

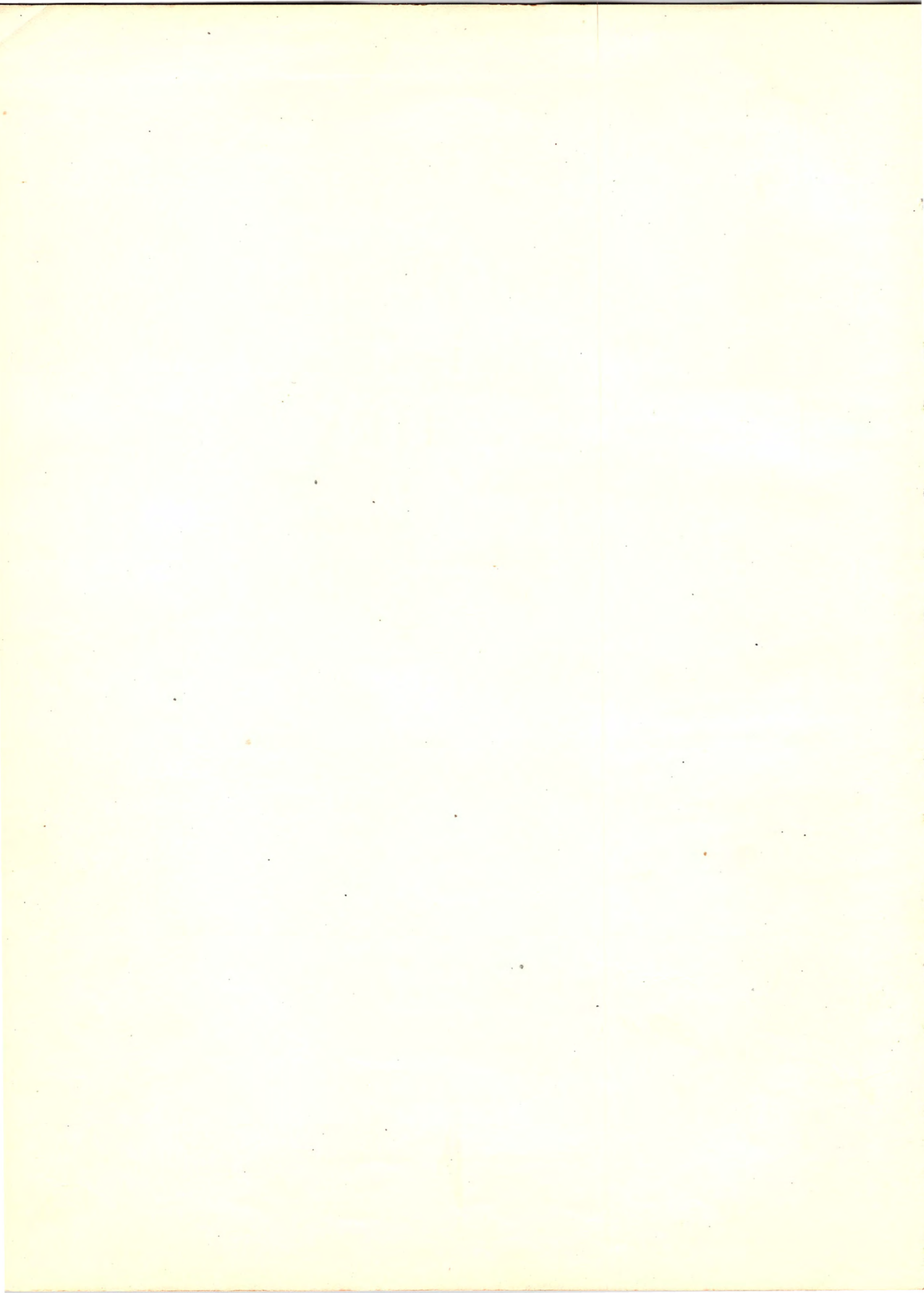






REGIMENT
OF THE
CENTURY





REGIMENT OF THE CENTURY

THE STORY OF THE 397TH
INFANTRY REGIMENT



WRITTEN AND DESIGNED IN STUTTGART
GERMANY

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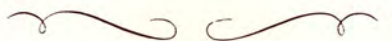
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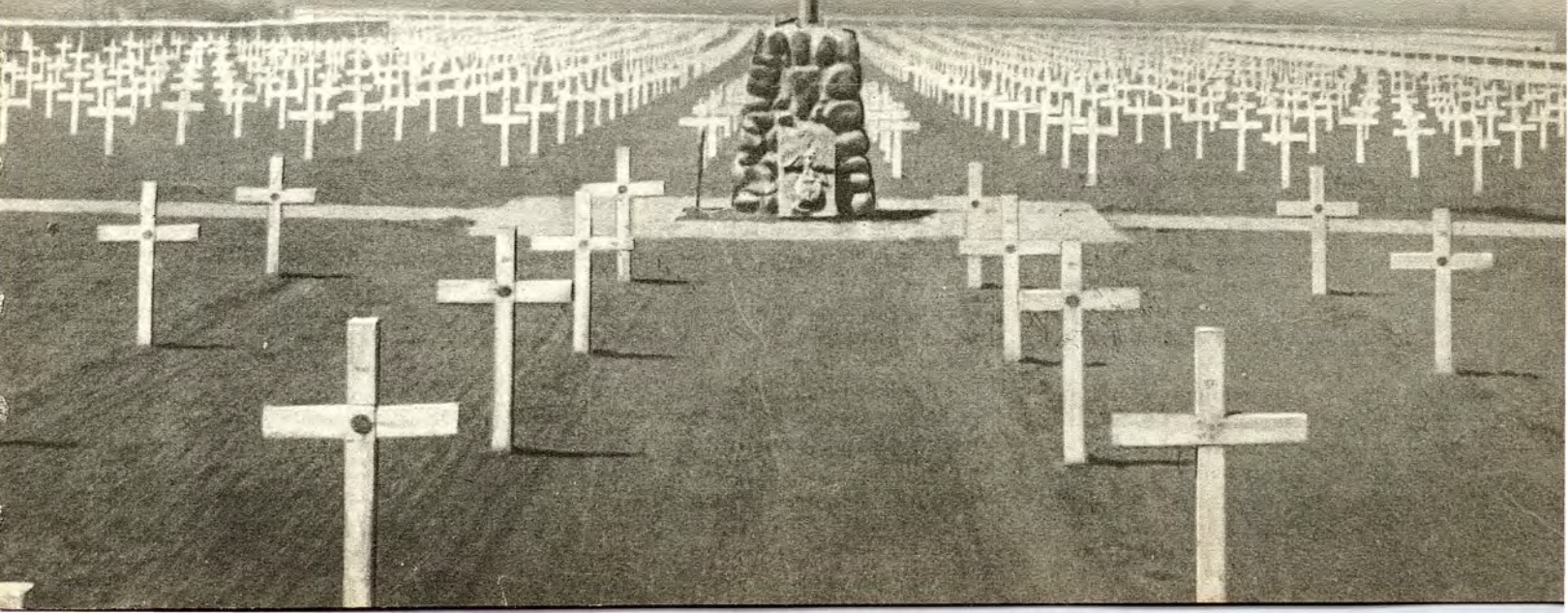
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THE 397TH INFANTRY IS IN ALL OF US. IT IS IRREVOCABLY IN THOSE WHO PASSED ON. FILLED WITH A UNITY OF PURPOSE THESE PAST THREE YEARS, WE SHALL CARRY WITH US AN INDELIBLE MEMORY OF OUR SORROWS, OUR JOYS, OUR SUFFERINGS, AND OUR DREAMS. IT IS THIS UNITY, THIS PRIDE OF SPIRIT, THIS SELFLESSNESS, SO ORGANICALLY THE CREED OF OUR REGIMENT, WHICH MUST BE DEDICATED TO A WHOLESOME, TIMELESS PEACE. WE CAN DO NO LESS FOR THOSE NOBLEST OF MEN WHO GAVE THEIR ALL FOR A CAUSE SO JUST AND FOR THE GENERATIONS TO FOLLOW SO THAT THEY MAY NOT HAVE TO GIVE. THIS NOW IS OUR CREED. THIS NOW IS OUR DUTY.









INTRODUCTION

This is the story of the 397th Infantry Regiment, a part of, indeed an integral part of the 100th Infantry Division and thus "Regiment of the Century."

It is not a twice-told tale for you who were in it and carry with you painful yet thrilling, glorious memories. It was rather because of your thorough personal involvement that you could not see the forest for the trees and had the total design thereby obscured.

This story had to be told. A battalion never captured a city. A company never captured a town. A platoon or a squad never captured a village or a hill. That was merely the easier method of cold factual reporting. You and your buddy, wherever you were functioning in your jobs during those crucial times, saved our lines and broke the enemy's. It was you and your comrade-in-arms, working in perfect coordination, that caused us to achieve the ultimate in success. You have furnished the pieces with your blood, with your sweat, with your tears, and those very pieces are now being put together so that you may see the resultant pattern to be one of action. This will make for a better understanding of just how the Regiment worked as an individual unit.

We start with our activation on November 15, 1942 and carry through to August 15, 1945 when the Japs, who made the 7th day of December 1941 "live in infamy," sued for peace and got it upon an unconditional surrender.



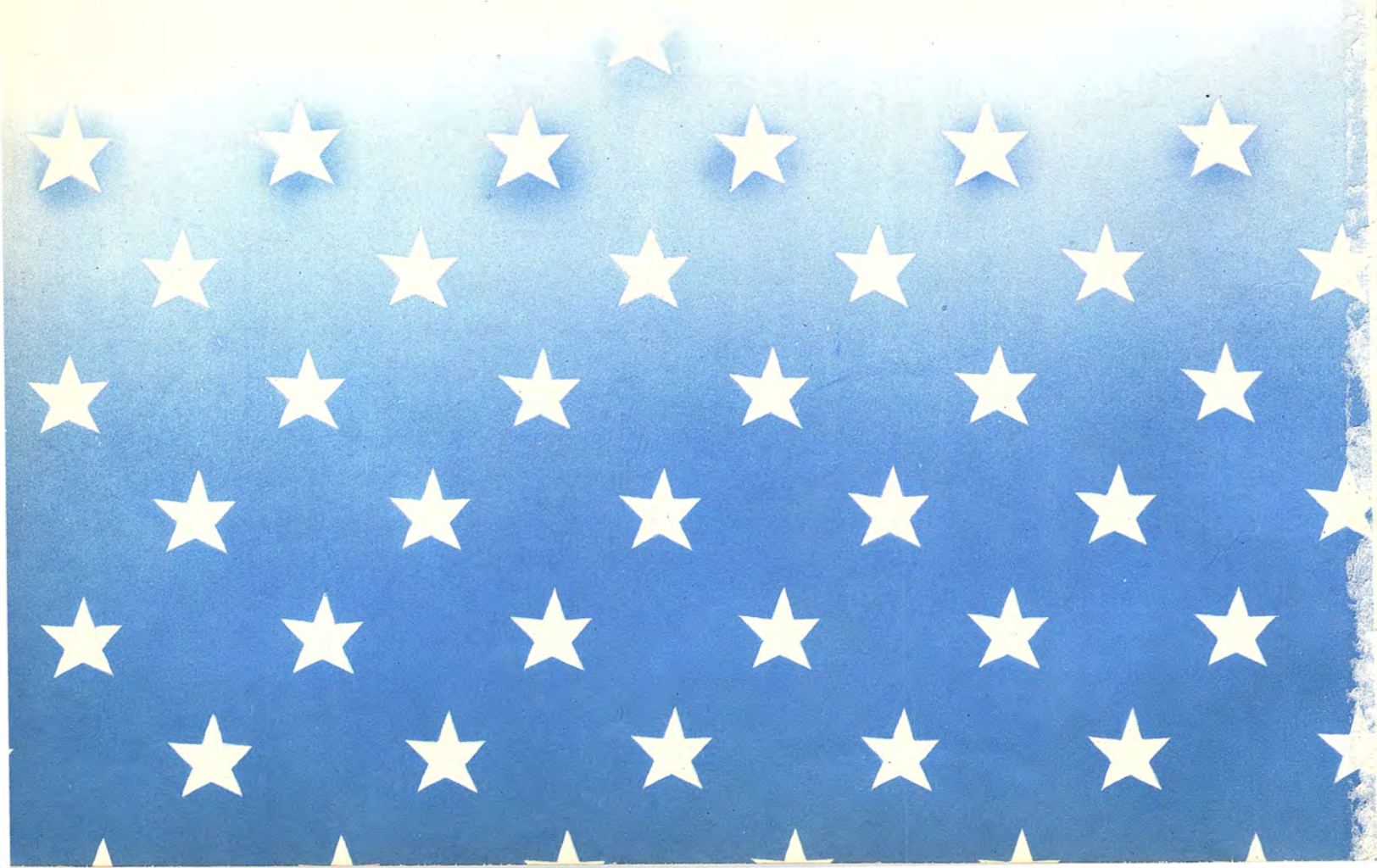
In the interest of an orderly chronology you will be carried through ten indistinct phases, there being an almost imperceptible fusing of one into the other. The phases are Activation, Training, Overseas Movement, Vosges Mountains Campaign, Mouterhouse, Bitche, Rimling, Heilbronn, Altbach, and Occupation in Germany.

For all the abundance of documentary and statistical matter you will see more than a mere record of dates, places and names. Every incident and episode have within themselves the character of the men that lives through them. Each occurrence is vital and breathing. We shall relive the 172 days shared in the line as we shall the hopes, the bitter disappointments, the good times and the bad. A name will bring a smile, perhaps a tear. The gamut of emotions will have run its entire course because it was your war.

This is neither the time nor place to sing the praises of the infantryman and his attainments. For indeed there is no time nor place nor language to do it full justice. Through these pages, written by you, the lives of us who fought together as the 397th Infantry Regiment, will be made to exist forever.

Herein lies the tale of the men like you, who gained ground from the enemy step by step. You had nothing ahead of you but the enemy and it was only when you destroyed and annihilated him that the world was saved from destruction and annihilation. We want the world to know, too, what our loneliness was, how just our fears, how awful the desolation of the forest. Let it thrust home how unfriendly a street can be, how deep and wide a river, how cold the snow. We talk not of ourselves, but of the spirit which made us what we are: For it was to this spirit we dedicated our lives.





PHASE I – ACTIVATION



INTRODUCTION

"In the beginning"

On November 15th, 1942 our destiny as an organization was officially determined. In the eyes of the United States Army the 397th Infantry Regiment was born. It was a happy birth fittingly and formally celebrated with all the necessary honors. But it was a strange child with a very unusual background. Its father came from many States with a crazy combination of traits familiar to his many particular origins, but in spite of this the child was immediately seen to be healthy and robust. The kid's future looked good.

Nearly all of us had just been civilians and the resentment was strong. We were suddenly uprooted from a life that meant family ties, deep friendships in the business and social world, and an education that we had planned for so long. Because we were not quite sure why this had to be done to us, the orientation to the new life was difficult. Although we never ceased hoping for the end so that we could return to civilian life again, we took to the job at once, knowing that it had to be performed efficiently and quickly. Almost overnight we felt less awkward in our ODs and in a matter of days we were strutting about with a pride that was strong enough to keep us at the mirror straightening the tie and cocking the cap at just the right angle. This was already the best outfit on the Post and where was the guy big enough to deny it?

But just in case you have forgotten the facts of the birth here they are — — —.

ACTIVATION



The actual chronicle of our Regiment began August 15, 1942, exactly three months before we were activated; that meant that the War Department acknowledged that we were officially alive. However, we are even older than that. Yes, we have a past. Not a deep and checkered one, but it was in 1920 that we were organized as part of a reserve division. We really only began to do things and make history in August 1942 when the War Department, The Commander of A.G.F., the Service of Supply, and the Commander of the Second and Third Armies began assigning cadre officers. Colonel William A. Ellis became our Regimental C.O.

The cadre officers, soon after their designation as such, attended refresher and special training courses to better equip them for the hard and tedious work ahead. The courses were given at schools that were scattered up, down, and across the country. The officers were given schooling and training in multiple subjects. The military objective at this time was to have officers all knowing in all things.

The first officer members of our regiment arrived on October 19 at our first home, Fort Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina. During this month the rest of the filler officer personnel kept arriving either from officer candidate schools or from activated units. The latter supplied those who had demonstrated marked ability in training.

The cadre began to walk when, on October 15th, a large number of non-commissioned officers, forming the enlisted cadre, selected from the 76th Infantry Division at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, arrived. Then came the body building process when men from replacement training centers, schools, and other units began arriving in droves.

October was consumed as was the first half of November in preparing for personnel arrival, facilities for living, and future training. The area allotted to the entire 100th Division had been inherited from the 30th Division. Interrupting the monotony of this sandy flat stretch of 1½

miles in length and $\frac{3}{5}$ miles in width were about 1100 to 1200 buildings. These structures were mainly 15-man hutments, mess halls, day rooms, orderly rooms, supply rooms. Of course, there were the special buildings, such as the service club, movie house, and post office.

There were some very elaborate ceremonies to mark our activation and they were held in the open air theatre fronting the service club. Present were prominent military and civilian personages to give the occasion the prestige it merited. Major General William A. Simpson, as Commander of XII Corps of which the Division was to be a member, outlined the severe trials facing us. He has since that time been promoted and has distinguished himself as Commander of the Ninth Army in Germany.

Ties of the Division were symbolized with the passing of the Division flag from the hands of Major General Emil F. Rehardt, 76th Division Commander from which the body of enlisted cadre had been drawn, to Major General Withers A. Burrell, Division Commander. The initial arrival of filler replacements was in the early part of December. In a scant month we were up to T/O and ready for action, which then only involved training. Our regiment was the first to receive its quota of men from the reception center at Fort McPherson, Georgia.

You cannot easily forget the period of transition from the life you knew up to this point and the yet unfamiliar scenes of army life. Recall standing naked in long lines at dispensaries, coughing when ordered, and submitting to certain intrusions upon the privacy you only recently held so sacred. We ranted at the blinding uncontrolled sand blasts but soon came to see and love the beautiful landscape dotted with green pine trees. We rebelled at the painfully slow and abominable transportation to Columbia but found the city equal to catering to our varied needs and therefore worth the effort. We rapidly came to enjoy the constant reminders that our present lot was not one of pure and unadulterated regimentation. There was the service club, Post exchange, movie, chapel.



We made a conscious effort and succeeded in forming lasting friendships. This was not a mere slight by-product of those "greetings from the President of the United States." Above that, we began to feel that we were really a part of the army and from this feeling there emerged a pride in our organization ripening and flowering into complete maturity with the years.

Then you got your furlough — "The return from the damned!" "Look, Mom, there are lots of regiments in this man's army — even if Barbara is a WAC — it's still a man's army — and besides, the 397th is the best in lots of ways. No, they didn't let me bring my rifle home — it's a beaut too. The top kick is a nice enough guy when you get to know him and you do get to know him. No, I won't be an officer next week but if they ain't got a grudge against me and I'm in there punching, pretty soon I'll get to be a Pfc. and then Corporal maybe — ya can't tell about things like that — ya gotta be a man to understand."

Perhaps you did not know it then but we were indeed an amazing crew of motley recruits coming in from fourteen different reception centers which dotted the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts. We were drawn from Fort Dix, N. J., Camp Upton, L. I., Ft. Devens, Mass., Ft. Jackson, S. C., and Ft. McPherson, Georgia. These huge reception centers had taken their personnel from Southern New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, The Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. You can see what a combine of city slickers, southern gentlemen and hill-billies from the corn squeezin' territory this made. A terrific combination — any cross section of the United States — was ready, able and willing to be a cog in the giant war machine of our country.







L'S-EYE ENEMY



MILITARY COURTESY

FM 21

CAMOUFLAGE

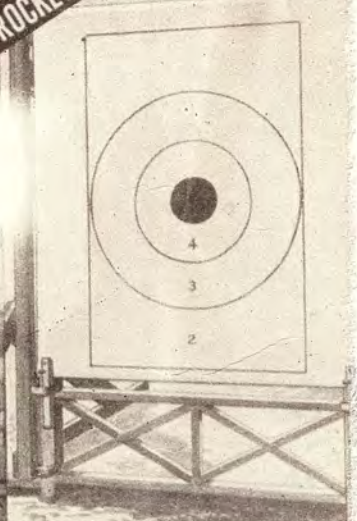
MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS, U.S.

Do not SIT or SLEEP on your Ma

ROCKET LAUNCHER, M1A1



Be ORIENTED "You don't know where you are until you know your position on the map"



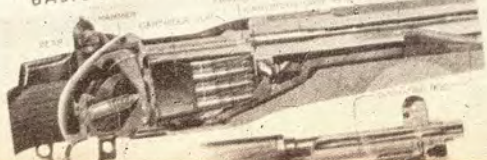
U. S. CARBINE CAL. 30, M1-A

MPREGNATED UNIFORM



CAMOUFLAGE BLINDS THE ENEMY If he can't see you, he can't hit you

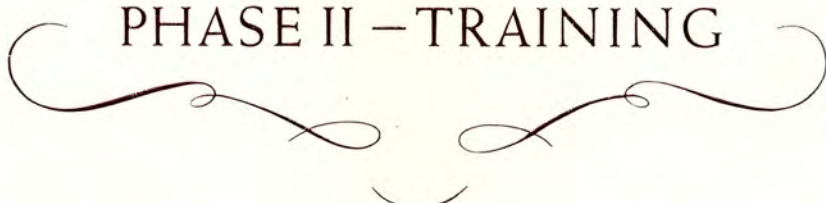
BASIC FUNCTIONING U.S. RIFLE CAL. 30 M1



MAP READING W.D.

U.S. FIGHTER P-39 D (AIRACOBRA)

PHASE II – TRAINING



INTRODUCTION

"Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn"

Success in battle, the ultimate purpose of military training, provided the momentum for the kind which was supposed to transform a civilian into a fighting machine. There was an incessant conflict inherent in the business of turning us into soldiers. Ever willing we were to accept the authority of leaders but, never ready to lose our sense of individual responsibility. There could be no retreat in battle and still succeed. There could be none in training for it.

That hard tedious period of drudgery only became significant to us when we began playing for keeps in the Vosges and Rimling. Those dreary hours of drill conveyed the idea that the primary objective was to be the submission to authority. The secondary objective was that of the superior officer's moving his men from one place to another in a straight line. We were much too weary to see unity of action that would permit us to perform together, automatically, when the time came for concerted action. Recall the yawning periods on discipline and courtesy? How can we forget the vain efforts at continuing awake while we "mastered" the technical and tactical problems an ocean removed from actual contact with the real enemy? Close your eyes once more and listen without flinching

"Fall in! Straighten up! Get on the ball! Okay you guys, wipe that smile off! Tention! Hut, two, three, four!" "Hey corporal, could I . . ." "No! and besides keep in step, hut, two, three, four!" "Chees this beats all hell." "Forget it, soldier, this is it!" "I can't stand it I tell ya I just can't stand it. I'm going over the hill, you'll see. I won't stay and you can't make me, so there!" "K.P. well! They can't do this to me, not me, brother, not me. K.P. up at five in the morning, they must be crazy. There isn't enough to do, they must be nuts and I just won't get up, I just

won't do it. Its dark at five o'clock isn't it, let's start later and work later. Lines, lines, lines, and never a small one. Mess line, supply line, pay line, hell, I'll wait until the end. What! no bread? Just ran out of socks? Red-lined? Just as soon wait up front on line as anywhere's else as long as I can't go home anyhow.

"One click equals one inch at 100 yards. One mil equals one yard at 1000 yards. One degree equals 18 mils. That can't be my target. But it is, soldier, so get that arm under there, that's better, not good though! You're hitting the target but it ain't yours!"

TRAINING



The first phase of our training began on December 28, 1942.

Once we were clerks, teachers, engineers, farmers, writers, a representative cross section in American life; but after thirteen weeks (it said in army directives), we all were now soldiers, strong and physically hardened, thinking in terms of our immediate jobs and capable of performing in combat when the call came.

Many of us, who led a sedentary existence prior to our reception into the army, could pace off eighteen miles a day by the time the thirteenth week rolled around. We all became competent in the handling of some weapon. We learned, and not the easy way, to make packs, fire, disassemble, clean our rifles, pitch a tent in nothing flat, use a gas mask, and the care of our feet. Some of us became specialists in jobs such as telegraph, telephone and radio operation. Former bank clerks could not do any banking, — so they cooked. Lawyers found no forum for arguing or even debating, — so they ran a message center or perhaps ghosted on court martials for the "gentlemen by Presidential order" in addition to their other duties. The strict disciplinarian, the school teacher, came to be the commando. In fact the kaleidoscopic changes made the Jekyll-Hyde story a tame bit of fictitious imaginings.

Along about the middle of January of 1943 we began firing at Leesburg Range. The Regiment took its positions on the firing line in freezing weather. We lived for a week in tents, "feeling" how a weapon fired. There were few who had more than their first brush that week with a firearm as scores of bandaged thumbs and swollen purple cheeks bore mute testimony to the novelty of this experience.

After seven arduous weeks we were deemed soldiers sufficient to parade in a Division Review at Ancrum Ferry Field. The excuse for the formation was to do honor to our host, the chief executive of the state. But to us novices, the spectacle of our very own Division extending for nearly



a half mile over the parade ground made us marvel at our potential might.

To break the monotony of training, and it was that, many dams of pent-up talent were broken. The Regiment entered men in the Annual Golden Gloves Tournament at Charlotte, N. C., two of whom reached the finals. Our basketball team was successful in many Post Tournaments.

On March 27th, 1943, our basic training, at least that part of which applied to individual soldiers, ended. We now could glance back at our unusual experiences and laugh at the times when our immediate emotion had fallen quite

short of laughter. We were able to see a definite change in ourselves, in our ways of thinking, and in our relationships with our buddies. Our hutments had become so familiar a living place that we no longer found novelty in sharing our lives with several others but instead found this intimate association sort of a reward for being thrust from our dearly beloved.

Without so much as a "breather" upon completion of basic training, we dived straight ahead into the second phase of our training called "Small Unit Training." This meant the shaping of squads and sections into working teams for acting as one in combat. The tactical employment of materiel as well as personnel came in for emphasis throughout this new period. Our physical fitness was stressed and we literally sweated out many long marches and special exercises.

The week of April 12th, 1943, saw us involved in our first real mission. Although we didn't know what was up at first, we knew it must be a pretty important undertaking even though the higher ups described it with usual army understatement as a "special training exercise." The order for the move came down to us on April 10th, the day we had just gotten back from our first arduous week of living in the field. We were tired and dirty from having been away from the diversions and comforts of camp and ready to set out on a weekend of relaxation in Columbia and other nearby spots.

When our Bulletin Boards carried an order that there would be no passes or furloughs over

the weekend, rumors ran wild as rumors are prone to do. Some even had us alerted for movement overseas. None of these guesses, inaccurate as they were on the details, could have overstated the actual importance of the mission — security of a certain notable during his inspection trip through South Carolina. Not only was this our first mission but it was the first time that virtually the whole division left the confines of Fort Jackson. It placed us on combat behavior which, in the army scheme, obviously must be the best.

The target was the entire Atlantic Coast line tracks running through the State of South Carolina. Each foot of track had to be covered for three days, with special attention paid to tunnels, culverts, bridges, and defiles as well as straight stretches — for a high personage, indeed high, was to move by special train over this track sometime during those three days. With this job before us, and emphasis placed on absolute secrecy, plans were initiated.

From the extreme northern border of the state, at Dillon, to the southern border of the Savannah River's town, Chatham, we were posted. On the morning of April 14th a train of ten cars pulled into the junction of Yemassee. Shades were drawn at all windows in the last car. While the train was being shifted from the main line to the line which connected with Parris Island, a small black scotch terrier was seen to bound out of the car. The same day the train with our Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and staff returned over the same track, switching again at Yemassee and continuing south passed us as we stood ready for any eventuality.

Except for this four-day break in our training, work was the order of the day any day except Sunday and sometimes then. Without a doubt the most exhausting was our preparation for the XII Corps Physical Fitness Tests. We noted that this preparation was very much like the workouts given football squads as we began puffing through the six phases of exercises which were meant to toughen every part of our body. For several months we did push-ups in our daily calisthenics until we keeled over, trying each day to better our record. We ran 300 yards, lumbered through burpees, carried each other pig-a-back for 75 yards and ran a special 75 yard zig-zagging course, creeping and crawling for alternate ten yard stretches. The crowning achievement was a four mile dash covered in fifty minutes with full field pack.

Right along with this training were the inevitable long marches. Beginning with marches of eight miles gradually working to sixteen miles, every one of us, who was not evacuated, con-

fined or restricted, paced off 25 miles in eight hours with a full pack by the close of the period in June.

None of us will ever forget the infiltration course, later known as the "Mental Conditioning Course." No matter what they name it we will still wince at recalling the live fire of machine guns whizzing 36 inches overhead, the two points of lacing barbed wire, and the dynamite charges in pits along the way. We will never forget being one with the worms, burrowing for the entire 75 yards as if our life depended on it.

We had three separate weeks in the field, one each month. This business of roughing it was deemed absolutely essential, for habits in combat were formed in this practice. We grew used to digging a slit trench upon our arrival in each new bivouac area and to the futility of covering them up when we left. During these problems we dealt with combat operations. One day an entire battalion would set up positions in an offensive action and then on the next day would follow with a defensive position. We were subject at all times to careful inspection of the employment of our weapons and use of good fields of fire.

In the meanwhile we were undergoing many changes of personnel; those who left our regiment via the transfer or discharge route were mainly the overage soldiers. We lost some men to O.C.S. and others to different organizations. Quite a few went back to school under the newly-organized Army Specialized Training Program and another small group left because of dependency, military inaptitude and for the convenience of the government.

Again we found diversionary interest in sports. We had several men on the division baseball nine which won thirteen and lost seven. We showed ourselves once more as being tops when it came to slugging it out in the squared circle.

In this second phase of training, manufacturing representatives visited our area and saw how the equipment they made was being used. They observed our various activities of the day, noting particularly a gas demonstration, stream crossings, and typical infantry advances over the terrain. The second period of our training came to a close at end of June and we were pointing toward the large field operations of the third period which would test our knowledge and previous training in regards to our functioning as part of a large organization.

Through July, August and September, we fought intermittently the "Battle of Fort Jackson" and the "Battle of South Carolina." This third phase of our training was a combined phase, and

our large scale war games brought our regiment into a smooth functioning combat team and vital striking arm of the division. At the end of this period the entire division welded together in a single fighting team, practicing exercises supervised by XII Corps.

Our own small part in these exercises proved to have been an excellent indication of what we could expect in combat. We set off on long marches, struck through woods, dug in at the slightest provocation and set up our pieces. These combat team exercises, or "R.C.T.'s," were held from 19 to 30 July and it was during this time that the late Lt. Gen. Leslie J. McNair, then Commander of the Army Ground Forces, visited us.

On 23 August we commenced the "D" Exercises. At a point some 50 miles north of Fort Jackson, in a series of six exercises from 23 August to 1 September and from 22 to 30 September, we spread ourselves over the northern half of South Carolina — mainly in the area between Winnsboro and Chester. Under the general supervision of the XII Corps Headquarters, the first three exercises called on us to attack, occupy and organize a defensive position. For the last three, we joined with the 399th Combat Team to be known as the Blue Force and succeeded in enveloping the enemy Red Force to end the problem. They constantly reminded us that these field problems were not "tests" but "practice" to iron out mistakes which we were bound to make.

At the end of September we began preparations for strenuous training ahead in the Tennessee Maneuver Area. Through October and half of November we made ourselves ready for big time war exercises. We also held final touch football eliminations and planned big events pointing to the close of our stay at Fort Jackson.

The fateful day was 8 November when we began to move by truck from the now friendly Fort Jackson. In less than 10 days we were established in the Maneuver Area. Before we began our maneuvers and throughout the entire maneuver period one phrase hung in our minds; "This will separate the men from the boys."

Aside from the casualties and emotional heartbreaks of actual overseas combat, these maneuvers were no doubt the hardest period in our army careers. No one will dispute the fact that the hardships and demands of outdoor living on our constitution as well as our thought process, during our stay in that rugged state, brought out sorely needed soldierly qualities. To say that the days of working, marching, eating, and sleeping in penetratingly cold and rainy weather tried the hardest men is an understatement.

We were among the first units to be tested in this way and the eyes of the War Department were upon us to see just how much we could take. Since all previous maneuvers in the army had ended in the fall and not resumed until spring our physical and mental reactions to the winter conditions were subject to careful scrutiny. Although the bitter, almost unbelievable cold, coupled with steady rain, sleet and snow threatened continuously to call a halt, the scheduled number of eight problems was permitted to run its course. There were no ill effects other than temporary discomfiture.

The fifteen hundred square miles of Tennessee Maneuver ground east of Nashville revealed red clay soil, rocky hills, deep cutting streams and rivers. The natives manifested the epitome of kindness, doing little things which helped make the rough going a little easier at times. We all at one time or another enjoyed favors when they were needed most: an unasked for but welcome pitcher of hot coffee; an invitation to sleep in their home despite the wet fatigue clothing and muddy shoes; and a huge sign in towns welcoming us to use the bathing facilities in the residents' homes.

In the new technique of battle many horizons opened before us. It seemed that every conceivable ground unit, and many aerial outfits, were coordinated with us and against us in these large scale operations. There were tank and tank destroyer outfits; there were aircraft and anti-aircraft in abundance; and in addition to the Century Division there were two other entire infantry divisions. These were augmented by many Special Service Units including engineers, signal, ordnance, and quartermaster, all serving to familiarize us, the doughfeet, with the equipment, organizations, and huge numbers of personnel with whom we could expect to be surrounded in combat. Despite these unmistakable signs that we were anything but alone, each magnified the present place and time out of all reasonable proportions. The individual "me," in our own small world of misery, was the only world of the moment. As doughboys, our life was a sticky freezing entity completely surrounded by mud and ice.

The actual "Battle of Tennessee" began 21 November and one of eight problems lasting two to five days was conducted in each of the succeeding weeks. The "battle" ended 11 January with the completion of the eighth problem. A wide variety of tactics was involved in the Regiment's operations ranging from meeting engagements to river crossings.

In our first problem it was required that we encounter and hold the foe until another unit

could strike the opposition from the rear. In this and other problems we accomplished our mission and gleaned many indications and tips which we were to put to use in future operations. Our second problem put us on the heels of a retreating and outnumbered enemy and after making contact, a flanking movement resulted in breaking the hostile lines. We, known as the "Blues," were about to close in on the opposition, or "Red's" final defense position at Leesville. Having completed two problems, we had learned that weather can be as tangible and real a foe as men and weapons. Though we were gradually becoming acclimated, the worst was yet ahead.

The third problem gave us added "starters" of mud and rain which taxed to the utmost the effectiveness of movement and action. While beating our way through the rugged terrain in this one problem we engaged in four entirely different kinds of strategic movements. In the first of these we completed a withdrawal under cover of darkness and followed the next day with an attack in the dark. In the third phase we met the enemy in actual battle and the problem ended with our attacking prepared positions. The weather, now reaching its lowest temperatures, took added importance even above our immediate tasks. Impossible to get away from, we were forced to learn to live with it. Huddled groups of us, trying vainly to restore circulation through our bodies, could be seen breathing into cupped hands and beating our feet together.

The fourth problem found us in a position requiring the defense of a bridgehead. As a "Red" army now, we met an onslaught of numerically superior enemy at the Cumberland River. Forced into a withdrawal, we completed the maneuver during the hours of darkness in sub-freezing temperatures. Thoroughly aware of the cold, it was yet another matter to become used to it. The thought that we must bear numb toes, fingers, and noses for another month was hardly a warming one.

Fighting on the banks of the Cumberland River in the fifth problem we were actively defending a large portion of the unfordable waterway against a stronger foe.

