother in arms, Sergeant Clarence Parks. They were assisted by the chief electrician of both crews, Sergeant Kinner. The affairs, social and otherwise, were, at all times, capably handled by M/Sergeant "Pop" Zorens. In addition to their Sub-station duties the two crews accomplished the remarkable feat of installing a mobile transformer at Amstatten, Germany, on June 10, 1945.

Came, June 15, 1945 and the fruits of Company "D's" first big electrical transmission job was realized by the completed electrification and the turning on of the "juice" on the double track rail system from Augsburg through to New Ulm with the exception of a seven mile gap through Ulm and across the "Blue" Danube. The electric trains were shunted across this gap by diesel power "tied" in ahead of the electric locomotives. On the 28 of June this seven mile gap was closed by the completed catenary.

In the Ulm yards on the first night of electrical operation, a German engineman came down the main line, stopped his electric Unit by the tower and whistled for the switch leading into a siding. The Towerman gave him the switch, the electric motor



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droned into the siding, just into clear the main line, the catenary was deadened with the usual insulator at this point The german operator and engineman must have forgotten that they were working once again with electric motive power. The panograph hit the insulator clip burning with its arc and tearing down two steady spans. The panograph was completely destroyed and the catenary in Ulm yards was dead at 2400 hrs. The "G.I." dispatcher at Ulm, in his excitement failed to locate Sergeant Hay Renyer and his crew until 0100 hrs. In a few minutes the crew were out to the scene of the accident. Rain was pouring down in huge bucketfuls obscuring the already obscured black of night. Sergeant Renyer tried to slip his hands into his rubber gloves and into the leather protection gloves without wetting any part of them, it was, of course impossible. He poised the grounding stick in the air, ready to ground the current of the trolley wire to the rail not knowing whether the trolley was alive or not, electricity is a dangerously odd power, if the trolley was hot, Sergeant Renyer, with the wet ground stick and protection gloves might have been the direct circuit for 15000 volts when he clamped the ground stick over the trolley. It wasn't alive. The job begun at 0130 hrs. by Sergeant Renyer and his crew was completed and the Ulm yards opened for service by 0240 hrs.

July 2, 1945, three officers and 94 enlisted men of our company were relieved from "D.S." with the 716th R.O.B. and detached to the 762nd Railway Shop Battalion. Previously we asked the 716th to provide a number of railway cars for us to move ourselves to our new assignment in. Coporal Van Horn went down to inspect the cars provided. His reported revealed the cars to be hardly fit for cattle. Regardless of how the 716th felt towards us we considered ourselves upon a higher plane than cattle! When we moved that afternoon it wasn't into those cattle cars, the cars we moved into weren't even in Esslingen yards they were in Plochingen. In Plochingen yards, misteriously enough, were two long, modern, sleeping cars having springs beds and deep mattresses. The next morning, the third, we left Plochingen at 1000 hrs., arriving in Augsburg at

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1800 hrs. with no farewell or fanfare from the 716 Railway Operating Battalion. We were well on our way towards being our own outfit again the only tie with the 716th being Sergeant Wayne Kaufman, whom we left on detached service in Esslingen.

July the fourth, without the snapping of firecrackers we continued by train Augsburg and one detachment under 7/sergeant Shelton with Carl Miller, Burdette, Chaplain and Tedder. We left that city at 1000 hrs. arriving in Furth, Nurnberg at 2345 hrs.

The sun shone down astonished eyed at the strangeness of a bunch of soldiers enjoying an Army meal. It was our first meal under our own Mess with 'Pop" Zorens as Mess sergeant and Kittman, Magoni, Aiford, Briggs, Hyland, acting the part of cooks and doing very nicely! Our cooks applied their varied temperaments to the cookery and the results were wonderful. Lest we forget, July 5, 1945 at 0800 hrs. marked the beginning of our first independent Mess, for our first meal Magoni prepared a huge omelet of powdered eggs, powdered milk, chopped salami, onions and green peppers, cereal, milk, and sugar, coffee and three kinds of fruit juices making our first meal a success. Kittman, anxious and in a hurry to prepare a dinner that might out do Magoni's culinary achievement, stepped from the Mess car onto a stone, twisting and pulling some cords with latin names in his ankle and foot which necessitated his immediate removal to the General Hospital in Nurnberg and his removal from Kitchen service for Kittman was returned safe and well, but weak, on July 25, 1945 and was sent to Furth from our detachment at Roth, where he recuperated on the blessings of Detached service. Later, we didn't even have to serve as "K.P.'s" as those honored duties were filled by, Rodomir, Bojovic, Drokövie and his brother. Their names read like spilled alphabet soup and that is just the way they talked, those Yugo-Slavs of ours. All had been released from German prison camps and for a small sum, a few Cigarettes, meals, and a movie show thrown in occasionally, they worked like horses from the pale of German dawn to the glowing German sundown. We wished that those boys had been with us in