When the sixth problem came along, in response to impassioned pleas, higher headquarters permitted the building of fires, provided careful cover of flames and smoke was observed. Everything burnable and many objects, questionably of that type, were employed for this purpose. Singed overcoats and shoes were a common occurrence as men hypnotized by the flames and cold, edged as closely as possible to the glowing embers. Though only a temporary relief, the mere sight of cheerful flames spirited water-drenched and mud-caked soldiers. Available wood,

soaking wet from the unrelenting downpour, was carefully dried from the heat of one fire so it could be consumed in another. The making of fires soon became an obsession and constantly occupied our thoughts.

Returning to cross country fighting and reverting once more to the "Blues", we pushed the enemy from Lebanon some thirty miles east to the outskirts of Carthage in the sixth problem. In this two-column drive with another division we were able to smash a hole in the center of the "Red" resistance, enabling an armored force to drive through for the kill.

For the third time during the Tennessee Maneuvers we received training in operations centering around a river line in fighting problem seven. We were part of a "Blue" Corps which had to force a crossing of the Cumberland River against the opposition of a "Red" force while at the same time contending with the terrain difficulties presented by rain, mud, and an unusually increased river current. We made assault boat crossings — coming events cast their shadows — near Woods Ferry which were followed by ferryings of support weapons. Construction of a heavy pontoon bridge was completed to provide a crossing for the armored elements and we were ready to take the Corps objective of Bairds Mill and Holloway across the river when the problem ended.

The eighth problem ended after we had made a long tiresome advance from outside of Carthage to the outskirts of Murfreesboro in the south. Thus we concluded the most intensive form of our training since activation. 11 January 1944 marked the closing of sustained physical exertion and the absence from indoors during weather which called for superman conditioning. The problems had been held with Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays noted only by a field kitchen's N.C.O. imagination of a turkey dinner. The breaks which were given at the end of each problem afforded a meager opportunity to clean up in towns near the bivouac areas. Fleets of government transportation would deposit men in the parking lot of a community and for short hours grimy soldiers hastily piled into public showers or private homes for the weekly bath. The little remaining time enabled us to secure a meal and perhaps take in a short sight-seeing tour. Nashville was usually within driving distance but most of us were drawn to previously made acquaintances in the smaller communities such as Lebanon, Murfreesboro, Galatin, Hartsville, and Carthage. We fraternized to our hearts' content.

Observers had visited our Command Post, including Lt. Gen. Leslie J. McNair, AGF.

Commander. He inspected headquarters and elements of the regiment in various operations during one exercise. Our regimental strength remained around the same level throughout the entire period. With the windup of operations, in the usual confusion of assimilating what might be termed "combat-worn" equipment, we learned we were to be moved by truck to our new home in barracks at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Our emotions upon arrival at the division area after a 500 mile truck journey could best be described as ecstatic. Here were roofs, indoor latrines, mess halls and entertainment facilities. Here were dry and heated quarters, company streets and theatres. Our arrival meant to us the official end of living out of barracks bags and sleeping on the ground. Not only did it mean commodious barracks and hot showers at all times, but also the beginning of furloughs for the men.

We were the first column of troops to leave the maneuver area. By the end of January the entire division was bedded down in North Carolina's largest army post. Situated twelve miles from Fayetteville, our regimental area provided all comforts one could aspire to after the recent animal-like existence. While the town itself was not quite as accessible as Columbia had been, this was a trifling complaint as we grew accustomed to the comparative luxuries which garrison life offered. Even the post-maneuver training which began January 31, 1944, we considered kid stuff to the life in the field.

Under the post-maneuver training period plan, phase one was to be a review of the program conducted at Fort Jackson with concentrated emphasis on physical training. Organized athletics



were to be held Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and figured largely in the latter part of the plan. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday after February 5th we were on the rifle range for record firing. That week there were huge supply inspections for the purpose of seeing how much equipment had been lost, ruined, or overused during the maneuvers. Another prominent spot in the first five weeks of the new training program was held by an extensive course in the laying, detection, and removal of mines.

The most spectacular training was the massed infantry-artillery attack exercises with live ammunition. This gave us the feel of working and maneuvering close to the exploding live artillery and at the same time showed the public, through the medium of the press, the actual difficult operation of ground forces. The demonstrations, given in the Gaddys Mountain area, employed the 397th and the 399th Regiments as infantry troops with artillery fire from the combination of Division artillery and XIII Corps heavy guns.

The group to view this thunderous array of fire power was Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson and a party of 28 publishers and editors of leading newspapers and magazines of the country on March 3rd. Those in the publishers' and editors' party represented News Week Magazine, New York Sun, Ironwood Globe, Christian Science Monitor, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Boston Globe, Detroit News, Chicago Daily News, Washington Star, New York Herald Tribune, Baltimore Sun, Washington Post, Des Moines Register and Tribune, Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Burlington Free Press, Time Magazine, Minneapolis Star Journal, Louisville Times, Dayton Journal-Herald, Louisville-Courier Journal, New York's P.M., Kansas City Star, Eastern Express, St. Louis Post Dispatch, and the Domestic Relation's Branch of the Office of War Information.

Less than two weeks later, on March 14th, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and a party of War Department officers observed the same demonstration. A third party of some 40 representatives of the press, radio, magazines and newsreels also witnessed our massed attack demonstration on April 15th. Writers of large papers and wire services of the cities in the eastern half of the country were greatly impressed with this example of America's Ground Forces, as shown by articles about the demonstration. The Associated Press Writer declared the division to be trained to pinpoint perfection and stated that physical training left even "spectators out of breath." The Boston Evening Globe, paying deserved tribute, described "not an infantryman faltered under the battle inoculation" of artillery fire nearby.

Meanwhile, getting back into all things, our regiment showed the stuff of which it was made when on March 11th the 397th "Blues," our basketball team, won the division title by a score of nine points, and on March 20th won the Post Tournament.

A War Department distinction was awarded for the infantryman, trained and fit for combat — the Expert Infantryman's Badge, a blue oblong badge with a raised silver musket. It was a considerable honor to qualify for the medal in the stiff physical and combat course tests prescribed.

All during this flurry of training and preparations for the receiving of military and civilian visitors we were active in a host of special doings on our few off duty hours. The Post Exchange, the motion picture theatre, the Service Club, the library of 7000 books, were the places of recreation, literally jammed nightly with interest far exceeding that shown in Fort Jackson. It was no doubt a combination of our having been away from these seeming luxuries for three months and the fact that Fayetteville was virtually inaccessible due to the transportation difficulties.

Boxing again attracted widespread interest and our unit took the initiative in training and grooming a five man team which represented us at the annual Charlotte Gloves Matches in mid-February. Two of our men reached the finals. In April, with spring in the air, the proverbial phrase "take me out to the ball game" found many sympathetic listeners in the regiment. We sponsored a team that soon became division champion.

On March 18th a contingent of men from the recently disbanded ASTP joined the regiment and took a special training program to make up for the dearth of training under the college plan. These men were able to compete physically with the rest of us, after a while. We never did finish telling them our tales of the hell that went under the pseudonym of "maneuvers."

On April the first, non-commissioned officers, fittingly enough, were permitted to reign supreme in our regiment, taking over complete command of staff functions and staging a spectacular review. While our officers assumed a back seat, these specially picked noncoms proved that they were entirely capable of the difficult functions to which they were assigned. The day was both invigorating and revealing in many ways for all of us.

Upon completion of maneuvers, the division left its place as a unit in Second Army and became a member of XIII Corps. During March a large number of infantrymen was transferred from our regiment to the Army Ground Forces Replacement Depot for overseas duty. It soon developed that our division, as other ground organizations, was an intermediate stopping off point for trans-

ferring men to permanent units. Half of the men we had received from ASTP were soon transferred. Amid all of these activities and changes we ended the first phase of our post maneuver training at Fort Bragg at the end of April and turned to the work ahead in the second phase.

This second phase which ran four months starting on May 1st engulfed us in widely varied activities ranging from field training to strike duty in Philadelphia. Large shifts in personnel made it necessary to alter the original training plan to provide for newcomers who had little previous training. As a result, the second phase became known as the supplemental period which officially ended August 26th. A good part of this training came as review to the older members of the regiment and to the new men as an extension of basic training. All individual small unit and combined training was reviewed and all phases of training for combat were completed. At the end of this period despite our shifting population we were ready for the real thing. Toward this end we put out for the business of bloody battles ahead. Included were training with the bayonet and running of the bayonet assault course; traversing the now-familiar infiltration course; squad combat firing tests; squad leadership tests; physical fitness tests.

During July and August every combat platoon of our regiment underwent firing tests to determine their efficiency in various departments of combat operation. Climaxing the training of small units within our regiment the problem tested the tactics and fire of rifle, weapons, heavy machine guns, 80 mm. mortar, antitank and cannon platoons. The tests graded group leadership, issuance of orders, effectiveness of fire, unit dispositions and movements.

To obtain the highest possible efficiency in preparation for combat, G-3 established steep grading requirements so designed that moderately well-trained units would flunk and have to take a retest. When all these tests had been taken it was discovered with pride that two top scores had been made by our regiment. The highest rifle platoon in the whole division turned out to be the First Platoon of "G" Company with 89%. The First Platoon of "H" Company was high 30 calibre machine gun platoon with a score of 90.4%.

Sandwiched in between all this other training were more R.C.T. problems, and for the best part of a week we took to the field in exercises featuring overhead fire of artillery and other weapons. The primary goal of this training was to iron out wrinkles which had developed in liaison and coordination of infantry with artillery. Divided into four phases these R.C.T. problems called for a daylight shuttle movement to an assembly area; a night blackout assembly; a night

movement relieving a frontline unit; and a morning attack, supported by all arms. Engineer and medical units were attached to us.

Each man in the regiment during this supplemental training period was instructed and had practical work in both allied and enemy mines and booby traps. We received lectures, saw training films and even crawled along the sandy spaces of our area, gingerly prodding, with our bayonets, in front of us. Mines and booby traps in dummy form were broken down and their uses described. Special emphasis was made upon laying and disarming mines; the likely spots in which mines were sown; the uses of mines and booby traps in combination; and their characteristics and capabilities.

Another form of specialized training was brought to us in late July when they began to prepare us for sniper training to supplement the roles we were to play in combat. They used crack shots selected from the division as a training nucleus and our actual practice was in the firing of the Springfield rifle with attached telescopic sight. Methods by which snipers can be made useful in combat and such things as firing without change of sights were taught us from lessons which had been learned in actual warfare.

Training in the important field of firing antitank weapons was accorded in August. We all grew familiar with the bazooka and were amazed each time at its accuracy and power. Bazooka teams were organized as part of each platoon with supplementary men schooled primarily in the vital use of this weapon. Through this same period we also were instructed in the firing of an antitank personnel grenade launched from our permanent friend, the M-1 or the Garand Rifle.

Dotting the entire four month period, midst the host of training activities, was a large number of special missions and formations in which we played a vital part. During the first week of June a composite battalion of the division led by one of our own battalion commanders, Lt. Col. John M. King, travelled to New York City as the representative of the Army Ground Forces in a celebration of the nation's first Infantry Day. This big event, which was to fall on the launching of the Fifth War Loan Drive, had been earlier introduced with Bond Rallies at Times Square and in New York's five boroughs. These select men put in at Camp Shanks. They marched up Fifth Avenue from 40th St. to 82nd St. on Sunday, June 11th, led by the Division Band and followed by token forces of the Navy and other auxiliary units. Four days later they paraded up lower Broadway and were greeted at City Hall by the Mayor, Fiorello H. La Guardia. In this

battalion was a picked number of overseas veterans who had previously been assigned to us. These men were interviewed over the loud speaker systems and the radio about their experiences. The main body returned to Fort Bragg toward the end of June with a special platoon remaining for several more weeks to act as an honor guard at retreat ceremonies each day in Rockefeller Center. While this went on in the Empire City, other organizations in the unit were active on Infantry Day in the area around Fort Bragg, N.C. Our Third Battalion staged a dramatic demonstration in the City Municipal Stadium at Wilson N.C. on June 14th.

On August 11th and 12th an important inspection visit was made by Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, AGF. Commander, succeeding Lt. Gen. McNair, who had been killed several weeks before in France. We maintained regular training during this general inspection. General Lear, while touring the division, saw many of us and questioned us regarding our training and soldier knowledge. At his departure he was accorded an honor battalion formation at Pope Field.

Behind all our activities there was the ceaseless ebb and flow of personnel which told probably better than anything else the mission which we had been performing since activation. Through transfer we had lost about an entire regiment of personnel to combat. Officers too, had come, trained, became part of us only to be lost as overseas replacements. Reflected in this fact was the army policy of conditioning troops and officers some three months before ordering them to combat. Men of the regiment although not wearing our insignia were using, on the battlefield, all valuable training gained while with us.

Men and officers who filled the gap left by these shipments poured constantly into the division, even as the older men were leaving. Largest single consignment was that of air forces men coming to us from other infantry divisions. Like the handling of ASTP men in the preceding months, these air force men most of whom were aviation cadets had been funneled into divisions most handy and from there assigned. The flying students and operating personnel were released from their places when the army called for all physically able men to be assigned to the infantry. With the report that casualties in the air were less than anticipated, a large number of aviation cadets throughout the country plus some overhead personnel, were released to the ground forces. Also assigned during May and the first week of June were M.P.s from the west; AAA men from Camp Stewart, Georgia; non-coms from Fort Meade, and AAA balloon barrage men from Camp Tyson, Tennessee.

As always, behind our heavy schedule of training and military functions was the relieving backdrop of special entertainments, sports, and other extracurricular activities able to cater to the individual taste. Golf had blossomed forth in the form of teams which took to the links early in May. Softball kept all companies busy on off-duty hours. Volleyball attracted virtually the regiment to the courts. It was something of an oddity that a game not too common in civilian life found so much appeal and general participation. League games or not, the courts were always alive on evenings. Horseshoe tournaments were also held during the May-August period.

In the arts and entertainment field there was a variety of events engaging our spare time during this supplemental training period. In an effort to make us self-sustaining in the entertaining field, our Special Service Office procured enough basic musical instruments to outfit a unit orchestra, and to these were added other instruments which brought the instrumentation up to fourteen pieces and full dance orchestras. Shortly after the arrival of the new instruments a battle of music was held in the division amphitheatre. Our band took third place.

The Protestant Chapel Choir composed of 50 voices became well known on the Post and in Fayetteville and was much in demand at local churches and entertainments. In addition to its usual Sunday morning service, the choir sang each Wednesday evening on the 397th Infantry Vespers Radio Program which was written and produced by men of the regiment. Branching out also into the field of radio, Special Service presented a weekly half hour variety program.

Augmented by approximately thirty young girls of Fayetteville our Regimental Choir presented an unusual bit of theatre with the adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore to the Fort Bragg life and called it "U.S.A. The Century." Again written and produced by enlisted men of the regiment this bit of entertainment, presented as a three act musical comedy, was well received.

An unit magazine supplying detailed accounts of individual doings and gossip, "The Regiment," appeared in early June. Printed on slick paper and replete with photographs and sketches of regimental doings and personalities, "The Regiment" was a success and was widely read. Each company had representation in this 24-page magazine and any unusual event was fully covered.

Near the end of August indications were sustained that an overseas movement was in the offing. A tremendous amount of work was involved for all the men and administrative personnel. P.O.M. charts graced all of our orderly rooms and added an ominous undertone to our activities.

Qualifications with all weapons we were to use in combat was stressed and our days and nights were spent in shaping up equipment and personnel.

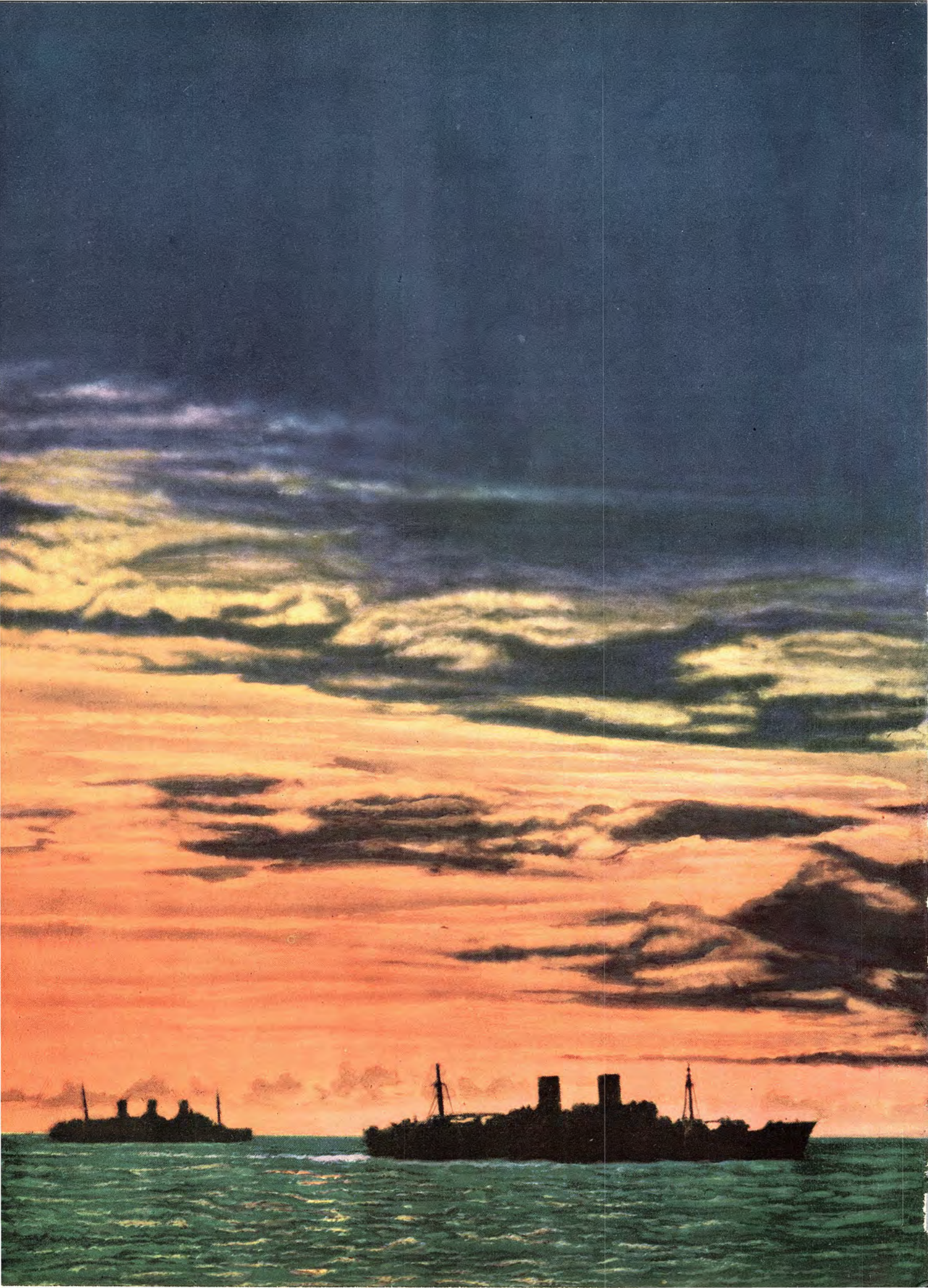
After sweating out last minute passes and furloughs, we were alerted in September at which time passes were frozen and it was possible only to leave the Post on official business and for emergency reasons. Our last mail had gone and censoring took effect, a new experience with which we were to become only too familiar. R.S.O. worked night and day packing and marking equipment "T.A.T." and with the familiar "2206 F."

The big day was September 25th when we formed out on what had been our regimental drill field, scene of flashing retreat parades and back breaking calisthenics periods, waiting for the word that would set us on the way. We had been well prepared for boarding the train and knew exactly what part we were to play. All of our earthly possessions were neatly piled at our feet and although not cautioned, our voices were low-pitched as if reflecting our hearts and minds. A token breakfast was served which did not help as a morale uplift. When at last each group was called we hoisted our packs to our backs, threw one arm into the sling of our rifles and the other into the loop on our duffle bags, took three steps and collapsed in a heap, at least, many did.

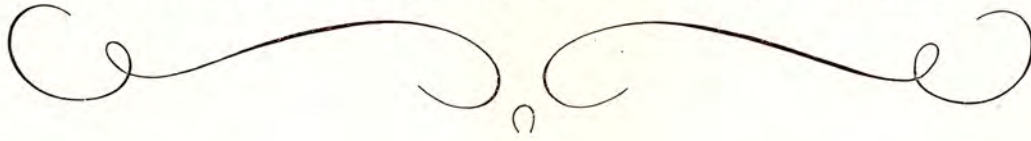
After a short three miles run there were the trains ahead of us and we piled in, dropped our burdens on the seats, heaved a sigh and then gazed around, wondering where we were going to sit. In a little while, however, we settled down and made ready for the journey. When the train finally pulled out it was with some remorse that we watched our home for eight months recede into the distance. We did not know what was ahead but the novelty of it all perhaps a belated wanderlust removed from our minds any morbid thoughts we might have had and we were ready for anything.







PHASE III – OVERSEAS MOVEMENT



INTRODUCTION

*"And there were sudden partings such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated."*

However bitter the parting when your furlough was over it was nothing compared to this. Then there was always the hope there would be another pass, perhaps a week-end; but now there was a finality that struck deep into the heart. Some who went home for the last time before sailing, regretted that they did and felt it might have been better to forego the tears and handclasps that seemed to take on a peculiar meaning, a dreadful one — and those that had not gone home felt just as miserable. We were afraid. "Overseas" until now had been a joke. Everyone knew this outfit would never sail because everyone knew we were the pin-up division of the Army and smart looking regiments don't fight. They just parade to keep up the morale of the folks in the States. The pity of it was that some believed it; were actually convinced that we would never make it and they were thrown off balance, way off. The men who said time and time again that they wanted a chance to fight, that they were sick and tired of garrison eye-wash, that all they wanted was a crack at the dirty Nazis, were silent. And the quiet guys talked a little because there had to be talk even though it didn't mean anything, just talk, talk that would drown out the quiet.

Some tried to write letters to people they loved, letters that said, "Please don't worry about me, I'll be all right and home sooner than you think" and a lot of us believed that, had to. That was a funny angle; afraid and yet positive that we would certainly get home again. It never occurred to the individual guy that a bullet would hit him, or could, still the fright was there and so was the terror. It was all mixed up.

The days on board the U. S. George Washington passed and we landed at Marseilles. The

sense of security that came from being on land again helped dispel some of our nervousness and the conversation was a little bolder because there we were three thousand miles from home, there was nothing we could do about it, so what the Hell, lets go, the sooner we start this thing, the sooner it will end, and though the fear was still there it was assuaged by the physical challenge of the new surroundings and the possibility of an enemy beyond the hill. But at this stage there was little time for talk — we were committed!

OVERSEAS MOVEMENT



The next day our "overseas processing" began. The last minute showdown inspections at Fort Bragg were followed by others at Camp Kilmer at which time much of our equipment was declared obsolete and unfit for combat. We turned in a lot of things and in their stead we were issued articles we had never seen before. We received bulky and heavy shoe-pacs which claimed a considerable part of our duffle bag, and brown knit sweaters with high necks and long sleeves. Rumors that we were going to the Pacific were thereby dispelled. Many of us were sure Iceland was the destination. Then too, maybe the enemy was being misled.

We were subjected to inevitable typhoid and tetanus shots as well as vaccinations for small pox. Although we had time to ourselves, seemingly needless and endless formations at all hours of the day gripped us. We were getting used to our situation and had already determined the location of theatres and service clubs.

The second day of processing was more definitely concerned with our impending overseas operations and we were herded into theatres to view movies on resisting enemy interrogations and hear lectures on treatment of enemy prisoners and other helpful orientation. This day was again punctuated with inspections of both person and equipment. We were waiting patiently for the end of what we had been told would be a three-day period of quarantine which would be marked by the issuance of passes to New York City.

The third and last day was a repetition of the two preceding days. We did find time to write letters initiating the use of our new address "c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y." which gave us a certain thrill to realize we would very soon be an intimate part of the war. Time seemed to fly as we became more cognizant of the fact that our days in the states were numbered and that once we left, it would in all probability be for quite an extended period.

Our first twelve-hour passes were distributed on September 30th. For many of us it was the

first view of New York City. We took the opportunity to make long distance calls home and when we did get the folks there didn't seem to be anything to say. To those of us who had been able to go home it was so unbelievable a situation that the short period of time passed with many things unsaid and still more undone.

We were concerned with speculations as to the exact date of departure and destination. Lying around with little to do, our thoughts, though they took different tracks, seemed to hit the same blind alleys. Where are we going and when? We wrote letters to many of whom we had forgotten in previous months, telling them of the situation and asking them "don't forget to write." The days were all alike.

On October 5th we were alerted. That night with our equipment again on our backs, we entrained in the hours of darkness after having mysterious numbers chalked on the front and back of our newly issued steel helmets. Everything was planned for us. We went over a predesignated route to a predesignated car and took a predesignated seat. There seemed nothing that we ourselves could do that had not already been done. After a comparatively short train ride we hauled our weary bones and personal loads from the train to the ferry which took us to the port. Crowded together more closely than we thought possible, we surged aboard the limited decks of the ferry. Craving a last view some were denied that pleasure by being allotted space in the part of the interior of the vessel usually reserved for cars. Half heartedly one began to sing "I love to ride a ferry," while another quipped with grim humor "is this trip necessary?"

Miserable, we sat, leaned, knelt, or stood in a variety of ludicrous unconventional poses in a vain attempt to ease the load on our backs and shoulders as the motors in the bowels of the ferry started chugging and a sensation of movement assured us that we were on our way. We joked with one another, but our hearts weren't in it. Impossible to detach a hand from wherever it had become lodged in this mass of humanity in order to reach into a pocket to get a handkerchief, we let the sweat stream from our brows and run down our cheeks as we became progressively more aware of underwear plastered to our bodies and soaked uniforms. Jammed together in an impossible heap of arms, legs, packs, duffle bags, boxes of service records and typewriters, we could only hope for a quick end to this part of the trip, at least.

When the ferry docked, it was more out of instinct than premeditated action that we were

able to drag ourselves onto the pier in long lines of querulous and unhappy men, eyeing the gangplank leading into a gaping hole deep down on the side of a large vessel with suspicion and even downright fear. We shed some of our more cumbersome equipment and adjusted ourselves as comfortably as possible to await the embarkation. As we sat or laid silently, occupied with our thoughts, we heard the band playing in the distance mocking our feelings. Cheery fresh looking Red Cross girls passed among us offering doughnuts and paper cups of coffee too hot to drink or hold. Not having had anything to eat for several hours, we were appreciative of this gesture, eating and drinking heartily. We were also given chocolate bars which we tucked away.



After what seemed an eternity, "All right! Let's go! Get your equipment on! Snap it up! On your feet!" rang through the air and with solemn faces we struggled into our loads blessing the miracle which kept us from sinking to the boards. Again there was waiting in line as one by one we passed our first sergeant and company clerk at the foot of the gangplank, responded to our last name, by giving our first name and middle initial, then stumbled up the gangplank.

Once on board we followed the man disappearing rapidly ahead of us through a myriad of passageways and a maze of steps going up and down until one by one we were forced into what was to be our home for we knew not how long. Six of us were wedged between two tiers of three hammocks which were in a collapsed state portending the real problem of what to do next.

Soon we had been told how to lower our hammocks and had thrown our equipment on them. There remained but one question — where were we to sleep? Many of the hammocks were in

dire need of repair and flimsy ropes crashed, refusing the strain of our burdensome packs. A familiar cry those first few hours was for rope to repair this situation. We had not expected first class suites or even third class staterooms. But this, this was out of this world and right into the next. Thus began our acquaintance with the U.S.A.T. George Washington. It could never blossom into a friendship. Taking the tortuous route to our quarters below sea level we wondered how we would ever find our way out again.

Before long a certain orderliness patterned itself and with the help of experienced personnel aboard ship we had hung our gas mask, pack, and rifle on conveniently located hooks and thus accommodated our long suffering body. Late that night, with our bedding unrolled, we struggled into our hammock. The easy motion of the ship as it clung to the pier lulled us into a state vaguely resembling sleep.

On the morning of October 6th we weighed anchor and were off on the greatest adventure in our lives and will perhaps never again experience anything equal to it. Once on the sea those of us who had doubted, doubted no more. We were going overseas. We were going to fight a war and that was that.

Life on board ship never ceased to amaze but very seldom amused. Despite unstinting efforts on the part of Special Service to provide entertainment and diversion we were all too preoccupied with our thoughts, expectations, fears, and hopes to take stock of what was going on around us. Each meal was an ordeal. The lines that extended from the mess hall through most of the ship could be seen at all hours of the day although there were only two meals served daily. The mess hall itself offered up a potpourri of odors of cooked food, sweaty bodies, and sea water that made two meals quite enough. We stood along high tables, sideways to afford more space, soon washed our mess gear, and hurried to reach the fresh air above.

Some took French lessons while most of us were content to stay on the deck and watch the other ships of the convoy. We could see destroyers, describing protective circles, sub-chasers darting fore and aft, while miniature aircraft carriers marked time in the distance. We watched the stern of the ship in front as it churned the water and were fascinated by the white foam in the green sea.

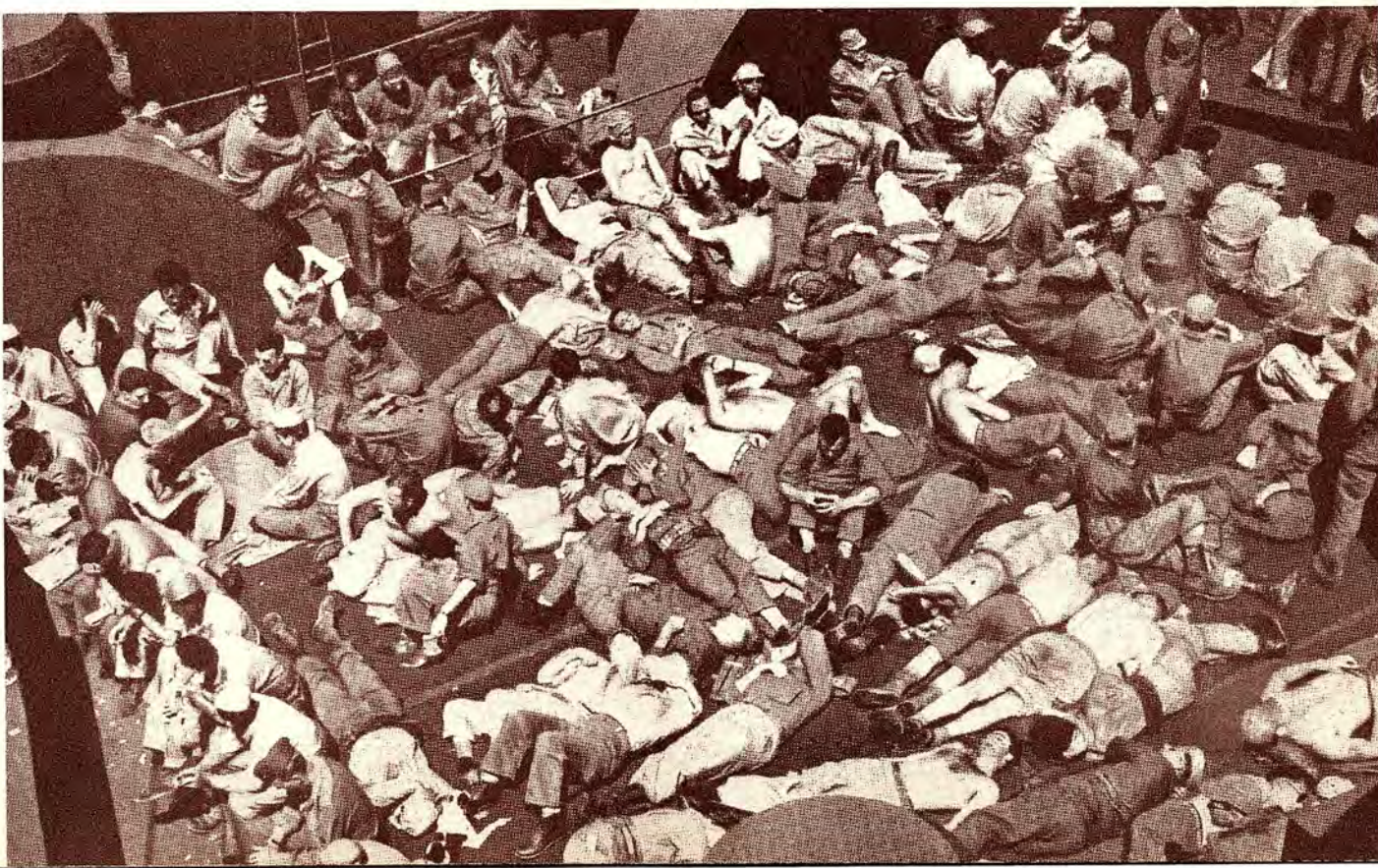
The trip was quite uneventful. Of course there were almost daily variety shows organized by Special Service, augmented by the equipment that was a permanent part of the ship. Even part

of the crew joined in the entertainment. An Ex-British comedy star was dug up from the hold of the ship. He gave unsparingly of his talent. There were singers, imitators, piano players and other instrumentalists in the party, happy for the opportunity to do something a little different from sitting on the deck and watching the horizon bounce. All of this effectively intruded upon the terrible monotony that the tedious voyage threatened.

The loudspeaker system of the George Washington played a big part in our lives mid ocean as we began to discern starboard from port and fore from aft. Familiar became the nightly, "Black-out is now in effect. There will be no smoking or lighting of matches on the open deck." Though confusing and not too meaningful a statement, "Electrician on watch, report to the bridge" carried an intimation of mystery and adventure which we found much to our liking. Other announcements were made public through this ubiquitous mechanism, and it was not too long before we grew accustomed to it and took to mimicry of the flat monotonous voices.

We were not long out before we learned that our destination was Marseilles, France. We couldn't possibly have known that we were to be the first convoy to enter the Mediterranean soon after it had been cleared of the enemy and mines. We could not possibly have known of the other numerous "firsts" our Regiment was to establish in combat. Secure on the sun washed decks of the George Washington we were not thinking too much of that.

There was a four page mimeographed sheet named the "Hatchet" bearing the motto "Don't bury me, pass me on" which was published daily. Copy and editing was provided by personnel of Division Special Service. Our regiment furnished the illustrators and typists and thus we took



pardonable pride in calling it "our paper." Carrying the latest news gleaned from ships wires and a full page of cartoons in addition to stories about the ship and current entertainment schedules, it fulfilled a need for news coverage and we were grateful for it. The boys up in "Troop Headquarters" were kept busy late each night running off the stencils and stapling together the two pages.

To pass the time we played poker and rummy and shot craps. All of us will remember the long hours of wishing, waiting and hoping. There was a good deal of reading material distributed. The more popular pocket editions and overseas editions were stored away when informed by the "Hatchet" that it would be a good idea to hang on to this reading material when we struck land for there would be very little of that immediately available in France.

There were numerous "sweet potatoes" and other similar easy-to-learn instruments. The various noises of neophytes blowing haphazardly created a bizarre feeling among us of a Mardi Gras that had no place to go or to happen. Some stuck to it, however, and practiced long hours at the expense of our buddies' peace of mind, ultimately becoming proficient and leaping from the category of beginner to that of entertainer.

None of us will ever forget the two storms we experienced, the first of which, described by the captain of the ship, Capt. Batchelder, as the worst he had weathered while transporting troops in this war. The George Washington did not toss as much as might have been expected. The sight of the



THE HATCHET
we don't bury it with us, we pass it on to you

VOL. XI, No. 12 ALL AT SEA October 16, 1944

JAP FLEET FLED
NIMITZ NAILS JAP LIES;
FEW US CRAFT DAMAGED

SHIPS LOG

Last evening just before blackout, we were draped over the starboard rail on "A" Deck aft, watching lead fleet by.

"It looks like I know it would look," said a GI next to me. He had a poetic tug to his face and was watching every thing intently.

"What's that?" his buddy asked.

"Africa. North Africa."

"It's just a lot of brown earth covered with rocks."

"That's what I mean. Brown earth," the poetic looking one said. "As a kid, I used to wonder about Africa and it always seemed brown to me, very brown and very brown."

If the GI with the poetic twist to his face is interested he was right. What we passed yesterday and are passing today are the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, a beautiful range strung along the North African coast of the Mediterranean. Covered for their thousands of miles of vegetation. They might be a sort of order for the green Africa's interior. The brown, brown North African coast covered with its story. (SEE PAGE 2)

FRANK HARBOR - ADMIRAL GUNTER HARBOR, COMMANDER OF THE US PACIFIC FLEET, ESTIMATED YESTERDAY IN DETAIL THE JAP FLEET THAT LEFT ADRIAN PETERSON'S TASK FORCE 58, A COMPONENT OF ADMIRAL HALSEY'S US THIRD FLEET, HAD BEEN DESTROYED.

Sophisticated Tokyo radio broadcasts to the contrary, Admiral Harte's bold statement, "The Japanese fleet fled from our waters when it sighted the Halsey-Hitchcock armada, choosing not to fight. On discovering our fighting strength unimpaired, they avoided action & have withdrawn toward their base."

For several days the Tokyo radio had been blaring "WILATE NEWS" (SEE PAGE 1)

ALLIED DRIVE LOOMS

LONDON - POWERFUL US AND BRITISH FORCES LAST NIGHT SPANNE VASTLY WITH A SUBVERSIVE BERRY CLOUD A HEAVY EXPLOSIVE 85-MILE FRONT, PARALLELING THE DUKAK-GUNAL BORDER BETWEEN ALGERIA, MOROCCO, & ARABIA, HOLLAND.

Lt. Gen. Hodges' US First Army cautiously probed north and northeast of Arden, where the (SEE PG 3)

HUNGARIAN ARMY REVOLTS

LONDON - DENYING THE SEPARATE EFFORTS OF BERLIN AND BUDAPEST TO ENHANCE PROPAGANDA CLOUD OVER THE HUNGARIAN SITUATION, IT APPEARED TO BE ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A REVOLT IN THE HUNGARIAN ARMY WAS WELL UNDERWAY.

Last night, EFB, the official German news agency, admitted that high Hungarian Army Chief have gone over to the Russian side. (SEE PAGE 2)

AT BATHING
 First BUY NO
 PURCHASES ON THE
 USA DAILY

smaller vessels, as they bucked and tossed in the mountainous waves, was enough to give us the general idea. There were few who did not suffer at least a wee bit from "mal-de-mer." Some went overboard, at least to some extent. Very few of us felt like eating a hearty meal, despite the warnings of seafarers that to eat two square meals a day meant absence of an upset stomach. We didn't give ourselves the opportunity to test this seasoned advice as the slightest odor from the mess hall sent us scurrying to some out of the way corner to retch and heave with a little degree of privacy and regard for the upholstery.

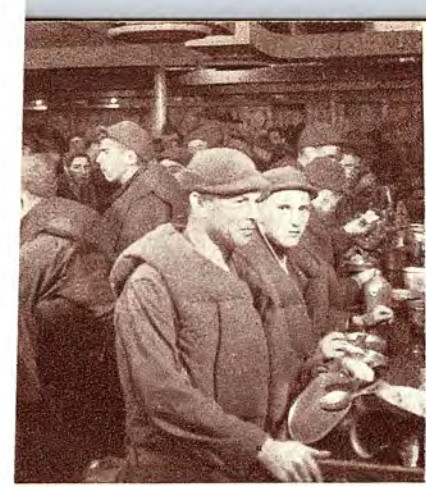
Forsaking the hot and smelly quarters to sleep on the deck was a frowned on practise. But the luxury of fresh air made the taboo honored in the breach. We awoke the night of the storm to find ourselves fit to be wrung through a wringer. The slashing rain and the waves which dashed the decks had caused this sorry predicament. It seemed that the higher in the boat you got, the better.

The storm finally subsided and the calm permitted the daily afternoon movies, atop the Main Hatch on "B" Deck, to be resumed. The nightly announcement over the loudspeaker system regarding the disposal of garbage at the rear end of the ship no longer gave us inward qualms. The motion of the ship was again normal and our hopes were high that we had suffered the last of such an ocean upheaval.

Nearing enemy land and waters, boat and fire drills were held periodically. At the call, we went to predesignated spots, lined up and did precisely what we were told. Our equipment was checked and, on many of these occasions, we fixed gas masks to our faces and stared at the incredible scene of limitless sky and sea around us through foggy eyepieces.

Each faith held appropriate worship every day we were on the water. We attended these services which proved good for our morale and good for occupying our mind and thoughts. Most of them were held in the Officers' Lounge on the top deck, but some were outdoors under the impressive background of men on watch and of far off vessels.

After dark, when looking out into the sea was like peering up a clogged rifle bore, musical patter could be heard issuing forth from some bent on yet another release from the immediate surroundings and implications. Good old-fashioned song fests were held, with the group growing as the evening wore on. Though we were never quite sure who the bass was on our left, or the uncertain tenor on our right, we joined with a lustiness and the overall effect was ample justification for the effort.



As if designed to destroy the serenity, generally characteristic of the voyage, daily inspections were made of quarters and rifles. Perhaps the most fruitless task of this all-male trip was the "short arm" which had also been given immediately prior to our embarking. We had dental inspections and perfunctory physical examinations. We had morning calisthenics, in shifts, and the special orders came forth from Troop Headquarters, promoting some, breaking others. One might have felt that we were still at our old stomping grounds in Fort Bragg or Fort Jackson: but one had only to take a quick glance to the right or left to see that we were aboard an army transport, and definitely headed toward Europe.



Many wrote long letters home, trying to conform with all the censorship regulations which were pounded into us as part of each day's routine. We received one mail delivery while on the high seas, the second day out. After that, all contact with the states was confined to news from the wireless, which fell far short of the personal touch. In our letters, as in our daily conversation, we speculated about the future, mulled over the past and regarded our present.



It was while on the high seas that we received word of Gen. MacArthur's kept promise — the invasion of the Phillipines. Seeing in this news an indication that a speedy end to the Pacific War was probable, our morale went soaring. Those who had feared being sent to the South Pacific when the European War was over, became more composed. It was even wagered by the optimistic that the Japs would quit before the Germans. Another piece of heartening news was the slashing Russian drives through the German lines. Our offensives were actually penetrating Germany, culminating in the capture of Aachen after several days of what must have been terrific warfare. Try as we might to project thinking of ourselves in terms of actual combat, we found it impossible to believe that one day, not too far off, we might be sharing a foxhole with another guy before he made a dash across open terrain under enemy observation.



After eleven days of sea and sky we sighted land on October 17th. From the first triumphant shout that there was something tangible to the starboard, those, still vertical, rushed to that side of the ship and it took an authoritative voice blasting through the speaker system, warning of overbalancing one side, to force us back to an even keel. At first no more than a low-hanging cloud in appearance, (and many of us cynics claimed it was such) the northern coast of Spanish Morocco soon became a reality.

Now alert for anything, we sighted land to port. First Spain, then the Rock of Gibraltar, were outlined in the setting sun. After eleven days of interminable zigzagging across a vast ocean, we at last were nearing our destination. As we drew closer to the land, and the aircraft carriers which had been accompanying us moved off into the distance and out of view down the West African coast to Casablanca, we were able to discern little things.

The African coast was beautiful in a rugged way with occasional snow-white adobe houses and great jutting cliffs of what seemed solid rock surmounted in one instance with a large dwelling affair which closely resembled a medieval castle. We could see little settlements of four or five white houses. The sea was dotted with fishing schooners and rowboats carrying natives ploughing their way from Spain and Italy to North Africa. Although there was very little vegetation in evidence, we had expected vast expanses of desert and were surprised to find Africa but no Sahara.





There, looking as peculiar as something out of a fantastic movie, was a city lighted up. After almost two weeks of staring into a bitter blackness at night, there was what looked like a modern great white way. You could follow the twin lights of automobiles as they spun along the banks of a bay around which the city had been built. Following a winding road up the slope was an entire procession of street lamps, each one twinkling merrily and each one a token of a separate memory to us. It looked like fairyland, and we clung to the view of this sparkling scene until it was out of sight in the distance. Then we tore ourselves away from the rail to consult the nearest map. We found that the place had been Ceuta. We made a mental note to return there one day.

Our destination became official on October 18th, when we received pamphlets on the history of France and the living conditions which we could expect to find there. The French classes became more meaningful. The French phrase books had also been distributed and were supposed to be of aid to us in our transactions with the French civilians. We tried out our newly acquired knowledge on one another and had a lot of fun trying to twist our tongues and teeth around the peculiar syllables of this unusual language. We admired our buddies who had acquired a knowledge of French at school and were able to tell us different words.

We began following the coastline of North Africa, then, and found it to be, in great part, a repetition of what we had seen that first day. On October 19th we left the coast line and seemed to be out in open sea again. We were subjected to still another storm. Though not of the intensity of that on the ocean, it was enough to put some of us on our backs once more and the recollections of the previous one inspired more of us to avoid the mess hall. The sea, a vivid green, as advertised, became extremely choppy, and the ship bucked and tossed to an alarming degree, but we were assured from all corners that everything was under control. Although the George Washington was rather old, the Captain had complete faith in her.

We learned that this ship had been a German luxury liner before the First World War. It was captured and converted into a troop carrier. We were told that it was on this ship that Eleanor

Holm had had her famous party at which she had bathed in champagne. Long lists of important personages were associated with the George Washington, but we were quite sure that none of these people would have recognized her in her present garb. She was painted a drab gray and all the luxury of polished brass and silver trimmings had gone the way of all mere aesthetic items. Her once beautiful lounge was our mess hall, and her dining rooms were sleeping quarters.

It came as a complete surprise to all of us when we docked in the battered but still beautiful harbor of Marseilles on October 20th. The sight that greeted us as we pulled into the bay was breath-taking. One main regret was that we were unable to write home about it, and many of us were afraid of losing the original sensation.

In the distance was the famed French Riviera, with its magnificent chateaux and the renowned Monte Carlo. The other side of the inlet was a sloping cliff, coming down to meet the garbage-strewn water. Along this cliff a road wound, and in some places disappeared from view into mysterious tunnels, only to reappear on the other side. On closer inspection, we could see places where bombs had damaged this thoroughfare, making it quite impossible for use, and then the thought struck us that it was not long ago that the Germans had been in control here and the Seventh Army had landed and then swept up the center of the country. Close on the heels of this realization was the one that no longer could we compute the distance to the front lines as thousands of miles. Now it was merely a couple of hundred, if that much. We wondered just how long before we'd measure that distance in hills, blocks, and buildings.

We were faced with the seemingly impossible task of re-rolling our bedding in the limited space of our quarters. This was no slight undertaking, and one man had to tackle it at a time, while the others of us stood on iron stairways or what was laughingly called an "aisle" to wait our turn. Getting into the equipment, as time for debarkation came near, was yet another problem, and some of us will never know exactly how it was accomplished. In combat one does the impossible. We had learned how, many days before. Facing the facts squarely, we did do it.

As the afternoon drew on, and we were watching the other smaller ships of the convoy pull into a dock and unload their human cargo, we wondered how long we would be on the ship before feeling solid land beneath us. In answer to our silent queries, over the ever-present loud-speaker the voice began giving out with orders that told first one company and then another to prepare for leaving the George Washington.

It was getting dark and we were prepared with our equipment to ascend winding stairways and passages in order to debark. One by one the companies were called to the caverns in the side of the ship from which they went down rope nets to landing barges for the trip to the shore. Before half of us had been able to quit the vessel there came an excited call over the microphone: "Electrician on watch, report to the bridge. Turn all lights on the ship out. All lights out. There will be no smoking or showing of lights of any sort in any part of the ship. Plumber on watch, report to the bridge. All lights out. Everyone remain exactly where you are. Remain where you are. All lights out!" These words were repeated again and again, and one by one the lights all went out. "Electrician, lights on "C" deck aft still on!" An then angrily, "Get those lights out!"

None of us knew what the score was. We had ideas. There were groups of us already in the landing barges fastened to the side of the ship. There were those of us lined up ready to descend by the rope nets, with the heavy equipment still hanging to our bodies. There were those of us still down in the hold, and those in the process of climbing out of the hold. All motion ceased and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the various positions in which we happened to be caught. The man on the microphone was no help. The situation was not alleviated for almost half an hour as we sat or leaned or stood or lay in utter darkness fearing the worst and expecting at any moment to hear the sound of a torpedo ripping into the steel structure. Then we heard A-A fire.

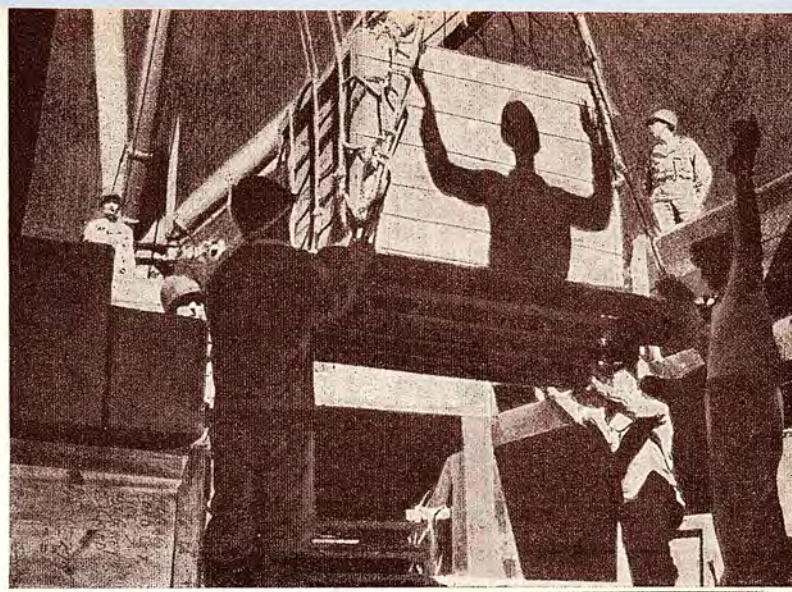
Soon the word reached us, if by rumor or from official sources we didn't know. But in any event it was not long before we knew that there was an actual air raid alert, and immediate danger of being bombed or torpedoed or strafed by enemy planes. We grabbed our weapons tensely; little good they would have been, and from this intimate association with the rifles, which were to be our buddies in combat, we derived an undeniable sense of well-being and satisfaction. Our role in the war was yet to come, but the feeling with which we were to become so familiar — the feeling of fighting an invisible enemy — had reached out to us early.

It was with no little satisfaction that we finally heard the reassuring voice: "All clear! Electrician on watch, turn on the lights. Proceed with the debarkation. All clear!" In the rigid and uncomfortable positions our arms and legs had fallen asleep, but we experienced such a sense of security when the lights blazed, once more in our faces, temporarily blinding us, that we laughed out loud at nothing whatsoever, and proceeded with our debarkation in high spirits.

When we reached the opening from which the landing net hung, we were given hasty instructions on how to manage all our junk and keep our hands free at the same time, but it was nothing short of a miracle that we were able to make the precarious climb without losing at least half of our paraphernalia. The knit caps which we had worn on the ship gave way to steel helmets, and we had our leggings on again, after the long two-week period without them. As a custom developed from living aboard ship, our canteens were full. In many instances, one or another of us dropped a carbine or a raincoat or overcoat in the hard descent into the landing barge, but very few of these fell into the sea and were easily retrievable when we hit the low decks. The friendly Negroes who manned these barges were hammered with questions regarding the different things Marseilles had to offer, and confessed that the questions were not new ones to them. We drank in their stories and wondered how long we would remain in this city which, from all accounts, had so much to offer.

In the short trip to the land, our pilots often shined their big searchlights onto bits of destruction visible above the surface of the water, and this was a real first-hand view of what war could do. We glanced back at the *George Washington*, still spitting out its human cargo, and saw for the first time the full size of the vessel with which we had been so intimately associated for two weeks. It looked larger than we had imagined, although we had been told many times that it was one of the largest troop transports in operation. We could only guess at the magnitude of the *Queen Mary* or another of her class.

With an exultant cry we scraped along the shore, the end of the barge was dropped to form



a gang-plank which bridged the way to dry land, and we tumbled ashore. This was France! This was a foreign country! What would it be like? The first sight that greeted our eyes was a sign stuck into the pebbly sand: "Murphy's Beach."

Somehow we managed to form into companies, and in the maze of men, equipment, lines of trucks and officers we located ourselves. The first thing we became aware of, and which struck us with something of a disappointment, was the fact that while we were now on good, solid earth we could still feel the surging motors of the ship beneath our feet. Having waited for two weeks to hit something steady and dependable, this came as a shock. We kept reassuring one another that it was only temporary.

The first thing we knew, we were on the march. For what distance or to what destination we had not the foggiest idea. A billboard advertisement posted to the side of a building, beaten by many years of weather, and written in French, was viewed by most of us with a great gasp of relief, for it lent credence to the heretofore only rumored fact that this was France.

Tramping along under the entire weight of all our present worldly possessions, we passed strange architecture in the down-end of the city, passed cafes still open at that late hour, passed groups of people who cheered us in a strange tongue or in some American colloquialism which was rendered ludicrous by the strange accent. Yes, there was no denying it, this was really France — land of romance and passion, land of liberation, land of song and laughter. And we were still marching — and bitching.

For several hours we puffed and pulled ourselves up the selfsame slope which we had viewed that afternoon, but now not with quite the same degree of ecstasy. We got a first hand view of stone walls, blackened houses and cobblestones. We became tied up with other columns of marchers and only by the merest of chance were we able to keep to our own gang. There were long stretches of monotonous climbing, then suddenly we would be upon another line of American soldiers taking a break. Given a break ourselves, we mingled with this other column and when a call came, "On your feet. Get moving!", we could but guess as to whether it referred to us or the others. We were worn out, our feet hurt, our back and shoulder muscles ached, and our heads were swimming, but we continued to march up and up.

We approached a small settlement of lights and thought for sure that this was the destination. Soon it was left behind us and we once again were entirely out of contact with civilization. Spiri-

tually hurt and physically exhausted as we were, we did not reason that this hike might have been a good thing. We were unable to look beyond our misery and realize that this was probably the best thing for us after having been confined to the small deck space of the ship for a two-week period of only limited exercise.

After four or five hours, during which time we covered approximately 12 miles, we arrived at our bivouac, no more than a large open field at the bottom of a hill, with a line of partially completed wooden structures which were to be our kitchens. Some of us were fortunate in being put into six-man squad tents, but most were merely waved vaguely into a line on the field and told that "this is your home."

We collapsed onto the ground and fell asleep. Some noted the cloudy sky and absence of stars, and had the foresight as well as the energy sufficient to roll up in a raincoat or shelter half. Others even went to the trouble of pitching pup-tents. But whatever we did, we woke up wet, damn cold, and bedraggled into a gray dawn the next morning that was not encouraging at all. Each of us remembered of having heard France referred to as being "La Belle..." To this we replied, wryly, "Hell!", or other more definite expletives. Whatever our scorn, we knew only that here we were, what next, we're wet, and when do we eat?

Our spirits, ever in a state of flux, hit a new low, that first morning in France, as we crawled out of the mud and stared into an atmosphere and environment that held no hope. Looking at the surroundings in daylight for the first time we saw that we were located in a valley. All over the place were the lot of us in various stages of sleep and dress. Those endowed with more initiative fanned fires into being which the less endowed set out for at once. Our new entrenching tools got their first workout as we chopped down everything in sight. We dug holes to drain off the rain which continued to deluge us relentlessly.

There was a buzz of activity that accompanied the lining up and pitching of tents. The rain soaked weapons and the sopping wet blankets supplied one of the imponderables as the sky remained opened up and pelted all beneath. We struck out to complete building of the kitchens and gave them roofs before knocking off for the day. But we saw no immediate alleviation of the miserable situation. We were wet. Everything we had was wet, and there wasn't the remotest prospect of the leaden skies clearing up ever again.

By the close of the day the little tent city had become so flooded with several inches of rain

and mud that we took to the wooded slope and pitched our tents at an angle. A half hearted sun favored us in the late afternoon and immediately every available bush and tree limb was draped with clothes, blankets, and web equipment. Down in the valley, which was to have been our bivouac, there was nothing but large pools of muddy water, dotted with an occasional pup tent which the more dogged or perhaps merely indolent, insisted on maintaining. On the whole it wasn't a very pleasant indoctrination. Little did we think that in days ahead we would be looking back at this Delta Base Staging Area as a rather pleasant alternative.

Our first indication of things to come was the issuance of live ammunition. This could mean but one thing. Right then we didn't feel physically equal to combat: but we knew that our training had prepared us for such an eventuality. The second morning, October 22, was a Sunday, and church services for all faiths were held. The weather had cleared up some and we took short walks through the country, finding it rocky and rugged but beautiful in a primitive way. The aches in our backs from that hike of the first night were working themselves out and we had begun to once more realize that our feet were part of us and that walking could be a pleasure and not simply a means of getting somewheres.

French classes were begun on October 23. On that day the first passes into the City of Marseilles were given. We had learned that our area was just outside the small town of Septemes and that the famous historical city of Aix was nearby. A slight acquaintance with French civilians had been made, for a well-travelled dirt road ran past our area. There was a bit of a ruckus as the natives who owned the property on which we were living were incensed at our having so freely used trees for fires, maintaining that this was not part of the agreement with the authorities. The incident was straightway smoothed over by an accord sealed or drenched in their very best "Vin."

The passes we received for Marseilles marked the beginning of a liberal education. Each of us was looking for something different in the city and few were disappointed. As one we all headed at once for baths and barber shops. Then we discovered that there were stocks of fresh pears and grapes and other fresh things. We tried out our shipboard French but were soon reduced to gesturing and shouting in English. Somehow we managed to make ourselves understood.

Our first view of the destruction by war appalled us, and though we were destined to see

infinitely worse, this was quite a startling novelty. We admired the civilians who were able to go about their daily business so apparently unconcerned as if nothing had ever happened. Most of the ruined buildings were near the water front and several famed cafes and hotels were not usable. We found the French Beer to be weak and warm and the large variety of wines to be damn potent. We found the girls heavily painted with extreme hair-dos and extremely short skirts.

We saw the beautiful Notre Dame De La Garde atop one of the hills outside the city and the famous Cathedral of Saint Vincent De Loup in the center of the city. Other places of interest drew us and we even managed to find restaurants where we had our first taste of French food. It was rather quaint to see a civilian with a long loaf of bread under his arm or in a shopping bag, as he took his place at the table.

During our ten days at this area there were but a few who had not been into the city two or three times, legally or otherwise. We found the M.P.s of a new variety from those whom we had known in the states. These left us entirely to our own devices and only called some major breaches of military courtesy or army regulations to our attention. We would crowd on to the already packed "Tramway", a French version of the Toonerville Trolley, whistle at the girls, and sing raucous songs as we swung into the city.

Religious services in the morning and getting packed in preparation for movement the next day were the order of events on October 29. Equipment was given one final check and souvenirs, which had been bought in Marseilles, were stuck into every available corner and crevice. Plans were made for the layout of the entire convoy. Rumors ran riot. Most persistent of these was that one of the other regiments had already hit the line and suffered casualties. The mention of casualties was hushed and quiet as if it were something not to be discussed too publicly. It was a strange feeling met with sobering silence for we knew that in a very short time we ourselves would be



sustaining casualties. Changes were in the offing and we were, frankly, frightened.

We finished packing early Monday morning, the 30th, piled our loads of equipment onto trucks and jeeps, squeezed our bodies into abnormally small grooves, and were off. We rode that day as far as Valence where we bivouaced for the night, in dress right pup tents. Our trip carried us through sweet-smelling southern French countryside of undulating hills and what then seemed picturesque cottages with red slate roofs. We were amazed at the ancient modes of transportation employed by the local populace. But soon horse and oxen teams pulling old wooden carts of all descriptions, became the conventional sight.

Early the next morning we bailed out of our tents and greeted the iron grey dawn. After a cold mess of a breakfast we once more assembled our dripping equipage and made ready for another day's journey northward. We passed through the outskirts of the lovely city of Lyons and though we noted many signs pointing the direction to Paris we noted too, with some little distress though not disappointment, that our direction was far to the east of that. After an uninspiring "K" ration lunch we were again on our way ever northward, ever nearer the front lines. We remained that night in a park outside Dijon, bereft of the pleasures the city had to offer — we were restricted.

The next day, November 1st, was somewhat more clear than had been the preceding two days and we enjoyed the more exposed views of an extremely pleasing countryside. To many of us it smacked of eastern Pennsylvania, Northern New York, and parts of New Jersey. There were small farming villages, comprised of clean white doll houses clustered around a church whose steeple was inevitably the highest point. Especially fragrant and novel to us were the neat piles of manure gracing each front yard seeming to bespeak the wealth of each family. Friendly natives offered us bread and on occasion wine from precious stock which had managed to elude the marauding boche by happy chance.



We passed the reeking remnants of what had been a long German convoy of vehicles and weapons before our aircraft had caught sight of it. This being our first view of such camouflaged cars, trucks, and trailers we were intrigued by

the sight and despite the smell of decomposed bodies could not help but keep our eyes riveted on the sides of the roads. This long enemy column, we later learned, had been



retreating in front of the Seventh Army drive before our birdmen and artillery had caught the perfect target in their sights. There was not one vehicle worth even scrap. A good job had been done.

We arrived at St. Helene and prepared for a five day bivouac. We were now only six miles from the enemy, and we could hear the noise of heavy artillery pounding its death and destruction



into some inconceivable distant place. One of us remarked, "Somebody's gonna get hurt if they keep that up." This was greeted with wry laughter from some of us and an ominous silence from others. Yeah, someone was gonna get hurt all right, and we wondered just who. Rumors that we had come overseas as an occupational force were immediately dispelled. While at St. Helene, we established our first Command Post in a rectory of a Catholic church and there plans were made for actively engaging the enemy.

During this five day period it rained continuously as we tried to occupy our time as fruitfully as possible in pup tents, by cleaning our weapons and trying not to think. On November 5th we received mail at long last. Our time was immediately consumed with answering letters and trying vainly to get some hint past the omnipresent censors to the folks at home as to our situation, not yet too clear — even to us. We, who had clung tenaciously throughout the events of the past week to the overseas editions of books which had been distributed while aboard the George Washington, were happy now to have something to read — our only escape.

On November 5th we assembled our equipment into two categories: one group, including our duffle bags, which we would leave at a central location; and the other group, including our packs and rifles plus any other personal items we deemed necessary to have at all times, to take with us into combat. That afternoon we pulled out in 2½ ton trucks and jeeps to take our positions on the front lines. It had been one of the quickest debarkation-to-front-line-moves on record; but there were even more records to make.

C'EST LA GUERRE

*Foxhole Fireballs
Combat Team*

VS

The Wehrmacht Supermen

NOV. 7TH 1944 — APRIL 24, 1945

IN THE
EUROPEAN THEATRE
OF OPERATIONS

The Team

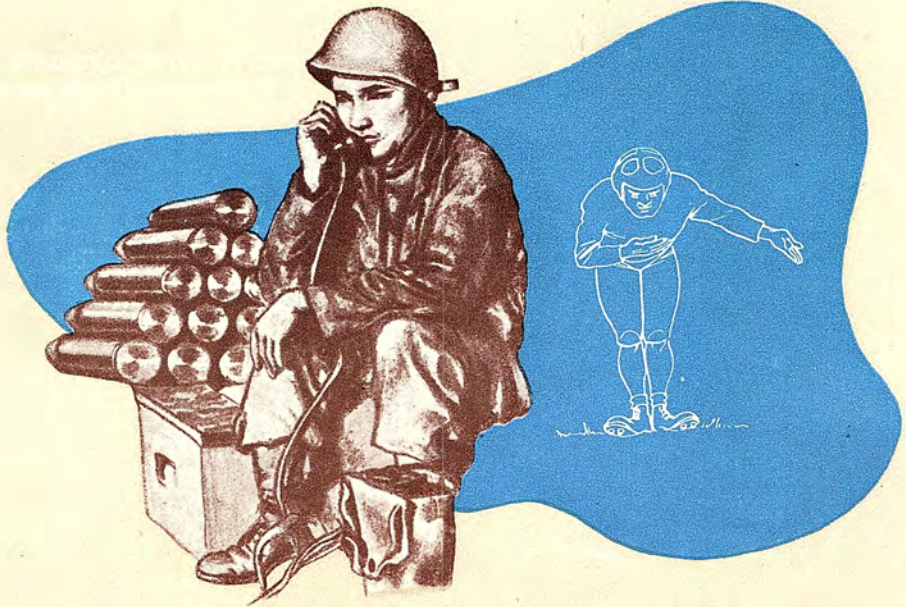


The 23rd Infantry Regiment, Co. A, the 749th Tank Bn., Co. B, and the 781st Tank Bn., Co. C. Our big backfield. Always ready for the game and most always in the end zone.



The 325th Medical Bn., Co. A. The "Doc" of the team. There at every kick-off, ever watchful and always ready with his little black bag.

The
Line



The 23rd Tank Bn., Co. A, the 749th Tank Bn., Co. B, and the 781st Tank Bn., Co. C. Our big backfield. On some plays, the line men would just check their opposition and let those bruisers literally steamroll the other team.

1952
En. 76
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one of them.
open a mean



In battle, the Infantry cannot operate alone. Other essential units are attached to each regiment. The winning of battles depends on the smooth functioning of this arrangement. We like to call it teamwork. In army terminology it is known as the Combat Team.



plays especially those though.



The 776th TD Bn., Companies A and B, and the 824th TD Bn., Co. C. All during the game they stopped the enemy backfield dead in their tracks.



Livotti
218

R E S T R I C T E D

HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION
Office of the Commanding General
APO 447, U.S. Army

GENERAL ORDERS)
NUMBER 33)

*
E X T R A C T
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SECTION IV — DESIGNATION OF COMBAT INFANTRY REGIMENT
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Under the provisions of War Department Circular Number 408, 17 October 1944,
the 397th Infantry Regiment is designated a Combat Infantry Regiment.
By command of Major General BURRESS:

OFFICIAL:

RICHARD G PRATHER
Colonel GSC
Chief of Staff

BYRON C DE LA MATER
Lt Col AGD
Adjutant General

DISTRIBUTION:
"A" & "BB"

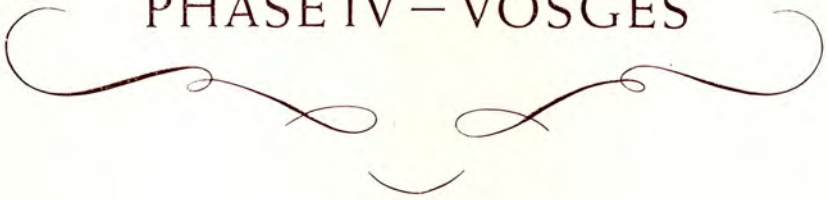
- 3 -

R E S T R I C T E D





PHASE IV – VOSGES



INTRODUCTION

"Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. . . ."

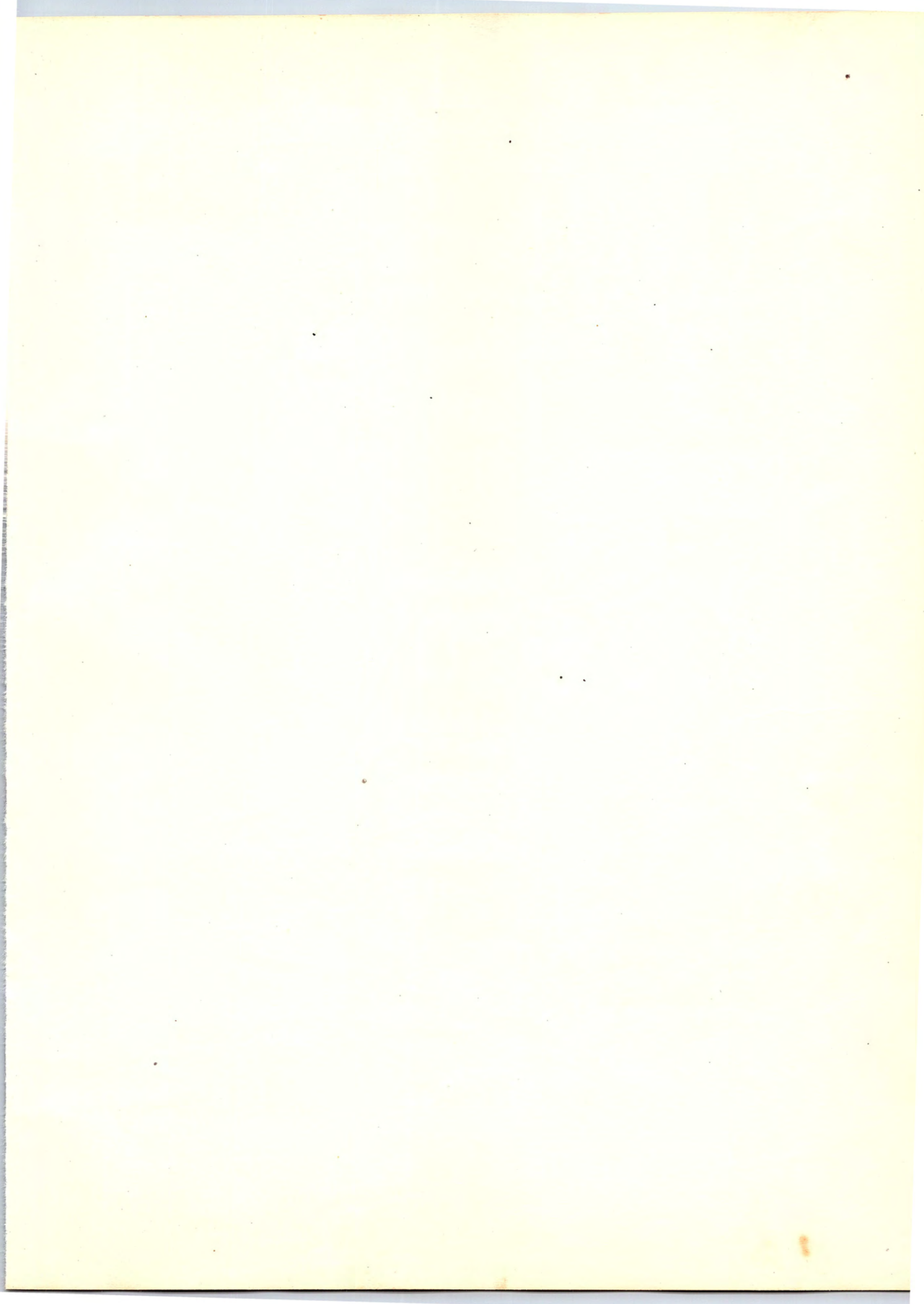
Was it the cold, the fear, the letterless days, the dark, the not knowing where or when, or was it all of these? Maybe it was the sight of the first dead, the casualties due to exposure, the enemy artillery, the sniper fire on supply routes, the one long and one short and the waiting for the middle one. Whatever it was, wherever and whenever, we were scared because we were strictly on our own. Except for the few basic things that we learned in the States, like blackout and water discipline, all this was new and different, the situations never seemed the same, there was no rule to apply. We were constantly challenged by the weather and the enemy. The answer that would keep us alive was not in a book we had read or a lecture we had heard but in our own courage or dread, or just knowing that we had to live to get back home. Ernie Pyle said the soldier does not worry as much about getting hit as he does about dying because above all else he wants to get back and not miss the wonderful things that life will hold for him when it is all over. "To live," that's it, and we never knew whether tomorrow would be the day that might be our last "tomorrow". What else could you think about when two hours ago you left two friends dead in the melting snow, in the stinking mud, just left them there?