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Catenary tower in yards
at Esslingen, Germany
24 June 1945

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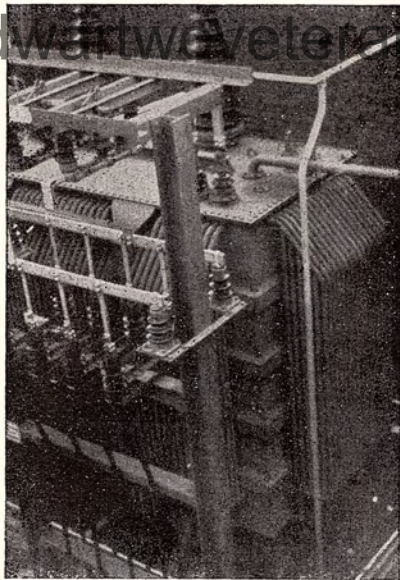
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100 K.V. high line bet-
ween Plochingen and
New Ulm; cobsles splic-
ed by our own "Parker
Boys", Norm and Ralph
1 June 1945

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500kV transformer at Stein sub-station
15 Aug 1945

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Plauché and Harrisburg, our "K.P." memories might be pleasant ones in such a case.

After nine days lying on the siding at Furth, we moved out on the 1st of July at 1400 hrs. to our new headquarters in Roth, arriving there at 1730 hrs. We had been relieved the previous day from duty with the 762 Railway Shop Battalion and detached to the 728 R.O.B. For eight days we had been attached to an outfit that for all we knew were in Iran, none of us ever seen a single member of the 762 Railway Shop Battalion.

At Roth we had our headquarters with no strings attached to any outfit giving us our own way to do our work. August, third, we were for the first time since "Twenty Grand" assigned again with the 746th Railway Operating Battalion. On this date the last of our men that had been on detached service also since "Twenty Grand", began arriving back with us in all manner of cars with all sorts of strange inscriptions on their sides.

August 11, Hubert N. Loucks was sitting at the desk in his car showing to a group of admiring fellows his new .32 automatic, somehow or other (the gun wasn't loaded of course) the gun went off. The wandering lead went up through his hand, wrist-watch and stopped, spinning on the floor at the far end of the car. A tourniquet was quickly applied to his arm by Wessel and Briggs. He was rushed to the 35th Evacuation Hospital. August 20, Hubert was back with us bearing carefully his bandaged hand and an envelope. He shook the contents of the envelope out upon the Mess hall table a hundred times that day. He had reason to be proud of that twisted and bent watch in the envelope for if the watch hadn't deflected and reduced the speed of the bullet, others in the car might have been hurt. That day an order from the Orderly room wisely stated that all unauthorized weapons be deposited with the Supply room for safekeeping.

The first electric power, after stopping in Roth to pick up Captain Gibson, pulled a train from Furth to Treuchtlingen, every-

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A few started wearing their two "Overseas stripes", in September. They were attractive yellow things, the boys had an odd name for them, "Hershey bars". To see one on a fellows sleeve actually reminded one of a yellow caterpillar that dropped from a tree upon the coat sleeve and its mate following four months after. Our "E.T.O." ribbon looked like a wrapper from a stick of Wrigleys Juicy Fruitgum that and our two Battle stars, our Jewish Purple Heart (good conduct ribbon) made a neat chestful of ribbons. The other companies of the 746th had but one Battle Star which testified more eloquently than words to Company "D's" overseas service as compared with our parent outfit. We were thankful for another reason, that extra Battle Star certainly pulled our "points" over the line.