Move out, move out, move out! Get on the road! We were men on a chess board being pushed around by people we never saw, by orders we never read, going to a place we didn't know the name of, not knowing where the front was, or the rear or the flanks, praying that the "old man" knew what he was doing. At the end of our first day, too tired to dig fox-holes, we didn't worry about it. But that was the first day only. Let it come in, the works, too weak

to care, and if you did get one dug and it felt like home, "Move out, Move out, Get on the road." And then there was that same horrible anticipation more awful than the actual thing. Climbing a hill and not seeing anything but expecting a shot at any time was just as exhausting and frightening as the fight itself, that slow grind, the strange noises, the darkness, the drizzle.

This was the first campaign and the worst. New troops thrown into the thick of it in killing weather and in a day coming up against the worst the enemy had, 88's, mortars, sniper fire, mines, road blocks, automatic weapons, and terrain we knew nothing about. The enemy had every conceivable advantage but he lost and maybe it was because he was home and we had to get there.

Move out!



An army crossed the

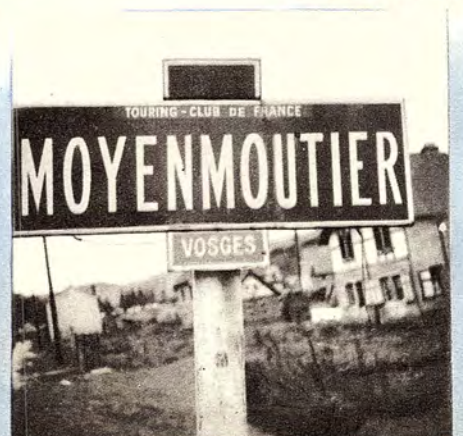
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397TH INFANTRY

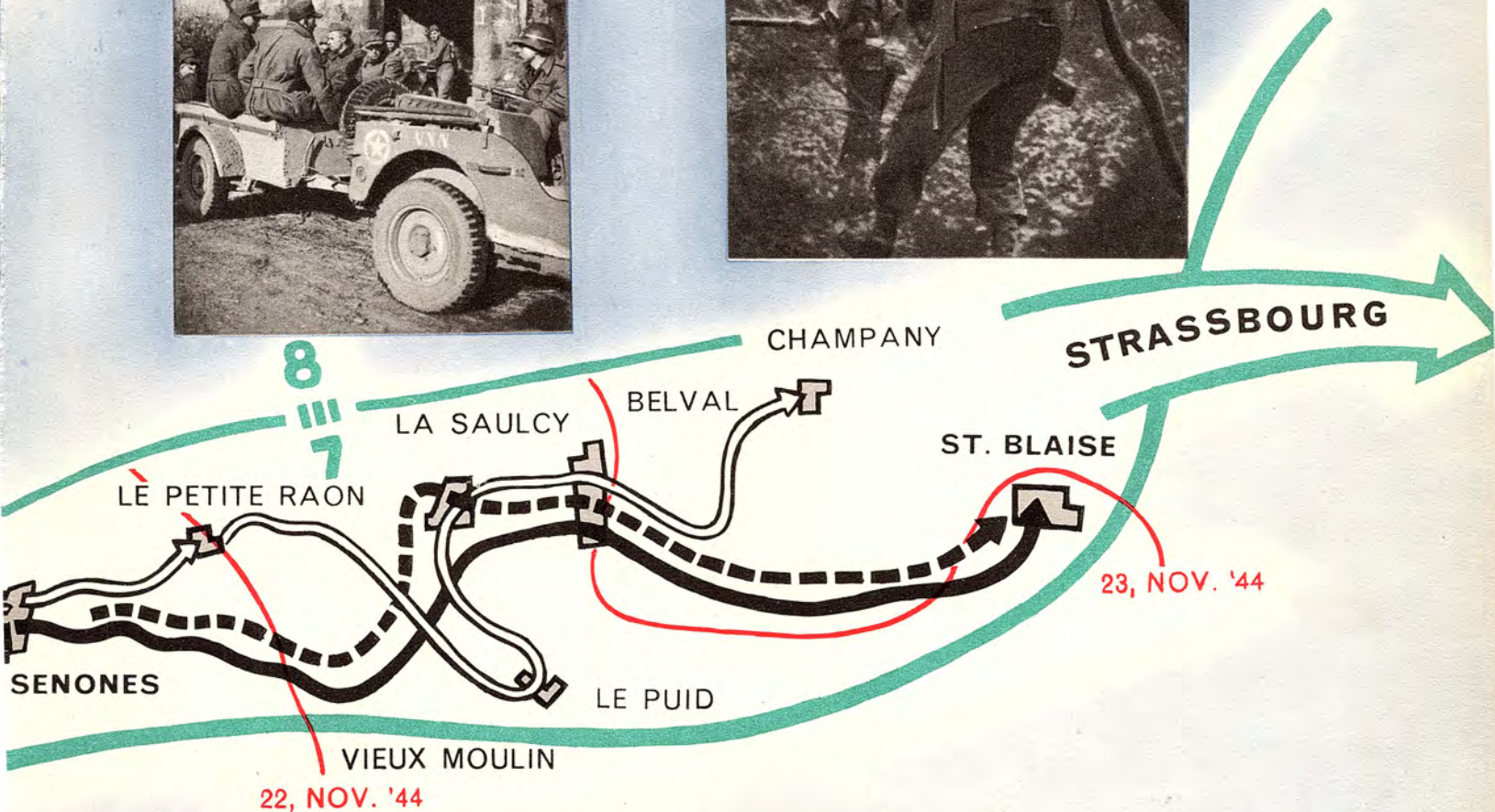
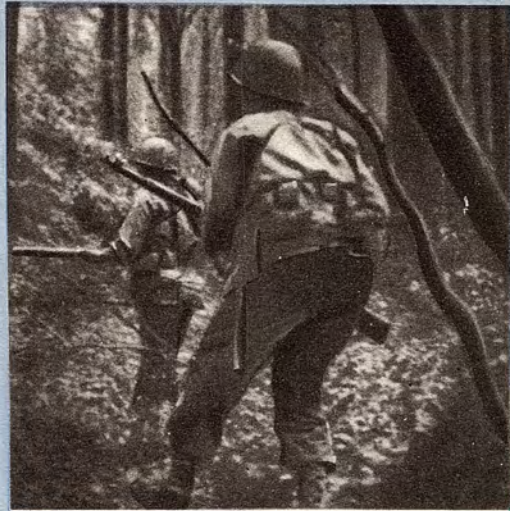



BACCARAT





Vosges

the first time in history!



1St. BATTALION 

2ND. BATTALION 

3RD. BATTALION 

SCALE: 1-100,000

Prepared by S-3 Sec., 397 Inf.

E. J. Barbier



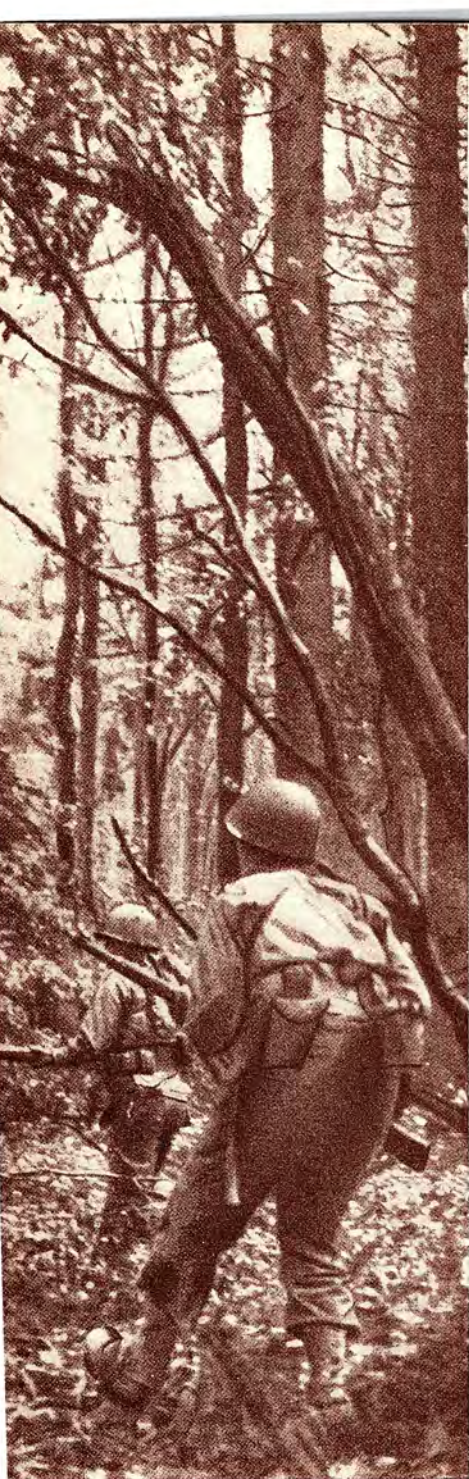
VOSGES



The five day stay at St. Heléne had not been wholly one of marking time. Plans were completed for the relief of elements in the 45th Infantry Division, on the line for more than 80 days. On November 5th our Third Battalion, minus Company L, relieved the Third Battalion of the 179th Infantry in the vicinity of Baccarat, 21 kilometers northeast of St. Heléne. On November 6th Company L completed the relief, and the Third Battalion then set up its defensive positions. Our Regimental Command Post at St. Heléne closed at 1500 and an hour later was ready for operation at a house next to a saloon in Baccarat.

The big day had arrived. We officially got into the thick of things on November 7th when Colonel William A. Ellis assumed command of the sector at 1000 relieving the entire 179th Infantry. Our First Battalion moved to woods outside Thiaville east of St. Heléne and was in a defensive position. The enemy had no definite front lines but he seemed to be able to prepare delaying positions and lay mines to harrass us. The Second Battalion went into position in the vicinity of Baccarat across the Meurthe River. We didn't quite know what the score was and the only thing we did for a couple of days was to maintain security by local patrolling. Cannon Company and the attached 374th Field Artillery Battalion fired many missions on observed Krauts and machine guns. We had our first casualty — an enlisted man was reported killed in action.

For a couple of days thereafter the situation was static. We began to taste of foxhole life in the most inclement weather imaginable. We had had very little sun or dry weather since landing at Marseilles. The First Battalion remained in the assembly area close by Thiaville attached to the 180th Infantry Regiment. Company K dispatched two patrols resulting in one Kia, one Wia, and one Cap. As late as November 10 we had no other physical contact with the Jerries. The tangible foe, rain and snow, absorbed our full attention. These two elements not



alone brought us discomfort but impeded our visibility. Lack of prisoners forced us to seek information regarding enemy units and dispositions from French civilians who were very helpful in giving us considerable data from which we could piece together more concrete plans. Our artillery fired propaganda shells into Raon L'Etape and Neuf Maisons.

November 11th, though fraught with happy memories for us more than a score of years ago, was just another rainy period for us in our positions. We readied ourselves for the jump off which was part of the Seventh Army's gigantic winter offensive to break through the Vosges Mountains, known to be strongly defended by the Wehrmacht.

What we had learned in two years was to meet its test on November 12th the First Battalion attacked at 0900, Company A on the left (North), Company C on the right (South), and Company B in reserve. At the same time the Second Battalion struck out with Company F on the left, Company G on the right, and Company E in reserve. As we crossed the line of departure at 0900 gripping our rifles tensely, everything was quiet. Company A crossed a stretch of open terrain about 100 yards deep and started up a steep hill. Now came the baptism! The "wumpff" and "crunch" that were enemy mortars and the whistling of the 88s soon came to be as familiar a sound as the motor of a car.

The two attacking Battalions encountered small arms fire and suffered casualties primarily from artillery. The Third Battalion was in a regimental reserve position. We found that the enemy had the distinct advantage of terrain which hindered our advance along the Bertrichamps — Veney Road. We had the newborn pleasure of realizing that the enemy was suffering more casualties than we. Our big current mission was to seize the communication center of Raon L'Etape which was a heavily fortified position on the banks of the Meurthe River with high ground around the town affording commanding terrain for miles.

It was a rough, tough, unholy baptism for a green outfit. The enemy was not only well dug in but he held the favorable ground while we had to struggle foot by foot through rough

wooded area badgered by plenty of rain and mud to make the task even more difficult and oftentimes seemingly impossible.

Company B went on to sieze another objective followed by its mortar squad and attached machine guns. Moving along quickly with their lighter weapons they left the mortars and machine guns somewhat to the rear. Then things began to pop. In the words of one of the heavy machine gunners "we tried to catch up and in doing so we hit a heavy concentration of mortar fire. A lieutenant went back to see if any of the fellows were hurt while the last man in the mortar squad and I were lying behind a long, thin log. I heard a lot of shouting and when I looked up I saw a lot of Jerries running around and shooting at us only 30 or 40 yards away. The log wasn't enough to protect us and every time we raised up a little we drew fire so we just lay there sweating it out. I had a grenade in my poket and was trying to work it out. I looked over to the other guy just in time to see him shot through the head and die. I planned to give the grenade a heave and try high-tailing it back through the woods. I just about worked it out when I saw a Jerry about 10 yards away with his rifle pointed at me. It wouldn't have taken much to pull the trigger so I got up with my hands high".

There were lots of individuals acts of courage that first day. One officer, though severely wounded, continued leading his men in the face of hostile fire and effected the capture of strong enemy positions. A sergeant, with his platoon pinned down, crawled forward and put an enemy machine gun out of action. Another sergeant, despite a painful wound, braved enemy fire to crawl forward against heavily fortified positions, hurling hand grenades as he went. Then he attempted to bayonet the enemy. He was killed. These were incidents in the bigger scene of the riflemen keeping on the move toward the town of Clairupt, a name and a place which had never meant a damn thing, but now was life and death itself.

The First Battalion was scheduled to attack at 0900. Enemy counterattacks held it up. These counterattacks were quickly repulsed with the aid of artillery and mortar fire. Battalion lines of communication were completely disrupted. The wire men made acts of heroism routine and all lines were quickly repaired and put into operation. The artillery and mortar fire rained in on us steadily for three hours. Despite this, the Second Battalion attacked at 0900 as the Third Battalion moved from its reserve position to join the assault. Although its attack was delayed, the First was right in there again at noon slugging forward toward the high ground north of

Raon L'Etape. Resistance was largely from sniper and small pockets of dug-in Krauts. There was sporadic harrasing artillery and mortar fire. The terrain between Bertrichamps and Raon L'Etape along the river was thoroughly mined.

Slashing against the enemy, exchanging shot for shot, man for man, and blow for blow, we advanced on the 14th. We had to literally smash the enemy out of his positions which were



small-scale emplacements. The First Battalion took Clairupt on November 15th. This was the first town liberated by the Regiment.

The freezing weather and interminable rain and snow caused numerous cases of trench foot and other ailments. According to the morning and periodic reports our combat efficiency remained "excellent." The enemy in the southern sector

continued holding desperately to his positions behind barbed wire and minefields. He counter-attacked to re-secure Clairupt but was repulsed. We had now taken 76 prisoners.

Colonel William A. Ellis on the 16th was ambushed on his way to a Battalion Command Post and machine gunned to death. Lt. Col. John M. King left the First Battalion to assume command of the Regiment.

It is not entirely correct and oftimes wrong to say a battalion or company or platoon or an individual took a town, captured or killed an enemy. Our Regiment's accomplishments were the achievements of a thoroughly integrated combat team comprising three battalions, special units, artillery, engineers, tanks, and medics. However, we cannot dismiss the fact that at times, but for the heroism or gallantry of one man, group of men, or platoon, the loss of men, materiel, and time would have been colossal and the price of victory that much greater.

All three battalions launched a coordinated attack toward the objective at noon, November 16th. The memory of the casualties we suffered was fresh and goaded us to fight without stint. The enemy fell back to prepared positions, on the north slope of the high ground south of Raon L'Etape, and to prepared positions near La Trouche. Enemy self-propelled guns fired from the Raon L'Etape-Celles Road with artillery positions from La Trouche to Celles. We soon drove the enemy off the high ground north of the city of Raon L'Etape and occupied this terrain advantage. We were under constant artillery fire.

The enemy was soon forced to leave prepared positions in the valley east of Raon L'Etape and move his main support to La Trouche and toward Celles. On the 17th the Third Battalion extended its positions to occupy and mop up the high ground north of Raon L'Etape. The big picture crystallized as we saw one battalion moving directly north of the city and another south while the third attacked frontally. The next day the Second Battalion held its positions, the Third Battalion continued mopping up, and the First Battalion, in an attack, met an increase in enemy air strength as hostile planes swooped down and strafed the troops. Through some stroke of good fortune no casualties were suffered from this action.

On November 18th Raon L'Etape was taken after which there was a pause for a rest of a few hours. This was the occasion for unwilling memory prodding. We remembered a Pfc. carrying a machine gun tripod, pressing forward on and on although he was painfully wounded. We remembered a medic risking his life to go to the aid of three wounded men not even members of the platoon to which he was assigned. He was mortally wounded himself. We remembered a guy with blood still dripping from a wound in his leg as he crawled to two





other wounded men and dragged them to safety, one at a time. We remembered, seeing the red helmets of aid men in our midst moving from one to another through all kinds of hell on their missions of mercy. All this and more came to us as we sat around wearily watching hysterical and bewildered natives

prepare ersatz coffee in an endeavor to show due and most touching appreciation for what we had done.

We attacked again at 0730 on the 19th receiving heavy opposition from a variety of fire power. The Second Battalion was attached at 1400 to the 399th Infantry and the Third Battalion went into Division reserve. We followed up our triumphs with quick moves which took the enemy off balance. We conquered in quick succession the towns of Moyennoutier (marked by free champagne and hot wine), Senones, La Petit Raon, Vieux Moulin.

On Thanksgiving Day we were still planning and moving. The Third Battalion made a spectacular thrust from Senones to Belval and then came the never-to-be-forgotten St. Blaise. This move caught the enemy so thoroughly off guard that numbers of them were taken from their beds. The Second Battalion also moved into the town in the course of the night after a long march from Le Mondover over roads strewn with tank obstacles. In the course of the evening after the Second Battalion had firmly ensconced itself in houses, an enemy patrol returning from action walked unwittingly into the Battalion Command Post to report in. Also on this march a group attached itself to the rear of the column thinking to be with friends; quite funny now, in retrospect, terribly harrowing then.

On November 24th we were relegated to Division reserve. Bearded and weary we had an opportunity to shave, wash, and indulge in our delayed Thanksgiving dinner. It seemed hard to believe that the town which we were now so blithely occupying had been under Nazi domination a few hours before. The next day we remained in a static situation and had church

services for the first time since combat: the Second and Third Battalions in St. Blaise and the First Battalion in La Puid.

Antitank Company had been doing the vital job of securing supply lines and clearing roads. The Regimental I & R Platoon, in its manifold functions, had made numerous reconnoitering missions and on several occasions manned outposts. Service Company, with its all important tasks of supply, transportation, mail delivery and administration had remained close behind the advancing troops. Road blocks were cleared, craters filled in and mines removed. We were taking our first real break in two weeks and, short as it was, it gave us a chance to write letters and reminisce about the past, trying to recall such things as where we were and what we were doing exactly one year ago. Only a month ago we were on pass in Marseilles. Incredible! So much had happened. We had seen our buddies wounded and killed and had seen new men take their places and soon become buddies too. We had seen the enemy close up and had seen the resistance with which he met our thrusts. We had seen war!

In the taking of St. Blaise there were many individual acts of heroism. The swiftness of the move caused contact between adjacent units to become frequently lost and this precipitated a great deal of confusion. A lieutenant leading his mortar platoon went on alone in the darkness despite the proximity of enemy

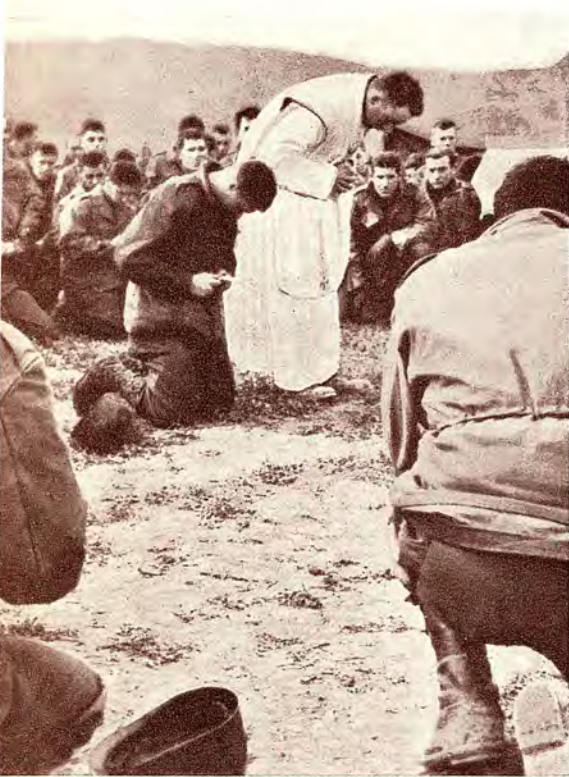


troops in an attempt to establish contact. After deploying his platoon in such a way as to repulse a large enemy patrol he heard fire from a tank's machine gun. Seeing the hulking vehicle in the distance but unable to determine in the darkness whether or not it was friendly he crawled toward it and shouted the day's pass-word. Lucky for him, his platoon and our side, that the tank, too, was on our side. In all probability they would have been wiped out by the tank's gunner who had orders to shoot anything that crossed his path.

Another act of heroism involved a private, who, when his platoon was attacked from behind by a patrol, was confronted by a German officer demanding his surrender. Although at the wrong end of a burp gun, this soldier managed to disarm the office by a quick jerking movement

and forced him and the entire patrol to disperse. A captain, during the advance on St. Blaise, took the lead under sniper and machine gun fire and neutralized a total of eight mines guarding a road block enabling us to continue on our mission.

On the 26th and 27th we were engaged in a shuttle movement. The First Battalion moved from Champanay back to Raon L'Etape that day and on the second from Raon L'Etape by motor to an assembly area near Nouwiller. The Second Battalion moved on the first day from St. Blaise back to Raon L'Etape. This great distance was about to be covered by foot but a convoy of 2½ ton empty trucks, assigned to Service Company, was halted and sold the idea of taking part of the men and then returning for the rest. It seemed like hours for those not in the first group of riders, but none of the troops went all the way by foot into Raon L'Etape. The Second Battalion on the 2nd day arrived at an assembly area in Ernolsheim. The Third Battalion moved by motor from St. Blaise to Raon L'Etape and then from Raon L'Etape to Hattmatt. The rest moved by motor, on the 27th, to Dossenheim. There was not much of consequence on this day. Our combat team had become attached to the 45th Division and remained in reserve. The battalions performed only local patrol missions.



On November 29th there was no physical contact. The First Battalion was under moderately heavy mortar fire but moved from Neuwiller to take the same positions which had been occupied by the 157th Infantry Regiment's First Battalion. The Second Battalion moved from Ernolsheim to Weinbourg while the Third Battalion left Hattmatt to go to Weitersweiler. Cannon Company left Dossenheim for Ingwiller where it set up guns and immediately fired 80 rounds at probable enemy positions. We thought that the enemy might counterattack southeast along the road to Ingwiller and harass our left flank by mortar fire and patrols.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh companies, 95stVGR and CT Kindler, 9th Battery of the 361st Artillery Regiment and the 361st Infantry Division were opposed to us generally in that vicinity. The tenacious Krauts continued their stubborn defense with small arms automatic weapons and mortar fire northwest on the Ingwiller — Wimmenau Road. Almost continuous observed mortar fire fell on our First Battalion during its advance up the Ingwiller — Wimmenau Road with a round falling every minute or two through its entire sector. The Second Battalion secured Weinbourg and sent Company G to an outpost position while part of Company E was sent to Sparsbach as security. Company K remained in Weitersweiler as security while the remainder of Third Battalion moved northeast along the road. The total number of prisoners we had taken since our D-Day was 433.

Looking back over those first weeks of combat it seems strange that we survived at all. The suddenness with which we had been thrown into the whole horrible situation, plus the fact that we had actually been thrust into the worst of it, struck us as much too incredible for belief. It was entirely natural that we should ask "Why me? What am I doing here?" But there were no answers to those questions and in fact no one to ask. The business at hand was too compelling and vital to permit even discussion. We had only to look the eerie facts square in the face, that we were in France, in the Vosges Mountains, killing and dying and freezing and fighting. It wasn't pleasant,



but we were mere neophytes and had yet to adapt ourselves mentally as well as physically. Some of us never did.

It was an adaptation that was not long in coming. Little by little, as days became weeks and weeks stretched into months, those of us who remained were able to conceive of our own small part in the gigantic struggle. We saw ourselves as the middle of a long line. To the left and to the right there were others like us, and across from us was a similar line, but that was the enemy's. By this reasoning we were able to see the importance of us as individuals remaining firm and advancing when the rest of the line did. We saw the greater importance of not giving in when other parts of the line did. Thus we added to our stature and to our self esteem. And always, hovering vaguely over the scene, was the vision of those at home who watched our every move and who seemed to draw us to them. With their eyes upon us, how could we do wrong? How could we give up and throw in the sponge? How could we do anything but our very, very best. No more was expected of us, but no less would be tolerated.

The Vosges Mountains was a tough nut to crack. The Jerries had intended holding on through the winter in this supposedly impenetrable forest land of steep slopes and thick trees. When we overran their positions we could see what their hopes had been. Their foxholes



were near like log cabins and showed a great deal of effort, some of them had more than one room. Their fields of fire had been meticulously prepared.

We were not battle-hardened and could have no idea of what lay ahead. Any battle experiences we had were vicarious ones. We had read books, seen movies, and received letters. We knew it would be anything but fun, yes — but even the most vivid imaginations among us could not have begun to predict the horrible actuality of "Combat operations."

To say that we did not glean rewards from this new life of the moment is false. If we did not realize it at the time — too preoccupied with personal misery we realize now that we are men. We can see now that we grew amazingly fast and that all of our civilian sense of value underwent a radical change. With our entire surroundings reduced to the basic human emotion of self-preservation we were bound to glimpse every happening in the light of life and death, conception and birth, heaven and hell. Things to which we had attached little or no importance in the states now appeared vitally essential.

This applies to the material things, to the so-called necessities which we took for granted, to the associations we formed and cherished, but it applies to the spiritual and intellectual things, as well. If we had ever been aware of, or even mildly interested in the state of the world, we now realized that it would be up to us to see that this sort of a globular upheaval never occurred.



In the few breaks, respites from fighting, these things took priority in our minds. Our letters home showed that an awful lot of thinking had taken place. In varying degrees of articulateness we posed the questions to those whom we envied so much in their security at home. If we were at all mentally or intellectually immature as civilians, and even as trainees, we were growing up in these things, and we thought it best to warn the folks that they could expect a different sort of person to sit in that empty space at the dining room table when this was all over.

Through it all, our sense of humor remained untouched. We even surprised ourselves with our ability to laugh at tragic situations because something off-color which suggested humor presented itself. The little things, usually missed, grew in proportion to the time we were forced to dwell with them. It was because of this fact that we could not get away from it, that we forced ourselves to live with it and to get some little pleasure from it. Quips that one of us might make which would not have warranted so much as a chuckle under different circumstances were greeted with loud and long laughter. A little forced, perhaps, but it was there.

We learned an awful lot those first weeks on the line. We devised ways of making our steady K rations diet more palatable. We improvised means to make the penetrating weather a little more bearable. We discovered that a form of ice cream could be dished up made from D Ration chocolate bars and snow and a few other handy ingredients. It was these little things all combined that contributed to our being able to live under the strain and not go mad or become incurably morose.



Battlefield commissions were now coming the way of the deserving to implement the officer ranks where severe losses were sustained. Our buddies were to become officers and were continue to share their lives with us. There were awards of Combat Infantry Badges and Purple Hearts. A steady stream of Bronze and Silver Stars awards had begun to better record the acts of gallantry and heroism, for years to come.

The Division Commanding Officer forwarded to our Regimental CO a commendation for the work of the Regiment in combat. It was readily observed that we obtained great results in our combat operations though not without a price. Our dead were 167, our wounded were 511 the score as of December 6th.





Silver Star Medal

for Gallantry in action

AWARDED



Pvt. VERDI W. ALLMAN, on 23 November 1944, volunteered as a point for an advance guard marching through hostile territory. Upon encountering two vehicles containing hostile troops, took an exposed position and fired at the oncoming vehicles until the latter surrendered.

Pfc. LLOYD C. BARNHOUSE, on 19 November 1944, a member of a machine gun section cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack, continued to man his gun in a gallant attempt to repel the enemy until he was severely wounded.

S/Sgt. WARREN H. BASSETT, on 19 November 1944, was member of a machine gun section which was cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack, continued to man his gun in a desperate effort to repulse the attack until he met his death.

Pvt. CARL BIRKHOFFER, on 19 November 1944, was a member of a machine gun section which was cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack. Realizing the necessity of getting such information to the battalion, he fought his way through the encircling forces and reported in time for the enemy to be stopped.

Pvt. EDWARD BUSTLE, on 24 November 1944, when his platoon was attacked from behind by an enemy patrol and a German Officer demanded his surrender, secured the Officer's automatic pistol, forced him to flee and caused the dispersment of the entire patrol.

Tec. 4 FRANK CHARAK, on 2 December 1944, was attached as an aid man to a company heavily bombarded causing many casualties including the fracturing of his own leg, crawled from one wounded man to another administering first aid. When litter-bearers came he refused care directing them to others and dragged himself 1000 yards to the Battalion Aid Station.

- 2nd Lt. JACK N. CHRISTENSEN, on 12 November 1944, while leading a weapons platoon, advanced under heavy fire, putting one of his weapons into operation, neutralizing an enemy position and crossing an open space to put a second weapon into action. When a gunner was wounded, Lt. Christensen manned the weapon and silenced an opposing machine gun.*
- T/Sgt. SANTIAGO CINTRON, on 5 December 1944, helped direct his unit's fire on a severe counterattack against the flank, firing his weapon into the advancing foe driving them back. While leading an attack against the retreating enemy he exposed himself to destroy an enemy gun emplacement, enabling other elements to overrun the foe.*
- Pfc. BENJAMIN H. DAVIS, on 18 November 1944, when his battalion was pinned down and unable to move for three hours, voluntarily crawled onward over open terrain and engaged the enemy. The battalion could progress while he was holding the enemy at bay in which undertaking he received a mortal wound.*
- 1st Sgt. THOMAS E. DEVANE, on 5 December 1944, helped direct his unit's fire on a severe counterattack against the flank, firing his weapon into the advancing foe, and drove them back. While spearheading an attack against the enemy he destroyed an enemy gun emplacement.*
- S/Sgt. EDWARD F. DIGNEY, on 4 December 1944, when the area, to which he had been sent to find a supply route, was subjected to intense shelling, ordered his men to the rear and continued on alone he found a suitable route which was deemed too dangerous for use that night; but voluntarily he drove a truckload of supplies through and was killed in this performance.*
- Pfc. JOHN H. EARLY, on 18 November 1944, when his section became isolated and outnumbered by a fanatical counterattack, fought desperately to protect his injured comrades although he only had a pistol. His accurate fire killed 2 enemy and forced the others to take cover. He was mortally wounded.*
- S/Sgt. LEROY F. EATON, on 23 November 1944, left his position of comparative safety under severe hostile automatic weapons fire to charge up a road against an enemy patrol attack to the rear. His fire killed two of the enemy and enabled some captured comrades to escape.*
- Col. WILLIAM A. ELLIS, on 16 November 1944, as Regimental Commander, proceeded to the front lines to expedite the advance of a battalion which had lost its commander and in so doing fell victim to enemy machine gun fire.*
- Pvt. ROGER FIEBLEKORN, on 14 November 1944, after repairing a break in a wire line while under fire, noted a group of medics evacuating some wounded. The intensity of the enemy fire which had caused the battalion to move to the rear did not deter him from helping the aid men in advance of the front lines.*
- Sgt. MARION C. FORDHAM, on 12 November 1944, despite a painful wound, braved enemy fire to crawl forward against heavily-fortified positions, and hurled hand grenades into an enemy position, following up in an attempt to bayonet the enemy, at which time he received a fatal wound.*
- 1st Lt. ULYSSES J. GRANT, on 2 December 1944, when his men encountered heavy mortar fire in trying to capture a strongly-defended enemy observation post, moved the leading elements of his troops and maneuvered one group of riflemen at a time in a display of magnificent leadership which ultimately resulted in taking the objective.*
- S/Sgt. RAYMOND GUY, on 12 November 1944, skillfully withdrew his men to another position when they were pinned down by accurate small arms fire. On 14 November 1944, while halted in an advance by unseen gun emplacements, he moved forward alone to locate the weapons, then led his men through a dangerous draw. He was killed in the action.*
- S/Sgt. WILLIAM J. HARRINGTON, on 15 November 1944, crawled forward under intense fire to within 20 yards of a machine gun emplacement which was holding up the advance and killed 4 and wounded 1 of the crew, silencing the weapon.*
- Capt. JOHN A. HINE, on 22 November 1944, when a mined roadblock halted the advance of our forces, advanced under enemy sniper and machine gun fire and neutralized a total of eight (8) mines, thereby enabling our troops to proceed with their mission.*

- 2nd Lt. DONALD W. HOLLAND, on 19 November 1944, when an enemy counterattack was thrown at his company, led his platoon on a hill position in the face of the hostile attack, and employed his force in such a fashion as to prevent the enemy break-through before receiving a fatal wound.*
- Pfc. STEPHEN J. HORNICK Jr., on 18 November 1944, was acting in the hazardous capacity of lead scout together with one other member of his unit when a concealed enemy machine gun opened fire on his platoon. Pvt. Hornick and his companion crawled across the rough terrain and wiped out the emplacement. They continued their advance killing four more Germans before they themselves were killed by sniper fire.*
- Pfc. THOMAS F. KING Jr., on 15 November 1944, crawled forward to a hostile machine gun emplacement which had inflicted severe casualties on his squad and killed both gunners. He then led his platoon in an assault against the enemy which resulted in killing 6 and capturing 14 of the enemy. He was later mortally wounded.*
- Pfc. GEORGE W. KOERNER Jr., on 18 November 1944, when enemy resistance halted the progress of our troops, crawled forward alone to observe the opposing forces. Discovering that he was confronted by a rearguard group, he opened fire with deadly accuracy, killing one of the enemy. His aggressive action disconcerted the opposing troops and they surrendered.*
- Sgt. JOHN A. KOVAL, on 19 November 1944, was member of a machine gun section which was cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack, he continued to man his gun in a desperate attempt to repel the attack until he met his death.*
- 2nd Lt. MURRAY LANCER, (then T/Sgt.), on 23 November 1944, when his battalion encountered determined resistance in its attack, led a patrol forward to establish communications with higher headquarters whose location was unknown, traveling in complete darkness over mine-covered roads and under direct small arms fire, succeeding in his task.*
- S/Sgt. LUDWIG LESCH, on 18 November 1944, when his platoon was pinned down by intense enemy fire, crawled forward, discovered a well-concealed machine gun nest, and forced the four members of the group to surrender.*
- Pfc. OWEN L. LINDSAY, on 19 November 1944, was member of a machine gun section which was cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack. He continued to man his gun in a desperate attempt to repel the attack until he met his death.*
- S/Sgt. ROBERT L. LINE, on 15 November 1944, during a strong enemy counterattack, with steady accurate rifle fire killed four enemy, wounded several others and forced the rest to flee in confusion. While returning to friendly lines he was killed by an enemy mortar shellburst.*
- Tec. 5 HENRY LIPSHITZ, on 14 November 1944, when his battalion was engaged in a bitter conflict with the enemy, performed gallantly as an Aid Man to administer to the wounded, moving from one to another in the heat of battle until he himself was mortally wounded.*
- Capt. MERCER P. LONGINO, on 23 November 1944, when assigned the mission of spearheading his battalion's attack on the important communications and rail city of St Blaise, pushed without reinforcements and reduced several enemy strongpoints. Two vehicles and twenty prisoners, were taken and threw the enemy off balance, enabling swift occupation of the town.*
- S/Sgt. ALLEN I. McLEAN, on 14 November 1944, when enemy fire from fortified positions behind barbed wire obstacles halted the advance, worked his way through the wire and despite the continuing fire rose to his feet and charged the enemy. He was killed in this action.*
- T/Sgt. NICK MARZOLLA, on 21 November 1944, was moving forward when hostile troops within a building opened fire with machine guns and automatic weapons. Sgt. Marzolla seized an automatic rifle and by accurate fire drove the enemy to cover. Later he entered the building, killed ten and cleared the approach to the objective.*
- S/Sgt. NICHOLAS J. MICARI, on 12 November 1944, crawled from one scout to another when fire from concealed enemy machine guns wounded both and halted the progress of the squad across open terrain. When rifles would not dislodge the foe, he advanced alone to within 25 yards of the enemy emplacement and killed two of the foe before he himself was killed.*

- Tec. 5 FULGENCIO MONTANO, on 13 November 1944, as an aid man, risked his life to go to the aid of three wounded men not members of the platoon to which he was assigned, as a result of which he was mortally wounded.*
- Pfc. JAMES R. MOORE, on 14 November 1944, despite a severe painful wound in the leg, crawled to two wounded men in the vicinity and dragged them, one at a time, along a wire line until discovered by a friendly patrol.*
- Pfc. MARSHALL F. MORAN, on 13 November 1944, carried a machine gun tripod while pressing forward against determined enemy resistance. He continued with his mission aiding the advance until further participation proved impossible due to a severe injury.*
- 1st Sgt. BENNIE C. MOREE, on 12 November 1944, voluntarily left a position of comparative safety when his unit was immobilized by entrenched enemy. Although painfully wounded he spurned medical aid and continued to lead the fight until the enemy had been routed.*
- 1st Lt. FRANKLIN G. MRAZEK, on 13 November 1944, left the security of his foxhole during an intense artillery barrage to administer first aid to the wounded under his command, receiving a fatal wound himself from a shrapnel burst.*
- 1st Lt. JOHN C. NOEL Jr., on 19 November 1944, organized three bazooka teams and led them to a spot where he had observed enemy preparations for defense, and captured 11. Later, he killed two and forced the surrender of the remaining hostile forces. A possible ambush was eliminated.*
- 2nd Lt. AMOS C. PAGH, on 14 November 1944, when the leading company in an attack was unable to advance, on his own initiative, after exchanging his carbine for an automatic rifle, moved his platoon to the right flank of the leading company and led an attack until he was mortally wounded.*
- S/Sgt. ROBERT M. PALMER, on 15 November 1944, when an enemy mortar barrage created confusion among the troops, crawled forward, determined the location of the opposing weapons, and thus made possible the silencing of the enemy fire. While advancing to the assistance of the wounded he was killed.*
- Pfc. JACK M. PATERSON, on 5 December 1944, during an enemy counterattack, with another moved a machine gun up forward and fired into the enemy formations, killing ten Germans who were attacking in waves. As the last attack was beaten off, both he and his comrade were mortally wounded.*
- Pfc. VERNON W. PATTERSON Jr., on 19 November 1944, during an enemy counterattack volunteered to cover the withdrawal of his comrades. He held the enemy at bay until the men had succeeded in retiring to safety. He was captured but subsequently freed by friendly forces.*
- T/Sgt. BENNIE RAY, on 12 November 1944, although his platoon was pinned down by strong enemy fire, crawled forward and killed two of the enemy, putting an enemy machine gun out of action.*
- Pfc. JAMES E. RICHARDSON, on 4 December 1944, opened fire on an attacking infiltrated patrol and killed two of the enemy, then, although himself wounded twice, left his entrenchment and attacked the hostile group, killing two more before becoming fatally wounded himself.*
- Sgt. JOHN J. RILEY, on 2 December 1944, led a patrol so effectively in a diversionary mission that the company was able to take its objective with a minimum of casualties. He was mortally wounded when covering the withdrawal of his patrol.*
- Sgt. WALTER C. ROBERTS Jr., on 18 November 1944, moved forward of his comrades to engage enemy counterattackers at point blank range. Firing with accuracy he drove the enemy to cover. Although he was the target of intense fire, he succeeded in holding the hostile forces in check until he was mortally wounded.*
- Capt. JAMES V. ROE, on 30 November 1944, when the battalion was hopelessly pinned down by enemy fire, as commander of a company 2000 yards ahead of the battalion, moved forward alone to secure positions of such effectiveness for his men that they were able to clear the woods of enemy and take the objective.*
- Pfc. ARNO SEIFART, on 18 November 1944, while acting as lead scout, crawled across rough terrain and despite heavy mortar fire advanced to within fifteen yards of an enemy machine gun and wiped out the emplacement with rifle and grenade fire. Continuing the attack, killed four more before he was killed by sniper fire.*

Pvt. MILE J. SHOPE, on 19 November 1944, was member of a machine gun section which was cut off from the rest of the battalion by a savage enemy counterattack. He continued to man his gun tenaciously so as to repel the attack until he met his death.