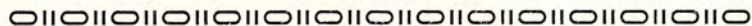
The "E.T.O. blues" later known as the "low point blues" After Japan threw in the sponge and our work had been completed we found for the first time since „Plauché", empty time on our hands that we tried to fill up with fishing, hunting, baseball and movies ; you went to the movie at "Garfield Blue", an air-strip, one mile from Roth. The movies on the average, were the best we had seen in the 'E.T.O.'" As with all good movies, you laughed a little, cried sometimes and for a space, during the movie, you were back in America, the movie finished and you were jolted right back into the heart of darkest Germany. A desolate feeling at best You ate from tables under a canvas awning. The meals were fresh only that they had been freshly removed with the aid of a canopener. We had very little fresh garden foodstuff all of it was canned, your system became "under par" on this steady unvarying diet, cuts would be days in healing, skin disorders broke out, colds would linger keeping you in sniveling misery for weeks, even eyes developed a weakness of vision with "stys" increasingly prevalent In spite of this there were those that thought our meals nothing short of dinners for the gods. 'They" were the German kids who stood silently outside the high, wooden fence, clutching the slats with taut hands, looking with small faces pressed through the fence openings, all eyes, all appetite, at us eating comfortably

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in the shade of the canvas. A truck roared by, swirling the dust of the summer road into clouds that drifted to settle deeper about their bare feet. You dropped your eyes to the task of eating your dinner before the flies made off with it. You thought as you ate, funny, those kids think this tripe so good. Would'nt they like a taste of this meat! That chocolate pie for instance — Aw, what the hell am I thinking of! I didn't come over here to feed them goddamned Nazi brats! You finish your dinner with an energy possessed of your righteous reasoning, you reach for the chocolate pie and then, without knowing why, you look at those Nazi kids again, it had just started to shower, Nazis did you call them? Those kids look exactly like the little bedraggled sparrows which hudd'ed just beyond our tables hoping for a crumb from our bounty. The spring tension of your self argument unwinds and releases. — There they are, dirty, Nazi, kids, some without legal fathers, you may curse them, you may despise them, some may even strike them, but you can't ignore them! You curse yourself because you can't blissfully be unaware of them, grab your piece of chocolate pie, the slice of bread you didn't finish, walk over and give it to the kids Those dirty, begging, Nazi, kids

At a baseball game Company "D" is holding every base down with a potential runner. "Slugger" Fowler steps to bat, as calm and capable as we are excited, Fowler lets the first ball drift by, "Ball one!" The pitcher, unwinds and flips a perfect one at Fowler, at this heartstopping moment a group of seven year of old "kraut" kids walk and stand in front of us, we hear but can't see the solid crack of a bat hitting a ball towards the fence for a homerun. We jump to our feet, yelling and pushing the German kids off the field. Every game we played, those kids seemed to want nothing so much as to get their small hands into our large ballgloves and pass a ball around. They succeeded in only getting into our hair, we curbed their desires by always chasing them away. Baseball, softball is American and not for Germans, still you wondered sometimes (glad and secure in the thought that noone could hear you think!) what better method could there





be of leading young minds away from their Nazi doctrines than by teaching them baseball, football and all the other grand American games? We might load their minds with the weight of our revised German school book hoping the matter of displacement by a superior weight would overwhelm their Nazi teachings, but isn't that almost too much a load for a young mind? Would those counter school books of ours prove as valuable towards developing the lost ideals of those kids? Revising a Nazi school book meant that the authorities went through a few school books and scratched out the prominent swastikas giving the same book back to the school children with the former text complete. Is there any better schoolroom for teaching children fairplay, values of working together for a common unmilitary good, and all around good citizen ideals than the baseball diamond?

Suddenly you were sick to the heart of every detail of your occupation of Germany. You felt that you would "blow your top" if you seen another hungry kid. You hated the magazines from home showing all the wonderful possibilities of the veterans post war world, when we came home. — Yeah! When we came home! Just another home rumor, and you would "blow your lid!" The fellow next to you, just a kid himself, those days after a letter from his home, he'd lie on his bunk looking at a tinted photograph of a pretty girl holding a small baby — that look in his eyes, if you could bear to look, was like the look those German kids have, little, lost, animal, looks In the despair of hopelessness you felt you would have to cry a little then Frank Russell would bring in a deer or Fred Marchetti and Jack Biggs would come in with a mess of trout, a little thing like that would snap you back into humor again , , , , , So were the "E.T.O." blues, your mind delicate'y balanced between trifles and 44 points

At an indefinite point between the blue Danube and the Vienna woods, both of which have swirled and echoed to inspire some of the worlds loveliest waltzs, is the German village of



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Motor Generator Room at Stein a short distance from Nurnberg . .
Here by the aid of transformers on both sides, 110 K.V. 50 ~ 3 ϕ
power is changed to 18 K.V. 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ ~ 5 ϕ for catenary Service

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Wire train operated exclusively by men of Co. "D" working in Treuchtlingen yards — 20 Aug. 1945



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Wire train operated out of Roth by Co. "D" personale

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Roth. On the afternoon of September 11, 1945 one could have easily understood why the region has inspired the music it has. In the early fall haze (not to be confused with Indian Summer as that season only occurs in America) the waning hour, the landscape was one of music. The tiny river singing its ruffled length through the green sea of wind rippled meadows, the gentle hills, clad all over with tall, slim pines that are never still the village of aged Roth, its one stone steeped, church, pointing heavenwards above the huddled village homes as if pointing the direction that the parishers must take. The village was the sobering, quaint, bar of music in a wildly, beautiful, composition. Outside of Roth and still within its ancient charm, is the Railway station. Over this rail line ran the prewar "Mitropa", "Europa" and the hollywood famous "Orient Express" and here was the cars of Company "D's" headquarters. This rail line was the last electrification job that Company "D" had completed.

In this setting, upon the above mentioned date, thirty eight of Company "D's" personale loaded their gear upon trucks in compliance with Special order No. 100 dated September 11, 1945 which transferred them to the 762th R.O.B. in Munich for an eventual shipment home. The fellows grouped themselves at the end of their horseshoe court for the ceremony which is the final with "G.I.'s", having their photograph taken. Behind them an American flag flutted its colors away from its restraining halyards as in the nemsreels, very patrioticolly. Seated in front of the group was "Major", who, although not mentioned in the orders, was going along; Sorrow, suitable to the occasion, drooped from his face with his ears, he too, once had to Soyous whelp, nor did we. The last camera clicked, the boys climbed into their trucks. "Bulgy" Barclay as usual taking his seat as close to the tail gate as was possible, beamed his worry at us, he was still worried that a last second change in orders would yank him from the out of the truck. S/Sergeant Parks and T/Sergeant Kephart disentangled arms to shake hands with everyone again. T/Sergeant Iwasco hunted in vain for his little brass whistle to give us a final trilling. The trucks started, 'Bulgy" was safe, he smiled

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and waved his relief at us for the first time. First Sergeant Forrest Jack was the last one that we could see and he had been the first many of us had seen when we came into the Company for the first time.

It would be possible to give a detailed description of each of those thirty eight boys to leave our Company for there are any incidents which are called to mind of those last few moments before they left. Our individual observations are as varied as our temperaments. So far, in this history of part, the observations have been "onesided" because they have been one mans, which is hardly enough for the history of a "live wire outfit" such as ours has been. The observer has one outstanding thing in common with those about whom the history attempted to depict, he wasn't so much an observer as he was a participant. Could any one person be confronted with any more facts, statistics for a good story than this so-called writer, when all of them were laid before him upon his desk! He had to hold his imagination well in rein when he began the task of regrouping the events of Company "D" into somewhat the order of a manuscript. Despite the firm grip the writer had upon his imagination there are a few instances where his imagination began to infringe the colorless world of facts and figures. No harm was meant and if the imagination seems, in some cases to be quite flagrant, forgive the writer. There are so many little stories that crop into mind when you chance to look upon the facts of historical interest to Company "D", all the best sort of stories, it was an effort to select the few that are in this story. If the whole seems a bit confused call the confusion, enthusiasm and let it go at that. To write this meant that the writer had to relive every sparkless day of his brief army career and set down the outstanding events that have caught and held like a burr to the mind. This was necessary because the previous record of Company "D's" life was recorded in the daily report and as is the style of daly reports the remarks therein were confined to cryptic remarks such as "same today as was yesterday." This history is merely an elaboration upon that statement. It is known that none of you have been

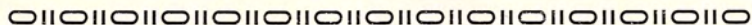
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given the space that you deserve, the best explanation is to say that while this was being written most of you were hunting and fishing and this writer (still so-called) wanted very much to heave the damnable typewriter out of the window and follow after with his own fishing rod. He had to sit and be content with the grim task of erasing words with too many letters or not enough, wondering when the thing was going to end. Remembering a suggestion that everyone in the company seemed to think as his own, the writer thought what a perfect way to end this history perhaps in time to go fishing in the morning after all!