T/Sgt. WILLIAM R. SMERHOVSKY, on 22 November 1944, when our forces were halted in an advance which was strongly opposed by snipers and automatic weapons, voluntarily moved against a roadblock and succeeded in clearing the road, during which action he was fatally wounded.

2nd Lt. THOMAS STILLWAGON, on 12 November 1944, was severely wounded while leading an attack in the face of hostile fire, but continued to direct his men, effecting the capture of strong enemy positions, until he was hit again and rendered unconscious.

Pfc. JAMES W. TUCKER, on 5 December 1944, during an enemy counterattack, Pfc. Tucker and his comrade moved their machine gun up forward and fired into the enemy formations, killing ten Germans attacking in waves. As the last attack was beaten off, both he and his comrade were mortally wounded.

1st Lt. ALFRED H. WEILER, on 4 December 1944, in an attack against strongly-fortified enemy positions, his men halted by the intense enemy fire, went ahead of his first line, directing each group into a position for an assault, then led the attack and secured the objective. With a hand grenade, he accounted for an enemy emplacement.

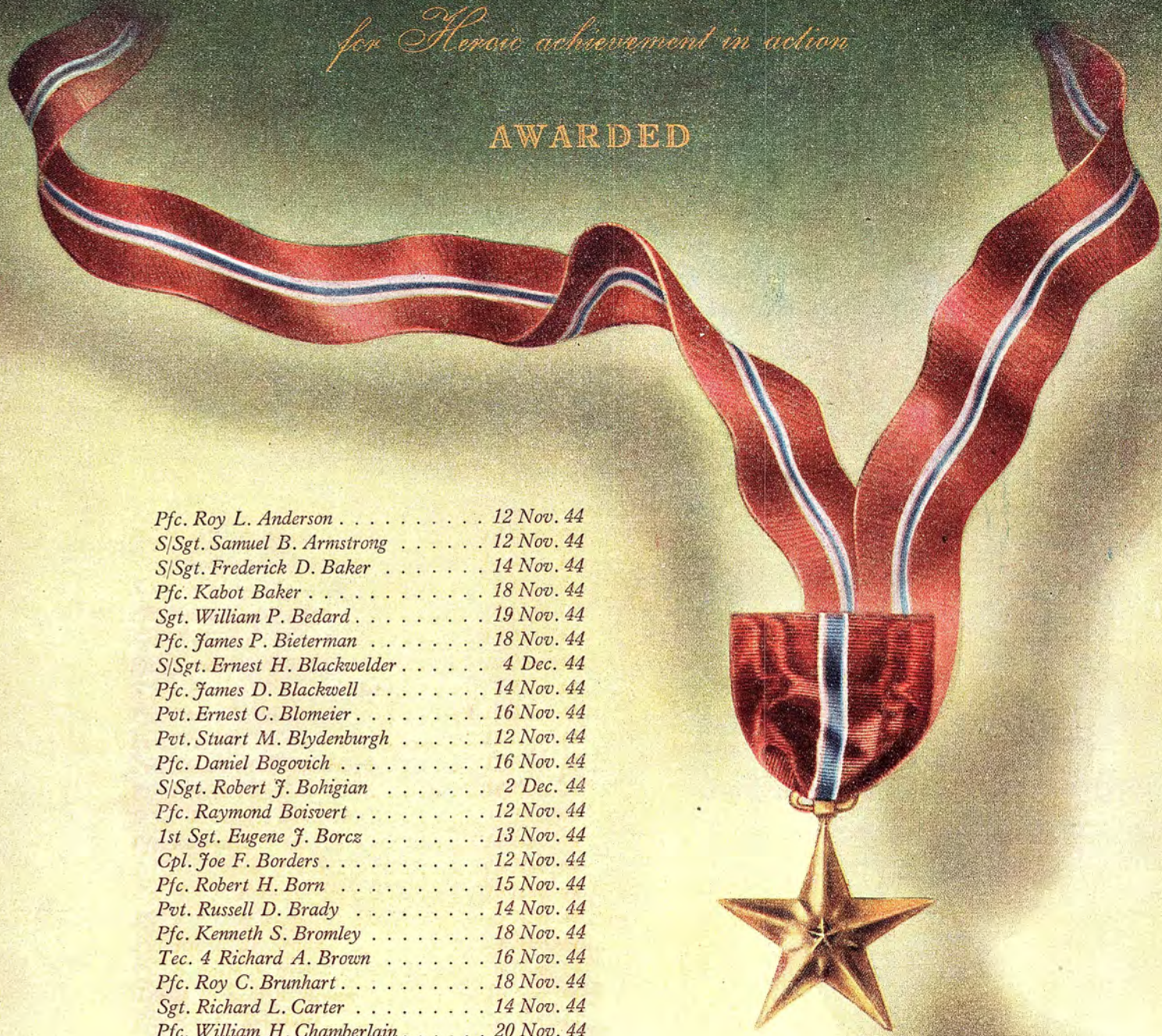
1st Lt. ARTHUR W. WENDEL, on 24 November 1944, when his mortar platoon lost contact with the adjacent units, moved forward alone in the darkness. After deploying his platoon to repulse a large enemy patrol, Lt. Wendel, hearing fire from a tank, crawled towards it and determined that it was friendly, and thus assured the safety of his platoon in crossing the area.

Pfc. JOHNNIE T. WISE, on 12 November 1944, volunteered to reduce an enemy emplacement which held up an attack, and crawled forward under heavy fire although wounded, to succeed in reaching a point of vantage from which he destroyed the hostile weapon and crew.

Bronze Star Medal

for Heroic achievement in action

AWARDED



- Pfc. Roy L. Anderson 12 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. Samuel B. Armstrong 12 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. Frederick D. Baker 14 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Kabot Baker 18 Nov. 44
- Sgt. William P. Bedard 19 Nov. 44
- Pfc. James P. Bieterman 18 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. Ernest H. Blackwelder 4 Dec. 44
- Pfc. James D. Blackwell 14 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Ernest C. Blomeier 16 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Stuart M. Blydenburgh 12 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Daniel Bogovich 16 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. Robert J. Bohigian 2 Dec. 44
- Pfc. Raymond Boisvert 12 Nov. 44
- 1st Sgt. Eugene J. Borcz 13 Nov. 44
- Cpl. Joe F. Borders 12 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Robert H. Born 15 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Russell D. Brady 14 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Kenneth S. Bromley 18 Nov. 44
- Tec. 4 Richard A. Brown 16 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Roy C. Brunhart 18 Nov. 44
- Sgt. Richard L. Carter 14 Nov. 44
- Pfc. William H. Chamberlain 20 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Glynn T. Chrisman 13 Nov. 44
- Pfc. William M. Clary 13 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Harold P. Coates 12 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Louis J. Comedy 12 Nov. 44
- Capt. Frederick S. Conley, Jr. 18 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Kenneth B. Cook 2 Dec. 44
- 1st Lt. Leonard E. Coplen 14 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Emmett Copple 16 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. James E. Craft 19 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Albert A. Cree, Jr. 19 Nov. 44
- Pfc. Leroy P. Cunningham 6 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Russell L. Cunningham 14 Nov. 44

- 2nd Lt. Bryan C. Davis 19 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Earl D. Davis 18 Nov. 44
- S/Sgt. Eugene J. Denney 19 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Herbert V. Desrosiers 14 Nov. 44
- Pvt. Martin E. Diamond 14 Nov. 44
- Sgt. Henry R. Dickey 12 Nov. 44
- Pfc. James W. Dimmick 23 Nov. 44
- Tec. 5 Wilfred L. Dodd 22 Nov. 44

Capt. Sam F. Dunlap 12 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. William M. English 1 Nov. 44
Pvt. James L. Essig 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Robert J. Findley 20 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Nathan M. Franklin 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Louis Gaouette 1 Dec. 44
Pvt. Victor J. Gober 5 Dec. 44
Pvt. Francis A. Goeckel 14 Nov. 44
T/Sgt. William J. Gostowski 1 Dec. 44
1st Sgt. Dante Granito 13 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. Kenneth K. Graves 15 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Dan H. Green 2 Dec. 44
Tec. 5 Howard W. Griffin 9 Nov. 44
Pfc. Donald Grinwood 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. John G. Grout 4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Tovia S. Grynewicz 19 Nov. 44
Sgt. Robert F. Guthrie 12 Nov. 44
Sgt. Wilfred R. Hackert 23 Nov. 44
Pfc. Alan A. Harper 12 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. James P. Harrison 6 Dec. 44
Pvt. Joseph H. Hawkey 4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Sylvester F. Henke 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Raymond W. Herbert 18 Nov. 44
Pfc. Robert E. Herman 12 Nov. 44
Pfc. Robert L. Hill 21 Nov. 44
Pvt. James H. Hillbrandt 4 Dec. 44
Sgt. Sam B. Hooten 18 Nov. 44
Pvt. Fred P. Hoppman 4 Dec. 44
Pfc. David G. Howard 4 Dec. 44
Sgt. Kenneth J. Howe 12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Clarence V. Ingram 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Nathan Jackler 14 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Gordon O. Jacobsen 5 Dec. 44
Pfc. Herschel E. Jeffers 3 Dec. 44
Pvt. Claude E. Jolley 5 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Howard D. Julian 12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Neil G. Kachur 5 Dec. 44
1st Lt. Walter A. Kimball, Jr. 20 Nov. 44
Pfc. William A. Klein III 16 Nov. 44
Sgt. Henry H. Kloh 4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Walter S. Koons 23 Nov. 44
Tec. 4 Elmer J. Kostal 5 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. Benjamin J. Kramkowski, Jr. 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Louis H. Krim 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Joseph B. Kresnak 1 Dec. 44
Pfc. Aloysius J. Kujawski 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Luther M. Kusterer 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. James H. Lafferty 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Doyle K. Laister 1 Dec. 44
Pvt. Peter J. Lamoreaux 1 Dec. 44
Pvt. Walter P. LaPiedra 20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Eino R. Latvala 16 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Stanley J. Leach 20 Nov. 44
Tec. 3 Nathan Levy 18 Nov. 44

Pvt. William J. Lewis 6 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Charles E. Lichtenhan, Sr. 18 Nov. 44
Pfc. Gordon R. Lichtwardt 13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Arthur Lombardi 13 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Edmund J. Looby 13 Nov. 44
Pfc. John I. Loughner 21 Nov. 44
Pfc. Paul E. Magnuson 21 Nov. 44
Pvt. Daniel J. Mahoney 14 Nov. 44
*Capt. Anthony J. Maiale** 6 Nov. 44
Capt. Anthony J. Maiale 19 Nov. 44
Pfc. John L. Mashuga 16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Anthony A. Mattioli 13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Anthony S. Mauriello 4 Dec. 44
Pvt. John C. McDonald 12 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. Tom R. McFee 14 Nov. 44
Sgt. Jack M. McLean 14 Nov. 44
T/Sgt. Clement E. Medley 12 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edward Metcalf 9 Nov. 44
Pfc. Walter C. Michel 4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Warren L. Miller 2 Dec. 44
Pfc. Joseph P. Mirabito 15 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Alvin L. Misseldine 19 Nov. 44
Pfc. Joseph J. Murphy 13 Nov. 44
Sgt. Leland E. Myhre 19 Nov. 44
Sgt. George Mylonas 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Monticello Neace 15 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Carl F. Nealand 1 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. John J. Needham 1 Dec. 44
Pfc. James W. Noble 19 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edward J. Olbrys 6-8 Dec. 44
Sgt. John R. Olmsted 1 Dec. 44
Pfc. Robert A. Ourada 9 Nov. 44
Pfc. Anthony Pacyna 12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Joseph G. Palka 19 Nov. 44
Sgt. Stanley H. Pape 2-20 Nov. 44
Pfc. John L. Pappalardo 18 Nov. 44
Pfc. John A. Podesta 14 Nov. 44
Tec. 5 William K. Power 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Richard C. Rennie 18 Nov. 44
Pfc. Albert D. Richardson, Jr. 18 Nov. 44
1st Lt. John B. Ricley 6 Nov. 44
Capt. James V. Roe 30 Nov. 44
Pvt. James Rogers 3 Dec. 44
Pfc. Jerome A. Rosenbaum 20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Wayne I. Rosenquist 15 Nov. 44
T/Sgt. Frank J. Rosse 19 Nov. 44
Pvt. Burton E. Ryman 14 Nov. 44
Pfc. George L. Saunders 18 Nov. 44
Pfc. LeRoy Scarborough 14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Harold O. Scheffler 4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Adam A. Schettino 15 Nov. 44
Pfc. Robert E. Schmidt 13 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. Charles E. Schreyer, Jr. 18 Nov. 44
Sgt. Robert L. Schults, Jr. 17 Nov. 44

<i>Pfc. Leon W. R. Schultz</i>	1 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Stanley Swedo</i>	14 Nov. 44
<i>Cpl. John F. Searway, Jr.</i>	12 Nov. 44	<i>Sgt. Jerome J. Szafranski</i>	19 Nov. 44
<i>Cpl. John J. McCann</i>	4 Dec. 44	<i>Tec. 4 Argel W. Talkington</i>	12 Nov. 44
<i>2nd Lt. Michael P. Seniuk</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. Phillip G. Taylor</i>	5 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Max Shafron</i>	2 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Charles J. Thomas</i>	19 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. Donald G. Shaver</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. David E. Thomas</i>	4 Dec. 44
<i>T/Sgt. Gilbert Shepherd</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>S/Sgt. John L. Tidwell</i>	5 Dec. 44
<i>Tec. 4 Floyd R. Sherbino</i>	18 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. Richard C. Tobias</i>	2 Dec. 44
<i>Tec. 4 Morris M. Sier</i>	9 Nov. 44	<i>Pvt. Richard Vitz</i>	12 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. Richard C. Simon</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>Tec. 4 Gurney Vogt</i>	17 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. Charles H. Smale</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. Jack G. Wagner</i>	14 Nov. 44
<i>Tec. 5 Ben R. Smith</i>	5 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Billy L. Walker</i>	18 Nov. 44
<i>Sgt. Henry A. Smith</i>	16 Nov. 44	<i>Pvt. Irving Wallach</i>	22 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. James L. Smith</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. John H. Watson</i>	14 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. James L. Smith*</i>	4 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Louis Weissing, Jr.</i>	19 Nov. 44
<i>T/Sgt. William M. Smith</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>Tec. 5 Walter A. Weitmeyer</i>	5 Dec. 44
<i>1st Lt. Raymond J. Smorol</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. James T. Wheeler</i>	18 Nov. 44
<i>Pfc. Paul K. Spurgeon</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>Pvt. Lewis A. Wiles</i>	18 Nov. 44
<i>2nd Lt. Ernest F. St. Mary, Jr.</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>Pfc. Edward D. Williams</i>	13 Nov. 44
<i>Pvt. Williard Stone</i>	15 Nov. 44	<i>Sgt. William B. Wladecki</i>	3 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. George J. Stout, Jr.</i>	14 Nov. 44	<i>S/Sgt. Grady G. Woody</i>	12 Nov. 44
<i>1st Lt. Richard C. Strickland</i>	12 Nov. 44	<i>T/Sgt. Stanley E. Younger, Jr.</i>	4 Dec. 44
<i>Sgt. Stuart L. Sussman</i>	19 Nov. 44	<i>1st Lt. Leslie Zieve</i>	22 Nov. 44

* OAK LEAF CLUSTER



Purple Heart Medal

posthumously

AWARDED



Pvt. Alfred Banks
Crystal Lake, Ill.

S/Sgt. Warren H. Bassett
Slatersville, R.I.

Pfc. Douglas Bennallack
Detroit, Michigan

Pvt. Arturo Bernea
Harlingen, Texas

Pvt. Edward A. Bredehoft
Kalispell, Montana

Pfc. Joseph W. Britain, Jr.
Albuquerque, N.M.

Pfc. Kenneth S. Bromley
Washington, D.C.

Pfc. John H. Browning
Providence, R.I.

Pfc. Joe Butler
Holden, W.V.

Pvt. Billy W. Camp
Dallas, Texas

Sgt. Richard L. Carter
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pfc. Herbert D. Cattell
Western Springs, Ill.

Pfc. Robert F. Chapin
Monmouth, Ill.

Pfc. John Chillemi
Berlin, N.J.

2nd Lt. Jack N. Christensen
Lincoln, Nebraska

T/Sgt. Santiago Cintron
New York, N.Y.

Pvt. Ralph W. Cleveland, Jr.
Oxford, N.Y.

Pvt. Raymond J. Cohen
Bronx, N.Y.

Pvt. Samuel Cohen
New York, NY..

Pfc. Harold W. Council
Memphis, Tenn.

Pvt. Charles L. Coxwell
Holcomb, Missouri

Pfc. Benjamin H. Davis
Noblesville, Indiana

Pvt. Earl D. Davis
Helena, Tenn.

S/Sgt. Anthony V. De Ciccio
Bronx, N.Y.

Pfc. Daniel De Franco
Columbus, Ohio

Pfc. Vernon E. De Long
Antwerp, Ohio

Pfc. Nick S. Derenzo
Astoria, L. I., N.Y.

1st. Sgt. Thomas E. De Vane
Bovill, Idaho

S/Sgt. Edward F. Digney
Bridgeport, Conn.



Sgt. Nazareno Diotalevi
Bridgeport, Conn.

Pfc. John J. D'Inosch
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Tec. 5 Wilford L. Dodd
Campobello, S.C.

Pvt. William F. Donehower
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pfc. Timothy J. Downing, Jr.
Braddock, Pa.

Pvt. Melvin E. Du Bois
Shiloh, N.J.

Pvt. John P. Du Puis
Union City, N.J.

Pfc. John H. Early
Manoa, Penn.

S/Sgt. Leroy F. Eaton
Little Deer Isle, Maine

Tec. 5 Windle A. Eddy
Worthan, Texas

Pvt. Ellwood G. Ekdahl
DeKalb, Ill.

Col. William A. Ellis
White Plains, N.Y.

Pvt. David C. Everett
Wallingford, Conn.

Pfc. Roger H. Fiebelkorn
Lake Orion, Michigan

Sgt. Marion C. Fordham, Jr.
Tampa, Florida

Pvt. John H. Foster
Los Angeles, Calif.

Pfc. Robert J. Francis
Erie, Tenn.

Pvt. Roy F. Garner
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Pvt. Robert S. Gibson
Baltimore, Maryland

Pfc. Chace R. Gilmore
West Chester, Pa.

Pvt. Victor J. Gober
Minersville, Pa.

Pvt. Francis A. Goeckel
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Pfc. Robert W. Grange
Berkeley, Calif.

S/Sgt. Raymond Guy
Lawrence, Mass.

S/Sgt. William J. Harrington
Cambridge, Mass.

Sgt. William J. Hempel
Ridgewood, N.Y.

Capt. David J. Henderson
Auburn, Alabama

Pvt. Raymond W. Herbert
Jersey City, N.J.

Pfc. Robert E. Herman
Galena, Ill.

Pfc. William R. Hildebrand III
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pvt. James H. Hillbrandt
Fonda, N.Y.

2nd Lt. Donald W. Holland
Gustonia, N.C.

Pfc. Robert L. Hooper
Westminster, Maryland

Pfc. Stephen J. Hornick, Jr.
Cumberland, Maryland

Pvt. Monroe E. Hossler
Frederick, Maryland

Pvt. Lindsey E. Howell
Leoma, Tenn.

Pvt. John M. Hunter
Greenock, Scotland

Pvt. Lloyd A. Ikenberry
Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. Walter J. Kane
Lynn, Mass.

Pvt. Martin J. Kelly
Clare, Eire

Pfc. Joseph F. Kendall
Belmont, Mass.

Pfc. Delph D. King
Murphysboro, Ill.

Pfc. Thomas F. King, Jr.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sgt. Henry H. Kloh
Columbus, Ohio

Tec. 4 Elmer J. Kostal
Cicero, Ill.

Sgt. John A. Koval
West Hazelton, Pa.

Pvt. Frank Kresa
Utica, N.Y.

Sgt. Frank J. Krolczyk
Baltimore, Maryland

Pvt. Carl J. Kucan
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Pfc. Aloysius L. Kujawski
Shenandoah, Pa.

Pfc. William T. Kulkulski
Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. Peter J. Lamoreaux
Plymouth, Pa.

Pfc. Frank B. Landers
San Angelo, Texas

Pfc. Clifford E. Lane
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Pvt. William Layton
Philadelphia, Pa.

S/Sgt. Charles E. Lichtenhan, Sr.
Germantown, N.Y.

Pfc. Bernard M. Lind
Escanaba, Michigan

Pfc. Owen L. Lindsey, Jr.
Decatur, Georgia

S/Sgt. Robert L. Line
Elyria, Ohio

Tec. 5 Henry Lipschitz
New York, N.Y.

Pfc. William O. Lund
Fargo, N.D.

Pvt. Francis E. MacLeod
Dorchester, Mass.

Sgt. Otto J. Marimits
Bronx, N.Y.

Cpl. Nicholas J. Masciarelli
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pvt. Douglas O. May
Paducah, Kentucky

Pvt. Archie R. McCumber
Janesville, Wisconsin

S/Sgt. Allen I. McLean
Okanogan, Washington

Pvt. Harold H. McMahon
Kirbyville, Texas

T/Sgt. Richard J. McNally
Davenport, Iowa

*Pvt. Clifford L. Melkert
Berkeley, Calif.*

*S/Sgt. Nicholas J. Micari
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

*T/Sgt. Fred B. Middleton
Clarksville, Pa.*

*Pvt. Malcolm E. Miller
Platteville, Wisconsin*

*Pfc. Robert E. Miller
Bartonville, Ill.*

*Pfc. Frank A. Molino
Revere, Mass.*

*Tec. 5 Fulgencio Montano
Roy, N.M.*

*Pfc. Ralph R. Morgan
Buffalo, Iowa*

*1st Lt. Franklin G. Mrazek
Cleveland, Ohio*

*Pvt. William A. Nelson
Clinton, Iowa*

*Pvt. Thomas P. Noone
Cochituate, Mass.*

*Pfc. Charles W. Nyman
Greenville, Ohio*

*S/Sgt. Carl P. Osterdahl
Otisville, N.Y.*

*2nd Lt. Amos C. Pagh
Omaha, Nebraska*

*S/Sgt. Robert M. Palmer
Toccoa, Georgia*

*Pfc. Jack M. Paterson
Detroit, Michigan*

*Pfc. Kingsley R. Pearse
Greenville, S.C.*

*Pfc. Lawrence S. Pease
Seattle, Wash.*

*Pfc. Endri Pistoia
Ogden, Utah*

*Pvt. Tobias Reich
Port Richmond, N.Y.*

*Pfc. Richard C. Rennie
Richmond, Virginia*

*Pfc. Albert D. Richardson, Jr.
Topeka, Kansas*

*Pfc. James Richardson
Gainesboro, Tenn.*

*Pvt. Ralph J. Rieger
Ft. Lorania, Ohio*

*Sgt. John J. Riley
Seattle, Wash.*

*Pfc. Andimo Robbi
Worcester, Mass.*

*Pvt. Raymond H. Robbins
Ferndale, Michigan*

*Pfc. Claude E. Roberts, Jr.
Lubbock, Texas*

*Sgt. Frank L. Roberts
Springfield, Ill.*

*Sgt. Walter C. Roberts, Jr.
Weymouth, Mass.*

*Pfc. Harry L. Rummel
San Jose, Ill.*

*Pfc. Joseph A. Ryan
Roslindale, Mass.*

*Pfc. George J. Saunders
Jersey City, N.J.*

*Pfc. LeRoy Scarborough
Lake Charles, La.*

*Pfc. Anthony Scavetta
Hartford, Conn.*

*Pfc. Robert E. Schmidt
Burbank, Calif.*

*Pfc. William E. Schultz
Kelly Station, Pa.*

*Pfc. Arno Seifart
Charlotte, N.C.*

*Pvt. Edmund M. Shaffron
Chicago, Ill.*

*Pfc. Max Shafran
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

*Pvt. William E. Sheets
Decatur, Indiana*

*Pfc. Norton A. Shoger
Aurora, Ill.*

*Pvt. Nile J. Shope
Lima, Ohio*

*1st Lt. Lawrence J. Skiddy, Jr.
Syracuse, N.Y.*

*Pfc. Philip J. Skoloda
Latrobe, Pa.*

*S/Sgt. Arthur D. Slutzkin
New York, N.Y.*

*T/Sgt. William R. Smerhovsky
Camden, N.J.*

*Pvt. George Smith
Schenectady, N.Y.*

*Pfc. Howard G. Smith
Detroit, Michigan*

*Pvt. Edward J. Soprych
Chicago, Ill.*

*Pvt. Bryce E. Speck
Barberton, Ohio*

*Pvt. Richard D. Sprague
Findlay, Ohio*

*Pvt. George J. Stout, Jr.
Trenton, N.J.*

*Pvt. Dennis J. Sullivan
Chelsea, Mass.*

*Pfc. John F. Sullivan
Dorchester, Mass.*

*Pvt. Frank O. Swearingen, Jr.
Galena Park, Texas*

*Pvt. Stanley Swede
Johnstown, Pa.*

*Pvt. Salome R. Torres, Jr.
San Antonio, Texas*

*Pfc. James W. Tucker
Hamilton, Miss.*

*Pfc. Donald L. Vesper
Lancaster, N.Y.*

*Pvt. Richard Vitz
Minneapolis, Minn.*

*Pvt. Karl L. Volle
Sandborn, Indiana*

*Pvt. James M. Wagar
Ft. Collins, Colorado*

*Pfc. Billy L. Walker
Dallas, Texas*

*Pfc. William B. Wattson
Gaylord, Michigan*

*Pfc. Fred D. Werner
Iva, S.C.*

*S/Sgt. Elbert H. White, Jr.
Baltimore, Maryland*

*Pvt. Richard C. White
Schenectady, N.Y.*

*Pfc. George O. Womble
Gaston, N.C.*

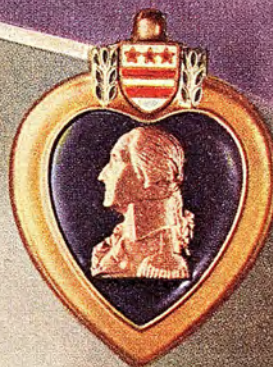
Purple Heart Medal

These men sustained wounds due to enemy action

AWARDED

Sgt. George J. Abbate 15 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Charles E. Abbott, Jr. 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Roy E. Abney 4 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Donald J. Alger 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. John W. Allen, Jr. 29 Nov. 44
 Pvt. George A. Allers 13 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Morton L. Alley 15 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Verdie W. Allman 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. James Almeida 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Jesse R. Alridge 5 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Martin G. Anderholm 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Roy L. Anderson 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Walter Anderson 4 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Angelo Antonelli 19 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Norman M. Apgar 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. George D. Arm 19 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Benjamin H. Arnold 14 Nov. 44
 2nd Lt. Charles E. Ashe 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Henry A. Badgett 4 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Frederick O. Baker 1 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Albert H. Ball 14 Nov. 44
 2nd Lt. Foster H. Ball 22 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Johnnie H. Balsler 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Donald A. Balter 20 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Walter E. Banks 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Lloyd C. Barnhouse 20 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Alfred S. Bartleson 12 Nov. 44
 Pfc. John S. Bath 19 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Elton B. Beard 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Joseph A. Beard 4 Dec. 44
 Cpl. Lester L. Beard 13 Nov. 44
 Lt. Col. Oakley B. Beland 15 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Robert M. Bellan 19 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. David A. Bickford 5 Dec. 44
 Pfc. William A. Biernat 14 Nov. 44

Pfc. James P. Bieterman 18 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Walter J. Bigham 19 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Ernest H. Blackwelder 3 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Dan Blair 3 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Ernest C. Blomeier 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Stuart M. Blydenburgh 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Donald D. Boden 19 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Theodore R. Bogacki 14 Nov. 44
 2nd Lt. Robert J. Bohigian 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Raymond G. Boisvert 19 Nov. 44



Pvt. Fred L. Bond, Jr.	2 Dec. 44	Pvt. Nicholas P. Dean	1 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Boyd L. Bonner	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. Harold C. Dedman	5 Dec. 44
Pvt. Kenneth P. Bonte	1 Dec. 44	Pvt. William G. Deile	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. James L. Bontrager	18 Nov. 44	Pfc. Arthur T. DeLuca	3 Dec. 44
Pfc. Ralph Borodofsky	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Anthony S. Denigris	13 Nov. 44
Pvt. David J. Bowman, Jr.	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Harold A. Dennehy	20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Jerome L. Boyer	7 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Eugene J. Denny	19 Nov. 44
Cpl. James R. Bradberry	1 Dec. 44	Pvt. Richard J. Detmer	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Graal F. Braun	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. John T. Diggs	19 Nov. 44
Sgt. George A. Brenson	16 Nov. 44	Pfc. Armand D. DiVincenzo	13 Nov. 44
Pvt. Solomon Breshinsky	1 Dec. 44	Pvt. Welman N. Dixon	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Ivan J. Bridgeman	18 Nov. 44	Pvt. Milfred F. Doucette	15 Nov. 44
Pfc. George L. Briggs	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Bernard W. Dougharty	20 Nov. 44
Pvt. Frank R. Brown	16 Nov. 44	Pvt. Alfred L. Dougherty	12 Nov. 44
T/4 Richard A. Brown	16 Nov. 44	Pfc. Robert J. Dubie	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Roy C. Brunhart	19 Nov. 44	Pvt. Michael J. Duke	13 Nov. 44
Pvt. William C. Bullard	15 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Howard S. Dumhart	19 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Sidney M. Bunson	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. James L. Dunaway, Jr.	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Audy Burks	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Willard H. Eagle	23 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Emil J. Campbell	20 Nov. 44	Pfc. John H. Ebberts	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. James N. Carlisle	4 Dec. 44	Sgt. William E. Eckard	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edwin A. Caroselli	15 Nov. 44	Pvt. Nag J. Economidis	15 Nov. 44
Pvt. William Carpenter	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. James M. Edwards	18 Nov. 44
Sgt. Charlie B. Carr	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Louis E. Eitzen	22 Nov. 44
Pvt. John E. Carroll	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. William J. Elam	30 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Howard N. Carter	1 Dec. 44	Pfc. Harry R. Elardo	1 Dec. 44
Pfc. Deryl E. Case	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Leroy Ellsworth	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Neil L. Cass	14 Nov. 44	Sgt. Thomas J. English, Jr.	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Robert L. Castle	16 Nov. 44	Pvt. Wesley J. Erickson	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Eddie D. Cervantes	1 Dec. 44	T/Sgt. Paul J. Eposito	12 Nov. 44
Sgt. Robert Cerveny	2 Dec. 44	Sgt. Nicholas J. Facci	12 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Roy B. Champion	5 Dec. 44	1st Lt. Howard Feinstein	12 Nov. 44
T/4 Frank Charak	3 Dec. 44	Pvt. George Feldman	14 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. George F. Chidester	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Geremiah T. Ferrara	13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Harold R. Childers	13 Nov. 44	Pvt. Herbert H. Ferrell	20 Nov. 44
Pvt. Arthur L. Chitenburg	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Robert W. Fertig	31 Dec. 44
Pfc. Glynn T. Chrisman	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Milton H. Fidel	30 Nov. 44
Pvt. Arthur E. Christensen	13 Nov. 44	Pvt. James R. Fizer	19 Nov. 44
Pvt. Richard S. Church	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Ernest E. Flinner	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edward F. Cizek	2 Dec. 44	Pvt. Lewis R. Ford	22 Nov. 44
Pfc. William M. Clary	15 Nov. 44	Pfc. William T. Ford	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. Charles D. Clinard	5 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. Frank L. Forehand	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Byron D. Cochran	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Elmer E. Foster	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Freeman L. Cofer	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Edwin N. Fowler	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Jason E. Colbath	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Samuel A. Freedman	4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Simon C. Conyers	2 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. John J. Freo	3 Dec. 44
Pfc. James W. Cook	15 Nov. 44	Pfc. Robert S. Freshour	4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Johnie C. Cox	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Robert H. Frew	14 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. James E. Graft	19 Nov. 44	Sgt. Arthur F. Friday	20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Albert A. Cree	20 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. John Frodyma	15 Nov. 44
T/Sgt. Kemper J. Cridland	14 Nov. 44	Pfc. Roger H. Fulton	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edward U. Crim	14 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Joseph Funaro	2 Dec. 44
Pvt. Robert Crowley	2 Dec. 44	Pfc. Russell F. Gambill, Jr.	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. James M. Cunningham	15 Nov. 44	Pvt. Ignazio Gattinella	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Anthony Cusumano	19 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Edward J. Cavin	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Garland S. Dallas	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Theophilus A. Gaylor	5 Dec. 44
Cpl. Earl Darwin	5 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. Kenneth V. Geortler	20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Gerald M. Daub	12 Nov. 44	Pvt. Eric Gerst	5 Dec. 44
Pfc. Alfred T. Davis	19 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Lawrence W. Gibson	18 Nov. 44