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FLORIDA

T/5 Norman L. Parker — 34973055
1213 W. Garden Street, Pensacola

GEORGIA

Pfc. William E. Wilson — 34946982
997 Capitol Avenue, Atlanta

T/5 Wayne P. Turner — 34093526
121 Church Street, Sandersville

ILLINOIS

Sgt. Adalbert Kopfer — 63603099
2719 Narragansett Avenue, Chicago

T/5 Fred C. Kittman — 36977840
General Delivery, Pound Lake

T/5 Ausby E. Piersosn — 36973090
322 W. 2nd Street, Mt. Carmel

INDIANA

1st/Sgt. Forrest C. Jack — 35170032
122 E. Masterson, Ft. Wayne

S/Sgt. Clarence M. Parks — 35371753
R. D. number 5, Marion

Pfc. Floyd M. Burdette — 35244267
1200 N. D. Street, Richmond

MASSACHUSETTS

Sgt. Richard L. Kinner — 31066716
Whately

Sgt. Walter Zimiroski — 31028253
15 Light Street, Lynn





Pfc. Bryce B. Foss — 31432079
256 Farrington Street, Wolleston (70)

Pfc. Fred L. Sampson — 39147753
2 Fell Street, Greenwood

MICHIGAN
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Pfc. Clifford L. Lambert — 56967674
216 E. Elk Street, Monistique

MISSOURI

Pfc. Clayton M. Wilcox — 37639632
202 Cort Street, Monroe

NEBRASKA

T/4 Francis G. Miskhe — 37457198
608 W. 10th Street, North Platte

NEW JERSEY

T/5 Kenneth Cox — 32362142
23 W. Foundry Street, Millville

NEW YORK

Pfc. Norman Sutton Jr. — 42122151
151 Kingsboro Avenue, Gloversville

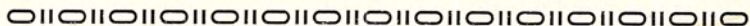
OHIO
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Cpl. Raymond E. Smith — 35 833587
3479 E. 71st Street, Cleveland

Pfc. William H. Darr — 35079833
West Lafayette

OREGON

Pfc. William E. Alford — 39302116
Box398, Canby



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PENNSYLVANIA

T/Sgt. William E. Kepkart — 33015478
109 S. Front Street, Phillipsburg

Sgt. William Barclay — 33587580
1427 N. Edgewood Street, Philadelphia

T/4 Jesse A. Ray — 33438735
150 Franklin Street, Washington

Pfc. W. B. Bechtel — 330782855
9 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Hanover

Pfc. Frank C. Boland — 35221122
204 Foster Street, Harrisburg

Pfc. Clarence I. Fullmer — 33875578
R.F.D. 2, Harrisburg

UTAH

Pfc. Harold S. Peterson — 39924455
R.F.D. 1, Box 82, Pleasant Grove

TENNESSE

Sgt. Carl V. Bellew — 24281813
413 Ohio Avenue, Etova

TEXAS
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T/4 Robert Fuqua — 38135502
Route number 3, Hamilton

Pfc. Leroy Lovelace — 38629728
1115 S. Henderson Street, Ft. Worth

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The following men were the next to leave. They left Roth on September 23, 1945 and reported to the 724th Ry. Opn. Bn. as per order no. 109

CALIFORNIA

Pfc. Verne E. Fries — 39052916
702 Farris Avenue, Fresno

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Pfc. Edward E. Daniel — 33887949
15 Rudder Green S.W.

INDIANA

Sgt. Harry L. Renyer — 35484216
R.F.D. 1, Patriot

Pfc. Earl F. Lucas — 35841648
23 N. Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute

MARYLAND

Pfc. Joseph A. Doyle — 33932590
226 S. Washington Street, Harve De Grace

MASSACHUSETTS

Pfc. Charles A. Murphy Jr. — 31465352
68 Lake Street, Arlington

MICHIGAN

Pfc. William O. Shively — 37744170
3022 Wallace Street, Kansas City

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MISSOURI

T/5 Lyle I. Roller — 37743306
R.F.D. 2, Caseville

NEW JERSEY

Pfc. Alexandra Donetz — 42143878
96 Market Street, Possaic

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NEW YORK

Pfc. Hubert N. Loucks — 42144917
27 Rose Avenue, Oneonta

Pfc. Calvin L. Young — 42144621
81 Pearl Street, Molone

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OHIO

Pfc. Roland E. Leonard — 35841310
General Delivery, Garrettsville

T/55 William W. Carman — 35337094
1679 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo

PENNSYLVANIA

Pfc. Russell E. Boob — 3394124555
204 Shell Street, Harrisburg

UTAH

Pfc. Jay G. Sundberg — 37365060
General Delivery, Wahsatch

VERMONT

T/5 Leon C. Tenney — 31467786
R.F.D. 1, Reading

On the same oredr number 109 we had one member transferred to the 735th Ry. Opn. Bn.

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WASHINGTON

Cpl. Eugene M. Henderson — 39177855
714 F. Second Street, Ellensburg

Another transferred out of the outfit on the same order to the 723rd Ry. Opn. Bn.

CALIFORNIA

Pfc. Harold J. Crockett — 39052201
213 South Davis, Santa Rosa

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Three of our boys went to the 722nd R. O. B.

MINNESOTA

T/5 Arthur H. Weinzierl — 17051638
St. Bonifacius

OHIO

T/5 Herbert O. Van Horn — 35839094
900 Colonial Blvd. N.E., Canton

PENNSYLVANIA

Pfc. William A. Sheaffer — 33920140
8 Anthony Wayne Terrace, Baden

The following five men were transferred to the 728th R.O.B.

ALABAMA

T/5 Milton C. Tedder — 34973616
905 A. Lawndes c/o Mrs. J. M. Roper, Chicasaw

ILLINOIS

Pfc. Frank J. Prokop — 36780134
2822 W. 21st Street, Chicago

MASSACHUSETTS

Pfc. Harold E. Dupuis — 31456259
157 North Street, New Bedford

PENNSYLVANIA

Pfc. Billie Eastwood — 42115502
220 Thornton Avenue, Brownsville

Pfc. Edward J. Ballard — 33773097
27 Cherry Street, Callingdale

A few weeks after order number 109 was fulfilled, a special order number 111 sent two of our lads speeding upon their way to the second Reinforcement Depot at Namur, Belgium

OHIO

S/Sgt Joseph L. Sheets — 6920355
General Delivery, Texas City

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The following list are the boys that were left with our two detachments, one at Roth the other, headquarters, at Augsburg.

ALABAMA

Pfc. Charles W. Mathews — 34971154
61 West Jeff Davis Avenue, Montgomery
Sgt. Edgar B. Lee — 34919765
Route number 3, Marion

CALIFORNIA

T/5 Ceasar J. Sterni — 39050447
General Delivery, Sonora
Pfc. Glenn Logan — 39048457
3468 Lowe Avenue, Fresno (2)
T/5 Howard A. Mellon — 39536801
800 Nile Street, Bakersfield

CONNECTICUT

S/Sgt. Arthur C. Humphrey — 31379653
59 Daly Avenue, New Britain

GEORGIA

Pfc. Wallace H. Harris — 38652952
913 Oakhill Avenue S.W., Atlanta
T/5 William R. Rowe — 34834732
General Delivery, Cadwell
T/Sgt. Otis P. Reynolds — 34440493
II 1/2, West York Street, Savannah
T/5 Edward D. Brantley — 34 949223
Garrard Avenue number 4, Box 388, Savannah

IDAHOE

T/5 Edward D. Robertson — 39928031
Box 165, Glens Ferry

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Sgt. Lyle J. Elber — 39932253
Route 1, Lorenzo

T/5 Fred Marchetti — 39921087
647 N. 6th Street, Pocatello

Pfc. Dean L. Geddes — 39927312
550 McKinley Avenue, Pocatello

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ILLINOIS

Pfc. Kenneth W. Hunter — 36983085
R.F.D. 1, Danville

Pfc. Lloyd W. Schildmiller — 36985767
3444 W. 116th Place, Chicago (43)