2nd Lt. Milford L. Gilvin	2 Dec. 44	Pvt. John Jancar	1 Dec. 44
Pfc. David B. Givens	15 Nov. 44	T/Sgt. Harry W. Jay	22 Nov. 44
Pfc. John Glime, Jr.	24 Nov. 44	Pvt. Herschel E. Jeffers	3 Dec. 44
Pfc. Louis P. Godina	15 Nov. 44	Pvt. John O. Jemette	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Ezra Golub	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Elwyn O. Johnson	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Robert Goodman	18 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Harold A. Johnson	16 Nov. 44
1st Sgt. Dante Grarito	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Harold W. Johnson	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Paul T. Grant	15 Nov. 44	Pfc. John A. Johnson	4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Irving M. Green	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Paul T. Johnson	20 Nov. 44
Pvt. Verbon E. Green	15 Nov. 44	Pfc. Robert G. Johnson	15 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. William E. Green	15 Nov. 44	Pvt. Claude E. Jolley	5 Dec. 44
Pfc. William M. Griffin	19 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Emmett A. Jones	25 Nov. 44
Pfc. Donald Grimwood	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Ralph J. Jonietz	2 Dec. 44
Pfc. Robert S. Grissinger	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Donald F. Joseph	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Malcolm A. Groff	14 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Martin Jurgewich	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. John G. Grout	4 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. Solomon Karp	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Richard M. Grubb	5 Dec. 44	1st Lt. William J. Kearney	16 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Tovia S. Grynewicz	18 Nov. 44	Pvt. George R. Kelley	3 Nov. 44
Pvt. Olin J. Guidry	16 Nov. 44	Pvt. Robert Kelly	30 Nov. 44
Sgt. William B. Guillou	30 Nov. 44	Pfc. Raymond F. Kenyon	5 Dec. 44
T/5 Alex Gwozdowski	4 Dec. 44	Sgt. Charles Kertel	15 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. Richard K. Hanrahan	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Norman R. Kimball	3 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. Robert G. Hansen	16 Nov. 44	Pfc. Charles L. King	16 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Lewis C. Hardee	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Donald R. King	5 Dec. 44
Pfc. David C. Harringer	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Douglas P. Kingston, Jr.	15 Nov. 44
Pvt. G. M. Harrison	4 Dec. 44	Sgt. John C. Kingzett	5 Dec. 44
Pvt. Robert W. Hartley, Sr.	16 Nov. 44	T/5 George R. Kishpaugh	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. William P. Hatchette	15 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Raymond J. Klepp	12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Joseph H. Hawkey	4 Dec. 44	Cpl. Carson W. Klimetob	19 Nov. 44
Pvt. Tommie Hay	14 Nov. 44	Pfc. Frank J. Klünger	1 Dec. 44
1st Lt. Douglas A. Hayes	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. Edwin L. Klump	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Robert S. Hayes	2 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. William L. Knerr	15 Nov. 44
Pvt. Lyle C. Hemingway	15 Nov. 44	Pfc. Franklin N. Knisely	13 Nov. 44
Sgt. Sylvester F. Henke	16 Nov. 44	T/5 Burton W. Kollman	14 Nov. 44
Sgt. Daniel W. Herbert	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Leonhard N. Kornacki	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Oswald K. Higgins	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Horace R. Kornegay	12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Richard P. Higgins	3 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. John A. Kovach, Jr.	12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Francis G. Hockaday	14 Nov. 44	2nd Lt. Benjamin J. Kramkowski, Jr.	15 Nov. 44
Pvt. Sam Hodul	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Edward Kulas	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Richard N. Hogan	5 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. Norval A. Kvernes	2 Dec. 44
Pvt. Fred C. Holder	4 Dec. 44	2d Lt. Edward J. LaBrecque	13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Leo Hollander	12 Nov. 44	T/5 Thomas R. Lanese	13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Jack A. Hollaran	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Louis A. Lanfranchi	12 Nov. 44
Sgt. Rutledge G. Holleman, Jr.	16 Nov. 44	Pvt. John H. Langley, Sr.	15 Nov. 44
Sgt. Sam B. Hooten	29 Nov. 44	Pvt. Lowell L. Langston	14 Nov. 44
Sgt. Glenn Horton	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Arsene J. Larose	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. David G. Howard	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. Harold D. Lawless	15 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Merton T. Howard	15 Nov. 44	T/Sgt. Hugh O. Layton	19 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Andrew D. Hufnagel	30 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Stanley J. Leach	19 Nov. 44
Pvt. Salem Humbertson, Jr.	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Edmund Legenz	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Rollin D. Hume	12 Nov. 44	2nd Lt. Oscar Leistyna	21 Nov. 44
Sgt. Gorrell O. Hunter	30 Nov. 44	Pvt. Dale L. Lemity	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. Gavin Hutto, Jr.	12 Nov. 44	Pfc. Nicholas M. Lengyel, Jr.	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Edford Hyatt	2 Dec. 44	Pvt. Leonard J. Levandowski	5 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Dominick H. Iacovelli	20 Nov. 44	Pfc. Gordon R. Lichtwardt	13 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Perry A. Iamacconi	1 Dec. 44	Pvt. Morris Lieberman	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. George T. Inman	14 Nov. 44	Sgt. Don L. Ling, Jr.	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Keith M. Irvine	15 Nov. 44	1st Lt. Jerome R. Littman	3 Dec. 44
Pvt. Bob K. Jacobs	14 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Edmond J. Looby	14 Nov. 44



Sgt. Jacinto J. Lores 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Anthony J. Loskoch 1 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Walter S. Lucke 2 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Andrew Lunz 5 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Francis J. Lynch 15 Nov. 44
 Pvt. James C. MacDonald 1 Dec. 44
 Sgt. John Malitsh 14 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Rocco J. Marone 13 Nov. 44
 2nd Lt. Arthur C. Marquess, Jr. 2 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Francis P. Martin 4 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. Nick Marzolla 21 Nov. 44
 Pfc. John L. Mashuga 16 Nov. 44
 Sgt. John M. Mastracco 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Howard L. Mathes 12 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Elden W. Mathews 13 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Charles A. Matteson 1 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Julius D. McAlpin, Jr. 5 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Wesley A. McBean 14 Nov. 44
 2nd Lt. William W. McCanse 24 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Clyde C. McCarty 15 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Richard E. McConnell 22 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Hugh A. McCourt 15 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Robert F. McCullum 3 Dec. 44
 1st Lt. Charles G. McDermid 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Donald E. McFarland 16 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Charles E. McKenna, Jr. 5 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. William E. McLaughlin 2 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Francis P. McMenamin 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Paul A. McNally 4 Dec. 44
 1st Lt. Franklin J. McVeigh 14 Nov. 44
 T/5 Robert E. Mellen 2 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Nick Merari, Jr. 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Edward Metcalf 12 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Raymond R. Meurer 4 Dec. 44
 Cpl. Lester F. Michael 4 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Beecher C. Michaud 12 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Charles M. Miller 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Frank M. Miller, Jr. 4 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. John A. Miller 20 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Warren L. Miller 2 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Samuel L. Mills 15 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. James B. Milton 15 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Abe Mitchell 12 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Donald G. Molloy 20 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Russell Montgomery 14 Nov. 44
 Sgt. William D. Moon, Jr. 12 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Fred H. Moore 22 Nov. 44
 Pfc. James R. Moore 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Robert J. Moore 1 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Marshall F. Moran 15 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Patrick A. Moran 14 Nov. 44
 1st Sgt. Bennie C. Mcree 12 Nov. 44
 Pfc. James E. Morgan 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. George B. Morledge, Jr. 19 Nov. 44
 T/Sgt. James J. Morris 13 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Clyde E. Morrison 14 Nov. 44
 T/5 Harry W. Morrison 22 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Hugh B. Morton, Jr. 12 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. William R. Mull 2 Dec. 44

Pvt. Fred T. Mullins 18 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Joseph J. Murphy 13 Nov. 44
 1st Lt. Edwin S. Mycock 22 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Charles Nadler 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Francis X. Naimoli 15 Nov. 44
 1st Lt. Paul Naughton 4 Dec. 44
 2nd Lt. Leland H. Nelson 13 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. William C. Nipper 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Alden R. Noble 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Dale C. Noble 2 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. John F. Nolan, Jr. 14 Nov. 44
 Pfc. John Novak 5 Dec. 44
 Pvt. James V. M. Null 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Glenn B. Olk 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Leonard H. Olson 15 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Wallace P. Oring 15 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Joseph Orosz, Jr. 13 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Edward J. O'Rourke 12 Nov. 44
 Pvt. John J. Overzet 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Joseph G. Palka 22 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Lawrence R. Panizzoli 4 Dec. 44
 Pfc. John L. Pappalardo 18 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Alexander Papulias 14 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Rene J. Paquette 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Peter P. Parker 25 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Pietro Passero 20 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Harold J. Paul 2 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Reese Payne 13 Nov. 44
 Pfc. James E. Pearson 4 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Arthur H. Peck 30 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Joseph J. Pelczar 2 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. John J. Pellegrino 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Joseph F. Pennisi 24 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Darl J. Peoples 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Charles A. Perrenod, Jr. 1 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Coleman Perry 19 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Herbert R. Petzold 18 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Carroll M. Pike, Jr. 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Merle J. Pittman 3 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Eldon D. Pitts 2 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Joseph S. Pranio 12 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Harold P. Prest 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Irwin Probststein 13 Nov. 44
 Pfc. William J. Purbaugh 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Albert J. Quadros 16 Nov. 44
 Pfc. John H. Quinn 12 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Joseph S. Randazzo 14 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. Raymond L. Rae 15 Nov. 44
 Sgt. Bernard W. Ravnaas 16 Nov. 44
 Pvt. William C. Reed 4 Dec. 44
 Pvt. Charles L. Reeves 2 Dec. 44
 Pvt. James P. Regan 14 Nov. 44
 T/Sgt. George L. Reilly, Jr. 3 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Victor P. Reis 18 Nov. 44
 S/Sgt. William O. Reynolds 30 Nov. 44
 T/Sgt. John Rhoades 14 Nov. 44
 Pvt. Henry Riechers, Jr. 19 Nov. 44
 Pfc. Clarence D. Roberts 16 Nov. 44
 Pfc. James A. Roberts 18 Nov. 44

Pfc. James W. Rohrbacher	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. Walter C. Thomas, Jr.	12 Nov. 44
Pvt. Robert C. Rohrs	16 Nov. 44	T/Sgt. Burgess Thorpe	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Raymond G. Rollings	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. Marcus P. Thrift	19 Nov. 44
Pvt. Hyman Rosensweig	12 Nov. 44	1st Frank A. Tichacek	16 Nov. 44
Pvt. George J. Roth, Jr.	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Richard C. Tobias	2 Dec. 44
Pfc. James G. Rowe	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. John A. Tomlinson	2 Dec. 44
Pfc. Philip R. Ruby	14 Nov. 44	Pfc. George S. Tompkins, Jr.	12 Nov. 44
Pfc. Frank G. Rutger	30 Nov. 44	Pvt. Frank A. Torre	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. James Sales	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Robert M. Towns	4 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Adolph G. Sabattis	4 Dec. 44	Cpl. Raymond J. Tranter, Jr.	15 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. George Sabovic	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Fortunato Trimboli	12 Nov. 44
Cpl. Americo Salvetti	18 Nov. 44	S/Sgt. Seth E. Tritle	4 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. Wade P. Sanders	16 Nov. 44	Pfc. William A. Tyler, Jr.	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Sylvan H. Savadove	2 Dec. 44	Pfc. Marvin W. Vande Lune	18 Nov. 44
Sgt. Robert E. Sawdy	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. David R. Van Steenburgh	18 Nov. 44
Pfc. Jack J. Scavuzzo	12 Nov. 44	Pvt. Charles Vojtech	5 Dec. 44
Pvt. Adam A. Schettino	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. David L. Vought	1 Dec. 44
Pvt. Harvey T. Schlipf	4 Dec. 44	Sgt. Jack G. Wagner	15 Nov. 44
Pfc. Frederick Schmeiser	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. William B. Wagner	18 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. Richard P. Schmidt	20 Nov. 44	Pfc. Jack S. Walker	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Joseph H. Schulz, Jr.	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Irving Wallach	20 Nov. 44
Pvt. Jerry R. Scoville	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Seth R. Walton, Jr.	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. John J. Sentener	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Philip H. Ward	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Percy C. Shaw	1 Dec. 44	Pfc. Raymond C. Ward	3 Dec. 44
Sgt. Edward B. Sheehan	22 Nov. 44	Pvt. Roger W. Warren	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Hershel J. Shick	14 Nov. 44	Pvt. Llewellyn M. Washburn	1 Dec. 44
Pvt. Julius Shocko	5 Dec. 44	Pvt. Albert J. Weese	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Harlan D. Skeen	3 Dec. 44	Pvt. John T. Weimerskirch	18 Nov. 44
Pfc. Joseph Slipiec	1 Dec. 44	Pfc. Louis Weissing, Jr.	19 Nov. 44
T/5 Ben R. Smith	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Edward M. Weninger	13 Nov. 44
Sgt. Carl R. Smith	4 Dec. 44	Pfc. Harold A. Wessels	4 Dec. 44
Pfc. Charles T. Smith	18 Nov. 44	Sgt. William L. Whidden	13 Nov. 44
Pfc. Edwin J. Smith, Jr.	4 Dec. 44	Pvt. James S. White	30 Nov. 44
1st Lt. Raymond J. Smorol	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Rual L. White	20 Nov. 44
Pfc. Harry Soffin	23 Nov. 44	Pvt. Arthur L. Whitenburg	5 Dec. 44
Pfc. Alan B. Spitzer	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. John B. Widner	15 Nov. 44
Pfc. Herbert C. Stearns, Jr.	2 Dec. 44	Sgt. Gilbert V. Wilkins	16 Nov. 44
Sgt. Joe M. Stedronski, Jr.	14 Nov. 44	Pfc. Richard D. Willett	22 Nov. 44
Pvt. Heinz A. Stegeman	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Richard W. Willhour	2 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Thurman Stevens	2 Dec. 44	Pvt. Henry W. Williams, Jr.	20 Nov. 44
2d Lt. Thomas Stillwagon	12 Nov. 44	Pvt. Herman R. Willing	2 Dec. 44
2d Lt. Ernest F. St. Mary	19 Nov. 44	Pfc. Taulbee F. Wilson	4 Dec. 44
Pvt. Richard C. Stone	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Johnnie T. Wise	12 Nov. 44
2nd Lt. David A. Strough	1 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. William B. Wladecki	8 Dec. 44
Pfc. Wilbur E. Sullivan	13 Nov. 44	Pvt. Clinton G. Wood	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Robert B. Sulser	30 Nov. 44	Pfc. James R. Wood	14 Nov. 44
Pvt. Arthur J. Sutton	13 Nov. 44	Pfc. Wallace E. Wood	16 Nov. 44
Pvt. William S. Swart	15 Nov. 44	Pvt. Merl W. Woodburn	16 Nov. 44
Pfc. Milford G. Tallyn	13 Nov. 44	T/Sgt. William T. Woodward	5 Dec. 44
Pfc. Phillip G. Taylor	5 Dec. 44	Pfc. Julian Wright	8 Nov. 44
S/Sgt. Russell W. Taylor	1 Dec. 44	S/Sgt. Dalton J. Yates	19 Nov. 44
Pfc. Daniel P. Tedder	3 Dec. 44	Pfc. Ramiro Ybarra	24 Nov. 44
Pvt. Frederick Tetzloff	12 Nov. 44	Sgt. Milton R. Ziegler	3 Dec. 44
Pfc. Earl G. Thames	16 Nov. 44	Pvt. Hilbert Ziel	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Charles J. Thomas	18 Nov. 44	Pfc. Maurice L. Zuehlsdorff	14 Nov. 44
Pfc. Downing A. Thomas	4 Dec. 44		



Lipoti 45
ETD

PHASE V — MOUTERHOUSE



INTRODUCTION

"And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true."

Perhaps the laugh was a forced laugh but it was there, and maybe you never prayed before but you prayed now and swore at the same time, and kept on praying. And you wanted to get hit when the barrage was over so you could go home, but you dug deeper and ran faster when the shells were actually coming in. It was cold and damp, wet and freezing, and when the fight was going on there was never a thought of home or of the letter that didn't come, only of living, simply that, living: but when the break came all there was, was home and letters and never the next fight, because that came later and not today, or at least not this minute. It was all mixed up.

The silence was terrible. The approach to Mouterhouse was so well planned that the enemy had no idea we were coming and even though we knew that, the loneliness of the town was the most frightening thing. We had come out of the woods, into the town and the church. There was something ungodly about it though the steeple was there and the crosses in the yard and the bibles. A second ago, in the woods, there was laughing and joking and general hell raising. Once inside we'd yell at the guy who swore and it was a German church but that was beside the point, we felt safe. There is no explanation, it was just another place, a building, but at that time it was a sacred refuge and God was there someplace, we were sure of that. God was there!

There are other things that come back — — — flak! Sure we had a lot of experience by this time (they use the expression "seasoned soldiers") and the reports always read "Combat efficiency — Excellent, Morale — high" but that wasn't quite right, the morale was a little lower than high. There was little cover and the shells were being loaded on an opposite hill and coming our way and flak guns cover a lot of area and at the same time you are worried about your own artillery and 4.2's. A guy lifts his head. A sniper cracks it wide open. The report goes in "Morale —

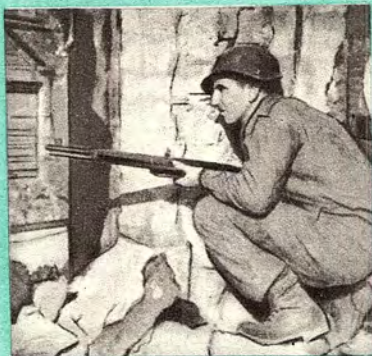
high" and we bury the guy. But after all we don't keep the books and anyway it doesn't make any difference what they write because maybe the same Joe who puts in the report also sends home the telegrams and the "spec" number says he knows what he's doing. But it is quiet again and we kneel in the German church and bow our heads. We don't look around to see if everybody else is doing the same thing — we don't care — we're crying.



CRACKING Mouterhouse STRONGHOLD



8-9 Dec. '44
MOUTERHOUSE



6 Dec. '44



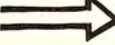


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5 Dec. '44



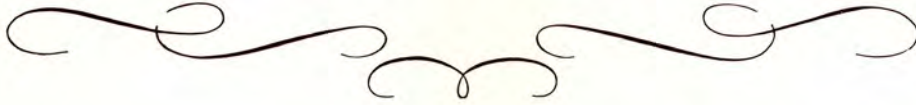
LEGEND

- 1st Battalion 
- 2nd Battalion 
- 3rd Battalion 

SCALE: 1/50,000

E. Barbieri

MOUTERHOUSE



Less than a month ago we had taken positions west of the Meurthe River and now, on December 1st, we were in Weinburg, Sparsbach, Ingwiller and Weiterswiller. With the air of one detached from the entire experience and not really a part of it, we saw a flanking movement which gave us Raon L'Etape and soon added more than ten towns to the list of those liberated. In each we were recipients of French generosity tempered only by the lack of those things which had been taken by the Nazi invaders.

We were greeted with kisses from young girls and old bearded men, with hand clasps and back slaps, while elderly women stood by and gazed wistfully at the youth and vigor of this triumphant army. We were accorded the luxury of wines and champagnes, and in some instances had a new baptism of fire in the form of over-age schnapps. To turn down these tokens of kindness and appreciation would have been rude. We remained gentlemen.

In our recently occupied positions opposing us was the 13th Company, 952 Regiment, 361st VGR Division. Continuing with our attack on December 2nd we took consolidated positions near Ingwiller although the Krauts fought with a suicidal ferocity. They used small arms, automatic weapons, mortars and the now-familiar and feared 88's — but we slugged ahead. When a platoon from Company I became pinned down at the bottom of the hill, another platoon maneuvered around outside of the hot spot and came in from the rear, thus relieving the pressure.

Upon capturing a squad of the enemy and its telephone, a platoon of Company F followed the wire and discovered a lead to another enemy group. Next on the list was Hill 370. The town of Lichtenburg was set ablaze from our constant pounding by artillery and cannon. Kraut troops were northwest and west of the city. Preparing for our big push Company L approached Hill 296 and received a heavy concentration of mortar and artillery fire.

The constant harassing by hostile small arms and automatic weapons as we approached Hill 375 was accompanied by the really serious obstacle of difficult terrain and maintenance of contact and control. Hourly barrages of 120 mm. and 75 mm., varying from 20 to 60 rounds, came in. For the first time we ran across booby traps with trip wires. Our troops took Hill 369, Hill 296, and a motley assortment of prisoners; shoemakers, carpenters, and some in civilian clothes who claimed to be AWOL or on furlough.

In the face of violent resistance we captured Hill 375 on December 4th. Behind this simple declaration there lies the gory details of many heroes, dead and wounded. Our leaders showed gallantry and heroism in selecting positions for us which proved to be the best. A sergeant led a patrol so effectively in a diversionary mission of great hazard that his company was permitted to take its objective with a minimum of casualties. When the company to which an aid man was attached received an intense bombardment there were many casualties. The medic himself suffered lacerations on one leg and a fracture of the other, but he crawled on his back from one wounded man to another, administering first aid and refusing to let litter bearers evacuate him when they came, requesting they take care of the other men. He then dragged himself about 1000 yards to the battalion aid station.

The stubborn defense caused us to back off Hill 375 and call for a TOT of all available artillery. This was an old and well-proved trick. As we edged backward, the enemy, in line with expectations, was quick to follow, and by so doing walked smack into the artillery barrage. Although our barrage did not quite hit in all the right spots, it dazed the Krauts to such an extent that we were able to fall on them before they could get back to their prepared positions. They were well-camouflaged, dug-in 6 by 10 feet, and protected by heavy logs and sandbags. The enemy also utilized road-blocks covered by flak guns and automatic weapons and kept his artillery and mortars going at the maximum pitch, shelling the town of Rothbach all day long. It was tough and rough for hand carrying parties and litter-bearers who operated in defiance of the heaviest mortar and artillery fire the foe could possibly muster. The Kraut abandoned his positions during the night and retreated to the north. The Third Battalion CP had remained in the town throughout the fight for hill 375.

On December 5th the First Battalion, assisted by a platoon of medium tanks from the 14th Armored Division, took Wimmenau. The Second Battalion liberated Reipertswiller. The Third

Battalion was in a position of Regimental reserve at Lichtenberg, ready to move to the hottest spot at a moment's notice. Going cross country, we ran into an abundance of Schu and "S" mines, which caused a few casualties — blowing off men's feet, thus giving what was more expensive than "the million-dollar wound" — the one that sent a fellow home.



We were now veterans. We knew the full content of war and we had become more cautious in our association with it. We had seen what it had done and could do. We were now more careful to feel out the way ahead, rather than advance unknowing toward the enemy. We waited for the support of our artillery. We now instinctively took cover. When replacements, just renamed "reinforcements," took their places among us, we talked with more assurance in answer to their hesitating questions as to what to expect. We were rather proud of our experiences, and appreciated this opportunity to display our hard-won knowledge.

Our attack went on unabated and we scored some notable gains December 6th when we took Wildenguth and Melch. Our immediate objective now was Mouterhouse. Most of us didn't realize at the time that the Division ultimate objective was the fortress city of Bitche on the Maginot Line and for that reason we could not appreciate the importance of Mouterhouse as the gateway to such objective. We had been in the Army long enough now to know better than to ask. We were oriented for our mission, and off we'd go, content in the supposed belief that someone higher up knew what the score was.

So it was with Mouterhouse. We knew only that there was a town ahead that was occupied

by the enemy and that our mission was to drive him out and occupy it ourselves. It was that simple. No maps and overlays to show the entire front. Some of us had little overlays showing the few hundred feet in which we were to operate. Ahead was a bush or a small clump of trees to which we would advance, and beyond that still another form of cover. This was our "big picture". This was our plan of operation.

In the previous actions we had smashed right through the most difficult of positions and terrain. The weather too had been against us, but we even became part of that. Our advances had caught the Kraut off balance and for a day or two he was reeling like a punch-drunk fighter. We incurred relatively slight casualties, and began to feel a new sort of confidence in our ability. There was considerable resistance in the taking of Wildenguth and Wimmenau in the form of snipers and unobserved artillery fire. However, the tough obstacles had been road blocks and mines. The enemy had a trick of felling trees across the roads and then fixing charges with pull ignites and booby traps, stretching the wires to other trees.

On December 6th orders came to take Mouterhouse. The Second Battalion left Reipertswiller, moving northeast in the direction of Mouterhouse for a distance of about three miles, finally assuming positions 800 yards from the town itself. Company H dug in on Hill 335 and





set up its 81 mm. mortars and heavy machine guns to support the remainder of the Battalion. During this move no main roads had been used as we were wary of the good observation the enemy had on all approaches. We could see that the goings would be rough. If the Kraut had been unaggressive for the past few days, his tactics were soon to undergo a vast change in a determined effort to stem the advance.

We occupied Melch on December 6th after a six mile unimpeded march. Despite all the mines and blocks which had been strewn in our path, we managed to accomplish our mission with minor incidents. The

"slight casualties" and "minor incidents" appeared in just that light except to us who suffered them. They were far from "slight" and "minor" to an individual. A slight casualty from a booby trap meant a blown off hand with hope for a normal life thereafter gone forever. It might mean the necessity of building a complete new future. However, we all were happy to be alive.

Our first big project was to establish an observation post for the mortars so as to gain accurate data for firing supporting missions for the rifle troops. To accomplish this end an observation party, assembled near the town and made their way stealthily toward the enemy during the hours of darkness, carrying with them weapons and a radio. They came to a house on a high hill overlooking the town and went down into the cellar, the only American troops in the town. Throughout the night they could hear the hob-nailed boots above them in the same building. By some stroke of fortune they remained undetected and gained vital information. Although they did not have rations they remained "on the spot" all through the night and the next day, transmitting enough accurate data to bring about such effective mortar fire as to spell out the difference between success and failure to the Battalion at this particular point.

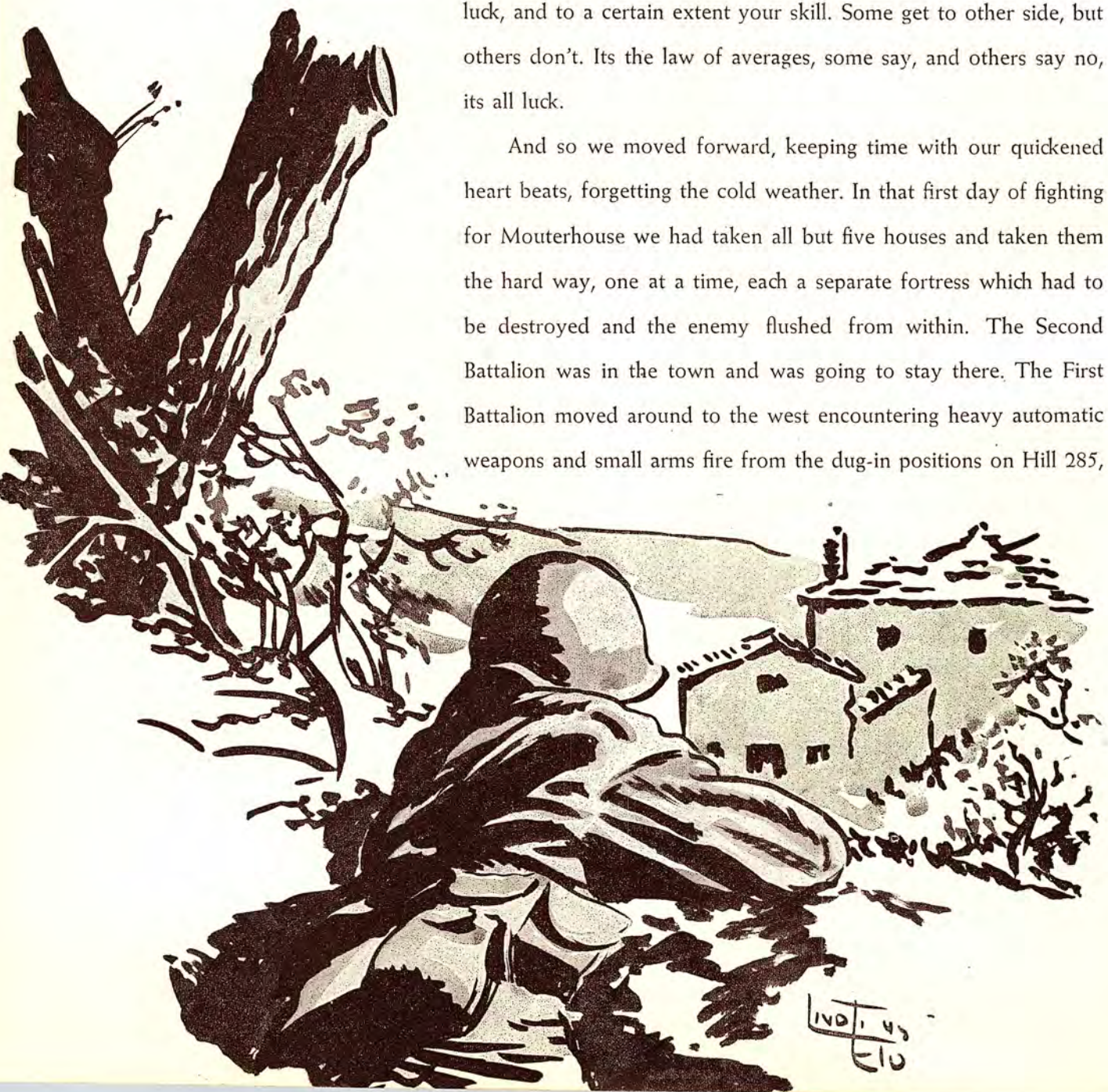
The Second Battalion, with Companies E and G in the lead, and F in reserve, jumped off at 0915 Dec 7th with Mouterhouse as its objective. Forty-five minutes later the leading elements moved into the city, drawing enemy small arms and automatic weapons fire. Meanwhile the

First Battalion moved to the northwest of the town in order to block the road running out and capture any enemy who might try to retreat. The Krauts, however, had no such intention. They were there to stay until they had been taken prisoner or killed. The two Battalions succeeded in almost completely surrounding the town.

We stepped forward with sweaty cold hands, firmly yet hesitantly, watching our leaders for signals and trying to spot the buildings in the distance for some sign of what was waiting. Step by step we came nearer and nearer to the town, and all continued quiet. To our left and to our right we hazarded glances and saw the dirty, bearded, strained faces of our buddies as their thoughts paralleled ours. It is indeed an eerie or, at least, queer feeling to be attacking like that. It is more like walking through a swamp where you know that there is quick-sand. You keep going, and maybe you will hit the quick-sand and maybe you won't, depending on your

luck, and to a certain extent your skill. Some get to other side, but others don't. It's the law of averages, some say, and others say no, it's all luck.

And so we moved forward, keeping time with our quickened heart beats, forgetting the cold weather. In that first day of fighting for Mouterhouse we had taken all but five houses and taken them the hard way, one at a time, each a separate fortress which had to be destroyed and the enemy flushed from within. The Second Battalion was in the town and was going to stay there. The First Battalion moved around to the west encountering heavy automatic weapons and small arms fire from the dug-in positions on Hill 285,



but nevertheless kept up its end of the pincer movement which would either squeeze every Jerry out or leave him in to die. Some of the Heinies had taken off into the woods and hills north of the town, only to run into First Battalion men.

Looking back over the operation as we are doing now, certain details are brought to mind. We recall how on that first day we moved on trails west of Melch for a distance of 1500 yards to Hill 335, and the trouble that the heavy weapons' company had in getting its heavy machine guns and mortars over the terrain. A reconnaissance patrol reported that there were enemy troops in the vicinity and on the northeast trails. We were ordered to conduct vigorous patrolling and to establish temporary road blocks thus bottling the town up and prohibiting the enemy from any movement.

Before dawn of the day of the scheduled attack all patrols and road blocks were called in. The fighting of the previous weeks had sapped our ranks of seasoned troops. The reinforcements, although well trained, were untried. At 0800 the company commanders of the Second Battalion were assembled at the Battalion Command Post where they received the battalion attack order: "Enemy is known to occupy Mouterhouse and the high ground north, strength unknown. The attack, at 0915, the mission, seize Mouterhouse and the high ground to the north. Any questions? Move out."

The first and second platoons of Company E were in the lead, the third in support. The light machine gun section, augmented by Company H heavy machine guns, were disposed with one weapon for each platoon and the heavies in the center behind them. A crew of four men loaded with wire, phones, and switchboard followed directly behind the attackers.



Working through the dense timber they took a course north northeast from the Hill 335 positions for about 400 yards. The wooded area ended and then suddenly we saw a church and cemetery about 75 yards ahead. We were fired on by Krauts hidden in the church. A group sent to determine the strength of the enemy in the church was observed and became targets for a barrage of 88's, heavy machine guns and 20 mm. flak guns. Although the barrage only lasted for twenty minutes, ten men were wounded. During a lull the patrol leader again tried to reach the church. The entrance was under sniper fire on the north side and any thought of getting in that way had to be abandoned. In the meantime his squad had infiltrated across the open space, and two men boosted him through the window and gave him a position from which he was able to direct the rest of the platoon across the open area. Soon there were three platoons in the church. Those of us remaining at the edge of the woods had watched with bated breath. We were subjected to a fierce barrage of flak and mortar fire while enemy heavy machine guns from a hill on the other side of town fired at us. There were several more casualties before our machine guns were able to silence the foe.