Sgt. Burchard E. Gibbs — 36955649
3116 W. Marquette Rd., Chicago

T/5 Raymond A. Hilburger — 36959380
9224 Avalon Avenue, Chicago

T/5 Robert F. Kaiser — 36979915
2406 W. Montrose Avenue, Chicago

Pfc. Robert P. O'Donnell — 36903054
271 N. Pearl, Gallesburg

T5 Harry R. Roach — 37692502
2304, 4th Avenue, Moline

T/4 James E. Shedelbower — 36699468
405 E. Market Street, Palestine

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INDIANA

1st/Sgt. John J. Cox — 35894038
122 E. Masterson, Ft. Wayne

Cpl. Raymond J. Rupp — 35841111
106 S. Johnson Street, Garrett

T/4 Wayne G. Kauffman — 35838266
809 E. Walnut Street, Summitville

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Sgt. — Joseph R. Shake — 35829599
1914, 2nd Avenue, Terre Haute

T/5 James M. Stearns — 35830731
226 Seventh Street, North Vernon

T/5 Marion Risinger — 15382822
Farmersburg

T/5 Raymond E. Beatly — 35245715
18 South State Street, Indianapolis

Pfc. Casey S. Andrzejewski — 35577007
408 E. 4th Street, Garey

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IOWA

T/Sgt. Hollis Shelton — 6824216
909 Avon Avenue, Waterloo

Pfc. Robert H. Coulter — 37694668
330 E. Park Avenue, Ottumwa

Pfc. Ivan Schroeder — 37734630
Lewis

KANSAS

T/5 M. T. Kleinschmidt — 37736535
1605 North Washington, Junction City

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KENTUCKY

Cpl. Kendall
711 Madison Avenue, Covington

LOUISIANA

Sgt. William Heagy — 37390338
P.O. Box 351, Peatte

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MASSACHUSETTS

T/5 Hazen W. Hardy — 31448629
112 Wildwood Avenue, Braintree

Pfc. William C. Nadeau — 31355906
11 Williams Avenue, Raynham

Cpl. John E. Coleman — 31464685
1171 Boylston Street, Boston

Pfc. Louis C. Diorio — 31464890
13 Nickol Street, Woburn

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MICHIGAN

Cpl. Sidney Weir — 36976933
143 McMullen Street, Grand Ledge

T/5 Leo F. Wessel — 36583167
1511 Beard Street, Port Huron

MINNESOTA

T/4 Richard H. Ploog — 37586582
3148 Chicago Avenue So, Mineapolis

MISSISSIPPI

T/4 Jack Biggs — 34614476
201 Peach Street, Kosciusko

Pfc. Clinton L. Gee — 34816199
Carrolton

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MISSOURI

T/5 William Tucker — 37743319
510. 8th Street, Monett

T/5 Warner J. Briggs — 36947157
4116 W. Greenlea Street, St. Louis

Pfc. Lawrence J. Surprenant — 37613255
3306 Belt Avenue, St. Louis



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NEBRASKA

Pfc. Melvin J. Mooney — 37261840
Ewing

T/5 Leland B. Austin — 37474025
1120 "B" Street, Fairberry

Cpl. Raymond J. Bogner — 37072792
4527 Burdett Street, Omaha

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Pfc. Bobby R. Botteroff — 37747703
R.F.D. 2, Norfolk

T/5 Leo S. Rosinski — 37485138
4226 S. 39th Avenue, Omaha

Pfc. Everette I. Hindmarsh — 6932413
608 East Linden Avenue, Fremont

T/5 Charles W. Fredricay — 37747086
516 E. 9th Street, North Piatte

NEW JERSEY

T/5 Lincoln H. Taylor — 12163536
Forrest Avenue, Montvale

Pfc. Charles Arndt — 42088691
34 Williams Avenue, Jersey City

Pfc. Tylee B. Newman — 42110812
96 Spruce Street, Lakewood

T/4 Samuel A. Brick — 32757316
80 E. Main Street, Marlton

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NEW YORK

Pfc. Edward J. Hogan — 32888524
4400 Winkham Avenue, Bronx

T/5 Daniel R. Tina — 42129271
21-14, 23rd Drive, Astoria, L.I., N.Y.C.

0110



T/5 John P. Tosto — 42134871
25-08, 24th Avenue, Astoria, L.I., N.Y.C.

T/4 Claude H. Bruce — 32575371
14 Davis Street, Whitehall

Pfc. George F. Charlebois — 42085990
1548 State Street, Watertown

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Pfc. Jeremiah Clancy — 42089422
143 Clayton, Rochester

S/Sgt. Delbert R. Henry — 42088847
951 Arnett, Rochester

T/5 John R. Ganz — 42087059
422 Cayuge Street, Syracuse

Pfc. James H. O'Meara — 32700160
15 E. 199 Street, Bronx

Pfc. Wm. C. Dahl — 32671752
442 Adam A. Street, Tonawanda

NORTH DAKOTA

Cpl. Chester Nelson — 39052218
Central Bldg. Apt. 29, Minot

NORTH CAROLINA

Pfc. Olin Sneed — 34968842
Route 1, Shelby

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OHIO

Pfc. Forrest M. Shank Jr. — 35089589
704 E. Center Street, Blanchester

T/Sgt. John R. Zorens — 3546709
275 Warner Street, Clifton Hgts., Cincinnati

T/4 Thomas H. Pritchard — 35072342
Route 2, Garrettsville





T/5 Carl H. Miller — 35247827
742 W. Spring Street, Lima

Cpl. Neil C. Chapman — 35830348
1004 N. Center Street, Mentor

T/5 Joseph E. Ring — 35398805

Sgt. George E. Hyland — 35072736
109 W. Oakland Avenue, Youngstown

Pfc. George E. Brail — 35831328
R.F.D. 1, Austinsburg

T/5 Gerald E. Kuehne — 35835494
883 London Rd., Cleveland

OREGON

T/4 Frank E. Russel — 39474034
4317 23rd Avenue, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Pfc. Elwood E. Snyder — 33941187
1106 Hudson Street, Harrisburg

Pfc. Norman F. Rump — 33940769
5133 Ladora Street, Pittsburg number 1

Pfc. Stanley J. Graf — 33934092
2825 Tulip Street, Philadelphia

Pfc. Joseph Y. Mulligan — 33831014
5812 Lamber Street, Philadelphia

Pfc. Otto J. Reichl — 33775911
1417 Woodward Avenue, McKees Rocks

Cpl. Julius A. Magoni — 33846212
417 Spruce Avenue, Dubois

T/5 Charles W. Chaplain — 33845140
518 W. North Street, Newcastle



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Cpl. Thomas S. Bounds — 33940815
607 Whitney, Wilkinsburg

T/5 William J. Sullivan — 33930530
535 Hotel Street, Pottsville

T/5 Holland S. Reynolds — 33282921
2071 3rd Street, McKeesport

T/5 Charles F. Groterend — 33688901
1514 Morris Street, Newcastle

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TENNESSE

Pfc. Jack E. Lannon — 34720522
722 E. McLemore Avenue, Memphis

Pfc. T. V. West — 34923449
R.F.D. 5, Knox

TEXAS

T/Sgt. Richard A. Stubbs — 18218335
2304 Elman Street, Houston

UTAH

T/4 Ralph F. Parker — 39928266
Eureka

VIRGINIA

T/4 Merril J Oakes — 33882506
3497 S. Wakefield Street, Fairlington, Arlington

Pfc. Elonza L. Craighhead — 33225273
R.F.D. 5, Box 123, Roanoke

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WASHINGTON

T/5 Norman P. Michel — 39476328
Route 1, Box 706, Bellevue

T/5 Robert V. Reynolds — 39476329
1341 N. Montgomery, Bremerton

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T/4 August F. Zueger — 3947614
Route 3, Box 215, Spokane

Pfc. Walter H. Cluckey — 39195865
502 21st Street, North Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA

worldwartwoveterans.org
Pfc. Lewis M. Arthur — 35446167
Box 152, Ingram Branch

WISCONSIN

Pfc. Elmer L. Nieman — 36981387
945 A-No. 17th Street, Milwaukee

Pfc. Chester B. Sholtz — 36249448
Eagle River

Pfc. Frank B. Gullo — 36959761
1804 Missouri Avenue, Superior



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In conclusion the writer would like to thank T/4 RUSSEL for this book's cover design and T/4 SHEDELBOWER for his wauable assistance.

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