Remaining in the church until after it became dark, we then crossed the road and cleared the schoolhouse. From this building we were able to gain observation of the road through the center of the town. Almost immediately the wire crew crossed to the schoolhouse and put in a switchboard, always vital to operations. Two platoons crossed north of the school later and down an open slope to the main road where they worked westward separating into a "Y" at the second road junction. One platoon took the houses at the base of the hill and the edge of the town while the other cleared a building fifty yards to the west. The reserve platoons and forward CP moved into the church and stayed in these positions for the night.

Companies E & G launched an all-out attack, with Company F in reserve, on December 7th. Finding the resistance on the hills of the town more than had been expected, we had to commit Company F at 1600 and it approached the town from the east. The men moved out in a column of platoons down a trail leading northwest to the main road. The heavy machine guns attached to the company commenced an harassing fire on the doors and steeple of another church. We spent the day cleaning out the different buildings, the factory district, and in so doing found that we had again broken the best that the enemy had to offer by way of defense. Sometimes there wasn't any resistance to our push. As was his custom, however, the Kraut decided to

defend with a vengeance in some isolated sectors. It was these small groups of enemy that gave us the most trouble, and we used everything from hand grenades to bazookas before achieving their complete extinction.

The supporting platoons joined the others and we were ready for a large scale attack on the town on December 8th. Although the day's objective was to clear only the western third of the town, we were determined to do all we could and finish the job as soon as possible. A concentration of fire was laid down by our supporting heavy weapons and forced the withdrawal of the enemy on Hill 275. A platoon had entered the cemetery near the church on the initial assault. These men were observed and a fierce barrage of flak, 88's and machine guns halted further entry into the area. Casualties were sustained as the shells shattered the tombstones behind which the platoon took cover. Counter-battery fire finally silenced the Krauts, but not without their first adding to our death toll.

Throughout the whole operation, the constant enemy fire kept disrupting our wire communications, and our wiremen proved their invaluable worth in the furthering of our mission. There were many individual acts of gallantry which summed up the important fact that we could rely on telephones for communication.

We crossed the street from the church cemetery although snipers were still active in the parsonage northeast of the church, and the entire area was zeroed-in by artillery. We trained our light machine guns on areas which furnished asylum for Nazi infantry. One of our main targets was Hill 275 where we were sure the foe was entrenched. We made the crossing as darkness began to fall and when it was totally dark all the combat elements of the Second Battalion were in the town, either in the church or the schoolhouse.

The experience at Mouterhouse gave us several indications of things to come. We gained information regarding the way the foe could and would defend in house to house combat. We learned several tricks about getting him out of the house. We now were aware of the tenacity with which a sector would be defended, and how an innocent looking manufacturing village might be converted into a bastion of defense. We had not yet experienced sticking it out in a position at all costs. We knew by the nature of the defense just how it must be. All of our missions had been completed, objectives taken, and we were a smooth-functioning machine.

The actual battle for Mouterhouse was over on the 8th, but things were yet popping in and

around the town until the 19th. It was in our hands, but there was the surrounding terrain and other vital nearby points of resistance. We continued making gains on the 8th, but they were not easily won. The opposition had gotten its second wind and inflicted many casualties. The First Battalion moved to the northeast to secure the cross-road near the town. Company B was caught on a hill near the point of the cross-roads by artillery and mortar fire, but succeeded in getting to the road by infiltration. There were heavy casualties many of whom could not readily be evacuated before dark.

Night evacuations were made even harder because the road to the battalion aid station was heavily mined. Everyone from the Battalion Commander to the litter bearer put out unreservedly. All wounded were cared for and evacuated by midnight with the resultant saving of many lives.

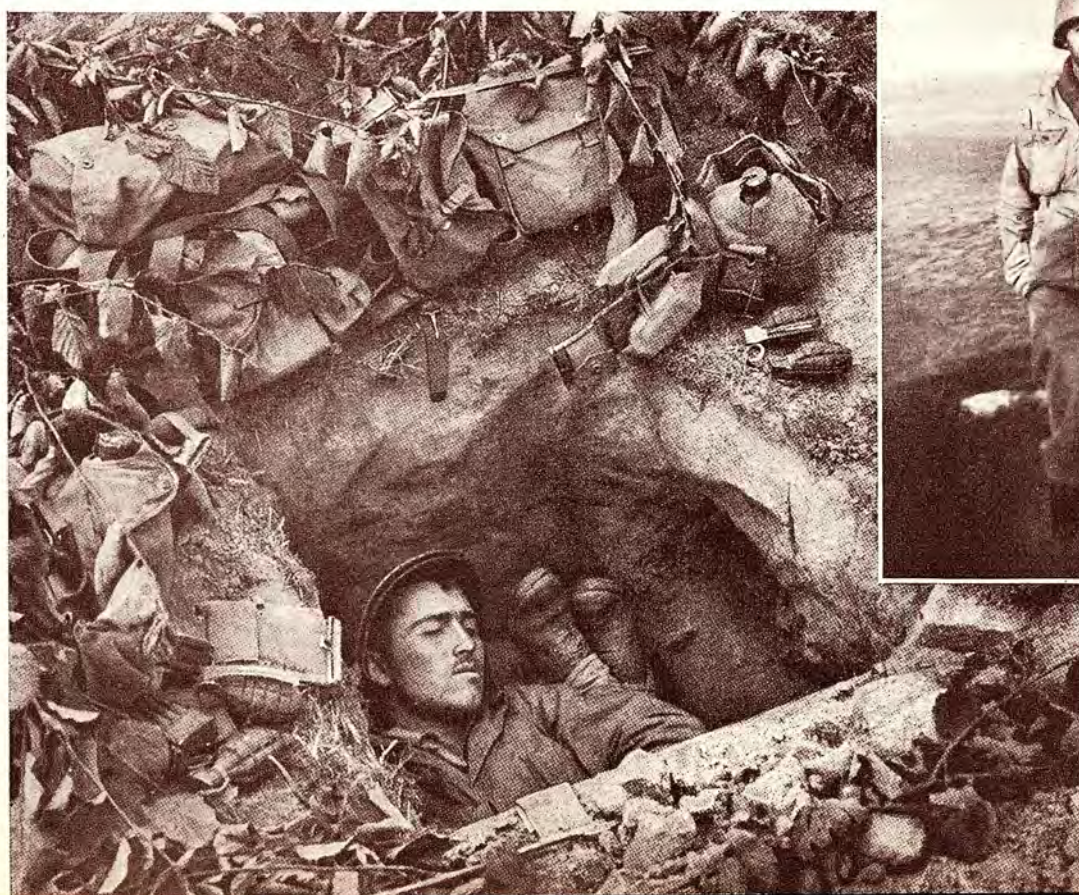
The Second Battalion had fought for and captured Hill 415, finding, as their greatest foe, large concentrations of artillery which would whistle-in regularly every few minutes. The Regiment had come upon a variety of combat techniques. We had everything from house to house fighting, to unresisted taking of hills and factory districts. We had struggled up fiercely-defended slopes and we had walked unmolested down the main road of the town. Troops had stepped gingerly over mines and booby traps and cut around road blocks. The men had conducted mopping-up operations and initiated entirely new attacks.

The enemy made desperate attempts to stem our advance on December 9th. The town itself, entirely in our control, was receiving constant shelling. The motor pools and kitchens had moved into the town, giving it a rear-echelon aura, despite the fact that the enemy was still close at hand. The company drivers of one unit made their quarters in an abandoned, modern, diesel-driven electric street car. This trolley was parked on a siding by a large factory which had been producing metal machine parts, and was the target for a great deal of the enemy artillery. Throughout the day and night the nearby 4.2 mortars blasted out their destruction at the enemy, only to be answered by the latter feeling around for their position. In this search he came alarmingly close and, in fact, once put a shell in it.

A pocket of about thirty Krauts with automatic weapons and supported directly with 20 mm. flak guns held up the entire Third Battalion as it moved from its reserve position in Melch to the vicinity of Mouterhouse. We called for artillery and with accurate observation

silenced a group of mortars which had been annoying us. Part of Company K near Hemmerkoph Hill, north of the town, was ordered to cover the attack of a section of tanks up in the open draw. This attempt caused such a flurry of hostile mortar and artillery fire that the effort was abandoned by the tanks. We had to go in and knock out the position ourselves. Company L on Ridge Le Witterschall, encountered a terrific barrage as it began to dig in. The result was 28 serious casualties. It lasted for hours, prevented us from digging in and hampered the evacuation of the wounded. A nightmare of the blind leading the halt developed in that those of us who were not too badly off were trying to aid our more seriously hurt comrades. Despite all the confusion and cries and blood, we occupied the high ground. Even now, we do not know how we did it. Perhaps we were so dazed by the cold and the pounding artillery that we weren't fully aware of what we were doing. Whatever it was, we were proud of it, and glad that it had been there when we needed it most.

We had seen buddies leave us for a short period and then return to us with bright, shiny bars on their shoulders, new field jackets and a heightened stature. By this time we had all been issued sleeping bags. We had trouble at first in manipulating the strings and fasteners, but soon became accustomed and found it to be an excellent guard against the cold. Many learned during the Vosges Campaign that if he hoped to have some little warmth at night it was not a good practice to leave blankets with the kitchen in anticipation of having them brought up each night. It



was not always possible for vehicles to get to us and we were not always able to get to them. There were even times when no one to the rear knew where we were. With these new sleeping bags we were always assured of having at least a token bed roll, and they rolled up into practically nothing for light travel. We had by now "lost" a lot of equipment which we found too ponderous and unnecessary for everyday purposes. Some had gotten rid of packs entirely, while others had cut them down so as to merely provide a harness for attaching our gear.

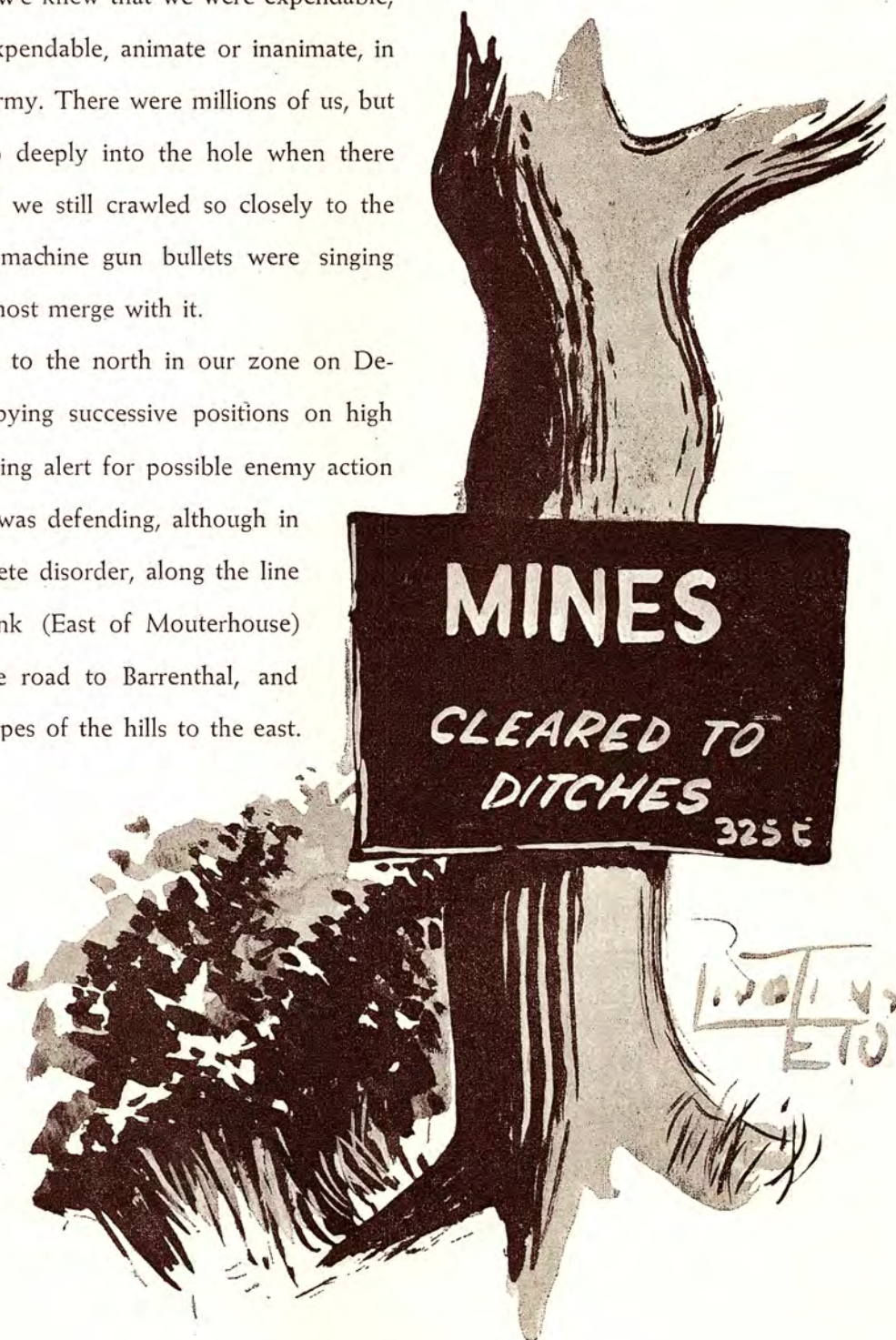
Shelter halves were a thing apart from us as the pup tent was definitely not in vogue this season. Our night's lodging was dug from the ground and covered with stout trees over which dirt was piled. In these we felt secure: but, as often as not, we left a hard-dug position before even having the opportunity to use it once. The longer we occupied a particular hole, the more ornate and servicable we made it. In these rare times pin-up girls appeared on the dirt walls and pine boughs were brought in to make the "floor" a little more comfortable for sleeping. There were at least one or two large engineer shovels in each squad, as well as a large-size axe. Some of the acquisitions were distinctly not "made in the U.S.A." but our immediate needs overruled any qualms we might have had against borrowing.

In this Mouterhouse action, as in the others before and those to come, certain individuals displayed that little extra courage and intrepidity over and above the common heroism that marked our daily doings. A sergeant, despite his wounded condition, took over a platoon and led it successfully in a bitterly-contested advance. Recognition for such valor soon came in the form of a battlefield appointment. A private, while on guard, heard some movement and suddenly a voice in a jargon resembling English demanded his surrender. The voice had come from behind him. The private wheeled, fired his carbine, manned a machine gun, wounded three infiltrating enemy and captured four. A sergeant, squad leader, encountered a strong force of enemy infantry as he spearheaded the company's advance. Realizing that the enemy had been surprised as much as he, the sergeant led his men in a determined charge which forced the Krauts to withdraw, and by promptly reorganizing his men, he was able to repulse a counterattack soon afterwards. Another sergeant, faced on three sides with a counterattack and low on ammunition, exposed himself by going from foxhole to foxhole, distributing ammunition among his men until he was mortally wounded.

Such acts as these were not unusual. They happened every day and several times a day.

They were the things that made a big war into a lot of little experiences, and made the war, too, a more personal one for us. We had no delusions about our value. We knew that if anything happened to any one of us, he could be easily replaced. True, his friendly kind of smile and the jokes he made, might be missing, but when there was a job to do there would ultimately be someone to do it. We knew that we were expendable, in fact the most expendable, animate or inanimate, in the whole damn Army. There were millions of us, but we still cringed so deeply into the hole when there was a barrage and we still crawled so closely to the ground when the machine gun bullets were singing overhead, as to almost merge with it.

We continued to the north in our zone on December 10th occupying successive positions on high ground and remaining alert for possible enemy action from the east. He was defending, although in pretty much complete disorder, along the line from our right flank (East of Mouterhouse) and east along the road to Barrenthal, and north along the slopes of the hills to the east.



We were offered little resistance in our northward advance. There was no effort to impede us as we went directly north, striking out for Camp de Bitche. Heavy artillery was active for the first time, including a two-hour shelling of Mouterhouse, but casualties were light. Being a comparatively quiet day, some of us managed to squeeze in the rare delight of a hot meal, served to us from marmite cans. We had long since abandoned our mess kits but somehow the kitchens picked enough up so that we all had a half of one brought out to us with the food. Our eating implements were dug up from somewhere. We found our canteen cups where they belonged — around our canteens. When we finished eating, we threw the dirty mess-kits into the trailer of the kitchen jeep and noted with some little satisfaction that it would be the cooks who would be doing the dirty work.

Such things as KP were no more than a memory. Of course most of us stood guard in our foxhole for half the night, but even this had its compensations. We were further removed from garrison life than any of us had ever thought possible. It was a familiar sight to see someone taking off into slightly wooded area with a shovel under his arm, to see writing paper tucked beneath the sweat bands in our helmet liners, to wash in water from our canteen poured into our steel helmets.

Hill 395 was secured by the Third Battalion on December 11th. However from 0030 until 0715, the die-hard foe pounded Mouterhouse with a variety of shell-fire. We had taken the town but the tenacious enemy was determined to make our gain, a loss. Heavy fire was also falling on Hill 415 through the night and intermittently throughout the day. Our troops on Hill 395 were subjected to small arms and automatic weapons fire. Company H had left an 18-man machine gun force on Hill 364. The following morning all were missing except two. Oddly enough the weapons, supposedly enemy bait, were still there. The Regimental Command Post, recently moved into Mouterhouse, received an estimated 130-140 rounds of heavy artillery that morning. As far as safe spots were concerned, this was a war without really distinctive echelons. Heavy artillery could pound installations to a certain distance, and then from there, airplanes took over.

Four days after the supposed capture of Mouterhouse, December 12th, we hit some serious snags in trying to get rid of all the enemy in the immediate vicinity. The Second Battalion continued to clear the vital high ground north of the town, and the Third Battalion went on to take Hills 430 and 395. The First Battalion continued to defend the

Regimental right flank. Our leading elements were advancing on open road and cross country. We came upon a large enemy group when we reached a point three miles from Mouterhouse. The surprise was mutual. A close fight followed and one of our companies organized along the crest of the hill and made a stand, holding off two counterattacks of twice our strength, inflicting many casualties. For the most part, however, there was no real enemy opposition other than mortar fire, and for the first time in quite a while we were able to get our supplies through unhindered.

Our shower unit, located in Mouterhouse, was knocked out by mortar fire. This mobile convenience had an eight-faucet outlet and averaged 400 showers daily. It kept close to the Regimental Command Post, going out to the various battalions when the situation permitted. It was the greatest single factor in maintaining morale. The clean body and clean clothes gave one a sense of well-being, contrasting so radically with that feeling engendered by filth. In twelve hours the pulley on the engine was repaired and the showers were again ready for action.

Thus we come to the end of the tale about Mouterhouse. Our operations were now pointed toward the Division objective of Bitche. One reality jugged higher than any other, and all that mattered then — Mouterhouse was ours.



Silver Star Medal

for Gallantry in action

AWARDED



1st Lt. FRANK H. CRITTENDON (then S/Sgt.), on 10 December 1944, a platoon guide, assuming command of the platoon when the leader and sergeant both became casualties, skillfully deployed his men and crawled forward alone in the face of intense fire to destroy a machine gun position, killing five enemy.

S/Sgt. HERBERT HARVEY, on 7 December 1944, voluntarily accompanied a patrol into enemy lines, slipped through a ring of enemy soldiers and entered a house containing 19 German civilians. He put them under guard and obtained vital information, which was ultimately used to great advantage.

Sgt. ALBERT HEWINES (then Pfc.), on 7 December 1944, engaged a numerically superior enemy force with his automatic rifle and temporarily disconcerted the attackers. The accuracy of his fire inflicted numerous casualties and gave enough time for his comrades to join him and repel the attack.

2nd Lt. ELBERT W. JONES (then Sgt.), on 7 December 1944, despite three painful abdominal wounds sustained as he led his squad across open, fireswept terrain, dragged two wounded comrades from the line of fire. He then continued leading the assault, supported by a man on either side of him.

Pfc. HAROLD E. MADDUX, on 7 December 1944, after determining the position of a platoon despite heavy enemy fire, was establishing a supply route to the unit when he was attacked by a hostile patrol. Although alone he killed two of the enemy and captured the remaining three.

2nd Lt. ROLAND C. MARBLE (then Sgt.), on 8 December 1944, when his platoon leader was killed, assumed command of the platoon and led it successfully in the bitterly-contested advance, not stopping even when he himself was wounded, until the mission was accomplished.

Pfc. LAWRENCE E. MOSOLF, on 13 December 1944, crawled to within fifty yards of a machine gun nest which had immobilized his platoon and killed the gunner. Then rushing forward, he killed the assistant gunner and turned the weapon on the enemy.

S/Sgt. HOWARD P. SMITH, on 12 December 1944, while leading a squad in the company advance, encountered a strong force of enemy infantry. He realized that the enemy had been surprised and he led his squad in a determined charge which forced the enemy to withdraw. The prompt reorganization of his platoon enabled it to repulse a counterattack soon afterwards.

Sgt. PAUL K. SPURGEON, on 13 December 1944, after his company secured its objective, was faced on three sides with a counterattack. With the men low on ammunition, he exposed himself going from foxhole to foxhole distributing ammunition until mortally wounded. The company was enabled to repel the enemy counterattack by this gallant act.

Pvt. ROBERT S. WILSON, on 9 December 1944, when hearing some movement while on guard, and an enemy soldier from behind demanding his surrender, wheeled, fired his carbine, then manned a nearby machine gun, wounding three infiltrated enemy and capturing four.



Bronze Star Medal

for Heroic achievement in action

AWARDED



<i>Pvt. John W. Aitchison</i>	9 Dec. 44	
<i>Sgt. George S. Anderson</i>	8 Dec. 44	
<i>S/Sgt. Aage L. Arnvig</i>	11 Dec. 44	
<i>Pfc. Thomas M. Beamon</i>	15 Dec. 44	
<i>S/Sgt. Edward J. Borboa</i>	10 Dec. 44	
<i>Pfc. Leon Brooks, Jr.</i>	11 Dec. 44	
<i>Sgt. Philip D. Brooks</i>	9 Dec. 44	
<i>Pfc. Allen B. Brown</i>	7 Dec. 44	
<i>T/Sgt. William F. Burke</i>	13 Dec. 44	
<i>S/Sgt. Philip Cicciariello</i>	15 Dec. 44	
<i>Sgt. Richard C. Chapman, Jr.</i>	7 Dec. 44	
<i>Pvt. Mariano Correia, Jr.</i>	6-8 Dec. 44	
<i>Sgt. Raleigh S. Cox</i>	8 Dec. 44	
<i>Pfc. Ray O. Crabtree</i>	13 Dec. 44	
<i>Pfc. Edward F. Crofts</i>	6-8 Dec. 44	
<i>Tec. 4 Marshall G. Dahlen</i>	9 Dec. 44	
		<i>Pvt. Robert G. Deheer</i> 11 Dec. 44
		<i>Tec. 5 Edward X. Driscoll</i> 8 Dec. 44
		<i>Pfc. Clarence Drucker</i> 13 Dec. 44
		<i>Pfc. Earle L. Ellis</i> 11 Dec. 44
		<i>Pfc. John G. Faulkner</i> 8 Dec. 44
		<i>Cpl. Frank J. Fradella</i> 15 Dec. 44

2nd Lt. Thomas W. Grant 7 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. James A. Grubb 8 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. William L. Hackworth 13 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Avis D. Hammond 7 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Murray Hornstein 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Raymond E. Huck 13 Dec. 44
 1st Sgt. Ernest J. Jaklitsch 10 Dec. 44
 1st Sgt. Willie H. Jordan 7 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Paul E. Kane 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Richard H. Kohler 15 Dec. 44
 2nd Lt. Murray Lancer 10 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Richard P. Lenski 7 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. John J. Lubrano 9 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. Charles Martinotti 7-8 Dec. 44
 2nd Lt. Jack R. McGee 8 Dec. 44
 Tec. 5 William H. McGee 7 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Earl W. McKisson 11 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. Pasquale V. Miele 8 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Ralph K. Miller 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Julius D. Morrison 6-8 Dec. 44
 1st Lt. John C. Noel, Jr. 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Robert W. Nycek 15 Dec. 44

Tec. 5 John J. Olshefski 13 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Stanley H. Pape 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Hubert G. Parker 11 Dec. 44
 Pfc. William D. Paschal 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Gaston W. Pennington 13 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Richard R. Polhemous 6-8 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Robert E. Robertson 10 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. John M. Rodden 8 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. John B. Rogers 13 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Richard R. Sainz 14 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. George S. Shaneberger 15 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Carl Shelton, Jr. 8 Dec. 44
 1st Lt. Lawrence J. Skiddy, Jr. 14 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. John H. Slade 8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Horace T. Spradley 6-8 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Jack E. Springgay 15 Dec. 44
 Major Felix E. Tharpe 8 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Charles F. Trainor 7 Dec. 44
 Cpl. Donald C. Uhler 13 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Joseph Urkevich 9 Dec. 44
 Tec. 5 Clyde S. Wolf 11 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Richard T. Woodworth 7 Dec. 64



Purple Heart Medal

posthumously

AWARDED

S/Sgt. George W. Acreman
Georgiana, Alabama

Pfc. Kenneth F. Baker
Guttenberg, N.J.

Pfc. Ray W. Barker
Coleridge, N.C.

Pvt. Felipe M. Contreras
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Pfc. Tildon Correll
Delta, Kentucky

Pfc. Abner C. Culbertson
Spartanburg, S.C.

Pfc. Leo D. Culver
Rochester, Minn.

Pfc. Rocco J. D'Amico
Dunmore, Pa.

Pfc. John T. Diggs
Lilesville, N.C.

Pvt. William H. Dillon, Jr.
Wilmot, Arkansas

Pfc. James V. Farguhar
Hollywood, Calif.

Sgt. Arthur F. Friday
Schenectady, N.Y.

Pfc. Frederick J. Halka
Port Chester, N.Y.

Pfc. Murray Hornstein
Bronx, N.Y.

Pfc. Herbert S. Hulmes
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sgt. Ennis L. Jackson
Falkner, Mississippi

S/Sgt. Charlie F. Little
Gainsville, Ga.

Pvt. Charles S. Margossian
Somerville, Mass.

Pvt. Lawrence W. Marsh
Goshen, N.Y.



Pvt. Hubert L. McCallum
Hastings, Michigan

Sgt. Ralph K. Miller
Niles, Ohio

Tec. 3 William J. Muller
Vineland, N.J.

Pfc. Tyler C. Nelson
Brigham City, Utah

Pfc. Lloyd R. Neseth
Kenyon, Minn.

Pvt. Gene K. Neubold
Halifax, Pa.

Pfc. Hubert G. Parker
Wingdale, N.Y.

T/Sgt. Henry F. Rafalka
Mineola, L.I., N.Y.

Pvt. James Rogers
New Bedford, Mass.

1st Lt. Jess W. Sauerbrei
East Liverpool, Ohio

Pfc. Edmund P. Schuler
Paramus, N.J.

Pvt. Guido S. Silvestri
Ironwood, Michigan

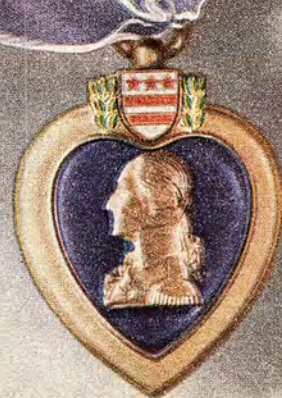
S/Sgt. Howard P. Smith
Lockport, N.Y.

Sgt. Paul K. Spurgeon
Patoka, Ill.

Pvt. Walter Waal
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pvt. Howard L. Weaver, Jr.
Akron, Ohio

Pvt. Charles M. Zastressek
Chicago, Ill.



Purple Heart Medal

These men sustained wounds due to enemy action

AWARDED

Pvt. Irving M. Abramson 11 Dec. 44
1st Sgt. Jack P. Albaugh 8 Dec. 44
Pfc. Freeman D. Atkinson 12 Dec. 44
Pvt. Milo R. Bacon 13 Dec. 44
Pfc. Glendon O. Bengson 10 Dec. 44
Pfc. Ronald S. Birch 11 Dec. 44
Sgt. Roy E. Bloomer 8 Dec. 44
Pfc. Robert J. Borgie 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. John R. Bradberry 8 Dec. 44
Sgt. Philip D. Brooks 11 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Isaac J. Brown, Jr. 9 Dec. 44
Pvt. John W. Brown 9 Dec. 44
Pfc. Dennis E. Brummond 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. Zvonimir G. Budrovich 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. William O. Burnham, Jr. 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. Jefferson M. Chairs, Jr. 15 Dec. 44
T/4 David Chartock 10 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Arthur C. Clifton 10 Dec. 44
Pvt. Daniel D. Costello 11 Dec. 44
Sgt. Gordon W. Coyle 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. William J. Crowley 13 Dec. 44
T/4 Marshall G. Dahlen 11 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. Bryan G. Davis 11 Dec. 44
Pvt. Mario DeCandia 9 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. John DeLeeuw 11 Dec. 44
Pfc. Henry R. DeLeo 8 Dec. 44
Pfc. Julius J. Ei 7 Dec. 44
Pvt. Ernest H. Elliehausen 12 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Russell Ertsgaard 9 Dec. 44
Pfc. Robert T. Finlay 9 Dec. 44
Pfc. George S. Fiske 9 Dec. 44
Pfc. William R. Fyfe 9 Dec. 44
T/Sgt. Stanley J. Gontowski 7 Dec. 44

Sgt. Roger D. Goos 15 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. James H. Gore 13 Dec. 44
T/Sgt. William J. Gostkowski 15 Dec. 44
2nd Lt. Thomas W. Grant 8 Dec. 44
Pvt. Allen O. Gray 10 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. James P. Grimes 8 Dec. 44
Pvt. Joseph J. Guillen 9 Dec. 44
Pvt. Nelson D. Gunter 11 Dec. 44
Sgt. Stanislaw C. Haduca 7 Dec. 44
Pfc. Robert V. Hanson 10 Dec. 44



<i>Pvt. Edgar R. Harper, Jr.</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Lamar NeSmith</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>2nd Lt. James P. Harrison</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Lloyd L. Nethercutt</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Wallace S. Hersh</i>	14 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Robert C. Newman</i>	13 Dec. 44
<i>T/4 George A. Hommerding</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. David L. Nutter</i>	13 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Richard I. Huling</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. John H. Pender, Jr.</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Glenn C. Hurley</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James G. Pierce</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Rudolph J. Iannotta</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James E. Pilgrim</i>	10 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Robert E. Johnson</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Louie Poy, Jr.</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Sylvester A. Johnson</i>	13 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Harvey S. Raines</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>2nd Lt. Elbert W. Jones</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Marvin Robinson</i>	9 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Otho S. Jones</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. John J. Rogers</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Paul A. Kerr</i>	10 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Robert L. Rouse</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>S/Sgt. Jim W. Key</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Ervin C. Rude</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Francis J. Kinzie, Jr.</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Sgt. Leonard Schindler</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Paul G. Kline</i>	10 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Leon W. R. Schultz</i>	14 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Terry A. Klingel</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Thomas I. Sellers</i>	9 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Charles W. Koeppen</i>	15 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. John O. Seratt</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. William Komar</i>	10 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Gregory Shenloogian</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Dennis E. Koval</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Robert E. Shipp</i>	9 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Robert A. Lacroix</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Charles L. Shoff</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>S/Sgt. Leland R. Landers</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Eugene B. Simms</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>S/Sgt. Anthony J. LaPorte</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Roy W. Sinquefield</i>	10 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Francis L. Lawler</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Bona A. Sizemore</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Harold R. Lehman</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Sgt. Benjamin A. Skinner, Jr.</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Paul S. Lichtenstadter</i>	13 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Edward Smith</i>	12 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Nicholas Licina</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Oscar H. Snow</i>	13 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Leavitt W. Little</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. William D. Spiers</i>	13 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Peter A. Lorrens</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James P. Steele</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>S/Sgt. John J. Lubrano</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Ray J. Stephens</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>T/5 George D. Maharan</i>	13 Dec. 44	<i>Sgt. Thomas P. Stoio, Jr.</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Isador Malenski</i>	11 Dec. 44	<i>1st Lt. Merlin R. Sweet</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Donald W. Martin</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Landis M. Temple</i>	10 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. George M. Martin</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Adam Tetla</i>	13 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. James E. Maxson</i>	13 Dec. 44	<i>2nd Lt. Walter Thatcher</i>	10 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Fred C. McCurry</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Sgt. Julius Theodore</i>	15 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Daniel J. McDonald</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. James K. Thomson</i>	12 Dec. 44
<i>S/Sgt. John J. McNeil</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>T/4 William R. Vanhoozier</i>	12 Dec. 44
<i>Sgt. Albert F. Melick</i>	7 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James F. Walsh</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. John D. Meyers</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. Kenneth H. White</i>	7 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. William H. Montgomery</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. John C. Wilson</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Edward Moody</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>T/5 John S. Wires</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. James J. Moran</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James E. Wishmier</i>	11 Dec. 44
<i>1st Lt. John T. Mullins</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Carl L. Woodrum</i>	9 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. William A. Murdoch</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. John C. Wright, Jr.</i>	10 Dec. 44
<i>Pvt. Henry E. Myers</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Sgt. Carden A. Young</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. Victor H. Nash</i>	8 Dec. 44	<i>Pfc. Cecil M. Young</i>	8 Dec. 44
<i>Pfc. John S. Neel, Jr.</i>	9 Dec. 44	<i>Pvt. James P. Zumwalt, Jr.</i>	7 Dec. 44

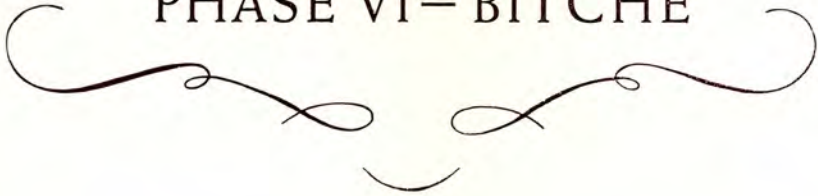




"No, we didn't take Bitche..."

Livoti 45
ETA

PHASE VI—BITCHE



INTRODUCTION

*"And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold — —"*

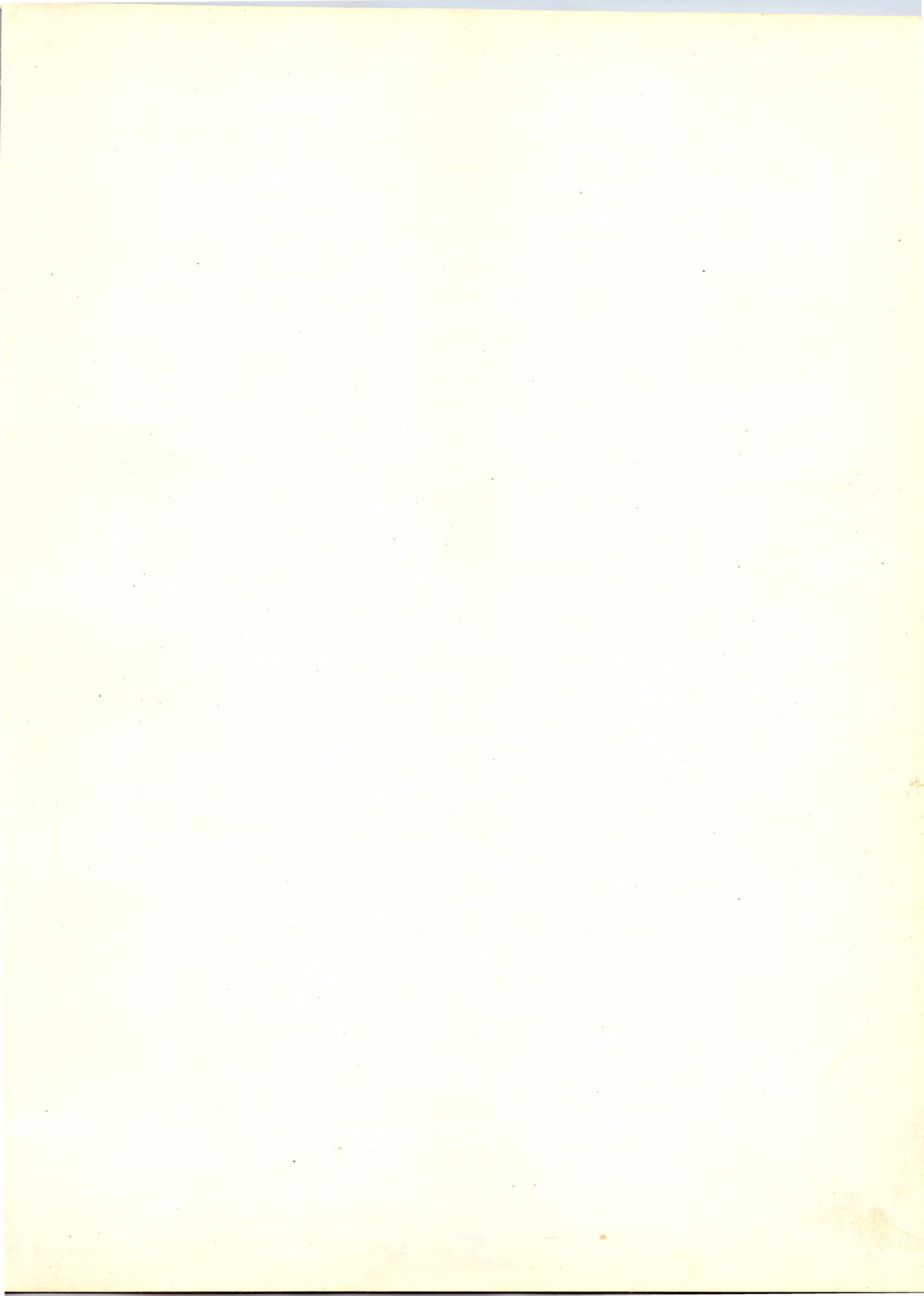
Our Regiment did not have the glory that comes with liberating a city but this was our fight and the end could not have been achieved without the contribution we made. In this campaign there are many stinking scenes we don't like to remember or talk about but someone has to know about it. No, we didn't take the town but the evidence of our heroism is documentary. Dead soldiers and dead sheep at a cross-road used as a zeroing in point; mine fields, deceitfully covered by snow, killing four and five at a time; forest fires from phosphorous shells that burned your eyes out curling hatefully about at dusk, and the ground, frozen solid, so you couldn't dig and snow three and four feet high that covered other holes, and 88's that landed directly in a fox-hole and the GRO comes back with a basket and says "I think I've got nearly all of one of them." No, we didn't take Bitche.

And the expression "No Man's Land" belongs to this war too. All the towns surrounding Bitche had been abandoned and the desolation was everywhere. Ghost towns with ghosts. Absolute stillness holding God knew what, emptiness stretching far as the eye could see, limitless, boundless, unearthly. Hush! There wasn't a pot without a hole in it, a piece of metal without rust, a building with four walls. It was all like a Hollywood backdrop, fixed, silent, as silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and it was terrifying.

We cannot guess at what books written twenty years from today will say about this battle and maybe they won't mention the outfit at all but they won't have to. If they write about Bitche they will use the word "blood" and that was the Regiment, or the word "misery" and that was us too, or the word "pain" and that too was the 397th. We didn't take Bitche, we didn't get

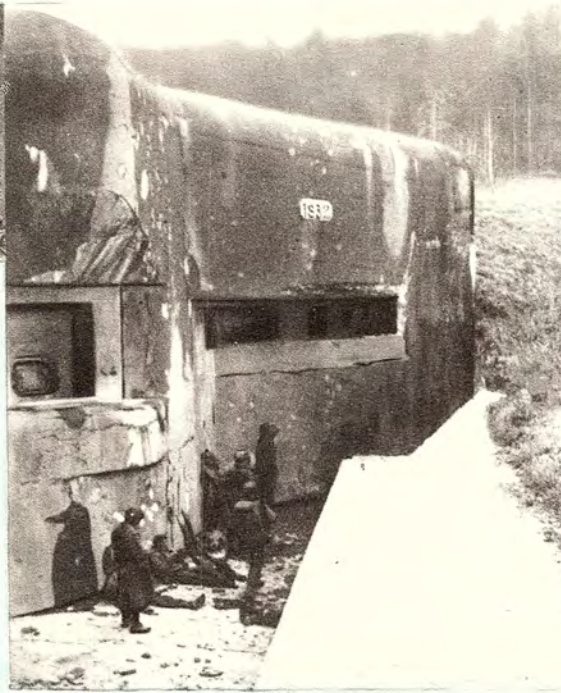
the by-line, but it was our agony, our cold, our horror, our physical and moral triumph over tremendous odds.

No, we didn't take Bitche but the high ground on the north and west; not Bitche, but the strongly defended outlying positions and the entrenched gun and personnel positions that threatened the advance of the main offensive. No, we didn't take Bitche, but lift the mist, brush away the snow, and count the dead!



BITCHE

The 16th Century Citadel



MOUTERHOUSE

BITCHE



Here was a place that lent itself to a re-christening had it not already been so fittingly stigmatized as "Bitche." We seemed to be hitting the hot spots and the core of enemy resistance with consistency. When the entire front was advancing almost unchallenged, the sector in which we were engaged was the one that the enemy had decided to defend at all costs.

The initial hint that we were not just another outfit came when we learned that we were the first to enter as a convoy into the Mediterranean Sea and dock at Marseilles. Then we established a record for moving up to the front — a dozen days or so after debarkation. Soon we found ourselves in the Vosges Mountains battling German defenses which were widely acclaimed as impenetrable. We had met all of these challenges with marked success. And now we faced still another.

In the annals of modern warfare no army had taken this fortress town. There was an ancient myth of impregnability built up around this 16th Century Citadel. The massive forts and pill-boxes, which formed the strongpoint of the entire Maginot Line in the Lorraine Sector, were historical. Long after the enemy broke through northern France in 1940 the French garrison in Bitche had held out capitulating only after the French Government ordered it to withdraw, allowing German troops to complete the occupation. It was Bitche's proud boast that the imposing Citadel overlooking the town had never been entered by a conqueror.

The Regiment was to play the all-important role of a great blocking back screening the main Divisional attack and guarding the northern and western approaches to the city. This was a big order, and though it lacked the glory of entering the city itself as conquerers, we prepared and did our part. The fight for Bitche really began on December 13th after Mouterhouse had been secured and we moved out toward the general direction of Camp de Bitche, the military garrison north of the city. The activity for that day was described as mere "holding" with little enemy operation.

We spent the comparative lull with some new found friends — our weapons. We cleaned them thoroughly, caught up on letter writing, and read "Stars and Stripes" and "Yank," recent enough issues to satisfy our foxhole craving for reading matter. The day marked our first fresh egg issue



since landing overseas, done up to-order right behind the lines. An addict could not have taken more enthusiastically to long-denied dope. Each day, whenever possible, we were given a pack of cigarettes, a stick of gum, a tropical chocolate bar and a box of wooden matches. We, who had not smoked or chewed before, smoked and chewed now. Remember the first white fur-lined parkas and field jackets with the fur lining and loop button-holes brought to us? Who can forget those bulky shoe-pacs thrust upon us at Camp Kilmer!

Our first Christmas packages began arriving during those days outside of Bitche. The sight of the gay wrapping beneath the brown paper and special overseas boxes touched our hearts. Each time word got around that "packages are coming up with chow tonight" all of us awaited the special treat that someone, thousands of miles away, prepared just for us. The monotony of K Rations was thus broken with fruit cake and nut-and-fruit-filled pastry. Christmas candy, cookies and nuts also rated high, being those things associated so intimately with the season.

Toilet articles were duplicated again and again. We had not yet written to say that we had ample soap and shaving cream and when the added burden became too much we simply threw them away.

The Regimental postal section kept constantly on the move to insure that the packages were properly relayed from the battalion to the company on down to the platoon and squad. Sorting,

sacking and transporting were efficiently accomplished in rapid time. Always good for a laugh was the hastily opened parcel which revealed lounging slippers, blitz cloth, khaki tie, silk socks, dress shoes and similar relics of the late civilization we once knew. "Yeah, mom, the package came; and it was just what I needed."

One of our companies had captured a road junction near Bitche when orders came down to secure and outpost the position. It was a clear, cold day. The terrain was the typical open kind with the rolling hills that made enemy fire so accurate, especially the time-bursts which we were encountering for the first time in greater and greater amounts. Suddenly the enemy started shelling the outpost and the men were pinned down. When one man was killed, a Pfc. edged his way inch by inch dodging shrapnel and machine gun fire. He managed to clear the sector and head back to the Company Command Post where he reported the situation. He asked for more men, with whom to organize a patrol, and his request was granted.

The patrol went around the flank of the enemy automatic weapon. By using the age-old element of surprise, the patrol knocked out the machine gun, killing one enemy and wounding another. The radio observer was taken, and the artillery ceased. By this display of courage and initiative, the Pfc. made our outpost secure and we could dig in unharassed.

This is one of the better stories that they wouldn't let us talk about in our letters home. This is a particular view of all that we did, with a break here and there to pull aside the veil of generality and peer at some little action which typifies a large operation, such as this one at Bitche.

Although things were quiet on December 13th, Company A saw a little activity when a group of enemy attacked in an attempt to dislodge the company from its position atop an important hill. The enemy might have succeeded, were it not that sorely-needed ammunition was brought up and used to repel the attackers at the most critical point of the action. Along with this attack there





was a fourteen-hour barrage of artillery and mortar fire which played havoc with our wire lines. These lines were indeed expendable as were the wire men. Called out of a sleeping bag at any hour of the night to look for a break on a wire line, to splice it while under fire, and to return to be sent out soon again on another break.

The Second Battalion siezed better positions on it's high ground, and the rifle companies sent foot patrols to the north to feel out the enemy. The companies were sent into Mouterhouse to spend a night beneath a roof, to shower and change clothes. This holding action continued through the next day although we could sense something big brewing in the air. We were still under artillery fire coming in from the north and northwest, falling most heavily in the early morning and then decreasing as daylight broke. We realized that the sight of one of our little artillery liaison cub planes in the air put a complete halt to the enemy artillery. Jerry did not want to give away his position while under this scrutiny. Whenever "Junior" appeared in the sky, we silently cheered him on and were grateful that his presence alone produced the reverence of enemy silence.

Main roads, and especially road junctions, were targets for the enemy artillery. The Kraut knew the section he had just left and was employing such knowledge to good effect. We had numerous excellent maps, tons of them, but even the map cannot show accurately a minute sloping in the ground or a slight hidden turn in a road. A good deal of the enemy mortar fire seemed to be coming from the village of Stockbroun.

"Rout The Kraut," a weekly newspaper, rolled off the mimeograph machines for the first time in early December. Sponsored and executed by the I & E Section, this small four page paper was distributed to each

Death Before
Dishonor

397 INF.
Rout The Kraut

SUNDAY
EVENING
EDITION

VOL. 1 NO. 15

FRANCE

18 MARCH 45

7TH ARMY JUMPS OFF

RED FRONT BITCHE FALLS

Bitter fighting is still going on in the south, where German forces are fighting desperately to reach the Doubs. A German prisoner reports that they had been ordered, on direct command of Hitler, to reach the river by last Saturday, no matter what the cost. German forces again have lost several many thousands of men, but failed to reach their objective. As forces of Marshal Rokossovsky close up to the Baltic, latest reports say they are within sight of the suburbs of Danzig. They report maps fired burning in the city and say the Germans are destroying many factories, supplies, and equipment.

JAPS WORRIED

Super Fortresses have attacked the Japanese city of Osaka, which produces one-half of Japan's manufacturing goods. They dropped more than 20,000 tons of incendiaries on this city which is crowded with war factories and industries. The Japanese government had ordered evacuation of a large part of the population from five of its largest cities, including Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka. Only those doing essential work will be allowed to remain. (From page 12)

GERMANY

Saarbrücken
Zweibrücken
STROG
Coblentz
Bittche
Mouhtrouen
Treguiller
Reguinen
Stockbroun

WEATHER REPORT

The 1st Tactical Air Force has been of great assistance with a constant bombing and harassing of the German front lines and rear areas. The two great fortified centers of the Maginot line, Bittche and Camp du Bittche were captured this week along with many other towns in the 7th's new offensive.

With the capture of Metz, German stronghold junction along the middle

INTERESTING STATION OFFERED

AH! Looks Like AN EARLY

SINGLES PLANTS

Our transition from the defense to the attack has taken place most satisfactorily. I take this opportunity to transmit the division commanders congratulations to every man for a piece of work well done and to express my

company through the message center. Although primarily an educational publication, "Rout The Kraut" presented its news in such a novel way that it had the punch of a current weekly. It was intended to keep those on the line abreast of the latest developments in the world. Despite the gory details of our existence, bits of humor were gleaned from our doings and made a part of the publication. The first and second pages were devoted to a concise digest of the events of the week and the last pages used straight down-to-earth language and illustrations to present detailed information on enemy weapons and tactics. Combat tips from our regiment were furnished and individual contributions were encouraged.

A Regimental rest center was established a little behind the lines, offering us a place to go when we had had just about too much, or if some minor physical ailment such as dysentery or frozen feet plagued us. The rest center featured all the little conveniences that we missed on the lines, many of which we had almost forgotten existed. There was the opportunity to sleep and live away from mud and danger under a roof of other than logs or sky. The rooms were heated and there were quiet days and nights of lounging around, seeing a movie, reading magazines and writing letters. There was electricity, radios, phonograph machines and records — old records, true, but nevertheless a touch of home.

Harassing artillery and mortar fire was still falling on the First Battalion along the road on December 15th. There was no resistance offered the Second Battalion, however, as it made slight gains to consolidate its positions west of the Third Battalion Area. Through our alert patrols we discovered that Hills 355 and 388 were occupied by the enemy in well-made positions. There was a flak wagon firing during the afternoon with its own peculiar grunt and screech and odd-looking explosions. From IPW and patrolling reports we discovered that the entire Maginot Line in the Bitche vicinity was strongly defended by approximately 1500 enemy in fortified positions capable of firing interlocking fire across our entire front.

From Simershoff in the west across to Grand Hohekirkel in the east there were a series of blockhouses with underground connections. These blockhouses had rising turrets manning twin



75 mm. and 135 mm. guns as well as embrasures from which machine guns could be fired with the utmost safety. Between these larger forts were smaller ones equipped with 75 mm. guns, but nonetheless fully manned and able to produce deadly accurate fire, mostly to the northeast and west. There were several blockhouses with a 360° traverse turret which could easily bring death to troops approaching from any angle.

We became fully active on 16 December and took the disputed Hills 388 and 355. Company B captured the summit on its second try and immediately dug in to make the stay last until further advancing was ordered. There was a little rifle fire encountered in this move, and while most of the enemy fled, we managed to net a few prisoners. When we began preparing our positions atop the slope we found ourselves subjected to accurate small arms fire from the north, but this was not of sufficient magnitude to deter us in our efforts. Company C took the heavily-wooded Hill 355 at 3 o'clock that afternoon, materially improving our positions and providing a more cohesive front line from which to jump off toward Camp de Bitche. The method employed by the Company in its maneuver was one which had been tried in the past.

The Second Battalion's Ammunition and Pioneer Platoon went forward in the morning. A hostile machine gun was located in the house north of a small lake. A platoon of Company E tried to take up a defensive position on the left flank of Company G to protect the attack, but was pinned down by sniper and machine gun fire from a position about 300 yards away. Despite this snag in the plan, the company went forward at the appointed time, knocked out the machine gun position which had been discovered by the A & P Platoon, went on up the slope, ferretted out small enemy groups, and provided its own flank security as it did so. We had learned to meet emergencies as they arose.

We had yet to discover actual enemy activity in Stockbrunn, but there was much enemy patrolling to the east where large groups, forming into active forces, were operating aggressively against and into our lines. Our attack was scheduled for 17 December. As our part in the important scheme of events, we were to conduct a diversionary attack on Camp de Bitche. We laid down our covering fire at 1130. Hundreds of dive bombers, attached to the Seventh Army, swooped over the military garrison and dropped their eggs. All the artillery and mortar that could be



mustered was used in support. The din was terrific, and as we strode ahead, we could not help being impressed with the insignificance of an M-1 when contrasted with the thunderous display of armed might going on around us. Yet, strangely enough, it was the M-1 bullet that was the final force in the actual conquest.

The Third Battalion was under light enemy artillery for the early part of the morning and afternoon, but our mortar fire on Hill 344 soon drove the enemy off. Our combat patrols met small arms fire during the afternoon but succeeded in making an important discovery. They ran across a concrete pillbox and a log-earth unoccupied bunker with only a few signs of recent occupancy. The fort became ours.

Both First and Second Battalions undertook such vigorous patrolling in conjunction with the diversionary action that each group which went out must have impressed the enemy as being a new assault force, fresh from the ranks. These patrols were routed to the north and northeast. The Third Battalion remained attached to Division in reserve. It was anticipated that the taking of Bitche would be costly. The Third Battalion was to be sent wherever stiff resistance was met. The combined efforts of our air force, artillery, and foot troops resulted in the almost complete destruction of Camp de Bitche, with only the southeast corner remaining undestroyed. This was a real demonstration of the power that lies behind fighting teamwork.

In order to get a better idea as to the "big picture" let us see what the other regiments were doing as we distracted large enemy forces in our area. Poised on the heights overlooking the bristling, sunken emplacements, was the entire division, trying to do what the Germans themselves had failed to do in May and June, 1940, when the French resisted all out efforts of the Boche to reduce the Ensemble de Bitche.

Freudenberg, one of the seven major forts, was first believed to have been put out of action by another division, but it suddenly resumed machine gun fire. Our artillery was laid on this. Eventually, explosives blasted in its four-inch steel door, crumbling part of the wall.





With this, a Nazi N.C.O. and six other enlisted men, waving a white flag of surrender, ran from

the fortress. Troops of the 398th Infantry finished off the interior with the dynamiting and sealing up of the escape passageway. The 399th probed to Bitche, crossing a small town's college, from which fight developed as the Jerry long interconnected structure. back doggedly from their four-ments. Raising the mechanical they hurled shells from French sitions, supplementing this with placed to the rear. On one ed up a periscope and peered

the southern roadway bridge and entering the four enemy fled. A fire forces formed outside the

The enemy fought story deep cement case-pedestals periodically, 75's upon our hill po-deadly fire from 88's occasion, Fort No. 7 rais-



toward the occupied hills. Fort No. 8 raised up to spray our positions with machine gun fire. A direct 240 hit upon one of the blockhouses was observed from an outpost. The burst of exploding shell on steel-topped surface flashed skyward, but shortly thereafter, the resumption of enemy fire indicated the failure of even this huge shell to cripple the fort.

Some idea was gained of the solidity of the defense network. The capture of Fort Freudenberg revealed the real strength of the four foot thick ferro-concrete interlaced with horizontal iron bars and supported by quarter-inch steel plate inside, the steel doors with four-inch armor plate, the passageways through which the defenders could disappear during artillery attacks. We knew now how the crouching giant was able to hold up against us.

We then went after Fort Schiesseck. After a fifteen-minute barrage from our Field Artillery, softening-up the objective, the 398th Regiment took possession of six blockhouses in the fortress and the engineers followed through with the sealing of the passageways to the fortifications. In the next two days the 398th continued its operation with additional artillery barrages on the

enemy emplacement paving the way. Then another hard won block fell, and finally the last fort unit was taken, placing the entire fortress in our hands.

On 11 December Camp de Bitche was considerably levelled. We still feinted to the north occupying many enemy who would otherwise have been employed to defend the city creating additional burdens for the other Regiments. Enemy artillery and mortar fire continued light in our sector, with only an occasional heavy spurt. We noted much enemy movement, but were still holding back our main effort to use in case of emergency. Combat patrols sent to the north and northeast found large forces well dug-in and waiting for us. The shower unit was knocked out of action again, as it stood parked and ready for operations near the Regimental CP, and the tent was completely destroyed. In two hours service was restored.

We continued our protection of the Division flank on 19 December and successfully relieved the First Battalion with the Third Battalion as the former reverted to Division reserve. This shifting of units enabled the First Battalion troops to get showers, a complete change of clothing, and a hot meal — the first in some days. There was little actual contact with the foe who continued active with artillery and mortar fire. Mouterhouse again received shelling, about 20 rounds of 105 HE from the north and later another twenty rounds from the northeast. It seemed that Jerry was bent on catching us lined up for chow:

Enemy patrols were not as active as ours which harassed the foe wherever possible keeping him on his toes. Each of these patrols was a story in itself. We could not do this with justice, neither could we do it with accuracy. To adequately tell the story of our patrol activity, we would require a separate book, and for that reason we have to be content with a mere blanket statement, the sum and substance of which is: "We sent out patrols."

On 20 December there was the lull before the storm. This so called lull was not without



incident. Our combat achievements to date had been so full that we rated anything short of a full-scale attack or counterattack a "lull". Up to this time it had not been very often that we spent two nights in the same hole, and on occasion we had dug several positions in the course of one day. So here, in our position on the Division flank, we were prone to think, mistakingly of course, that we had little part in the general action.

"The eyes of the world" were upon us. At home we often appeared in the headlines, as the newspapers waited to see if we would be the ones to crash tradition and capture the French town. We stayed in our position, sweating out the artillery which continued to fall too often and too close for comfort. The road running southwest from Stockbrunn was interdicted far west. From prisoners we had learned that we were facing the 7th Company, 953rd, called the BG Bastion, and especially trained for the mission of defending this sector and the city of Bitche in particular.

We had since come into the Alsace-Lorraine section of France, and were surprised to find that the civilians spoke a language so closely akin to German that it was impossible to tell them apart. Although this led us to believe that the people were German and should be treated as enemies, we were soon informed by posters, bulletins, and so on, that they were French, with French sympathies, and wished to be treated as friends and Allies. A few of us were, nevertheless, on our guard, and it was, perhaps, just as well in many instances. The Regimental CP personnel noted that the enemy had an uncanny way of finding its exact location as a target for shelling, and attributed this fact to the possibility that it would be extremely easy for a German soldier to move among the civilians in civilian clothing and radio the information.

We had seen, now, that our hardest fighting in connection with the Bitche campaign was the securing of the positions in which we were located. These commanded an excellent view of our objective, and although they had been difficult to wrest from the determined grasp of the enemy, they had proven their worth. The bitter fighting we had done to get them was not easily forgotten. For the First Battalion there was "Bloody Ridge", where platoon after platoon had become pinned down and cut off, and only the most persistent and courageous efforts of other units were able to extricate them from the hazardous situations into which they had fallen. There was one place in particular, a deep gulley surrounded by almost inaccessible rocky slopes. It was while moving through this gulley in an attempt to attain a route to the top of one of the



"The third battalion left ..."

hills that three platoons were suddenly cut off. With what might be termed "American ingenuity" by some, and "sheer guts" by others, the leading platoon struck out to attract the entire attention of the foe while the remaining two platoons slipped back in the direction from which they had come and attacked from a different route, completely subduing him.

We were continually kept busy driving off the enemy patrols which approached our positions. We captured one in its entirety on December 21st by laying low and quiet until the group was so far into our lines that a retreat would have been impossible. We derived a certain amount of satisfaction from this victory, as we remembered in our first weeks of combat, we had fallen victim in just this manner. Another patrol, on the same day, put up a real fight, and only by our combined use of small arms and artillery were we able to drive it off. We had captured the one in the early morning, but at various hours throughout the day we were bothered by these groups which seemed to have more of an harassing effect than anything else. They rarely, if ever, did any real damage, and it was thought at the time that their mission might have been a demoralizing one — or even, ludicrous as it sounded, one to make us expend our ammunition needlessly.

Every hint we could glean as to the enemy's thought processes and purposes would be put into use by someone, somewhere. It was this great sensation of being a part of something so tremendous that affected us at times. We were doubly alert and observant, thinking that perhaps it would be some one of us this time who would notice something that would be a clue to something much bigger. We were ever aware of the importance of noting these seemingly little things, and it was a help to us in keeping our minds from other, and perhaps less active, channels. We had often been told that the war was a large jig-saw puzzle, with each man able to supply one or more of the fitting parts. And it was for these parts that we were ever on the alert. Noticing that a captured Jerry had on a pair of beat-up shoes might indicate to the discerning observer that supplies were running low in the enemy camp. This would also indicate that there might be a lack of supplies with a consequent loss of morale.

A startling bit of news was spread about. Somewhere north of us, in Belgium, Ardennes to be exact, the enemy had launched a terrific counterattack and our forces were falling back due to the unbeatable combination of surprise, overpowering numbers, and materiel. It seemed incredible at a time when most of us were predicting the end of the war by January, but we knew that it was true. The Krauts had pulled a fast one, and we were caught short. As the reports

continued to come, the situation became more and more serious. There was talk that one of the German generals had promised Hitler that he could have Paris as a Christmas present, and at the rate with which the attack was going, it did not seem improbable. It certainly knocked a lot of us for a loop and undermined a large amount of unfounded optimism. We had been so sure that the Wehrmacht was ready to collapse that this sudden phenomenal display of strength set our hopes back six months.

It became evident then that our plan of attack on Bitche would have to be deferred. The Third Army, to our left, turned northward to come directly under the penetrating foe leaving large gaps which it was necessary for our Seventh Army to fill. This meant a general thinning of the lines along our front and inevitably a change in our positions. It was with no little remorse that we left our immediate job and turned to another which we expected would be much less dramatic and compelling. Our move, though we should have expected it, took us for a real loss and those of us who had passed off the situation in the north as being of a temporary nature had now to admit it was serious.

The reports continued coming in about the magnitude of the action. Displaying a might that no one had thought possible, many of Hitler's best-trained SS Divisions were thrown into the assault. German air power, which had been thought completely impotent, supported the drive and added the vigor which made it so successful temporarily. It was boasted in the Nazi press that Hitler himself had planned the Belgium offensive and that it was the German answer to the American, British and Russian power. We had surmised the enemy to be almost in a state of collapse, but this assured us that we could never be definite in assumptions regarding him. It made us more cautious than ever in our future planning, knowing that while it was easy to underestimate this confusing enemy, it was difficult to overestimate.

While American forces in Belgium were facing one of the worst set-backs of the entire war we too came in for one. Little as it may have seemed when viewed merely as part of the front, to us it seemed a brush-off to be ordered from the Bitche Campaign and plunged into a situation where the existence of enemy troops was doubtful. Nevertheless, that is what happened, and we were destined to find out that in our new position not only was there definitely an enemy, but also a strong and determined one.

The mechanics of our move were really put into motion on December 20th. The Second Bat-

talion was in Division Reserve at the time, and at 1415, Company A left its positions by foot and by truck en route to the city of Mouterhouse, about 4½ miles away. Company B remained in the same place, while Company C left Mouterhouse at 1430, changing position with Company A. No enemy action was encountered while these changes were being made. The Second Battalion showing no indication of the impending reversal, held its positions, 1500 yards in a southeasterly direction from Bitche. The Third Battalion remained in status quo.

By December 21st complete plans had been formulated and we received our mission to relieve the 114th Infantry Regiment of the 44th Division. The First Battalion left Mouterhouse and vicinity at noon by truck to Petit Rederching, thirteen miles northward. The change took almost five hours due to the innumerable delays for blown-out bridges and blasted roads. The Second Battalion relieved the First Battalion of the 114th Infantry in Petit Rederching. After detrucking at Petit Rederching, the Battalion marched to the town of Kleinmuhl. The Third Battalion left the Mouterhouse position and relieved the Third Battalion of the 114th in Hottwiller.

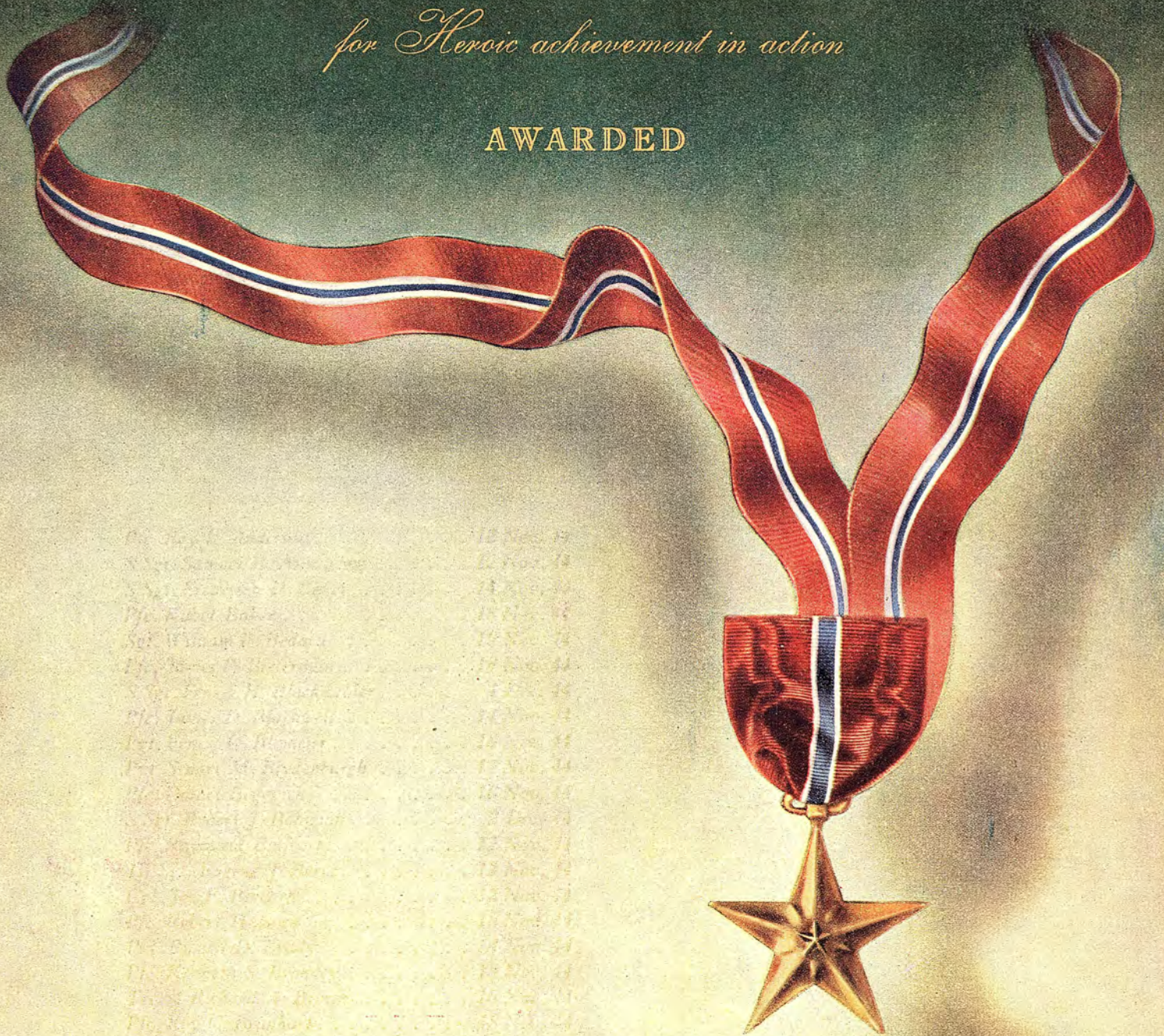
Antitank Company took over the positions of its counterpart in the 114th Regiment in Petit Rederching. Our Combat Team was relieved by the 106th Cavalry. There was no enemy attempt to interfere with our new sector. While Kraut artillery and mortars had been active, the 114th Regiment told us that only one light shelling had occurred that day and that two enemy patrols were observed with no incident. The foes had dug in at various strong points and appeared to be extending their positions. Our area now seemed permeated with an ominous quiet. The last move to be made in this maneuvering was by Cannon Company, which left its gun positions in Peter Phillip and made the 14-mile trip to Petit Rederching to set up its weapons.

For the time being, the Bitche Campaign was ended for us. We refused to believe that it had ended unsuccessfully. We rather contented ourselves that it had ended in a draw. We looked back at our experiences around Camp de Bitche, remembered the buddies we had left there and said, "Some day . . . you just wait and see . . ."

Bronze Star Medal

for Heroic achievement in action

AWARDED



S/Sgt. Morris O. Alexander 16 Dec. 44
 1st Lt. William R. Bosworth 16 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. Roland G. Fecteau 16 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Harold C. Gormsen 17 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Anthony J. Gonsalves 16 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Eugene W. Herr 16 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Phil Hinton 16 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. William G. Henze 16 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Robert L. Kadri 16 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Paul V. Kilfoyle 17 Dec. 44
 S/Sgt. Felix G. Kuncas 17 Dec. 44
 T/Sgt. Samuel W. MacBride 17 Dec. 44

Cpl. Stanley A. Sanfilippo 16 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Carroll E. Thomas 16 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Chester O. Waller 16 Dec. 44
 Sgt. Harry Young 16 Dec. 44
 Pfc. Richard J. Zink 18 Dec. 44

Purple Heart Medal

posthumously

AWARDED



Pvt. Herbie T. Antley
Downsville, La.

Pfc. Calvin D. Brown
Charlotte, N.C.

Pvt. Aldino J. DeNino
Hartford, Conn.

Pfc. Anthony J. Gonsalves
Stoughton, Mass.

Pvt. Cruz Gonzalez
Mercedes, Texas

Pfc. Joseph L. Hutton, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.

Pvt. Lloyd E. Jester
Mt Vernon, Ill.

Pfc. Kostas P. Kriaris
Cleveland, Ohio

Pvt. Isadore Lewitter
Newark, N.J.

Pvt. Harvey E. Trammell
Cazenovia, N.Y.

S/Sgt. Francis J. Wayte
Bayonne, N.J.



Purple Heart Medal

These men sustained wounds due to enemy action

AWARDED

Pfc. John A. Albrecht 19 Dec. 44
Pfc. Richard J. Bond 19 Dec. 44
T/5 Frank F. Bruzzese 17 Dec. 44
T/5 John Cairns 16 Dec. 44
S/Sgt. Irving Cooper 18 Dec. 44
Cpl. Arthur C. Culbert 16 Dec. 44
T/5 Sam J. D'Agostino 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Stanley M. Donmally 20 Dec. 44
Pfc. Charles H. Downing 16 Dec. 44
Pfc. Bertrand D. Foix, Jr. 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Robert E. Franck 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Thomas W. Gent, Jr. 19 Dec. 44
Pfc. Norris A. Griffith 17 Dec. 44
Pvt. Elijah M. Haigler 17 Dec. 44
Pfc. Carroll S. Hartley 19 Dec. 44
T/5 Wilfred J. Jondro 17 Dec. 44
Pfc. Philip N. Jordan 13 Dec. 44
Sgt. Paul E. Kane 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. John E. Lesko 18 Dec. 44
Pfc. Louis N. Locsmandy 16 Dec. 44
Pfc. Lucas C. Magpantay 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Earl M. McCannon 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. James A. McDarment 17 Dec. 44
Pvt. Wesley B. Miller 17 Dec. 44
Pvt. Frank V. Motyka 17 Dec. 44
Pvt. Milton W. Mumney 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Wiley H. Neese 13 Dec. 44
Pfc. Edward W. Petrich 18 Dec. 44
Pvt. William N. Postlewait 20 Dec. 44
Pvt. Leroy L. Putt 16 Dec. 44

Pfc. Theodore F. Raymond 18 Dec. 44
Pvt. Whitbury J. Stelly 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Arturo G. Trijo 18 Dec. 44
Pfc. Thomas E. Walgamott 19 Dec. 44
Pvt. Claude C. Wallace 19 Dec. 44
Pvt. James F. Walsh 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Doran G. Wilbur 19 Dec. 44
Pvt. Warren A. Wilder 18 Dec. 44
T/Sgt. Herman F. Zinn 16 Dec. 44
Pvt. Edward G. Zunker 18 Dec. 44



